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N^o LVI.—VOL. X.]

For JULY, 1808.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtues and confidence to truth."—DR JOHNSON.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS

THE abolition of a hitherto customary embellishment of our *Magazine*, has necessarily calls for some explanation, and, perhaps, for some partial acquiescence in the minds of our readers. The general question, which we present in the present number, will doubtless be "Where is the Portrait?" and that general question is the object of this address.

The first and prevailing notice which led to this abrogation was a candid wish to benefit our subscribers: and the manner in which the benefit will be conferred is twofold: ECONOMY and PLEASURE.

The great increase of expense which, since the first publication of our *New Series*, has arisen in paper, in printing, and in other incidental particulars, might have been urged, long ago, as a reasonable plea for advancing the charge upon each number: but, while the majority of our contemporaries availed themselves of this, we remained stationary. There is, however, a limit to indulgence, beyond which human prudence forbids us to proceed. We thought for our subscribers as long, and longer, perhaps, than personal interest could strictly warrant: but the recent rapid increase in the price of paper impelled us to the necessary duty of seeing that we did not cater for the public with palpable detriment to ourselves. We felt that it would be IMPOSSIBLE to proceed as we had hitherto proceeded: and that we should be compelled to augment the price of our *Magazine*. It was with reluctance, however, that we even thought of such a step: and we were anxious to devise other means, by which we might at once consult the mutual interests of ourselves and our subscribers. To effect this we saw no way that so readily appeared, to answer the purpose, as the abolition of the least useful part of the *Magazine*—the PORTRAIT.

Had the matter rested here, our subscribers, equitably judging, would have had but little reason to complain; for the *Universal Magazine*, with the Portrait, gave more matter in the body of the work than any other contemporary periodical publication.

The bare loss, however, of any thing which we have been accustomed to possess, seldom produces sensations of pleasure: and, to leave no room for rational regret, we resolved to indemnify the mind at the expense of the eye. In lieu of the portrait, therefore, we have made such arrangements as will enable us to give an additional half sheet of letter press, which half sheet will be added to the miscellaneous department.

By doing this we have opened a permanent source of rational delight to every reader of the *Universal Magazine*: we shall be enabled to amplify the opportunities for amusement and instruction; to give more prompt insertion to the favours of our correspondents: to enlarge or abridge, as circumstances may demand, the "*Theatrical Recorder*," and the "*Original Criticism*;" and finally, to give, consistently with due variety, entire insertion to articles of acknowledged interest, utility, or amusement.

We also remove the suspicion, if any such could exist, that considerations of mere parsimony have had any influence in our determinations; for we have only substituted one expense for another: and we have ventured upon this, in the confident hope that we shall advance additional claims to the patronage of the public.

We do not affect to despise emolument. It is worse than idle, for men engaged in temporal traffic, to talk of indifference for gain, and pretend to consider their own personal interest as nothing, compared to the wish they have of serving the public. It may be received as an axiom, that he who serves the public, expects the public to serve him in return. But as we know that fame and reward, in literature, are bestowed with more than usual equity, so no man has a right to expect them till he deserves them.

If any pledge, however, were needed of the sincerity of our wishes to procure the approbation of our subscribers, that pledge may be found in our past endeavours: we have exceeded the tenor of our engagement with them: for, in our prospectus, we stipulated to give only occasional embellishments: this is a word of wide import, and might have been used at discretion; but in the course of fifty-five numbers, we have availed ourselves of this conditional promise: and even when we gave other engravings, when the portraits were omitted. Let this subdue the cailler.

We could willingly hope, however, that less than what has been here said would have been sufficient to produce a willing acquiescence to the present measure. The pleasure of an engraving is but the pleasure of a moment: the value of a portrait depends upon its fidelity; deplete it of that, and it is worthless; and who can answer for the fidelity of successive transmission? Besides, in this age of pictured embellishment, when not an ode or an elegy can come forth without the aid of extrinsic ornament, the importance of such ornament is necessarily diminished. And who would, for a moment, put in competition with the transitory gratification of looking at a plate, the higher, the nobler, the more lasting one of the mind? The one is the gratification of a child: the other, the delight of a rational being: and we trust, that the nature of our increased literary communications, will well repay the loss of an engraving.

After all, if any of our readers can engage to point out, each month, a truly great, or even a secondary great character, we will consent to have his head engraved for their benefit; but if this cannot be done, who will be the advocate for advancing temporary notoriety to the permanent honour of the pencil?

Devouring what he saw —
He, with an empty picture, fed his mind

DRYDEN.

London, July 21, 1808.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

Is MILTON a PLAGIARIST, or an IMITATOR of MASENIUS?

Sir,
JAMES Masenius, a Latin poet and a German Jesuit, has become celebrated, from the pretended conformity of his poem, intitled *Sarcotis*, with the *Paradise Lost* of Milton: and it has even been attempted to pronounce the latter a plagiarist of the former. Perhaps too much has been said about a few vague and indefinite points of resemblance between two authors, who have both written upon a similar subject. The plagiarism appears to me to be a chimera; the imitation even is not sufficiently proved; it may even be doubted whether Milton, living in London, knew any thing about the Latin verses which a Jesuit professor had composed

at Cologne for the use of his scholars, and the idea of comparing the immortal poem of Milton with the obscure work of Masenius is preposterous.

I do not, indeed, wish to deny that the poem of Masenius contains some fine verses and some powerful descriptions: but there is a general bad taste which prevails throughout: it is not interesting; all his moral and allegorical personages neither satisfy the mind, nor please the imagination: his fictions smell of the college, and have nothing rich or striking about them. The partisans, even of Masenius, (for he has partisans) are obliged to confess after him, that he has less attempted to write an epic poem, than to collect a series of examples adapted to the lessons contained in his *Poétique*, another work intended

for the use of his scholars. The *Sarcotis* of Masenius has been translated into French by the Abbé Dénouar.

Both the poem and the translation were admitted, in 1757, into Barbou's collection of Latin authors, and it is no small honour for the *Sarcotis* to be found in such good company. In 1771, the same Barbou gave a new edition, which also forms a part of the collection: in this are to be found all the different pieces which have any connection either with regard to the plagiarism or the imitation of Milton; also the *Poétique* of Masenius, and a second poem of this jesuit, which is the *éloge* of Charles V. This last poem was translated into French, in 1773, by Ansart, a Benedictine of the congregation of St. Maur.

It is a panegyric: but it would have been more interesting had it been a portrait. It is vague, prolix, and tedious. The translation is not without elegance and dignity: but, in a few places, from a wish to be too concise, the translator has deviated not only from the sense of the author, but also from historical exactitude. For example: the poet says, in speaking of his hero,

Cui Rhenus amorem

Debet et obsequium, Bæta famulantibus undis

Subjace; Eridanus pronas subternit arenas

Formidat Rhodanus, Scaldis prostratus adorat.

Ansart translated this passage thus:

"Le Rhin, le Guatdaquiver, le Po, le Rhône, l'Escaut, vivent les pays qu'ils arrosent, hereux sous votre domination"

But Masenius distinguishes the different rivers or the countries through which they flow, by different expressions, according to the relations which these countries had with Charles V.; and the translator has confounded all these shades, or rather he has omitted them all for the sake of brevity. From this omission arises sometimes a directly opposite meaning: for instance,

Formidat Rhonus

is not meant to convey the idea of a country happy under the domination of Charles V.: for, in fact, this

country was not under his dominion, and it was very unfortunate for it, when this prince made an irruption into Provence in 1536, and which is implied by the expression

Formidat Rhodanus.

It was therefore necessary, that the distinguishing expression should have been retained to each of these rivers, as originally applied by the poet.

If you think these desultory observations worth the notice of your readers, they are much at your service, and

Liverpool. • I remain, Sir, &c. C. K.
July 9, 1808.

THE PRAISE OF SILENCE.

SIR,

FOOLY, and even *Fever*, have been the subject of eulogies, and why not *Silence*? Besides, there is this difference; that those were but sportive, while the praise of silence might aspire to moral importance.

Silence was a deity among the Egyptians, and was called Harpocrates; he is known by having his finger on his month, as if to forbid garrulity: he has had wings since, like Love, to mark the secrecy which lovers should preserve; and lastly, the attributes of Esculapius, because the disciples of medicine should be silent and reserved. But what surprises me, is, that this God is often represented under the figure of an infant. Surely that is not the age of discretion.

It is not, however, with this soft of silence that I have to do at present; but with that which by mute enunciation speaks more powerfully than words, and which eloquence often employs with sublimity. The silence of forests, so elevated an object in the Gaulish religion, and of which Lucan has made such use, has served also for an ancient French poet, who says that love has sown there a thousand and ten thousand ideas, which lovers are always employed in collecting. Quinault says,

"Jusqu'au silence même, tout me parle de ce que j'aime;"

and Tasso has also said in his *Aminta*,

Et silenzio ancor suole
Aver prieghi e parole.

Nothing expresses a refusal better than silence; as the following will prove. An ambassador from the city of Abdera (according to Plutarch) harangued, at great length, Agis, king of Sparta, in favour of his fellow citizens.—Well, Sir! what answer do you wish that I should make them?—*That I have suffered you to say all that you wish, and as much as you wish, without saying a word myself.*

If I may be allowed to quote a romance, the celebrity of the *Princesse de Clèves* will be my excuse. M. de Nemours approaches to Madame du Clèves,—he does not say a word, and she turns briskly round, and exclaims, *Eh! mon dieu, monsieur, laissez moi en repos!*

The *quos ego* of Neptune, in Virgil, is not silence, but retention. This God is ready to menace Eolus, who, without his order, has raised a tempest against Æneas, at the prayer of Juno: but Neptune is a god too powerful to descend to menaces, and a blow of his trident effects the execution of his orders.

The *Marcellus eris*, forced from the tears of the wife of Augustus, is a similar instance of retention in language very superior to words.

What foreign cohort is that which enters the city with the air of a sovereign?—they are the English. Paris has become their capital: Henry V. has married the legitimate heirless: they traverse the whole city, and pass under the windows of Isabel of Bavaria, who is waiting for them to enjoy their thanks and their gratitude. But what is her surprise? they preserve a mournful silence, and do not deign even to look towards the windows! Can there be a more striking picture? Was it to be expected? Is this a day of festivity? The air ought to ring with shouts and acclamations: but no: indignation and contempt are more powerful than triumph. Such was the power of silence: it expresses more than all that has ever been written against this worthless queen.

Were not her obsequies, too, a moral lesson? She died at Paris in the year 1435, having hardly wherewith to subsist on: her body was carried from the hotel de St. Paul to St. Denis,

in a small boat, with only four attendants! In Paris they scarcely knew where she lived, so little was she thought of, says the journal of Charles VII.

The silence of Ajax is well known in the eleventh book of the Odyssey. It is known what indignation he felt when the arms of Achilles were adjudged to Ulysses. Ulysses meets him in hell: he was alone, separated from the other shades, and appeared to be as indignant as when he was in the world, of the injustice that had been done him. Ulysses accosts him, says the most flattering things, recalls to him all his glory, &c. and the poet, who felt that it was impossible to convey by words the feelings that must have agitated the soul of Ajax, has recourse to silence: Ajax makes no reply. Thus also Timanthe veiled the face of Agamemnon at the sacrifice of Iphigenia.

But what moment more fit, than the interview between Dido and Æneas in the infernal regions, and in which I cannot but think Virgil superior to Homer.

Ulysses leaves Ajax in his silence, and discourses with other shades. The silence of Ajax produces nothing: but let us behold Virgil. Dido slew herself; she meets Æneas in hell, and thus he addresses her:

Inter quas Phœnissa recens a vulnere Dido
Errabat sylva in magna, quam troyus heros
Ut primum juxta sedit, agnovitque per
umbram

Obscuram, qualem primo qui surgere
mense
Aut videt, aut vidisse putat per nubile lu-
nam,
Demisit lacrymas, dulcique affatus amore
est:

Infelix Dido, verus mihi nuntius ergo
Venerat extinctam, ferroque extrema se-
cutam.

Funeris heu tibi causa fui? per sidera juro,
Per superos, et si qua fides tellure sub ima
est,

Invitus, regina, tuo de litore cessi.
Sed me jussa Deum, quæ nunc has ire per
umbras, &c.

* * * * *
Siste gradum, teque aspectu ne subtrahere
nostro.

Quem fugi? extremum fato quod te allo-
quor, hoc est.

Talibus Æneas, ardentem et torva tuentem
Lenibat dictis animum, lacrymasque ciebat.
Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat:

Tandem corripuit sese, atque inimica re-
fugit
In nemus umbriferum : conjux ubi Aristi-
nus illi
Respondet curis, æquatque Sicheus amo-
rem.

It is related that a man of genius, reading the above beautiful passage for the first time, closed the book suddenly, and endeavoured whether it was not possible for him to put into the mouth of Dido a reply suitable to her situation : and, after having composed a certain number of verses, the most beautiful that he could, he opened the volume, to measure lines with Virgil, and found that the sole reply of Dido was—silence and indignation !

In this passage from Virgil, how obvious is the difference between the two poets. I feel, anew, all my grief awakened for Dido ! If Virgil took the idea from Homer, certainly he is not his imitator. For what purpose did Ulysses descend into the infernal regions ? To consult Tiresias there. Eneas, on the contrary, went there to seek for his father, and to behold pass before him, that noble line of his descendants, which recalls to our minds the recollection of the whole Roman history.

A fine passage of Homer, and which appears to me to be too little felt and acknowledged, is when all the gods are assembled in Olympus, each with his attributes, and seem to surround Jupiter to win his favour : one, for the Trojans ; one, for the Greeks ; all the universe is in motion : the heavens filled with divinities, and the earth covered with soldiers : Jupiter hears, and afterwards dismisses this multitude of immortals : the uproar of their departure completes the astonishment which is excited : what does Achilles do then ? What does Homer oppose to this general fermentation of nature ? He makes us behold Achilles alone in his tent, and whose inactivity has an influence on all these great events !

I have met with a dissertation of M. Grossley, upon a verse of Virgil, which has furnished him with an opportunity of saying something upon silence. Thus you see, Sir, I omit

nothing which can at all advance my purpose.

It is in the 11th book of the Eneid : Lavinia, enclosed in the city of Laurentium, which Eneas besieges, goes, in the train of the queen her mother, to the temple of Pallas, to implore against Eneas in favour of Turnus :

Juxtaque comes Lavinia virgo,
Causa mali tanti, oculos dejecta decoros.

M. Grossley imagines that this hiatus, far from being a fault, is even a beauty. The hiatus which stops the reader, by the concurrence of two vowels, is a master stroke, by which is depicted the suspension which the sight of the princess must occasion, and to interest in favour of which ever she should offer up her vows for, Eneas or Turnus.

The same author mentions a second hiatus : it is in the ninth book of the Eneid :

Hanc sine me sperem ferre tui : audentior
ibo

And he explains it, by saying that Enriulus, in making this prayer to Ascanus for him to take care of his mother, if he should fall in his enterprise, exhibits by this hiatus, his trouble, and eagerness, to speak. But is this an excuse for the hiatus ? is it, in fact, a beauty ?

I shall finish this essay by mentioning an example from the divine writings of silence : our Saviour before Pilate. Imagine all that a celestial being, though invested with the human form, might have answered, when asked *Quid est veritas ?*—What is truth ? He was about to disappear from earth : was not this therefore the moment to explain himself ? No : he was silent : it was thus that he replied to the vain and bold curiosity of a vain and indifferent prince.

Surely I have written enough upon this subject, and I shall conclude with a final reflection, viz. that in all my enquiries upon this subject, in all my endeavours to fortify myself with authorities, I have been much surprised that in no author upon rhetoric, in no author who has written upon tropes and figures, and upon whatever is subsidiary to eloquence have I found any

thing upon this subject in particular. Quinctilian, Fenelon, P. Bouhours, Gibert, Jouvencei, Poree, P. le Santé, le P. Brunol, Blair, Kaimes, &c. sometimes remark upon the beauty which arises from *silence*, but only *en passant*, and I therefore thought that this subject might be considered without any fear of treading in a beaten track. In fact, silence is less a figure of rhetoric than an offspring of taste; and taste has no rules. It is an instinct of reason, which, like the instinct of nature, is never wrong.

July 17, 1808. M. P. H.

REMARKS on an EXTRACT from Dr. ROBERTSON'S HISTORY of SCOTLAND.

Sir,

SHOULD you deem the following extract and remarks worthy of a place in the next or any subsequent number of your valuable miscellany, they are forwarded for the purpose of insertion.

J. C.

Somerset, 20th July, 1808.

"Among the most remarkable of those who had engrossed the king's attention, were Cochran a mason, Hommil a taylor, Leonard a smith, Rogers a musician, and Toisfan a fencing-master. So despicable a retinue discovers the capriciousness of James's character, and accounts for the indignation of the nobles, when they beheld the favor due to them, bestowed on such unworthy objects."

Vide Robertson's Hist. Scot. p. 260. 16 Ed.

However liberal and just the learned historian's conclusions may generally be, I cannot but think that the above is glaringly illiberal and absurd: since it endeavours to establish as an axiom, that the *favor* of kings is *due* to nobles, whether they are really deserving of that *favor* or not. The countenance and protection of monarchs are only due to men possessing the most unbounded integrity, the sincerest love for their country, the best abilities, and the most undaunted courage.

But can it be shewn wherein it af-

fected the interests, or what difference it made to the *people* of Scotland, whether King James took into his favor Cochran a mason, or Angus a noble? According to my conceptions, it could only possibly interfere with them as he adopted to his favor, or promoted the interests, of men, of good and wise, or bad and weak conduct. Hence, it appears that the chief question for them to decide on was, which is the best and wisest man, Cochran or Angus? Perhaps neither. Well, admit that both are weak and vicious: will it be contended that his majesty acted wrong by preferring Cochran to Angus? Surely it cannot. He only did wrong by selecting for his companion and confident *any* man of vicious habits and contemptible abilities. How then can the learned historian be justified in stating that "so despicable a retinue* discovers the capriciousness of James?" Since it is, or *ought* to be, well known, that no man is the more despicable for being a mason, nor the less so for being a noble. A mason is by no rule of fitness entitled to *blame*, nor a noble to praise, merely because the one is a mason, and the other a noble. They are both only entitled to blame or praise, as they behave themselves well or ill, properly or improperly. *Neither* ought to be taken into *royal favor* until there be at least presumptive proof of their evincing an eager desire for their country's welfare, and have abilities and rectitude to act accordingly.

Squirrels for nuts contend,—and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.

What odds?—to us 'tis all the self same thing,
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

J. C.

* The learned historian, in order to have confirmed his position, should have entered into the *characters* of this "despicable retinue," and set forth the superiority of the nobles touching that particular. But here all is darkness and uncertainty.

AN ESSAY ON THE ITALIAN DRAMA.

[Concluded from Vol. IX. p. 487.]

IT is in vain we look in this piece for any of the fine displays of character and tender and pathetic sentiments with which the play of Euripides abounds, or even for the spirited dialogue of Æschylus. Eteocles is drawn, throughout, unfeeling and unnatural, with none of those alleviating circumstances that, in Euripides, throw a veil over his iniquity, and plead so strongly in his favour. In the latter we see a young mind giving way to the powerful suggestions of ambition, and keenly alive to the honour of his native land, whose reputation would suffer, were he to yield to his brother at the head of a foreign force. He entertains, however, no unnatural sentiments against his brother, and his enmity extends not beyond the collision of their interests. How glowingly is his ambition pourtrayed by the Grecian bard:

Αἶσαν ἀνελθοῖμ' ἥλιμ' πρὸς ἀνατολάς,
Καὶ γῆς ἐνεσθὲν, δύνατος ἂν δράσαι ταῦτι,
Τὴν θίαν μακρὴν αἰτ' ἔχειν τυρανίδα —
Πρὸς ταῦτ', ἰτὼ μοι πῦρ, ἰτὼ δὲ φασγὰν,
Ζευγυροῦσι δ' ἵππους, πῆδα πεπλάσθ' ἁρμάτων,
'Ὡς κ' παρῶν τὰδ' ἔμην τυρανίδα.
Εἰ περ γὰρ ἀδικεῖν χρεὶ, τυρανίδος περὶ
Καλλίον ἀδικεῖν. τὰλλα δ' εὐσεβεῖν χρεῶν.

In Alfieri, the hatred Eteocles bears to Polinices is so strong and so unnatural, that, after having in vain attempted his life, and having received himself a mortal blow in the struggle, while Polinices deploras with all the sincerity of repentant grief the cruel necessity which occasioned the fatal deed, and solicits from his dying brother a farewell embrace, he, with monstrous perfidy, invites him to his arms, at the same moment plunges a dagger in his bosom, and dies exulting in the final triumph of his perfidy. I shall extract the passage:

Pol. Il tuo seggio
Mai non terrò, di nuovo io'l guiro; ah!
scendi

Placato a Stige. Andrai del regio serto
Fra le avite sceltate ombre fastoso;
Me reverente in atto ombra minore
Vedrai fratello suddito.—Gli ardenti
Spiriti alquanto racqueta: a' piedi tuoi
M'è vedi: il Signor mio tu sei pur sempre.

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Sol del perdono, anzi che a morte io corra
Tibconguiro.

Et. — Sta ben; mi arrendo
Vieni dunque, O fratello, infra le braccia
Del floribondo tuo fratel, che uccidi—
Vieni,—e ricevi in quest' ultimo amplesso
Fratel,—da me—la meritata morte—
(Fingendo abbravillo con uno stile lo
trafigge)

Son vendicate —Io moro;

Et ancor ti abono

Pol. Io moro; e a te perdono.

To me this appears shocking, and I think must appear in the same light to any audience of common sensibility.

Giocasta scarcely ever leaves the stage, and one might naturally expect the highest pathos from a mother in her situation. She is continually, indeed, dwelling upon the misfortunes of her house, and of the horrid enormities she had witnessed, and was still doomed to witness; but by no natural expression of sentiment has the poet contrived to interest us in her behalf. The following extract, however, is highly pathetic:—Eteocles has just been brought before her mortally wounded; and the sight of Polinices, the author of the deed, naturally causes her indignation. Polinices tells her that he did not wish to return to her presence in life, so great an abhorrence did he entertain for the deed he had committed, but that he had been disarmed and prevented from turning his own weapon against himself, and brought there against his will.—She thus interrupts him:

Ah! cessa omai

D'Intorbidar nostri ultimi momenti —

Eteocle;—non m'odi?—(Oh!—non ravvisi

Quella che al sen ti stringe?—è la tua
madre;

Et è il suo caldo lagrimar, che misto

Senti col sangue tuo rigarte il volto,

F lo squarciato petto —Or, deh! riapri

Una fiata i lumi ancora.

The following passage in the mouth of Giocasta is of the highest sublime. She utters it when both her sons are extended dead at her feet, and when her mind was worked up to the highest state of frenzy:

Di morte i negri

Regni profondi spalancarsi io veggio—

Ombra di Laïs, lurida, le braccia

A me tu spogli? a scellerata moglie?—

Ma che miro? squarciato il petto mostri?

B

E d' atro sangue e mani e volto intriso,
Gridi vendetta, e piangi!—Oh! chi l'orrenda

Piaga ti fe? Chi fu quell' empio?—Edippo
Fu; quel tuo figlio, che in tuo letto accolsi

Fumante ancor del tuo versato sangue.—
Ma, chi altronde mi appella? Un fragor

odo,
Che inorridir fa Dite: ecco di brandi
Suonar guerriero.—O figli del mio figlio,
O figli miei, feroci ombre, fratelli,
Duran gli adegni oltre la morte? O Lais,
Deh! dividili tu —Ma al fianco loro
Stan l'Eumenidi infami!—Ultrice Aletto,
Io sou lor madre; in me il reipereo toxi
Flagel sanguigno! è questo il fianco, è

questo,
Che urceus tu so a tai mostridi vita.
Fòria, che tardi?—Io mi t'avvento.

In this play the cup of horrors is filled to the very brim. The unnatural connection between *Edippus* and his mother is dwelt upon and repeated again and again to a degree of nausea. A selection of instances is almost unnecessary.

“A te purvile

L'incesto die;
D'Edippo io moglie, e in un d'Edippo
madre,
Inorridir di madre al nome io soglio.”

“Che più? mi udranno,
Se mi vi sforzan pur, lo infame loro
Nascimento attestar.”

“Son vortoro Sangue anch' io
— qui qui lorrete i branoi.
Eccolo il ventre infame
Stanza d'infame nascimento.”

“Mai non t'avessio avuto, onor funesto?
Ch'io non sarci madre or d'Edippo, e moglie.”

“Ravviso

Le Furie in voi che al nunzial mio letto
Ebbi pronube già. Ma, il nuò misfatto
Già già, voi state ad espiar vicini;
Fia dell' incesto il fraticidi ammenda.”

“Io forse,
Non son io quella, che al fighriol mio diedi
Figli, e fratelli;—Ed essi, quegli infami,
Ch'or bevon l'un dell' altro in campo il
sangue,
Frutto non son d'orrido incesto?”

“Io tutti in me gli asfetti
Sento di madre, e d'esser madre abboro.”

Further quotations on this subject were unnecessary. It may be noticed in passing, that the word *error* and its derivatives and compounds occur no less than forty-five times in the course of this one piece.

The language is in many places of this play worse than prosaic, it is harsh and grating:

“Ma mal vieta
L'odio, che mal di un sol colpo fa pago—
Abbati in pugno di mia fe l'ardente
Brama, che in petto da che nacqui io nutro.”

“Andarne
Bench' esul debba is dalla patria, sempre.”

“Qual mendicar pretesti
Potrebbe il re per non serbar sua fede.”

“Pria ch'io pugisca il fallo
Cui vien meno ogni ammenda, il tuo padmo,” &c.

I cannot omit this opportunity of rendering justice to my native language, by asserting the superiority which it possesses in point of harmony over the Italian. Let any man compare the rich and manly harmony of our blank verse with the Italian versi sciolti for a moment, and he must be sensible of it. The cloying effect of words, ending in vowels and beginning in vowels meeting together, can never be sufficiently got the better of; and if the language is to be aspirated by frequent elision in the manner of *Alfieri*, it will suffer from want of harmony. But even all the elisions of *Alfieri* have not been able to answer his purpose. The preference then which *Dr. Johnson* and others have thought fit to give to the harmony of Italian verse over our own, does very little credit in my opinion to their delicacy of ear. Turn up any of our tragic poets. What melody can be richer, for instance, than that of the following passages from the *Mourning Bride*:

O no, time gives increase to my afflictions.
The circling hours that gather all the woes
Which are diffus'd through the revolving
year,
Come heavy laden with the oppressing
weight
To me; with me, successively they leave
The sighs, the tears, the groans, the restless cares,
And all the damps of grief.

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble
heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity.—It strikes an awe

And terror on my aching sight, the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling
heart.

This play, like all the others of Alfieri, abounds in inversions, which the genius of the Italian language by no means admit of. They often render his meaning highly obscure; they also give a studied air to passages that might otherwise be pathetic. In violent grief or anxiety there can hardly be leisure for quaint collocations of words. The following are instances:

"Andrai del regno certo
Fra le avite scettrate ombre fastoso;
Me reverente in alto ombra minore.
Vedrai fratello suddito."

"Figlio amato! gran tempo è ch' io
nol vidi!
Forse in me sola, e nel materno immenso
Imparzial nro amore egli ha riposto,
Più che ne' suoi guerrieri ogni sua speme—
Mi e figlio al fine."

"Ma, resta,
Resta a placarsi inacerbito il core
Dell' esul figlio."

I shall conclude my observations on this play, with stating, that I found it on the whole very uninteresting, and that I read it from beginning to end as a task. When two poets have made choice of the same subject, and the one has produced an affecting poem, while the other has completely failed, the failure can hardly be attributed to any other cause than the want of dramatic genius. It was from the pleasure I received from the subject in the hands of Euripides, that I have been led to bestow more attention on the play of Alfieri than perhaps it really deserves. I must say, however, that I by no means consider it as among the most successful of his efforts.

I remain, &c.

Edinburgh, May 29, 1808. J. B.

On the SOCIETY for the SUPPRESSION of VICE.

SIR,

IN your magazine for May, p. 405, I observed a letter by Mr. Muddford, addressed to the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and I am happy to find that one honest individual is at length impelled by laudable motives to expose the contemptible pro-

ceedings of this paltry tribunal. At the commencement of their formation, the moral part of mankind considered them as a body likely to be productive of the most beneficial results; but how different now must be their sentiments, when they perceive these men, in whom they placed so much reliance, shrinking from the cognizance of every fashionable vice, and alone seeking how they may obstruct the poorest tradesmen in the necessary duties of their occupations. Are these magnanimous gentlemen, who purposed so much in the beginning, afraid to enter the lists with the affluent and powerful? Or do they imagine, that, by preventing the sale of apples and the deprivation of beards on Sundays, they strike at the root of evil? If so, I am concerned to state, that they have smitten the root so very low that it is almost impracticable they should ever pop off all the branches. Had they endeavoured to abolish corruption, or resorted to the sabbatical haunts of the gay and unthinking, their efforts would have been entitled to some praise. But whilst they are instigated by such cowardly and ungenerous dictates, every patriot must hail the moment which shall bring their downfall. As their career has alone been rendered famous hitherto by the punishment of the most trivial misdemeanours, the boat and hackney-coachmen will in all probability fall under their impending scourge: and under their auspices, our fair ladies, whose circumstances will not admit of an equipage, will not only be reduced to the deplorable necessity of visiting on foot, but will also be obliged to wear an additional petticoat, and add another pin to their tuckers. I shall forbear any further comments on this encroaching herd, until after the insertion of the next epistle of your most excellent correspondent, and remain, Sir,

your very obedient servant,

City, June 16, 1808. AMICUS.

On the ART of STAINING ON GLASS.

SIR,

THE following extract upon an art, which has been said to have been often lost, is from an old book which I picked up at a stall, without

a title-page, so that I cannot ascertain its date, nor can I answer for the success of the process. All I can say upon the subject is, that above thirty years ago, when I was at the University, the late Mr. James Lister, printer, then at Oxford, who had made a considerable progress in that art, told me, that the only information he ever had upon the subject was from an ~~ancient~~ Latin author, and that this information was only that nothing would make any impression on glass but minerals and metals; that after many trials he made a perfect blood red from gold, yellow from silver, and some other colours, if I rightly remember, from substances much the same as those in this extract. If, therefore, you think it can throw any light upon a subject known to so very few, it is entirely at your service.

July 4, 1808.

H. D.

"How to Paint on Glass.

"Tho' painting on Glass be very ancient, yet it is much more modern than painting on Wood or Cloth; as being of no longer standing than the Art of making Glass. They who first painted on Glass, did it only in Colours mixt with Glue, which not being able to withstand the Injuries of Time, a Way was found out of doing it with Fire-proof Colours; which are incorporated with the Glass, by baking and melting them together; and as soon as this Secret was discover'd, every one took Delight to practice the Draught of Figures, and even intire Histories thereon; whereof we have still some remaining pictures on old Church-glass: But those Figures before the Year 1500, had not half the sufficiency of *Base* or *Relief*, as is requir'd in painting.

"Those who desir'd to work in lively Colours, made use of Glass-prit, ting'd in the Glass-house, as well for Carnation as Drapery, whereon they draw the first Lines of the Visage, and other parts of the Body, in black, and then shadow'd them with Strokes and Dashes.

"Painting having since that received an improvement, those Works became more perfect, and that in so short a time, and with such Advantage, making fair and most exquisite

pieces, that they are now become the Admiration of the Learned.

"In treating of the Art of Painting on Glass, I shall not mention the Ways used by the Ancients, because they are now out of Practice, and also because the latter Methods are much more excellent. I shall therefore satisfy myself in prescribing only such as may suffice to gratify the Curiosity of those that love this Art. And to such I shall shew, not only the Method of Painting, but also how to prepare the Colours, to bake and finish 'em in the Furnace. The most part of the Ingredients useful for this Service, being such as will also tinge the Glass well enough.

"I will begin with the Preparation of the Colours to be used in Painting of Glass; for before I shew how to work, the Preparation for it must be first consider'd.

"The *White* is compounded of several Ingredients; as white small Pebble-stones, heated red-hot over a fire in an Iron Ladle, and thrown afterwards into an Earthen Dish full of cold Water, to calcine them; and this must be repeated several times till they are prepar'd: afterwards, being dried, pound them with a Stone or Glass Pestle in a Stone Mortar, and so grind them upon a Marble to an impalpable Powder; then mix a fourth part of Nitre with it, and calcine them in a Crucible, then pound and grind them again, and calcine them a third time over a smaller Fire than your former, and so take them off for use. Then done, when you would paint with it, add equal parts in weight of Gyp, a sort of Tale found among Plaster-nold, baked on the Coals to a whiteness, and reducible to Powder and *Rocaille*, grind them all three in a hollow Plate of Copper, with Gum-arabick Water; and so it will be in good condition to paint withal.

"The next Colour which cannot be admitted in this sort of painting, is *Black*: The manner of its Preparation is this: You must grind Scales of Iron from the Smith's Anvil-block, for three hours on the shallow Copper-bason or Plate; and to this one-third of the same Weight of *Rocaille*, with a little Calx of Copper to prevent the Iron from turning red in the Fire; grind it to as impalpable a powder as

you can bring it to; and so keep it in a close Vessel for use.

"*Yellow* is a more costly Preparation, and is made thus: Take fine silver Plates from the Copple, stratify 'em in a Crucible, with Powder of Sulphur, or Nitre, the first and last Lay being of the Powder, and so calcine them in a Furnace; this done, cast it out, as soon as all the Sulphur is consumed, into an earthen Bason of Water, and afterwards pound it in a Stone Mortar, until 'tis fit for the Marble; and so grind it with some of its Water wherein it was cooled, for six Hours; then add nine times its Weight of Red-Oaker, and grind them together for a full Hour, and then it is fit for painting on Glass.

"*Blue* is thus made: Take two Ounces of Zaffer, two Ounces of Minium, and eight Ounces of very fine white Sand; put all these into a Bell-metal Mortar, and pound them very well; and so into a Crucible covered and luted over a quick Fire for an Hour, then draw off the Crucible, and pound them again as before: This done, add a fourth of its Weight in Salt-petre, powder'd; and having mixed all very well together, return them into a Crucible covered and luted, which place again in the Furnace for two Hours at least, continuing such another Fire as the former: The Crucible being off, and cooled a second time, grind the Mass as before, and so put it into a Crucible again, with a sixth Part of Salt-petre, and let it remain on the Fire for three Hours; then take off the Crucible, and immediately with an Iron Spatula, red hot, rake out the Matter, lest it should stick, being very clammy, and hard to be emptied.

"'Tis convenient to have strong Crucibles for this Calcination, because it remains so considerable a while in the Fire; and they must be luted with an extraordinary Lute, (for the whole Secret of this Preparation depends on the calcining the Ingredients, and Goodness of the Crucible) and therefore you must add the Powder of Borax, to the Powder of Glass vitrified, which helps the Fusion of the Glass: But the greatest stress lies in baking the Crucible, afterwards in a small Fire to cement the Pores, and make the Earth compact as Glass;

which would be very much further'd, if you throw on it a considerable Quantity of Salt, as it comes out of the Fire; this would glaze it, and capacitate it for retaining the Spirits in the Fire.

"*Red Colour*, for painting in Glass, requires as much Caution as the Blue: You must take the Scales of Iron, Licharge of Silver, of each a Dram; Ferretto of Spain, half a Dram, *Rocaille* three Drams and a half; grind all these for half an Hour, on a shallow Copper-plate, in the mean time pound three Drams of Blood-stone in an Iron Mortar, and add to it the rest; then pound a Dram of Gum-arabick in that Mortar, to an impalpable Powder, to take off the Remains of your Blood-stone, and so add it to the rest, grinding it continually, lest the Blood-stone be spoiled. The best Manner of grinding these, is to pour Water by little and little on the Ingredients as you grind them, neither wetting them too much, nor too little, but just as much as will keep a good Temper, as for Painting. Afterwards put all into a Foot-glass, and so drop on it thro' a small hollow Cane of Wood, or with your Finger, as much Water as will bring it to the Consistence of an Egg's Yolk battered, or a little more; than cover the Glass to preserve it from the Dust, and so let it stand three Days to settle. After this, decant the clearest and purest of the Colours that rise at top, into another Glass, without Disturbance of the Sediment; and two Days after it has settled a-new, pour off again the purest of the Colours, as before. This done, set it in the Body of a broken Matress or Bolt head, over a gentle slow Fire, to dry easily, and so keep it for Use. When you have occasion for it, take a little fair Water in a Glass, and with it moisten as much Colour as you think convenient, that will be excellent for Coronation. As for the *Faces*, which are very thick, dry 'em too, and you may moisten these in like manner with Water for Drapery, Timber-colour, and such other as you think convenient.

"*Purple Colour* is prepared exactly like that of Blue; Only you must take an Ounce of Zaffer, and an Ounce of very pure and clean Perigurx, two Ounces of Minium, and eight Ounces of very fine Sand; pound all these in

a Bell-metal Mortar, and reduce it to impalpable Powder; and so proceed as in the Blue.

"Green is also prepar'd like the former, but the Colour is made by the Change of the Ingredients; and therefore you must take two Ounces of *Astum*, to which the rest are easily deduc'd; I shall now proceed to shew two Ounces of Minium, and eight Ounces of very fine white Sand; and proceed as above.

"These being the principal Colours, from which the rest are easily deduc'd; I shall now proceed to shew how these Colours must be made use of in Painting upon Glass.

"The Painting on Glass is of such fine Effect, as becomes the Admiration of the Learned in all noble Arts: Nothing can be more admirable to the sight; besides its continuance and resisting all Efforts of every Season and Badness of Weather for several Ages.

"If Glass were Malleable, and discharg'd of its natural Frangibility, nothing could equal the Paint thereon; for 'tis not to be tarnished, but always maintains its primitive Beauty and Splendor, without any obstruction to the Transition of Light; and there may as fine Fancies be done on it as on Limning. There would certainly be nothing on Earth so rich and precious as Glass; whether painted or tinged, if it had this principal perfection of Malleability, which many learned Men have studied for and daily find, but rather chuse to pass for *Ignoramus's*, than expose so fine and delicate a Secret.

"Now as to the Manner of Painting on Glass.

"First, Chuse such Glass as is most compact, and best able to resist the Fire, which is not altogether white, but of a whitish Yellow: Then you must have the Original you paint by, ready drawn and proportioned, on strong Cap-paper, in all its Colours and Perfection; for your better Advantage in Pattern, lay it on a Table, and so chuse your pieces of Glass to be painted, and take care so to fit them to each other, as they may joyn easily afterwards, without any Prejudice to the Draught from displacing them, and so confounding the Figures and Portraits, or from the Lead which must joyn them afterwards, by

obscuring any part of the painting; then mark out each piece on the Tablet, by Number 1, 2, 3. Then trace them over in Black with a Pencil, do this very exactly, neither too slightly, nor too thick; and so let it stand two Days to dry, before you print it: Then having all your Colours in a readiness, fill your Pieces off with Colours; for which, use the Nib of the Pencil, especially in Carnation, where you must be very exact: You must also be very circumspect and expeditious, and take a great deal of Care not to blot or blur the Tracings, and chuse rather to paint on the other side of the Glass. All the Colours, except Yellow, may be applied on the same side, because it's apt to mingle with the other Colours; and if near the Blue, will compose a Green; so that for want of such Precaution, the whole work may be spoil'd. If the Yellow transmit itself perfectly thro' the quare, it is as well as if it had been done on the same side: And take notice by the way, that the other Colours have not so ready a Transition, because they consist of a grosser body, therefore the Yellow ought to be very equally and justly laid on in a greater or lesser quantity, as you'd have your Shadows. Observe this too in the rest, to lay them on as quick as possible; but more particularly the azure, green and purple, require the most exactness of any. Then to set off and heighten the Light, in piting a beard, describing Hair in Drapery, or otherwise, use the Handle or Butt-end of the Pencil, a small pointed Stick, or Quill, wherewith take off the Colours in those places you wou'd enlighten, which is easily done.

"Such Works as are done in Grassaille, you must paint after this manner: Trace your Piece with black, and let it dry for two Days entirely; do it over very slightly and equally with a Wash, so thin laid on, as not to efface the first Lines, and let it dry for two Days: After this, run it over again with the same Wash, where you find it convenient to give a second Time, and let dry two Days longer: Then to give it the Lights and convenient Heightnings, take the sharp Butt-end of your Pencil, or pointed Stick or Pen as before, and take off the Colour of the first Wash in the most neces-

sary places, and so your Work will be finished.

"To make this Wash easie, Take a small Pewter Cup, or other Vessel, and put therein a quantity of Black Colouring, then dissolve Gum-arabick powder'd in its Weight of Wine, and throw this on the Back in the Pewter-dish or Saucer, that it may be very clear; and not easily dry'd: And so you may have your Wash for painting Glass in Grissaille, or Gray.

"There is another Way of Painting on Glass, more easie, and altogether as effectual: Which is this: Take very white Glass, varnish it very thin, on one side, with a white Varnish; then having before made choice of some fine Impress or Cut on Paper, just fit for the Piece of Glass you design to paint its Fancy on, dip it in Water, and let it soak, and dry a little; then clap the Picture side thereof to the Varnish-side of the Glass, as exactly, plain, and evenly as possible; and so let it dry thoroughly. Afterwards moisten the Paper on the blank Side, and with a blunt Graver, draw off, and trace the Lines of the Picture, which will afterwards remain perfect and distinctly on the Varnish-side of your Glass Quarry. This Drought is for the Model you must paint your Fillings in; and observe that the Tracings and Strokes of the Picture, are to serve you in shadowing, which cannot be rejected without Disadvantage to your Piece.

"You must also paint in Glass just as in *Miniature*, with Water-colours, laying your Picture underneath it as before; and this will shew finer than if done in Oil; besides the Colours dry in a moment.

"Your pieces thus done in Oil or Water-colour, may receive a very additional and improving Beauty, by overlaying all the Colours, except the Ground, with Leaf-silver, which will appear very glorious and lively on such as are transparent. And so much for painting in Glass."

On the Word MAHOGANY.

SIR,

CAN any of your readers inform me why the word *mahogany* is not to be found in Bailey, Johnson, nor in any of our more modern lexi-

cographers? Is the discovery of that wood, or its use in articles of domestic furniture, posterior to the era of Johnson's Dictionary? Or is it a local term, and therefore not admitted into a lexicon of the English language? I have sometimes heard that its omission in Johnson arose from prejudice; but, as it is equally omitted in other dictionaries, that opinion is evidently erroneous. I should be glad therefore, if through the medium of your magazine, my ignorance on this subject may be cleared up, and remain, &c.

June 9, 1808.

A. B

LETTER XV.—ON THE AFFAIRS OF THE POOR, &c.

On the Misapplication of Parochial Assessments.

IF we accustom ourselves to reflect on the various occurrences which are rapidly following each other, as wave succeeds wave, in human life, we shall be induced to believe, that every institution, however pure in its origin, will suffer innovations in the hands of men; and that it is absolutely necessary to have frequent recourse to first principles, to see how far we are departed and are still departing from them.

This is as peculiarly necessary for all bodies of men, as for individuals acting in public capacities, as it will be the means of recalling to their memories what hath been done by their ancestors, what hath been done since, and what is doing now.

If any one should doubt of the necessity of inquiring into the times that are passed, in order to discover and correct the abuses of the present day, let him examine into the proceedings of the coroner and his jury at their first appointment, and compare them with a paragraph which appeared in the Morning Chronicle of a recent date.

We are informed, that on the 19th day of October, 1807, a coroner's inquest was lately taken in a parish to the westward of the Thames, on the body of a young man (a gentleman's groom) who was found drowned, and the verdict was returned to that effect. The gentlemen who sit on juries in the parish are generally selected from the passed and present

officers; and they have uniformly a dinner or a supper on the occasion. The following is a copy of the bill for their repast:

To fowls and pork	-	-	1	12	0
To tarts	-	-	0	10	0
To dressing and vegetables	-	-	0	12	0
To bread, cheese, and sauce	-	-	0	15	0
To wine, porter, &c.	-	-	4	11	5
To porters, &c. for men	-	-	8	11	1

This bill was sent by the churchwarden to the master of the deceased for payment; and it shews that the officers had been so long in the habit of feasting upon every occasion, that they were grown callous to shame, and incapable of blushing. The gentleman considering that the parish officers could not have any legal right to feed upon dead men, as they did upon bastard children, returned their bill in a blank cover to the churchwarden unpaid, to be probably settled in the ways and means of a parochial account.

This is very far from being a solitary instance of a coroner's jury taking refreshment at the expense of the friends of the deceased, even before they had discharged their duty; and it has been done so freely, that the foreman has been insensible of the business they were met upon; and as they could not give their verdict, they were obliged to adjourn till the next day. Bills for the expenses of juries have been sent for payment to poor widows, and the coroner has done every thing in his power to enforce it; and they have been obliged after losing their husbands, to part either with some of their furniture or wearing apparel, to discharge the cruel and illegal demand.

If a strict inquiry be made, it may be found that there is a fixed sum allowed for the jury to drink in an exempt jurisdiction; and it is much to be feared, that most illegal impositions are very far from being uncommon. Such gross and shameful abuses are suffered to continue, because the seeking of redress is too troublesome and expensive for any private person to undertake for the public; when he is sure, that if he checks the evil, he must sit down with a certain loss. If we examine into

the origin of the coroners; we shall see that their institution hath degenerated in passing down the current of time. When the state of society first rendered it necessary to inquire how the king had been deprived of a subject, when a person was found dead, the office of coroner was then considered as a post of honour, and there were but few below the rank of a knight aspired to it in counties; and it was held in high estimation, as the appointment came from the king.

As knights were not always to be found in privileged jurisdictions, the law required that they who were coroners, by virtue of their office, should be possessed of sufficient property within the franchise to answer for the fines payable by the coroner for any misdemeanour, and if the commonalty elected any one from their body for mayor, when the king had granted the privilege of coroner to the town, who was not competent to answer the fines, they were liable to be amerced, to make good any deficiency. At that time there was not any fee allowed to the coroner, nor feasting for his jury, and yet he was liable to be fined by the king for concealing of felonies, and for the neglect of the duties of his office.

Where empty honour is connected with trouble, and without a distant prospect of any emolument to soften the trial, we shall be much disappointed if we expect to find that the coroners continued always equally active and vigilant in the path of duty. The history of their proceedings plainly shews, that frequent complaints were made of their indifference and remissness in discharging their duty; and this called for the interference of the legislature to provide a remedy. It was enacted in the third year of the reign of Henry VII. chapter the first, that a fee of thirteen shillings and fourpence should be paid for every inquisition taken on the view of a dead body slain by violence, and the money was to be raised on the goods and chattels of the slayer. If they were found insufficient to answer the sum, the coroner was to be paid out of the fine to be levied upon the district for suffering the murder.

[To be continued.]

An ACCOUNT of the COMMERCE of FRANCE with ITALY, PIEDMONT, SAVOY, and SWITZERLAND.

THE very name of Italy, in whatever point of view it be regarded, creates ideas of grandeur. With respect to commerce, the mention of it brings to our minds the maritime powers of Venice and Genoa, their opulence and extensive connections with Europe, Africa, and Asia, even prior to the discovery of the Cape of Good Hope. We once more regard the great family of Medicis, their glory, and that of their native place, Florence; in short, our thoughts are directed to the purest climate and most fertile soil in Europe.

The contiguity of Savoy and Piedmont both to France and Italy, the facility of communication which results from their happy situation in respect to Switzerland, are combined circumstances which lead us to consider collectively the commerce of all Italy, and of the Thirteen Cantons with France, during the two epochs placed in parallel.

The imports into France from all those countries, at the conclusion of the reign of Louis XIV. amounted to the sum of 10,700,000 francs; and at the time of the revolution, to 62,000,000 francs. This augmentation is in the proportion of nearly as one is to eight.

The three classes into which these imports are divided, are as follow:—1st, Manufactures 10,300,000 francs, such as silk ribbons from Padua, thick crapes from Bologna, various silken stuffs, velvets, &c. from Genoa and Florence; and white and printed cottons from Switzerland. 2dly, Raw materials to the amount of 37,400,000 francs, nearly two thirds of this sum being for raw silk. 3dly, The produce of the animal and vegetable worlds 28,300,000 francs, of which 11,500,000 are paid for oil, the greater part being imported for the fabrication of soap.

The exports of France for all the aforesaid countries amounted, at the end of Louis XIV.'s reign, to 23,100,000 francs; and at the time of the revolution, to 78,300,000, which exhibits an augmentation in proportion as one is to three and a half.

These exports may be divided into

five distinct classes, viz. 1st, Manufactures to the value of 30,800,000 francs. 2dly, Raw materials and those which have undergone a primitive preparation, such as spun cotton, destined for Switzerland, the whole amounting to 11,800,000 francs. 3dly, Produce of the vegetable and animal worlds to the amount 10,700,000 francs. 4thly, Wines and brandies to the value 5,000,000 francs. 5thly, The commodities of the French West Indies, which amount to the sum of 20,000,000 francs.

By the result of this commerce it would appear, that France, in order to equalize the exchange between herself and those countries, should pay a balance, annually, of 3,600,000 francs.

It will, however, be evident, on considering her commercial relations separately with some Italian powers, that the balance against her is even more considerable. Thus the two Sicilies draw infinitely less from France than they supply her with, and the only compensation which the latter may be said to receive results from her connection with Milan and Tuscany, where not only great sales of manufactured articles, but also of coffee and sugar are made on the part of the French.

The following is a list of the merchandises exported from France for Italy: Pepper, cinnamon, cloves, nutmegs, mace, cocoa, ginger, porcelain, Indian calicoes, muslins, cambrics, fine linen, woollen cloths, camlets, serges, Lyonsese stuffs, mercery, hardware, millinery, Hærlen and Flemish white thread, vermillion, dye woods, madder, copper, brass, iron, lead, pewter, capers, the wines of Languedoc and Provence corn and other grain, the embroidered silken stuffs of Lyons and Tours, &c. &c.

Besides various silken stuffs &c. peculiar to certain parts of Italy, this country sends to France, dried fruits, such as raisins, figs, almonds, &c. also lemons, limes, aniseed, alum, sulphur, steel, rice, manna, amber, turpentine, cream of tartar, fine lacker, paper, soap, perfumed gloves, snuff, of various kinds, essences, white marble in blocks, and marble slabs of all colours and qualities.

France exports for Switzerland, corn, hemp, salt of Lorraine and

Franche Comté, Burgundy and Champaign wines, linseed oil, oak-tan of Franche Comté, vegetables, Provence oil, Marseilles soap, saffron, honey, almonds, olives, plums, capers, brandies, *liqueurs* and syrups chiefly from Montpellier, dye woods, Lorrain wools, Alsace tobacco, iron, lead, Lyonesse silken stockings and stuffs, hats, Abbeville and Labal cloths, serges &c. of Rheims, millinery from Paris, calinets from Lisle and Flanders in general, indigo, sugar, vitriol, Roman alum, colonial and Levant coffee, gale nuts and gums, Spanish, Barbarian, and Levant silk, senna and drugs in general, goat and shamoys skins, tobacco from Dunkirk, &c. &c.

In return, Switzerland sends to France, butter, cheese, skins, hides, leather, flux, small quantities of wine from the country of Vaud, clock work, toys, jewellery, watches, paper, especially that sort denominated "the fine paper of the arms of Basil," cottons, &c. &c.

An immense commerce is carried on between France and Italy by means of the Mediterranean; the commodities employed in this branch of the trade between the two countries, are exactly similar to those of which we have already given an enumeration.

ON FEMALE RIMES, DAVID MALLETT, &c. &c.

SIR,
I WISH, in the present letter, to offer a few remarks that have occurred to me on perusing your last two numbers.

There is an inquirer in the Magazine for May, p. 405, concerning *female rimes*, who is informed that they only take place in the French language, and signify the vowel *e*, pronounced at the end of their words, with the same sound as that of *de*. Thus, in the subsequent line of Corneille,

Mais ne rejettons pas une esperance vaine, the concluding *e* is what they term a feminine rhyme, and from this cause it will sometimes happen that a word may possess a varying number of syllables in the same verse:

"C'est un homme, qui, ah! un homme,
un homme enſi!" *Moliere, Tartuffe.*

for in the two last examples, the vowel is *mangée*, or swallowed up, by the vowel beginning the following words.

Voltaire informs us that their musicians are sometimes inconvenienced by these metrical laws:

"Nos rimes féminines, terminées toutes par un e muet, font un effet très désagréable dans la musique: le chanteur est absolument obligé de prononcer *ee-u*." *Mélanges de Littérature.* - See also *L'Histoire de Louis XIV.*

If, therefore, the preceding verse of Corneille were set to music, it would produce the effect above noticed.

There is also a correspondent in your last number, p. 470, who has made a remark on Mr. Hayley's imitation of Thomson; but he will find that David Mallet had already trod in the footsteps of that poet, in the commencement of what he styles *An Essay on Verbal Criticism*; in which he adulates Pope,

"Whose life severely could transcend his
lays,
For wit supreme is but his second praise."

I merely notice this, because every species of coincidence should be traced as high as possible.

To the ingenious disquisition of Mr. Brewer on the subject of Queen Mary, I am very ready to allow its due commendation; but if that Gentleman will consult Ballard, at the article of Queen Elizabeth, he will perceive that the life of that princess, according to her own belief, was spared at the intercession of Philip, who afterwards sought her in marriage, but unsuccessfully, which gave rise to his invasion. It is confidently affirmed, that even after that affair she continued to preserve his portrait in her chamber during her life; and were Mary not inclined to spare the life of her sister, the doting attachment that she is allowed to have entertained for her husband will account for her consent without inferring any remarkable facility of disposition.

I mean not, however, to invalidate any other part of Mr. B.'s inquiry. I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,
D. L. S.

On the PRONUNCIATION of the LATIN LANGUAGE.

Sir,

I BEG leave to offer some remarks on an article in your last, signed *Enna*, on the pronunciation of the Latin language. Your correspondent asserts that *g* before *e* and *i* was pronounced soft among the Romans, and in proof of what he has advanced, observes that *legiones*, *magesterium*, &c. were written *leciones*, *macesterium*, &c. but these very examples he has adduced, turn out as so many proofs against him: for he ought to know that the Latin *c* is the Greek κ , and consequently *legiones* was pronounced *lekiones*; and there is surely much more similarity between *lekiones* and *legiones* hard, than between *lekiones* and *legiones* soft. But to explain this more fully, I shall quote the authority of Mr. John Horne Tooke, who in his admirable *Diversions of Purlen*, observes, (vol. 1, page 43,) that *c* hard or *k*, is the same letter as *g*, and *c* soft, or *s* as *z*, there being in them no difference of articulation, but only a compression of the latin *x* in the latter case; and again he says, (vol. 2. page 7,) "It cannot be too often repeated, that in Latin, *g* should be pronounced as the Greek γ , and *c* as the Greek κ . If *regere* had been pronounced in our manner, i. e. *ridgere*, its past participle would have been *redgitum*, *retch-tum*, not *rectum*. And if *facere* instead of *fakere*, had been pronounced *fassere*, its past participle would have been *fassitum*, *fastun*, not *fakitum*, *faktem*." Now I maintain that on the same principle we have every reason to conclude, that if *leciones*, instead of *lekiones*, had been pronounced *lesiones*, it would have been *leciones*; but finding it *legiones*, we may rest assured that when written with a *c*, it was pronounced *lekiones*. The same is true of *macesterium* and *urbicitius*; but what *crescentsianus* has

to do with the question, I am at a loss to discover.

With respect to the pronunciation of the vowels, as he appears to allude to some former observations of his, I cannot perfectly comprehend what his intentions are; so to avoid the imputation, he has put on F. R. of not understanding him, I shall say nothing about them.

I remain, &c.

5th July, 1808.

N. E.

ANNOTATIONS on the TEXT of SHAKESPEARE.

No. III.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.
Act V.—Sc. III.

But we are old: and on our swift'st decrees
Th' maudile and not-else-foot of time
Steals ere we can effect them.

An imitation from *Juvenal*, 9, 128:

Festinat enim decimere velox
Flosculus angustae miscraque brevissima
vitae.

Portio illis bibimus, dum sarta, unguenta,
puellas,
Pascimus, oborunt non intellecta senectus.

TWELFTH NIGHT.
Act II.—Sc. IV.

But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.

Thus, in *Tasso's Rinaldo*, C. 8. St. 56:

Non così rude tarò arido legno
Come quel rose l'ira a dain suoi.

WINTER'S TALE.
Act I.—Sc. II.

Grace to boot!

This may signify "Heaven help you!"
an expression of affected piety, which the
general spirit of the scene will warrant.

Act II.—Sc. III.
Lest she suspect
Her children not her husband's.

Apprehending that some demon or malign
spirit may have imposed on her,
in the resemblance of her husband.

MACBETH.
Act I.—Sc. II.

What haste looks through his eyes!
So should he look, that seems to speak
things strange:

Count Alferi was probably acquainted
with this passage; for there is one nearly
parallel, at the commencement of *Solimano*.

* Nam *k* quidem in multis verbis
utendum puto—cum sit *c* litera, quae
ad omnes vocales vim suam perferat.
—*Quint. Instit.* lib. 1. § vii.

Now it is self evident that *c* could
not have the force of *k* without being
pronounced as such.

—Or come lieto
Mostra negli occhi il cor, e nuto esprime
Che de care novelle or nunzio attiva!

Sc. III.

—Kind gentlemen, your pains
Are register'd, where every day I turn
The leaf to read them.

Shakespeare made considerable use of his contemporaries with respect to particular phrases. Perhaps, according to the custom of the age, having taken part in many ouvrages de société, he might occasionally reclaim his property, for the completion of such of his pieces as are wholly genuine. The words in question are from the first part of K. H. 6th:

I'll note you in my book of memory:
Look to it well.

Sc. IV.

By doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor.

Performing all actions, whose relation to the continuance of that love and honour which are your due, may be considered as secure or undoubted.

Sc. VII.

If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

If, after it be effected, it be done with, if no consequences arise. The thought is from Theognis, 947.

Πρὸς δ' ἐκ ἐπὶ τοῦ, καὶ ἐκ ἐλπίσας
τιλίσσας,

Δρήσας δ' ἐκ ἔδρης, ἥντα δ' ἐκ ἀνύσας.

And pity, like a naked new born babe,
Striding the blast, or heav'n's cherubim,
hors'd

Upon the sightless couriers of the air;
Shall blow the horrid deed in ev'ry eye,
That tears shall drown the wind.

Mr. Capel Loft informs us, that the sightless couriers of the air are not the winds, but "invisible posters of the divine will." According to the Christian Creed, what other messengers, besides angels, is the Deity accustomed to employ? Had there been any such, Dr. Johnson was not a man to have missed them.

Prythee, peace!

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more, is none.

A sentiment in Aristotle's Ethics, Lib. 7, c. 1, is so exactly responsive to this exclamation, that it merits to be detailed:

Ο' μὲν δὲ τὸ δῶν, καὶ τὸ δῶν, ὑπομὲν ἰσὺν καὶ φοβόμενος, καὶ αἷς δῶν, καὶ οἷς, ὁμοίως δὲ καὶ θαυμάζων, ἀνδρείως.

Again, in Dryden and Lee's, Duke of Guise, Old Grillon says to the king, with respect to assassinating the duke,

Were I a coward, I had been a villain,
And then I durst have don't.

Act II.—Sc. II.

Your constancy
Hath left you unattended.

Has forsaken you.

Will all great ocean's waters wash this blood

From off my hand?—No! this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine
Making the green—one red.

Ὀμοίως γὰρ εἴτ' ἂν ἴσθον, εἴτε φάσιν ἂν
Νίψαι καθαρὰ τὴν διὰ τὴν σέγγην, ἔσθαι
Κίθου. *Œdip. Tyr. 1236.*

And Seneca, Herc. Fur, 1322, &c.

Arctoum licet

Mæotis in me gelida transfundat mare,
Hærebit altum facinus.

Act III.—Sc. II.

For Banquo's issue, have I fill'd my mind.

Exerted it's faculties; sharpened it.—In Chaucer's Prologue we have

He muste preche, and wel asle his tonge
To winne silver. v. 714.

And in Spenser, F. 2, II. 1. st. 3:

His practicke wit, and his faire styled tongue,
With thousand other sleights."

Sc. IV.

Mr. Scymour's ingenious note, which tends to prove that the two ghosts of Duncan and Banquo succeed each other in this scene, is, in my opinion, deserving of the manager's attention.

Oh these flaws and starts,
Impostors to true fear.

which are as far from affording real subject of apprehension, as imposture is from reality.

Sc. VI.

Who cannot want the thought, how monstrous

It was in Malcolm and in Donalbain
To kill their father!

Mr. Malone says, that the lection should be can: but want is in the Roman sense of, to have occasion for, to need. And in King Richard III.:

And much I need to thank you, if need were.

It may be interpreted, "Who is there [in attempting to account for these strange circumstances] that cannot suggest to himself the thought," &c.—From this thought is inferred the want of probability, that the king's son should have committed the murder, of which Macbeth had endeavoured to reject upon them the criminality.

Act IV.—Sc. I.

By the pricking of my thumbs
Something wicked this way comes:
Open locks! whoever knocks.

This is an ancient superstition.

ΛΑΙΣΤΑΙ ὁφθαλμοῖς μου ὁ δειξέας ἄρα γ' ἰδού
Ἀΐδαν. Theocr. Id. 3, v. 57.

On this subject, there is a humorous paper in the Connoisseur.

Though bladed trees be lodg'd, and corn
blown down

Lodg'd means strow'd, or made to lie.

Like to the summer's corn, by tempest
lodg'd."—K. H. VI.

I find in Naunton's Fragmenta Regalia, Anno 1604, that Sir Francis Walsingham, while ambassador in France, "stayed there a leiger long in the heat of the civil wars;" where it appears to signify "a considerable length of time."

Act V.—Sc. III.

Can'st thou not minister to a mind
diseas'd? &c.

From Spenser's Sonnet L. our poet perhaps received the hint of these lines. See also Theognis, 423:

My way of life
Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

Another drama will furnish a correspondent idiom:

Turn preordainance, and first decree
Into the lane of children.

Jul. Cæs. Act 3, Sc. 1.

Mouth-honor, breath
Which the poor heart would fain deny,
but dare not!

"The poor heart" is not that of the courtier, but of Macbeth: who dares not spurn these empty honours, so as to betray the mistrust and misery that haunt him.

Act V.—Sc. V.

To the last syllable of recorded time.

An allusion, not, as Dr. Johnson conjectures, to the end of life, but of this material world. The distinction between Time and Eternity was in Shakspeare's

thoughts: the former of which must be recorded, and is finally lost in the boundless Eternity, which is neither susceptible of human annals, nor of any conception that finite beings can exert.

She should have died hereafter:
There would have been a time for such a word.

Macbeth, during his first emotion, expresses a natural wish that his wife had died at a more distant period; but after a moment's reflection, he adds, "the time must have arrived for her to pay the common debt of nature," and hence he proceeds to the instability of mortal happiness. Would should be emphatically deleted.

The importance of emphasis may be instanced in the following lines of Ben Jonson; as without it, the second cannot be read for verse:

These possess wealth, as sick men possess
fevers,

Which tullen may be said to possess them.

[To be continued.]

Errata in the last.—For Amynta, read Aminta;—for Bussy Rabutin, read Rabutin.

Further proofs of the Utility of VINE LEAVES as a substitute for TEA, &c. By MR. KING.

Sir,
FROM the last number of your Magazine, I find that Mr. Hall, who published Travels in Scotland last year, has pointed out a number of economical uses to which the prunings of the vine may be applied. Since the arrival of the last number of your useful and widely circulating miscellany, I have tried a variety of experiments, and am now convinced that there may much advantage arise to the country from Mr. Hall's experiments. The tea of the vine leaves is by no means disagreeable, though it requires rather more sugar, and the want of flavour is much more than made up by the fine tone it gives the nerves. I took but little of it at first, and but weak; but now I begin to like it, and to feel myself the better for it. The juice of the prunings, when well bruised, you may depend, makes excellent vinegar. Beer made of the fermented liquor I have also tried, which to me appears like

a fine, small claret. How it will do, when distilled into brandy, I know not; though an acquaintance, who has tried it, tells me it will do very well. As several of my acquaintance are trying experiments, and are to send me the result, you will probably hear from me again. In the mean time I remain, your constant reader, and most humble servant,

Leeds, July 8, 1808. J. KING.

JEWISH LITERATURE, GALLANTRY
of the GOLDSMIDS, &c.

SIR,
THE *New Sanhedrin*, &c. reviewed in page 305 of your last volume, has excited a considerable sensation among the Jewish people and their advocates here. "Sacred Truths addressed to the Children of Israel, &c." noticed also in your Magazine for March last, p. 238, will shortly be followed by another production, viz. a Letter to the Sanhedrin, vindicating the *Old Faith* and practice of the Jews; and of course strongly censuring the sentiments of the *New Sanhedrin* and the Jews upon the continent, respecting the religious and moral regulations which the Emperor Napoleon wishes to introduce. It seems a maxim with the new Jewish advocates on this side of the water, "That they have a right, on account of *their faith*, to enjoy every privilege with Christian subjects, and to be excluded from contributing an equal share of support to the state; such as bearing arms, and the hazard of life and limb in its defence." These burdens, they *insinuate*, ought to be thrown upon the rest of the community, for the paltry consideration of an equivalent in money!—Any kind of opposition to their particular interest is now called "*subverting the existence of the Jewish faith*." This charge is evidently well founded, because taking away these exclusive privileges from the French Jews, and requiring them in common with Christian subjects to contribute in person to the state, is what the English Jews mean by "*subverting their faith*."

The French Emperor certainly is endeavouring to promote the intermarriage of Jews and Christians: but if this is a measure in its tendency

both moral and religious, according to the New Testament, what must be the character of those who oppose it? Can any man be deemed a good Christian, or even a good member of society, who will contend for the observance and perpetuation of an abrogated article of the *Jewish faith* at the expense of Christian faith and practice? A little impartial investigation will justify the inferences intended, and it is probable that the open espousal of such an immoral doctrine, particularly among English Jews, would not have found an advocate here, if unfortunately we had not now been at war with France; but the bigotted Catholics of former times, like the English Jews at present, condemned all the measures of Henry the Eighth, to whom we are so much indebted for the Reformation; and to whom, cruel and abandoned as his character might be in other respects, perhaps both Jew and Christian at this day owe the happiness of not being exposed to the flames of persecution, on account of their *faith*. Fortunately, for the continent, its political burdens may be much lightened, by incorporating so rich and numerous a people as the Jews, who must now bear their just portion of them. Happy the people who are not under any particular obligations to the *wealthy* among the Israelites; or to those among them whose base and sordid views render them deserving the name of *Usurers* and *Money Lenders*; thus they escape the censure of the prophet, Isaiah, ch. i. 23.—*Principes tui infidelco, socii furum.*

But this can only be the misfortune of poor nations, whose wants may compel them to sacrifice the good of the many to the benefit of a few. As to the mischief and immoral tendency of allowing exclusive privileges to *Jewish faith*, we have no occasion to attend to the reasons of the Parisian Sanhedrin for doing them away; but to look at home for facts, and only to those facts of which the Jews themselves are both authors and witnesses.

It is said to be against the *Jewish faith*, and therefore an *abomination*, for the Jews to marry with Christians; but, for the Jews to practice seduction, fornication, or adultery,

among these antichristian sticklers were constant, though unsuspected for the Jewish faith, is not reckoned by his family, and a considerable time passed before he became acquainted with the circumstance of her having been his own servant at Stamford Hill." This connection lasted without interruption in that place about a twelvemonth. Mr. G.'s establishment of her household "was almost princely, and even vied with the first ranks in gallantry and *haut ton*." A strange reason is assigned for Mr. G.'s reposing no great degree of confidence in merefricious connections; that is to say, he had before "seen enough of the nature and fickleness of the fair sex, and therefore at a very early period he married." This moral Jewish memorialist then gives a list of some of Mr. G.'s friends, who succeeded him in sharing the favours of the lady just referred to: among them are the names of Young Prager, George Goldsmid, Jack Franco, De Friese, and even Mr. Salomon. But, to the credit of Mr. De Friese, deceased, as well as his master, we believe the memorialist errs in making him a Hebrew: he was a confidential clerk in Mr. G.'s house, and when incapable of business, was long allowed a handsome consideration by his wealthy employer.

The late Mr. Benjamin Goldsmid was, before his marriage, a traveller; but the memorialist, for this, assigns two reasons, though one is quite sufficient, viz. "a soft passion took hold of Mr. Goldsmid's mind, and he became attached to a genteel and accomplished young lady, a Christian, a brewer's daughter, of Limehouse, which respectable and affectionate intercourse existed for some years; but his family, at last, became alarmed, (for the Jewish faith) and represented to him the impropriety of uniting with a person not of his own persuasion, and advised, in order to draw him off from this *frivolous pursuit*, a trip to the continent, and in the interim they engaged honourably to dispose of the young lady." The difficulty with which Mr. G. overcame his genuine attachment on this occasion, or the mercenary substitute used by his Jewish friends to divest or extinguish the most honourable feelings in nature, may be left to the reader's imagination. But here another fea-

ture of Jewish faith, and morality strongly displays itself. It is not enough that its disciples are permitted to gratify their disorderly appetites at the expense of female virtue, and to engross all that their unbounded wealth can procure them from the superiority of the temptations it enables them to exhibit. But, provided it is not with their own females, they may insinuate, address, and even make semblance of marriage, which their faith will not permit them to perform. They may thus destroy the peace of families and harrow up the feelings of parents and relatives, but their faith, their religion, does not permit them to redress these serious injuries, or to afford the balm of consolation to those whom they may have made miserable. Thus, contending for the Jewish faith is both impious and absurd. Now, the fact is, that the measures adopted by the French emperor to oblige the Jews to intermarry with Christians, whom we have seen they have no religious scruples in debauching, would most effectually reform these practices; but some half thinking Christians and Jews say, this would be *subverting the Jewish faith!* This, indeed, may be very safely granted; but in return we may ask, What is the purport, and why was the Christian religion first promulgated, but to subvert the Jewish faith? What are almost all the doctrines and precepts of the Gospel calculated for, but to subvert the Jewish faith? An apostle, Romans xi. 43, declares that nothing but the continuance of Jewish unbelief can prevent them from being grafted into the Gospel; and are we to oppose this engrafting of the Jews, by continuing to insist upon the Jewish faith, which is only another word for the unbelief of the Gospel? Are Christians justifiable in pleading for the pernicious operation of a faith in opposition to the faith of Christ, destructive of good morals in any mixed society of Jews and Christians, and contrary to the spirit and even the letter of the New Testament? A faith which allows the Jew to do wrong to the Christian, but will not permit him to make a just recompense.

The old Roman Catholics had as much reason for the celibacy of their

priesthood, as any person can urge for the prohibiting the marriage of Jews with Christians. If a certain number of men whose riches furnish them with opportunities of multiplying debaucheries, and whose faith, as it is called, prevents them from marrying; if these are to be defended, where is the mighty difference between tolerating such men and an equal number of "rosy priests and jolly friars?" The pertinacity of Mr. Cohen, the author of "Sacred Truths addressed to the Hebrews," in contending for a *local* restoration of the Jews, &c. against the author of the New Sanhedrin, is a stream from the same fountain as their abrogated law, which forbids marriage; as a means, they say, of preventing them from embracing the Christian faith!!! Though the author of the New Sanhedrin is the first *Christian* writer who has proved from the words of Christ himself, to the woman of Samaria, that the *local* restoration of the Jews to Jerusalem, is not the doctrine of the Gospel, the same opinion was hinted before, by one of our greatest critics, Bishop Warburton.

Respecting the original precept of Moses against the marriages of Jews with Gentiles, as the latter were then idolators, this law cannot be supposed to be in force now, unless these Jewish champions and their advocates will have the effrontery to place the Christians of the present day, who tolerate and protect them, upon the same footing with savages and barbarians. But to return, the author of the Sacred Truths seems very angry with the *moral regeneration* which the French Sanhedrin deem an equivalent with their *local restoration*. The French emperor and his adherents wish gradually to reform the habits and morals of the Jews, to fit them for the enjoyment of society; but the author of the Sacred Truths, who is neither philosopher or conjurer, would have them emancipated all at once, and "reinstated to their former splendour or greater," an experiment, humanly speaking, as dangerous as a sudden emancipation of the enslaved negro, or the most besotted and bigotted description of Catholics. Next to Duteronomy, chap. xxx. which some have explained as relative to the Ba-

bylonish captivity, this author recommends the reading of the last of Ezekiel, wherein, he says, will be seen not only the *local restoration*, but also the division of land to each tribe. But it is enough to reply to this part of Ezekiel, that beyond the twelfth verse of the 47th chapter, neither connection with, nor confirmation by the New Testament, are to be found. To this limit the *metaphorical* description of the New Jerusalem, may agree with the outline of the holy city, in Rev. chap. xxi and xxii. But beyond Ezekiel the 47th and 12th verse, the description of that city and portion seems wholly *Jewish*. Into the Christian Jerusalem, John tells us, chap. xxi. verses 24, 25, 26, the kings of the earth shall bring their glory and honour. Upon this head Ezekiel is silent. Nothing profane, or any thing that defileth can any wise enter into the New Testament, Jerusalem, Rev. chap. xxi. v. 27. but in Ezekiel, chap. xlvi. v. 15. we are told there shall be a *profane place* for the city, for dwelling and for suburbs, and the city shall be in the midst thereof.

Of the destruction of the local Jerusalem, in Matthew xxiv. and corresponding places, Jesus Christ said much. Of a local restoration of that city or its material temple, not a word. His temple is his Church, and the people who defend it; and whether the testimony of Mr. L. Cohen, or that of Jesus Christ is to be received all may judge. If the Rev. G. Faber, Mr. J. Bicheno, and other fanciful divines, without either intending to invalidate our Lord's testimony, or corrupt the morals of society, continue to feed the prejudices of these ignorant Jews, by fostering their hopes of a *local restoration*, it can only be ascribed to the strength and prevalence of millenarian opinions, founded more upon tradition than reason or revelation. The late Dr. Gill probably entertained a better idea of the true restoration of the Jews than any of his compeers who have written most elaborately upon the subject. He says, "he was persuaded that in 1735, when the bill passed the Commons for naturalizing the Jews, that it would not continue;" because, probably, looking at

the state of their morals, he was persuaded that they must be *spiritualized* before they could be *naturalized* as Christians.

Bishop Warburton also, stated it as his positive opinion, more than half a century ago, "that the naturalization bill passed in the 20th of George II. was contrary to the prophecies; and that their future restitution to divine favour, would consist, *not in being recalled to their own original country*, but in being naturalized and incorporated into the various communities of the faithful."

As to the state of literature among the English Jews, not those of the continent, the Jewish author of the Memoirs of Mr. B. Goldsmid, allows "that it is plain from the most authentic information, that the community of Jews in foreign parts are more improved; as well as more respected than here, where they are little known but by their *contrivances and traffic*." See p. 26. In p. 90 he goes still further: "It is," he observes, "a shocking thing to say, but it is true as evident, that the English part of the Jewish nation are further removed from knowledge, (I will not mention learning) than any body of the like number of people, and yet abundantly rich to provide for the improvement of their offspring, which they bring up as if the human character was not improvable in progression with modern discoveries. Let it not shock my readers to be told here, that beyond a very small number indeed of our people, who are happy enough to possess a little more intelligence than the mass of their brethren, there is not one in an hundred who can construe a simple paragraph in a newspaper, &c. and yet they are as careless of learning as ever." What a contrast to the state of literature among the Jews on the continent, as stated in the New Sanhedrin already quoted!

But as a stronger proof that the illuminating spirit of the sciences and true religion has not yet visited some of the best informed among the English Jews, the memorialist informs us that Mr. G.'s family, and many others, believe in magical secrets, and the supernatural preparations of the adepts. The following is then given from the report of "living and cre-

ditable persons, who do not study to deceive others more than themselves!!!" Mr. De Falk, at Mr. Goldsmid's table one day, was invited to call on a gentleman who resided in the Chapter House, St. Paul's Church-yard, and have some conversation with him in a friendly way, on some curious subject. "But when," says the gentleman, "will you come? Upon which he pulled out a small piece of wax candle from his pocket, and giving it to him, said, "Light this up, Sir, when you get home, and I shall be with you as soon as it goes out. After watching this light all day and night, he did not find it the least lessened from what it appeared to be when he first took it. He then removed it to a closet where it might be out of the way, expecting it to go out, and Mr. Falk to arrive that minute. Upwards of three weeks elapsed, and the inch of candle was still burning on the morning of the day that De Falk called in the evening in a hackney coach, and surprised the gentleman, who had given over all hopes of seeing him soon, as the candle shewed no signs of diminution, but kept burning as brightly as at first. As soon as mutual civilities were over, the gentleman went up stairs to look at his candle in the closet, and to his utter surprise, found it gone as well as the stick it stood in. When he returned to Mr. De Falk he expressed his astonishment, and enquired if the agent that removed it would return the candlestick, "O yes," replied De Falk, "you have it now in the kitchen below." It was sought after, and found as related, under the dresser. We are further informed that the same magician used sometimes to pawn his plate at Mr. Bunn's, in Houndsditch; but it sometimes happened that the articles found their way back from Mr. Bunn's house to the owner, before the premium and interest were paid. Another time Mr. De Falk stopped the progress of a raging fire which threatened the synagogue, only by writing four Hebrew letters on the pillars of a door, when the wind suddenly changed, and the fire immediately subsided!

Thus much for Jewish faith; but I should not do justice to their charac-

ter, did I not allow that even among the English Jews there are many who despise such tales. And as to the supposed harsh measures used by the French government to compel the Jews to purchase rustic property, and to till their own land, I have heard some English Jews, examples of industry in their own persons and their families, declare, their brethren on the continent as well able to become agriculturists and vine-dressers now, as they were when in Palestine; and express their conviction that in a short time they may be even thankful for this wholesome compulsion; which, we may add, will naturally tend to dignify them in the eyes of society, beyond any other measures hitherto adopted.

June 18, 1808. CHRISTIANUS.

REASONS for the IMMUNITIES ENJOYED by the VENDERS of MACKAREL and MILK on the SABBATH.

IN answer to your correspondent's Question, in your last number, he will find by consulting Buffon's, or any other Natural History, that mackerel is a fish, which, of all others, will the soonest taint after being taken: it is, therefore, allowed to be cried through the streets of London, on account of the impossibility of keeping it fresh till the following day. Milk, your correspondent must observe, may be, and certainly is, had on a Saturday, for that day's use only. Cows must be milked on a Sunday, otherwise both they and their milk would be injured; which is not the case with other commodities, such as roots, herbs, &c. Milk is, therefore, allowed to be cried on Sunday, not only to accommodate the inhabitants with it, immediately from the cow; but likewise to benefit the cow-keeper, who could not so well dispose of it when kept a whole day and night. If this explanation is considered satisfactory, your inserting it will oblige,

Yours, &c.

Bolton-le-moors,
July 8, 1808.

SOLUTIO.

THE BEE.—No. IX.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
omnia nos. LUCRETIVS.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

THE viceroy, who commanded in Barcelona in 1705, being obliged to surrender it to his lordship, agreed with him upon the articles of capitulation. But, before they were signed, they were surprised by the most frightful cries from the city. "You have deceived us, my lord," said the viceroy: "we have depended upon your honour, and yet the English have entered the town by the ramparts. They murder: they plunder: they violate." "You must be mistaken," said his lordship, "they are the troops of the Prince of Darmstadt. Only suffer me and my English to go into the city; we will soon put a stop to their devastations." He ran into the city with some of his troops, and found the Germans searching the houses of the principal inhabitants. He made them quit their plunder, and drove them from the city. He found the Duchess of Popoli surrounded by the soldiers, who were using her with great rudeness, whom he safely delivered to her husband; and having restored peace to the city, he returned to the gate, and signed the capitulation.

CHARLES XII.

The Princess Lubomirsky, (who, in 1705, was in the interest of Augustus, King of Poland, then at war with Sweden) to avoid the confusion that prevailed in that unhappy country, fled privately into Germany, but was waylaid and taken, with her plate, jewels, and a considerable sum of money, by Lieutenant-colonel Hagen, a Swedish officer. As soon as Charles heard of this adventure, he wrote, with his own hand, to the colonel,—“As I do not make war with women, you will, as soon as you receive this, set your prisoner at liberty, and restore all that belongs to her: and if you think the rest of the way not sufficiently safe for her to travel, you will escort her yourself to the borders of Saxony.”

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

The great Gustavus Adolphus, like our immortal Lord Nelson, in the midst of his conquests, preserved

sentiments of modesty and piety rarely to be found in a conqueror surrounded with glory. On his return into Saxony, soon after the battle of Butzen, the people received him with the most enthusiastic acclamations. Turning to his chaplain, Fabricius, he said, “All this really hurts me: but I hope God will not punish me for the folly of this people. Do not you see that these people consider me as something more than human? Great God! thou art my witness, how very different these vain applauses are from the sentiments of my heart!”

ORIGIN OF A SINGULAR POLISH CUSTOM.

The Polish noblemen have their heads shaved, with the exception only of a circular patch of short hair, about three or four inches diameter, on the crown. The origin of this custom took its rise as far back as the commencement of the reign of Casimir I. in the year 1041. After the death of Miecislav II. (the father of Casimir), Richsa, his widow, became regent of the kingdom during the long interregnum which ensued. Richsa was an ambitious and unprincipled woman; and her oppressive exactions raised at length such commotions, that she was compelled to a precipitate flight into Saxony for the security of her own person and that of the young prince. Casimir, an only son, was soon after conveyed to Lutetia, (Paris), a city, renowned even at this early period as the seat of the sciences and of polite manners. Here he was instructed in all the learning and accomplishments of the time. Meanwhile, the Poles, having passed through all the forms of anarchy, were at length urged by their distress to wish for a king, and it was resolved to recall their lawful prince. But the place of his retreat was unknown. Casimir, chagrined at his degradation, became disgusted with the world, and had sought an asylum in the Abbey of Clugni. Here the Polish ambassadors ultimately found him, and explained the object of their mission. But the prince was no longer at liberty. He had already passed his noviciate, and had even become a deacon. From these sacred engagements, none but the Pope

could liberate him; and which he who by an alternate motion of their at length consented to do only on the feet, kept the cloth in perpetual rotation. One of them, in the mean time, sung the verse, and all the rest at once joined in the chorus. And even at this day, when these songs are sung in genteel company, a lady's handkerchief or a gentleman's bonnet supplies the place of the piece of cloth, every one laying hold of a corner. The time of this species of singing is not so quick as that of the reel, nor so slow as the *Jurram*. It is, however, exceedingly lively, and justifies what a French gentleman observed of the Scots music: *La musique Ecossoise sur tout pour le divertissement et toucher le cœur.*

RIGHT OF NOBILITY IN POLAND.

According to the ancient Polish laws, the circumstances constituting a noble were either the actual possession of a freehold estate, or the being able to prove descent from ancestors formerly possessing a freehold estate; the following of no trade, nor profession, and the being at liberty to chuse his place of abode.

ILLUSTRATION OF A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

Mr. William Shaw in his "Analysis of the Gaelic Language," gives the following curious illustration of a Scotch custom.—"There is a species of poetry," says he, "peculiar to the Gael, called *Jurram* and *Orain luathaidh*. The music of the *Jurram* has always that mixture of grandeur and melancholy that never fails to gain its end. They are sung on board of ships and *buirlings* by the sailors when they row or work, to deceive the time. The subject is generally the life and actions of some chief or relation. The language is such as to express the sentiments and actions described; the music, expression, and stroke of the oars, coinciding in such exact time, both the sailor and the passenger forget their hardships and fatigue, even in the most inclement seasons. The *Orain luathaidh*, with the same view, is sung when they work on shore, and derives its name from *luathaidh*, milling or tulling. Till very lately, tulling of with sublime energy, in the untutored savage, the following instance, Highlands, and in some parts is not yet introduced. They tulled their cloth by laying it wet on an extended frame of rods wattled together, around which were placed as many women as could conveniently be employed,

Some Observations upon the Rhetoric of the BAR, the PULPIT, and the SENATE; together with cursory remarks upon the mechanical part of Oratory. By Mr. YELVERTON.

SIR,

THE indulgence which you shewed to my observations upon Thomson, (See vol. ix. p. 125) a continuation of which I shall shortly have the pleasure of sending you, induces me to offer you the following remarks upon the subject of oratory.

Rhetoric is, itself, a captivating and an alluring science. Among the various methods adopted to interest and direct the passions of mankind, this has been one which, from the earliest ages of civilised society, has been employed. Cicero, indeed, attributes its invention to the man who first persuaded his fellow creatures to congregate into society.

Every man, however uncultivated his mind may be, possesses the rhetoric of nature: the spontaneous warmth and energy of language which flow from strong internal sensations. This rhetoric, often more eloquent than that which is the offspring of study, forms a kind of natural barrier against the oppressions of despotism under every shape. That it often appears, with sublime energy, in the untutored savage, the following instance, selected from many, will prove.

A negro who was being tried, after having made a manly speech, was told that the torture should make him confess his crimes. His veins swelled with indignation: his frame

shook; dignity flashed from his eyes: he exclaimed, "Massera, the tigers have trembled for these hands," holding them up, "and dare you think to threaten me with your wretched instruments? No. I despise the pit-most tortures you can invent, as much as I do the pitiful wretch who is going to inflict them."—(See *Stedman's Surinam*.)

But this inherent oratory is by no means of equal growth. In some bosoms it burns with unextinguishable ardour; and is prompt at every call, to second the feelings of the heart, and to give utterance to those ideas which are excited in the mind. In others it has a niggard growth; it is dull and lethargic, and can be roused only by great events; while others again scarcely acknowledge enough of it to preserve their own rights undiminished, and to secure those immunities which are granted alike to every man. These last, however, form so poor, so humble, and so despicable a part of the species, as scarcely to merit the human appellation; for, he who so completely stifles the voice of nature, so calmly bends to the contumely which wealth or power may be prompted to heap upon him, *does* it from a wretched desire to attain some object comparatively worthless, and is content to resign the *proudest* title he owns—the guardian of his honour—to accept the *meanest* he can have—its betrayer and destroyer!

For, where is the man who, yielding himself to the unrestrained suggestions of his bosom, would not remonstrate, and warmly too, against any palpable injustice? Who would not strive to prevent its commission?—or, if committed, would not labour to render it impotent? Is it in the human heart, except when debased by worthless considerations of self-interest, to stifle its honest emotions, and make the countenance a false interpreter of its feelings?—No; the genuine eloquence of nature glows alike in every breast; rude and unpolished, but forcible and resistless; possessing neither the graces of language, the splendour of imagery, nor the varied sweetness of harmony; but abundant in natural expression, flowing uncontaminated from the

source of feeling, and accompanied by the expressive gestures which result from reality. And this is the true, the unsophisticated rhetoric of nature!

Sometimes indeed it breaks forth into wild disorder and tumultuous riot; confounding the purposes for which it was given, and defeating its own power by an intemperate use of it. When this happens, as too often it does, we can only regret that, as man is constituted the free director of all the energies he possesses, he should ever be found so fatuous as to pervert *one*, which, if used wisely, would check the inroads of arrogance, and resist the torrent of oppression and injustice.

But far different is that kind of rhetoric which distinguishes the pulpit, the senate, and the bar; which is employed to enforce morality, and to diffuse the precepts and injunctions of religion; to assert the liberties of a nation; to watch over the preservation of those liberties in all their ramifications; and *sometimes* to support the immutable dictates of justice!

Here—passion is to be feigned; and art is to supply the place of nature. But the deception is often so exquisite, that the keenest penetration is unable to discover it. The feelings of the orator catch sometimes a spark of animation from his subject, and he almost forgets that he is a supposititious being; that he is embodying, not his own sensations arising from an *individual* view of the circumstance, but the supposed emotions of others: he ceases to be that isolated being he first appeared, and connects himself by a thousand points of contact, by a thousand similarities of feeling with persons whom he never perhaps beheld! and he then rises to all the sublimity of which the science is susceptible: appears like one inspired; and threatens or appeals, denounces or implores, with irresistible fire, and energy, and pathos!

It will readily be imagined, that this is a point of excellence rarely attained; and that, when it is attained the orator must possess the most unlimited command over our passions. Few indeed have reached that perfect tion which enables them so effectually

ally to personate that, which they are not; to assume fictitious feelings, and to depict those feelings in the most vivid colours. Sometimes, indeed, it happens that he may be so connected with his compatriots, by a common cause, as to destroy that isolated situation already mentioned; then (if he be endowed by nature with the requisite qualifications) he becomes grand and majestic! then indeed he renders our feelings tributary to his eloquence, and communicates a portion of his ardour to every bosom! Every ear listens with reciprocal attention; every heart feels with kindred emotions; his words awaken a responsive chord in every breast, and thrill each nerve with correspondent passion! With such emotions must Cicero and Demosthenes have been heard, when the one denounced a traitor who plotted the destruction of the senate and the whole Roman people; and the other, anathematized a conquering monarch, who would have overran Greece with his armies, and enslaved for ever the Athenians!

But this kind of rhetoric is rare in its existence, and still more rare in its application. Not indeed that those occasions are infrequent wherein it *might* be applied; but that virtuous, independent, and eloquent men, who would sacrifice every thing to their country and its prosperity, are not often to be found. Of this eloquence, therefore, as a thing seldom to be met with, except in description, I will say no more; but relinquish the consideration with a sigh, while I mourn that extinction of sentiment which must have preceded its downfall.

The eloquence of the pulpit is indeed of the *first* importance, for surely the considerations of eternal felicity are superior to all others! Man, absorbed and surrounded by the ever-changing scenes of this life, living only for the world; and the enjoyment of its pursuits, requires a forcible appeal to his feelings to convince him that a life of pleasure is a life of guilt; that its fascinations "grow with our growth," and take at last such firm hold upon the heart as to triumph undismayed! He is not easily impelled to forego that bliss he has so long rioted in; to exchange

certain happiness (according to his limited ideas) for that future felicity which he has hardly contemplated sufficiently to believe its existence! He clings to temporal joys, and rests in seeming apathy with regard to what may come hereafter.

Such must be awakened from their fatal lethargy by the thunder of sacred eloquence; and *such*, form unfortunately the majority of mankind. But the oratory of the pulpit has not a very extensive range; it is necessarily restricted, from the similarity of the subjects which are susceptible of its embellishments.

In turning our attention to the senate, a grand field opens to our sight, where flowers of every hue, of every varied odour, and of every growth, alternately flourish. Here a theatre is displayed, whereon rhetoric may appear in all its various shapes; from the bitter Phillipic and the harsh invective to the gentle remonstrance and the modest hesitation. Here are discussed topics which interest the minds of all, from their connection with *every* man. Here, the most momentous questions are agitated; whether with respect to the immunities of human nature, the political rights of empires, or the preservation of private right, wherever its existence may be defective. Innumerable, indeed, are the subjects, which at one time or other come before such an assembly for their decision; and hence the immense opportunities which offer, for the display of every kind of rhetorical excellence.

Nor is the bar deficient in such opportunities. The oppressions of petty tyranny; the vindictive efforts of rankling malice; the injustice of moral depravity; the violations of domestic peace and of friendly security; the perpetrations of homicidal ruffians: and the commission of crimes, too heinous, too black, to be here enumerated, all receive at the bar of public justice their due punishment: and the unhappy victims of each, obtain there also restitution for the wrongs they have suffered. Such is the case, when unperverted justice is allowed to have her way; unobstructed by chicanery, and the "glorious uncertainty of law." And what a scope is here offered to the orator!

With what energy may he plead the notonous, as it is absolutely incapable sufferings of the oppressed, with what of changing its tones with sufficient warmth may he depict the guilt, of celerity to accompany the motions of the oppressor! How may he bring the tongue; and the hearers are no the whole scene before the mental more affected by what is spoken or re-eye of those who are sitting in judg-cited, than if they were listening to ament, and rouse their feelings just to foreign language which they did not that height, which may make them understand. Sometimes indeed, a fully conscious of the heinousness of hurry of expression is allowable, the crime he is denouncing! With and may be introduced with great what pathos may he deplore the propriety, as it gives considerable wreck of his peace, who fondly court- warmth to discourse; but, the cases ed his destroyer, beneath the specious being very rare, wherein this *would* mark of friendship; then, abruptly be an embellishment, it requires great breaking off, express his horror and judgment to ascertain them with ex- detestation of the delinquent, who actitude.

It would be useless to attempt lay- ing down rules for the *propriety of pronunciation*, which consists in giving to each word that peculiar sound

which is most correct, and consonant to the most polite usage. This can be acquired only by oral instruction; but it is of the first importance to every man who aspires to the praise of an elegant delivery; and is just the reverse of what is called a vulgar, broad, or provincial pronunciation. An orator's first wish is to be understood: his second, to excite sentiments of pleasure, and to command the feelings of the auditors. The former must be obtained by an attention to those points already mentioned; the latter, by assiduously cultivating a command over EMPHASIS, PAUSES, TONES, and GESTURES. It is by a judicious use of these, that he must communicate to his hearers those sensations which agitate his own breast, and fix their minds to the subject he is upon, without leaving them for a moment exposed to the intrusion of adventitious ideas.

On the right management of emphasis depends all the energy and spirit of a discourse; for, without it, languor, disgust, and ambiguity would inevitably ensue. It is this which distinctly marks the precise meaning a sentence or even a word is intended to convey; and of so delicate a nature is it, that a totally different idea may be excited if it be misplaced. There is scarcely a simple interrogatory which is not susceptible of two or three, or even more, different meanings, according to the situation of the emphatic word: and if such be the case, how indispensablely requisite it is that in a length-

In fact, endless are the subjects that here present themselves, and are highly susceptible of rhetorical ornament. And let not him whose profession it is, neglect this acquisition; for he should remember, that as every man is easier impelled by his passions than his reason, he thus becomes capable of defending with increased power and effect, the rights and privileges of his fellow creatures. But there is also a mechanical part of oratory, which must not be neglected by him who aspires to perfection in this art: an art encompassed with so many difficulties that Cicero thought it worth his while to consider by what circumstances it happened, that while poets, painters, musicians, &c. were numerous and excellent, orators were so few. Perhaps, indeed, an easier and more obvious solution of this might be found than that which Cicero adopts: but this is foreign from my present purpose; which is to offer a few general observations upon pronunciation, emphasis, gesture, &c.

A certain compass and modulation of voice is undoubtedly a primary requisite: and next, may be added a distinct and slow utterance, with great correctness of pronunciation. There is nothing more vile and ungracious than a uniform rapidity either reading or talking. Unless each letter and syllable receive their full and just enunciation, it is impossible that a delivery can be correct, or *always* intelligible. The voice becomes mo-

enced discourse every word should receive its just and proper emphasis.

Pauses are either emphatical, or those which the sense require. The former are introduced at the discretion of the orator, to mark any thing that is particularly important; they are likewise often made before pronouncing something that is intended to arrest very strongly the attention of the hearers. When sparingly introduced, and with propriety, they have a good effect: but if, as is too often the case, they be perpetually resorted to, they become mere tricks; and are regarded rather as CLAP-TRAPS, than genuine rhetorical embellishments.

But those pauses are the most frequent which are made to mark the divisions of the sense. These are likewise of use, to allow the speaker opportunities for drawing in his breath, which he should be careful to do, that he may never lose it so as to be perceptible to the auditors. The adjustment of these pauses, forms a very nice and delicate part of oratory; it requires, not only a ear susceptible of harmony, but likewise a vigorous mind capable of discrimination.

Poetry, besides these pauses, has another, which is termed the *cæsural* pause. This usually falls upon the fourth, fifth, sixth, or seventh syllable: in French poetry, it is uniformly in the middle of the line. When it happens that this pause coincides with that which the sense dictates, then the harmony of the verse may be rendered complete. But sometimes words are so closely connected together when the *cæsural* pause intervenes, that it is impossible to attend both to the sense and to the harmony; and in which cases the rule undoubtedly is, to sacrifice the latter to the former.

The next subject to be considered is the tone of voice in which any thing ought to be read or spoken. This is a capital point, and should never be neglected. If it be considered, that not only every passion requires a different tone, but likewise, that all the minutest shades of feeling communicate, or ought to communicate, a correspondent variation of voice, it will readily appear, that this is an acquisition not only of difficulty, but of importance. No

better rule, however, respecting it can be given, than to observe, as far as possible, what modulations of voice nature would dictate: *She* is an unerring guide; and the nearer we tread her steps, the nearer we shall approach towards perfection. Above all, we should be careful to avoid forming, as it were, a *system of tones*, which is a very common error, but totally destructive of genuine eloquence. Let the speaker create to himself the idea of reality; and if he forcibly *feel* that idea, he cannot fail in so modulating his voice as to suit it to the expression.

The *gesture*, or *action*, should always be graceful, dignified, and appropriate. In this, as in the acquirement of proper tones, let it be considered in what manner *Nature* would prompt a man to accompany his discourse; for there is no individual so dull, or so phlegmatic, as not to perform some kind of gestures when he is earnest in his conversation, notwithstanding the fantastical opinions of Dr. Johnson upon this subject. This, therefore, we should take for our ground-work; only observing, to shed upon it some of the lighter graces of deportment, and being always careful to maintain a degree of temperance. The advice of Shakspeare, as put into the mouth of the Danish Prince, is just and accurate, and may not be improperly introduced here:—

“Do not saw the air too much with your hands thus: but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. * * * * Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o’erstep not the modesty of nature.”

I remain, &c.

H. YELVERTON.

Bath, July 7, 1808.

REPLY to BARBATUS on the BEARD of POLONIUS.

Sir,

PERMIT me to correct an error that appeared in your Number for May, of Barbatus, respecting Po-

lobius's beard. I have never witnessed the representation of Hamlet, but Polonius had a beard; and had Barbatus (who perhaps thinks a beard as long as Sheva's or Shylock's necessary) been near the stage, he would have perceived Mr. Munden had a grey grizzled beard, as long as a labourer at the end of a week, which I think fully sufficient to draw that remark from Hamlet. Indeed so great is Mr. Kemble's knowledge of, and attention to, the costume, that it would have been impossible for him to have overlooked such a circumstance.

Mr. Kemble, to whom we are unquestionably indebted for many judicious and elegant alterations in Shakspeare's plays, gave, the other night, to a passage in the above play a new reading, which appears improper. In act iii. scene 2, Hamlet tells Horatio "There's a play to night before the king." In which Mr. K. laying the accent on "there," points to the curtain* at the end of the stage; which I think improper, as Horatio must have known it was to be performed there from the evident preparation.

Southwark, June 23.

T. J. J.

Sir,
THE Universalist will make ample allowance for an author's weakness. The following *disjecta membra* are juvenilities, which I can neither recommend, nor prevail upon myself to destroy; but experience has acquainted me with worse productions that have come to light, and with better that "blush unseen." I know not, Sir, if the apology I have to make for these nugatory sketches be admissible, but I am certain how much they need an apology.

But these, Sir, are only the heralds of other dramatic misdemeanours, about to appear in the second Number of a new publication, called *The Dramatic Appellant*; where an ap-

* The stage erected for Hamlet's play. I have seen Mr. K. in Hamlet repeatedly, and, till the last two or three times of his acting it, he has never given the passage in that manner.

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peal will be made to the public, for which I would make some preparation; to obtain attention, if not to create a favourable prepossession. The result of this application must determine whether or not you are disposed to second the intention of, Sir,

Your very humble servant,

T. D. W.

IMITATIONS OF SHAKSPEARE.

Seditious Writings.

—3— Oh! I have read

Unanswerable theory, that mocks
All practice; many a busy brain has wrought
Bold, specious doctrines, which have swelled
the mob,

As winds the waves:—to counteract the
storm,

With cunning old and new, bewilder'd
works

The shrewd state-pilot:—mark the issue
now —

The billows waste their fury and subside.

The gust blown o'er, the frighted crew at
once

Regain their reason, and the state her safety.

Merits From her Friends.

These ~~glorious~~ foes do merit more advance,
As insect bloom detects the rip'ning plum.

Want of Recollection

Alas! my memory has miss'd her home,
And darkly wanders on a trackless wild.

Self-conceit.

— A formal egotist, a prig:

One whose least finger cannot ache, but
straught

The cause is methodically trac'd.

Arm'd with contagious dulness, he doth
choke

The quick'ning flame of genius, and of
youth.

The Tavern Area.

Where the lean beggar, like the hungry
hawk,

With eye and appetites conjointly keen,
Oft hovers dinnerless.

The condemned Captive.

After his long captivity, condemn'd
At last to die!—to die upon the wheel!

Infernal engine!—So the wretched worm
Crawls from her humid dungeon in the

earth,

To agonizing death, the sable rook

Her slow and clumsy executions.

Royal Repose.

Of on a summer's eve, in woodland shades,
When the red sun did glimmer thro' the

trees;

I've laid me down upon a lonesome bank,

And lull'd by distant rural sounds, have
slept,

Till night's gray clouds bedimm'd the va-
grant moon.

E.

Mr. BURDON to the Editor.

Sir,
BE kind enough to notice an error I have committed in my last paper. I said there is no evidence of any Gothic nation being converted to Christianity, which on a moment's reflection I found to be a mistake—My meaning was, that there is no building in the stile called Gothic, which was built during the existence of a Gothic nation.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

*Northford, near Morpeth,
July 16th, 1808.*

COINCIDENCE BETWEEN THOMAS PAINE and Dr. CONWAY MIDDLETON ON THE TRUE REVELATION.

Sir,

WHEN Mr. Paine first said, the creation was the true revelation of God, the idea was new to me, and I have heard him say that it was so to him; but I have lately met, in the writings of Dr. Conway Middleton, (published in the beginning of the last century) with the same sentiments with respect to the creation, as those of Mr. Paine, and which, for the gratification of your readers, I will transcribe.

Middleton was principal librarian of the University of Cambridge, in England, which furnished him with extensive opportunities of reading, and necessarily required he should be well acquainted with the dead as well as the living languages.

He was a man of a strong original mind; had the courage to think for himself, and the honesty to speak his thoughts.

He made a journey to Rome, from whence he wrote letters to shew that the forms and ceremonies of the Romish Christian Church, were taken from the degenerate state of the heathen mythology, as it stood in the latter times of the Greeks and Romans. He attacked, without ceremony, the miracles which the church pretended to perform, and in one of his treatises he calls the creation a revelation.

The priests of England of that day, in order to defend their citadel, by first defending its out-works, attacked him for attacking the Romish ceremonies; and one of them censures

him for calling the creation a revelation. He thus replies to him:

"One of them," says he, "appears to be scandalized by the title of revelation, which I have given to that discovery which God made of himself in the visible works of his creation. Yet it is no other than what the wise in all ages have given to it: who consider it as the most authentic and indisputable revelation which God has ever given of himself, from the beginning of the world to this day. It was this by which the first notice of him was revealed to the inhabitants of the earth, and by which alone it has been kept up ever since among the several nations of it.

"From this the reason of man was enabled to trace out his nature and attributes, and by a gradual deduction of consequences, to learn his own nature also, with all the duties belonging to it which relate either to God or to his fellow creatures.

"This constitution of things was ordained by God, as an universal law or rule of conduct to man; the source of all his knowledge, the test of all truth, by which all subsequent revelations which are supposed to have been given by God in any other manner, must be tried, and cannot be received as divine any further than as they are found to tally and coincide with this original standard.

"It was this divine law which I referred to, in the passage above recited, (meaning the passage on which they had attacked him) being desirous to excite the reader's attention to it, as it would enable him to judge more freely of the argument I was handling.

"For by contemplating this law, he would discover the genuine way which God himself has marked out to us for the acquisition of true knowledge; not from the authority or reports of our fellow-creatures, but from the information of the facts and material objects, which in his providential distribution of worldly things, he hath presented to the perpetual observation of our senses. For as it was from these that his existence and nature, the most important articles of all knowledge, were first discovered to man, so that grand discovery furnished new light towards tracing out the rest, and made all the inferior subjects of human knowledge more

easily discoverable to us by the same method, at the very time by men of sense, to whom they were proposed.

"I had another view likewise in the same passages, and applicable to the same end, of giving the reader a more enlarged notion of the question in dispute, who, by turning his thoughts to reflect on the works of the creator, as they are manifested to us in this fabric of the world, could not fail to observe that they are all of them great, noble, and suitable to the majesty of his nature; carrying with them the proofs of their origin, and shewing themselves to be the productions of an *all-wise* and *all-mighty* being: and by accustoming his mind to these sublime reflections, he will be prepared to determine whether those miraculous interpositions so confidently affirmed to us by the primitive fathers, can reasonably be thought to make a part in the grand scheme of divine administration: or whether it be agreeable, that God, who created all things by his will, and can give what turn to them he pleases by the same will, should, for the particular purposes of his government and the services of the church, descend to the low expedient of visions and revelations, granted sometimes to boys for the instructions of the elders, and sometimes to women to settle the length and fashion of their veils, and sometimes to the pastors of the church, to enjoin them to ordain one man a lecturer, another a priest: or that he should scatter a profusion of miracles around the stake of a martyr, yet all of them vain and insignificant, and without any sensible effect either of preserving the life or easing the sufferings of the saint, or even of mortifying his persecutors, who were always left to enjoy the full triumph of their cruelty, and the poor martyr to expire in a miserable death.

"When these things, I say, are brought to the original test, and compared with the genuine and indisputable works of the creator, how minute, how trifling, how contemptible must they be! And how incredible must it be thought, that for the instruction of his church, God should employ ministers so precarious, unsatisfactory, and inadequate, as the extacies of women and boys, and the visions of interested priests, which were derided

"That this universal law (continues Middleton, meaning the law revealed in the works of the creation) was actually revealed to the heathen world long before the gospel was known, we learn from all the principal sages of antiquity, who made it the capital subject of their studies and writings.

"Cicero," says Middleton, "has given us a short abstract of it in a fragment still remaining, from one of his books on government, which I shall here transcribe in his own words, as they will illustrate my sense also, in the passages that appear so dark and dangerous to my antagonists."

"The true law (it is Cicero who speaks) is right reason, conformable to the nature of things, constant, eternal, diffused through all; which calls us to duty by commanding; deters us from sin by forbidding; which never loses its influence with the good, nor ever preserves it with the wicked.

"This law cannot be overruled by any other, nor abrogated in whole, or in part; nor can we be absolved from it either by the senate or by the people; nor are we to seek any other comment or interpreter of it but itself: nor can there be one law at Rome, and another at Athens; one now, and another hereafter; but the same eternal immutable law comprehends all nations, at all times, under one common master and governor of all—God.

"He is the inventor, propounder, enactor of this law; and whoever will not obey it must first renounce himself and throw off the nature of man; by doing which, he will suffer the greatest punishments, though he should escape all the other torments which are commonly believed to be prepared for the wicked."

"Our doctors (continues Middleton) perhaps, will look on all this as rank *deism*; but let them call it what they will, I shall ever avow, and defend it, as the fundamental, essential, and vital part of all true religion."

I am Sir,

Your humble servant,

CLIO RICKMAN.

THE LITERARY PROGRESS OF PAUL PHAINTIVE: shewing his WARS with AUTHORS and BOOKSELLERS.

Sir,

TO complain, however ineffectual or nugatory complaint may be, has ever been the privilege of the unfortunate: nor have they often neglected to indulge themselves in clamorous regrets and vain repentances, for that which no human prescience could foresee, or prudence remedy. As I therefore unfortunately belong to the numerous tribe of the *Querists*, I intend to exert the privilege I possess, and to yell out my dolorous declamations, in the form of an epistle.

You must know, Sir, I am by profession an author, and have written many admired pieces; at least so my friends tell me. When I left the forming band of my schoolmaster, I used to compose sonnets, elegies, and odes, all of which were exceedingly admired—by my friends. These occasionally adorned the Parnassian corner of some periodical publication, and my heart was elate, when I beheld the offspring of my brain, in the form of printed letters, and upon hot-pressed paper. I then aspired to the dignity and elegance of prose, and having just fallen in love, I wrote an "Essay on Marriage," which was highly praised—by my friends—and indeed, Mr Editor, I could not myself help thinking it was excellent; for, having read Godwin, and imbibed his towering thoughts, I fearlessly asserted that "it is an undoubted fact, that that man is wise, who can act consonant to his own feelings!" But such is the fate of all sublunary things!—while I was enjoying in crested pride, the self-complacencies of an author, lo! a merciless brother author attacked my Essay, ridiculed my opinions, and finally declared that my arguments were like "two rains of wheat hid under two bushels of chaff, for which we may search all day before we find them, and when we do, they are not worth the search."—However, Sir, this mortification I soon forgot; and never wrote for the same work any more, since the Editor was so ungrateful. But I believe he was piqued, poor man.

After this, I furnished a number of

pretty articles for the newspapers, but always *incog*: till at length a friend of mine, Mr. METAPHOR, meeting me one day in Fleet-street, clasped me by the hand, and with a significant smile, told me my fortune was made. "Yes, yes, my friend! The sun of prosperity and fame begins to dawn over the vale of obscurity in which thy genius has so long been hidden; an aperture appears, and you may enter!" "My dear Mr. Metaphor," I replied, "tell me what it is you mean." "Ah, my boy! now for your essays, and your criticisms, and your poetry, and——" "But," I again interrupted, "to what does all this allude?" "Allude! look here," said he, pulling a paper from his pocket, "here it is—there, read."

I snatched the paper eagerly from his hand, and, with a palpitating heart, perused it. It was the prospectus of a new work; a new Magazine: and it professed the most liberal sentiments. I folded it up again, returned it to my friend METAPHOR, and squeezing him by the hand, bade him adieu! I did not stop to hear his flowery farewell, but, hastening to my garret, composed "An Essay on Luxury," over some bread and cheese and porter. This I dispatched to the publisher, and the next month it ornamented the columns of his Magazine. This I thought my masterpiece, as did also—my friends; for you must know, Sir, that I had intermingled a great deal of metaphysics; though to be sure at that time (and I tell it you as a secret) my metaphysical learning was confined solely to Chapter I. § 1. of Locke; but *n'importe*; I made use of metaphysical words, and left my reader to make sense of them.

Here then I triumphed without an opponent for some time; till, unluckily, I one day resolved to enter the field of controversy; and therefore opposed somebody *without differing* from what he had said. I thought nothing of that however, for I knew that I was not the only one who writes for bread, and not for *truth*; who take up one side of an argument, not because they think it right, but because it will make a pamphlet. But to proceed.

As I said before, I entered the field of controversy, and wrote a marvellous long essay to prove that Kotzebue is a better dramatist than Shakspeare. But this did not please; and I was horribly attacked the next month, not only by the author whom I had opposed, but by another who was only a spectator of the fray; and who, truth to say, wrote most virulently considering he was not a principal in the controversy. However, I was not how to be scared by opposition, and I boldly wrote in my own defence a long letter; but this did not please the Editor, and therefore was rejected. Enraged, I disdained this work, and I never furnished him with any more articles. Now, were I inclined to be vain, I could tell you, Mr. Editor, what my friends told me, that in consequence of my secession, the Magazine lived only two months, and then expired!

After the death of this younger son of the *Monthlies*, I continued to support many of his elder brethren, and particularly the "*European*" and the "*Gentleman's*." But about this time another object called my attention, and this was no less than the redoubted "*Porcupine*." Here I wrote a flaming letter to a celebrated statesman, which was equal to Junius—as my friends said—and I expected to have had a flaming reply; but I know not how it was—the roarings of my pen were heard in silence. I have no doubt, however, had that paper continued, I should, from the inflammable nature of my constitution, have caught some of that political furor which animates the bosom of Mr. Cobbett, and like him I should have abused every character of eminence, from Lord Hawksbury, and H. Adington, to Sir Joseph Banks and Mr. Otto.

Some ebon tears of condolence fell from my pen at the incongruous junction, and subsequent decease of this my much-esteemed friend; and now, tired of writing only for fame, and that sometimes anonymous, I resolved to write a book and publish it. But though the first part of my resolve was easily performed, I found, alas! manifold obstructions in carrying the other into execution. New difficulties here arose, and I had to

cope with ignorance, avarice, and suspicion. But my wars with these formidable opponents shall form the subject of another letter; meanwhile I conclude, by subscribing myself most affectionately, your brother, and sincere friend,

PAUL PLAINTIVE.

Over the Water,
July 9, 1808.

On the SALE of MILK.

Mr. Editor,

A CORRESPONDENT having in your last number expressed a wish to learn the cause why a privilege is allowed to the venders of Milk; I shall endeavour to explain what I conceive to be the cause.

The immense consumption of that article in and about the metropolis, renders it impossible for the venders to meet the increased demand which would arise from a double quantum being required on the Saturday, as the animals from whom this article is obtained, not being aware of the sacredness of the seventh day, do not produce an adequate supply on the sixth to answer the anticipating demand which would thereby arise.

This, Sir, is my opinion; hastily expressed; and I trust you will give it admission in your miscellany. I am respectfully, Sir,

Your obedient humble servant,
Finsbury, A. S.
18th July, 1808.

The Editor has omitted the first part of the letter of A. S., because another correspondent (see p. 26) had anticipated his opinions: but with regard to Milk, the reason suggested by A. S. is probably preferable.

THE CONTEMPLATIST.

No IX.

— *Quæque ipse miserina vidi,
Et quorum pars magna fui . . .
Quæquam animus meminisse horret, luctuque refugit;*
Incipiam. — VIRGIL.

THE recollection of the sufferings endured by the lamented JULIA, whose unfortunate narrative has been given in the course of my lucubrations*, was still fresh in my memory,

* See vol. VIII. p. 413. and vol. IX. p. 117.

when I received the following communication through the hands of my publisher:—

Sir,

I know no person to whom I can so properly address myself on the present occasion, as yourself; for you have acquired a sort of right to be acquainted with the last moments of one whose agonies of mind you have contributed to soothe. Julia, whose melancholy story you have given to the world, and whose fate will, I hope, prove a lesson to the cruelty of parental tyranny, and operate as a check upon the ardour of youthful love; Julia, whose heart was pure, and whose principles were right, even in the midst of vice and misery—is now no more! She breathed her last in these arms!

I, Sir, am that "dear friend" she mentions, who, when she first transgressed, strove in vain to stand between her and her father's curses. I fruitlessly endeavoured to prevail upon her to remain in her native place, and try what repeated solicitations might do, operating upon decaying parental anger. But her pride was too great: she felt that she was innocent, and that the rigid severity of her father was beyond the measure of her offence. When she left me to go to London, I contributed by my counsel to fortify her resolutions of virtue; and for some time after her residence in this metropolis, she continued to correspond with me. I diligently urged her to a perseverance in this, because her letters were a source of comfort both to myself and to her unhappy mother; to whom I always shewed them, and whose venerable eyes never yet perused them but with a flood of tears. These letters, for some time, were written with all the evident marks of a composed and tranquil mind; but latterly they became less frequent and less coherent; they seemed to be produced by some uncommon perturbation of feeling; and, in my answers, I sought only to soothe this apparent state of anxiety; but she took no notice of my endeavours, and the last letter I ever received from her was the following:—

"Maria!—Weep for me, pray for me! Merciful God! what am I now! Tell my father, tell my unrighteous sire, his unhallowed curses fasten on me!—What a gulph yawns before me!—Dear, dear friend, these lines are blotted with hot and scalding tears that fall quick from my galled eyes!—My hand trembles!—Maria! you once loved me—Oh, my mother! meek, unoffending parent, where is now your once adored Julia?—Julia, whose smile welcomed you in the morning—whose parting kiss at night, imprinted on your honoured lips, was the blessing that charmed you into sleep—Oh, Maria! I conjure you mention not my name to her—for I am lost to her, to you, to myself, to the world—to God!"—

You will easily conceive, Sir, that I read this letter with feelings of no common poignancy: and the first thought that occurred to my mind was, that my unhappy friend, driven to the last extremes of poverty, had wrought her mind up to the horrid purpose of self murder. Full of this idea, I became wretched. I could not, in mercy, shew the letter to her mother: I beguiled her with various accounts; and, meanwhile, wrote several letters to Julia, but received no answer: the last two indeed were returned to me under cover from the general post office—for Julia was not to be found! My suspicions were now confirmed, and I wept over her memory as of one in another state of being. Her mother I suffered to remain in dubious anxiety, not having resolution to communicate the whole to her. Sometimes indeed I hoped she might be living, for with trembling solicitude I sought the public papers, but met with nothing that positively confirmed the circumstance of her self-destruction.

Some months passed away in this state of uncertainty, and during which time her father paid the debt of nature. I was the witness of his last moments; and I witnessed them with horror. He was a proud and a stubborn man: a man who would persist in error, rather than acknowledge himself wrong. In the first effervescence of his rage, he had forbidden his daughter her home: and from that moment he would never suffer any person to mention her name. But his inward feelings were visible by their outward effects. He

was no longer gay and cheerful: he lost his relish for discourse and company: his days were spent in moody silence, and his nights in sleepless restlessness: he rarely walked out, for he felt that every finger was pointed at him as a cruel and unjust father: every look of his wife seemed to reproach him as the barbarous murderer of her earthly joys; he grew sullen and reserved: he looked no man in the face and he was a slow but deserved victim to the canker of an accusing conscience. His health declined, and at length confined him to his chamber. There I often visited him; and though my presence revived the recollection of his daughter, yet he delighted to see me. But he never spoke of her. How deeply, however, the sense of his rigid conduct, and of her innocence affected him, the following instance will prove.

One day as he was turning over some loose papers that had been placed in a small writing desk, a sudden tremulous start of the whole body, accompanied with an expression of uncommon agony in his countenance, alarmed me. I sprung towards him, and enquired if he was unwell? He looked at me, but made no answer; and I saw that his eyes were full of tears. He dropped the lid of the desk, but suddenly lifted it up again: his agitation increased; his tears flowed: drops of perspiration started from his brows, and he sobbed aloud. When he saw me about to speak, he hastily quitted the room. There was something so strange in all this, that I ventured to trespass upon the limits of confidence, and looked into his desk. Alas! I saw the cause of his distress. There was an interesting sketch of Julia, drawn in crayons by herself, and under which her father had written with a pencil *My dear child*. The unexpected sight of this had overcome him, for she there appeared, as in truth she was, lovely and innocent. I could not myself behold it without emotion.

It was but a few days after this that he finished his earthly career. In the morning he had received the sacrament; but this solemn rite did not shed that holy calm which it is wont

to do, over the dying moments of the good man. There was something awfully shocking in his look. His eyes had a fixed and terrific glare: his nostrils were expanded: his teeth gnashed: his breathing was short and loud: his fleshless hands grasped convulsively the bed clothes: his grey hairs, matted with perspiration, were erect on his hollow cheeks stood big drops of sweat, and sometimes he would dash his hands forwards, as if to drive away something horrible that strove to approach him—in this state I sat and watched him, till nature, growing to a close, struggled harder with her adversary; and at last, he sunk back upon his pillow and expired, exclaiming “Julia! forgive me!”

May every parent who reads this passage, and who beholds here no fictitious woes, no imaginary colouring, learn to moderate the power which nature and society have placed in their hands; and ere they doom a guiltless child to want, to misery, and to vice—ere they interdict the most powerful and the most natural feelings of the human heart—ere they attempt to establish their authority upon the ruins of the temporal felicity of their offspring—may they reflect, that there is an awful monitor lodged in the breast of man, which aroused, plants scorpion stings round every future step of life; renders what is past hateful, what is to come horrible: which makes its victim sick of existence, and yet afraid to die! a state, surely so dreadful, as to be beyond the power of the pen to exaggerate.

After the death of this unhappy parent, the mother of Julia became a sorrowing and a melancholy inmate of my abode. When the poignancy of her grief had subsided, it left only a mild and tender solemnity of manner, which interested the feelings of all who knew her. Many an hour have we passed in fruitless conjecture upon the fate of Julia, and when we had exhausted hope, and admitted the suggestions of probability, our tears have mingled together in commiseration of her hapless lot. Reports, various and contradictory, were, from time to time, brought to us; but they only served to excite

expectations which were fruitless, or to deepen despair.

Thus had many months elapsed, when accident threw into my way the second letter, which Julia had addressed to you, Sir*. I perceive that she referred to a former one, which I immediately procured, and read; but the apology with which you introduced her second letter, alarmed me; and, indeed, I accused you of culpable negligence, for suffering so long a time to intervene between them. I had no doubt she was my unhappy friend; but I feared your delay had left no opportunity for me to see her alive. There was indeed another difficulty, which I despaired of overcoming, and that was to discover her abode. Nothing, however, was to be left unattempted. I did not communicate the circumstance to her mother; but upon the plea of urgent business I immediately set off for London.

My first step was to proceed to the place where I had formerly addressed her, while she continued to live with me. I thought it might, perhaps, form the commencement of a clue that would eventually crown my wishes. I was not disappointed. I was directed to several places where she had successively resided, though under a different name. When I heard this I doubted not of the course she had taken, and I almost wished that I might not behold her. At length I traced her to the very street, which corresponded with the initial and final letters, as placed by her at the bottom of her letter to you.

It was a dirty narrow street, in the most wretched part of this metropolis. I was almost afraid to encounter so much vice and filth as presented itself. I persevered, however, and found the very house. My feelings were now at their highest. I feared, yet wished to ask for her. With a trembling hand I raised the knocker. A squalid little girl, the picture of misery and dirt conjoined, opened the door. She seemed startled at my appearance. I made my enquiries. She pointed silently and significantly to a back parlour. I entered; but

there was scarcely light enough to see my way along. A ragged blanket was hung up before the window to exclude at once the light and wind. The smell which issued from this abode of wretchedness almost overpowered me. I looked fearfully round the room, but could see nothing. The child, however, conducted me across it, into a low dark closet, where I could just perceive on the floor a human figure extended, covered with a coarse rug. There was a woman sitting down, who was at that moment chafing the temples of the person with vinegar. When I entered, she arose. I asked for *Jane Thomson*: the woman pointed to the ground! Merciful heavens! Here then I was to behold the once beautiful, the once happy Julia!

This closet was so dark that I could not discern the features of any person in it. I begged that a candle might be brought, and in the interim I stood lost in a world of conflicting sensations. I could hear nothing but a low breathing from the being that lay before me. I half hoped that I might be in total error; but no; the moment the light appeared, I saw but too well the melancholy ruins of the noble edifice I once loved and honoured. Yes! 'twas JULIA; but oh! how unlike to what I saw her last.

She was slowly recovering from a fainting fit; one of those lapses which nature often undergoes when exhausted by disease and misery. I watched her gradual return to life, but did not speak to her. I was occupied in examining that form and countenance once so familiar to me. Had it not been for certain prominent traits of feature, which could not deceive me, I should in vain have sought to recognise her. Wrapped in coarse and squalid apparel, on the bare ground, with only a tattered rug across her, her head supported upon her arm; the flesh wasted from her cheeks, her temples, her eyes: her countenance meagre and wretched; her hair in disorder; who could have found in such a disfigurement of natural character, the bloom and friend of our youth?

I asked the woman in a low whisper, how long she had lived here; she answered nearly six months; that she

* See vol. ix. p. 117.

Vol. viii. p. 419.

had pined herself to death, for that she eat little, and wept incessantly; she had been now six weeks in this state, without the hope of living from day to day. I found that this poor woman had attended her with kindness and solicitude, and I took care that she was rewarded for it.

Julia now unclosed her eyes, but the light of the candle seemed to affect them, and it was removed; she caught, however, a glimpse of my face as it passed me, and, uttering a loud shriek, relapsed into her former state.

This was what I feared; but, the first shock over, I hoped would prove the only hurtful consequence of my presence. She remained for some time in this fit, but at length recovered. I signified, by a motion, that I wished the woman to leave us together for awhile. I bent over Julia, and softly pronounced her own name. She started from her pillow, threw her arms convulsively round my neck, hid her face in my bosom, and burst into tears. For some moments she could only utter, with sobs, *Maria, Maria*; and at each mention of my name press me closer to her.

This was a trying moment, and one which my powers of language will not suffer me to do justice to. It was a long, long while, before any thing but mutual tears, sighs, and embracings passed between us.

When, at length, Julia had somewhat recovered from her uncommon agitations, her first question was, in a voice feeble and scarcely articulate, by what strange accident I had discovered her abode. I told her the manner, and she seemed at first to doubt my veracity; but, when I explained minutely the way in which I had proceeded, she silently acquiesced, and relapsed into meditation.

I did not yet venture to mention any thing respecting her mother or her own situation; but my first care was to remove her from her present wretched situation. She unwillingly consented to this, and added, with a mournful emphasis, "it matters not

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under what roof I breathe my last!" I overcame, however, her scruples, and before evening I had her conveyed, with much difficulty, in a coach, to a lodging at Pentonville. I could perceive, from the manner in which she took leave of the woman of the house, that she had received much kindness at her hands; and I liberally rewarded her before I parted.

As soon as she was comfortably placed in bed, I sent for Dr. L—, whose skill, philanthropy, and purity of character, are so well known. He immediately attended, and seemed, at first, to cherish some hopes of the possibility of her recovery. Heavens! what a cheering sound was that to me. The idea of restoring my poor Julia, once more to her mother, to society, and to virtue, was one that filled me with gladness.

I now wrote to her mother, and with all the preparatory caution that was possible, unfolded to her the circumstances which had happened. I intended to set off immediately for London, that she might have the consolation, in the worst event, of blessing her dying child.

On the following day Julia seemed much more composed; and towards the evening, as we sat in mutual and interesting discourse, she voluntarily related to me the circumstances of her short, but eventful career in London. It was a simple, but melancholy narrative.

You will learn, Sir, with astonishment, that Henry de la Cour was the one who finally triumphed over her virtue. This circumstance may account for the manner in which she apostrophises him in her first letter to you; and it may read also a useful lesson to mankind. It may shew, that to admit the encounter of vice under any shape, weakens the props of virtue, and in the same proportion, strengthens the ascendancy of our foe; that error, once familiarised to the mind by a contemplation of its nature loses half its repulsive qualities; and that the attacks of iniquity, once permitted, no one can say where they will terminate.

Julia, on her first arrival in London, was actuated by honest and virtuous sentiments. In her impetuosity to throw herself upon the world, she knew not to what a froward and illiberal friend she was committing herself. Heading mankind in the volume of her own bosom, she perused them only in romance; and the first bitter lesson she was taught was, that beasts, the most ferocious, have more natural tenderness for their kind than man. Unaided, unbefriended, unprotected, she roamed a forlorn being through the streets of this metropolis, rejected, despised, and insulted, wherever she applied for the means of honest industry.

One morning as she was retiring from the house of a wealthy citizen, whose wife had enlivened the conversation of his breakfast table, by every species of taunting impertinence towards Julia, (who had applied for a situation there) which malice and ignorance could devise, she met, on the threshold of the door, Henry de la Cour! He was upon terms of intimacy with her family, and was paying a morning visit. The unexpected sight of him nearly overcame her, but the pride of virtue came to her aid, and she walked away with the conscious dignity of innocence. Henry followed at a distance, but did not accost her. She reached her humble dwelling in a state of mind more easily imagined than described. She retired to her chamber, and passed the day in tears and fasting.

In the dusk of the evening she was surprised by a loud knock at her chamber door, and on opening it there was a ticket porter with a letter in his hand. It was for her. There was nothing to pay, nor was he to wait for an answer. In the obscure gloom of her chamber she could just perceive that the superscription was in the hand-writing of Henry. She threw it from her with indignant disdain, without attempting to break open the seal. She was lost in conjecture; and at last a grateful thought came across her mind, which awakened the tenderest emotions of love. It might be—she hoped at least it might be—that Henry, sensible of the wrong he

had done her, was willing, perhaps implored, to offer her the honourable compensation which might heal the wounds of insulted virtue. She snatched the letter up—she procured a light—she read it. It was so! It breathed accents of the most sincere repentance; it called Heaven to witness the purity of his love; it entreated forgiveness; and it concluded with begging the happiness of an interview on the following day, at an appointed time and place. Julia, poor Julia, retired to her pillow with a happy heart, which beat responsive only to the emotions of the kindest expectations.

She met him. An interview awakened in her breast all her former sentiments. She was again lost in the enthusiasm of passion; and she now regarded Henry as a protecting angel, destined to snatch her from the depths of misery and anguish, and place her on the topmost pinnacle of earthly happiness. He veiled his designs beneath the most studied artifices of language and of manner; and when he affected to be most explicit he was, in fact, most ambiguous. "I will not, Sir, relate minutely all the steps he took to accomplish his unworthy purpose. Julia was already humbled in self-estimation, and nothing so surely leads to moral depravity as the extinction of that dignified principle which teaches us to reverence ourselves. Her love, if possible, was more impetuous than before, while her motives to virtue were probably less. Goaded on by conflicting passions—want, and a jail before her eyes—Julia became the victim of circumstances—She fell before the machinations of that being, whose title to the name of man would have been established, by raising her to an honourable station in society. Tell me, Sir, what language is sufficient to convey an idea of the wretch who circumvents innocence by adding to its dangers, and who triumphs in the success of an enterprize which might add additional impiety to a fiend?"

How Julia felt, and how she thought, when she had fallen, may be known from her letter, to me, which I have already transcribed.

That letter was written in the first lucid interval after the riotous excesses of guilty pleasure.

Not a drop of blood flowed through the veins of Henry, which was not rank with villainy. Let him read this page, and if he have one human feeling let him tremble. Let the name of Julia smite him like a thunderbolt; and when, in the bitter hour of mortal dissolution, he calls for mercy on his God, O! may her shrieks for vengeance deafen the judgment seat of heaven, till mild compassion shall be turned to righteous judgment, and the penalty of all his crimes fall heavy on him!

Pardon me, Sir, if I seem interperate in my language. Had you seen, as I did, the sufferings of the mild and once happy Julia, you would be moved to equal warmth of expression. This man, this abject assassin of his victim's peace of mind, soon satiated, soon sickening at his own success, craving, like a hungry vulture, for fresh offals, offered up at the shrine of vice and infamy, abandoned to solitary anguish the deluded partner of his guilt, left her to contend alone with disgrace, with want, and with wretchedness. But the constitution of Julia sunk under the acuteness of her feelings, and she retired to the abode of misery, where I found her, to die unknown and unlamented.

Such was the narrative she communicated to me, and at its conclusion she wept a flood of tears. I sat, unable to offer her consolation, for I was myself a prey to various sensations.

A few days after this her mother arrived. I had previously prepared her for the interview, and she talked as if she could support it. But when she heard the carriage stop at the door, and knew that her beloved parent was in it, her weak frame could not bear up against the struggle, and she was insensible before her mother reached the room. I saw that venerable mother fall on her knees by her bed, and with her daughter's lifeless hand clasped in hers, the tears rolling down her cheeks, return a fer-

vent gratitude to Heaven that she once more beheld her lost child: her kisses, her sighs, her embraces, recalled the fainting Julia to life and recollection: she beheld her dear parent, whose every look spoke forgiveness, she raised herself in the bed, cast herself into her arms, and faintly stammered out—*Mother—Mother—it was all she could!*

Let me not dwell any longer on this painful yet happy scene: let me hasten to a conclusion of my melancholy narrative.

The health of Julia seemed now gradually to re-establish itself; and we had the most sanguine hopes of her perfect recovery. But alas! they were fallacious. The hectic flush of convalescence glowed upon her cheek, while death slowly preyed upon her vitals. She herself indeed never cherished the thought, I may say the wish, of getting well. The silent corrosions of sorrow had penetrated too far: the stamina of life was gone; and she breathed now only by the aid of medicine and cordials. She was happy to see a great change in her state of mind: she seemed more composed: her fortitude changed from the energy of despair to the pious resignation of the christian. She discoursed with calmness upon the hopes of pardon in another world; and rejoiced that she had been able to receive her mother's forgiveness in this. She declined gradually: she grew daily and hourly weaker: and at last sunk into eternity as she reposed her head upon my bosom.

Thus died Julia: and her story may serve to warn the thoughtless, and reprove the vicious: virtue may see its danger, and learn to shun the snares with which it is too often surrounded and may it impress this truth on every mind—that a life of wickedness must be a life of wretchedness.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

London, MARIA S—Y.
July 7, 1808.

CRITICISM.

"Noli negabimus, nulli differemus, justitiam."

POEMS, by CHARLES JAMES, Author of the *Military Dictionary*, *Regimental Companion*, &c. &c. 2 vols. 8vo.

THIS is in some measure a republication; but both the length of time which has elapsed since the first publishing of the principal pieces, and the new ones that are now added, entitle these volumes to the place of a new publication in our critical catalogue.

We will confess that we have read these poems with no ordinary pleasure. Mr. James is not to be sure a Milton or a Dryden; but he has an elegant mediocrity of talent, which inspires delight and prevents weariness. But before we pass to the consideration of the poetry, let us offer a few remarks upon the preface, the first period of which by the bye presents a strange a simile as can well be imagined.

Mr. James, in his argument in support of modern incapability of inventive excellence, has selected some apposite instances of *plagiarism* (for we see no reason to soften the term) from Pope; an author who owes less to genius, perhaps, than any other of equal celebrity upon record. We are perfectly of Mr. James's opinion, that he borrowed "more from necessity than choice," and it would not be asserting too much to say, that an industrious reader of English poetry might pluck more borrowed plumes from the wing of Pope's muse, than from any other writer, ancient or modern; nor would the task be an invidious one: it might, indeed, depress mistaken admiration, but it would substitute in its place the approbation of truth.

Mr. James, however, has mistaken the meaning of Goldsmith in the first couplet of the *Traveller*, which he imagines to be imitated from the final lines of *Paradise Lost*:

They, hand in hand, with wand'ring steps
No Island;

Thro' Filds take their solitary way."

In the first place, the co-incidence is extremely trivial, and in the second, we learn from Boswell, in the following passage, that Goldsmith's meaning was different from that of Milton;

Johnson.—Chamier once asked him what he meant by *slow*, the last word in the first line of the *Traveller*,

"Remote, unattended, melancholy slow," Did he mean tardiness of loco-motion? Goldsmith, who would say something, without consideration, answered, "Yes." I was sitting by and said, "No, Sir; you do not mean tardiness of loco-motion; you mean that sluggishness of mind which comes upon a man in solitude." Chamier believed then that I had written the line as much as if he had seen me write it."

Mr. James thinks it would be difficult to produce one instance, ancient or modern, in which the rapidity of early elevation has been followed by permanent security; and he mentions Pope, whose *Essay on Criticism* did not rise into instantaneous popularity. But the example of Pope is precisely against the inference he would draw; for he was very early celebrated. He produced his *Pastorals* in his sixteenth year; his "*Essay on Criticism*" in his twenty-first, and his "*Rape of the Lock*" in his twenty-fourth year, productions which successively raised him so high in the public estimation, that we find him celebrated by the wits of the time in contemporary publications, and looked up to as a capable person to give an English translation of Homer: and surely the age of twenty-four is no tardy period for a poet to reap popularity. Yet with regard to the final question, the permanent celebrity of this writer, there may be room to doubt: he has not, indeed, arrived at the dignity of a classic, for a century has not yet passed over his works.

We shall now pass to a consideration of Mr. James's poems, the first of which is called the *Vanity of Fame*, and is, by his own account, the production of a very early age. It is remarkable, however, that it is indubitably the best piece in the volumes now before us. We were greatly pleased with the perusal of it. It is, indeed, a very close, but not a servile, nor an unsuccessful imitation of Pope's manner. It has a considerable

ble facility of versification, some power of language, and much extent of idea. The caustic severity of the moralist is often very happily displayed. But it is not without some obscurity of meaning, and some defects of harmony. Of the former, the following is an example :

There [in the tomb] heroes, kings, and poets, humbly lie,
Without a passion, and without a sigh.

The last assertion, if applied to posterity, is evidently false.

Of metrical defect the following is a specimen :

Sound all his turns, his passions, and his end,
Point how to one fair common whole they tend

Sometimes his images are ludicrous, as when he calls the birds "feather'd bards," and talks of "love-sick bulls."

The following passage has not only the manner, but perhaps the spirit of Pope.

The greedy wretch, whom thousand fears command,
Whene'er the pence must quit his trembling hand,

Who sees a cheat in honesty itself,
And thinks e'en virtue mediates his self;

The frugal crone, whose maxim is, to live
Beneath the means that heav'n and nature give,

Who dreads her ruin in each crumb that drops,

And just subsists on dirty crusts and sops,
Preserves the leavings of a stale repast,

And ne'er—but when she visits—breaks her fast;

The greedy wretch, and partner of his care,
The frugal crone, both undistinguish bear

The living mark; would feel an inward sore,
Should babbling echo whisper—they were poor!

Venture a momentary flash of pride,
And turn out GEN'rous, once before they died.

The next piece is a poetical "Epistle from Petrarch to Laura," and which is not without a considerable degree of merit. In some respects it may be said *materiam superabat opus*; but in general the thoughts are natural, and the expressions easy.

The translation of Acontius to Cydippé" is not faithfully executed. Mr. James says that nothing has been added; but at the same time many things have been omitted, as may be seen in the following :

Verba licet repetas, quæ demptus ab arbore focus

Portulit ad castas, me jaciente, manus.

These lines Mr. J. translates thus,
Those sacred terms the faithful apple bore,
By me directed, meditate once more.

The translation of the same poem, by Duke, is less elegant, is more faithful, generally speaking.

As a very favorable specimen of Mr. James's powers we extract the following passage, which is at once vigorous in its execution, and just and noble in its sentiments.

Heav'n blast the wretch, apostacy's worst knave,*
Who meanly roddens at a parent's grave;
Turns from the sod that humbly lifts its head,
And marks the narrow limit of the dead;
Turns from the sod where ev'ry blade of grass,
That meekly trembles as the zephyrs pass,
To pensive thought the recollection calls
Of life's gay tumult, and its native walls;
Where fortune, giving all she had to give,
Still fondly whisper'd—I am still to live;
Still kindly scatter'd, with a magic hand,
Each joy that pride and vanity demand.
But doubly blast him, if in wealth's career
He blush to bathe it with a filial tear,
Or, false to truth's involuntary sigh,
Deny the ground where half his kindred lie,

The good old man, that in the close of life
Smil'd to have pass'd its tumult and its strife,
And in the peaceful bosom of his son
Repos'd the treasures of the race he'd run;
Scarce from the world is calmly drawn away,
And clo'd the circle of his earthly day.
Than, shame to tell! the darling of his care,
The plant selected all his hopes to bear,
Shrinks from the tree round which it long
had twin'd,

And turns apostate, to amuse† mankind.

We do not mean to analyse all the various *nugæ canoræ* which compose

* There cannot be a greater instance of innate depravity than, in the consciousness of humble parentage, to avoid every circumstance that leads us to a recognition of it. Among our late created noblemen, it is not impossible to discover more anxiety to hide the meanness of ancestry than a noble solicitude to adorn it by just and honourable actions.

† A whimsical diffusion of wealth may seem the effect of benevolence to the ignorant and intemperate part of mankind; but it proves the dictate of ostentation in the eyes of judicious men.

† It is not uncommon, especially among upstart noblemen, to hear a father, or a mother, made the object of a jest.

these volumes. It may be said, however, of our author, that when to trifle is his aim, he trifles elegantly.

The first thing that struck us on opening the second volume, was the following erratum, p. 114, for *Methodist read Hypocrite*, and we turned impatiently to the page to see what induced Mr. James to change one synonyme for another. We will quote the passage, and leave our readers to judge whether there was any occasion for the change:

Question and Answer.

What forms the Methodist? A wretch whose life—

Has long been tinctured by remorse and sin:
With heaven and earth and with himself at strife,

Prayers hide without his wretchedness within.

In this volume there is a fine letter by the Rev. Dr. J. Fordyce upon *Suicide*: it is the most temperate piece of argument and persuasion upon thus subject we ever read. It is prefixed also to a poem "Suicide Rejected" of no ordinary merit.

We will subjoin one more specimen of our author's poetry.

RECOLLECTION.

A CELLE QUI SE RECONOÎTRA.

WHEN still and mould'ring into dust shall lie

The throbbing murmur of this troubled breast,

The lov'd destroyer of his peace may sigh,
Perhaps may grieve that she denied it rest.

Ah! no—if conscious of the fondest pray'r
That ever issu'd with exiring love—

Heav'n makes unblemish'd innocence its
care, &c.

No pang shall reach her, and no sorrow move

Not e'en remembrance—if Remembrance give

A grief to what is purity refin'd—
Shall in the mazes of reflection live,

Or dare to trespass on her angel-mind.

One sigh, to mingle with my parting breath,
One transient sigh *Parthenope* may lend,
The coldest bosom will be touch'd by death,
And feel for nature when her charms must end.

Nor let the Vain that throbbing pulse despise,
Which swells to grief and melancholy

woe,
A torture glimmers on affliction's sighs,

Which truth alone, and sympathy, can know.

Yet far from these, *Parthenope* remove
Each thought that wanders to Philander's tomb;

All joy be thine—and shouldst thou deign to love,

E'en o'er the cypress may the myrtle bloom.

At p. 216, our author in a quibble upon the word *gallant*, supposes it to have two different accents according as it signifies an adjective or substantive; but it is the same in both.

We could not but smile when we came to the following: "On reading an advertisement, 'Which is the Oracle Burke or O'Brien?' p. 239, vol. ii.—and to the name of Burke there is an asterism which conducts to the following note:

"Author of an elaborate pamphlet respecting the French revolution."

This seems to us as if a person should mention the name of Shakespeare, and add in a note "author of a celebrated play called Hamlet."

We must not, however, conclude our account of these volumes without expressing our entire approbation of them, and the pleasure they have given us in perusal. We think, had poetry formed the business of Mr. James's life, he would have claimed no mean rank as a pupil of Pope, for it is in that sort of terse and moral poetry that he would have excelled.

THE THEORY OF DREAMS: in which an Inquiry is made into the Powers and Faculties of the Human Mind, as they are illustrated in the most remarkable Dreams recorded in sacred and profane History. 2 vols. 1803.

WE know not exactly how to characterise these two volumes. The title-page promises, perhaps, more than is performed; and yet we have read them with much pleasure. Considerable industry has been employed in collecting from various sources, ancient and modern, the most remarkable dreams, visions, &c. &c.; and as the author seems free from all superstition upon the subject, there can be nothing to fear from his opinion upon weak minds.

The first chapter, which is a clear and succinct classification of the various sorts of dreams, we will extract.

"There is perhaps no subject of

equal interest which has been so little methodically treated as dreams. In conversation they are frequently the theme of transient remark, and vague discussion; but there are very few regular dissertations concerning them, though it might be supposed that what so much tends to illustrate the powers and faculties of the human mind, would have engaged attentive consideration.

"The reason of this neglect indeed cannot easily be discovered; whether it be, that the wide range which the prospect opens seems to tempt rather desultory and discursive flight, than steady and systematic enquiry, or that the indistinct notions which are usually entertained in hasty speculation, appear to preclude the hope of clear and satisfactory decision, the projector of the present treatise attempts not to determine; but he is of opinion that much curious information may be collected on the subject, and that some important conclusions may be deduced from a general view of the considerations which are connected with it. In the Essay which the author designs to compose, it will not be expected that he should embrace the whole scope of the argument; it will be sufficient if he throw out some general principles, and confirm his remarks by a reference to some of those dreams, both ancient and modern, which have excited the chief attention.

"In order to assist our examination of that variety of matter which will demand our notice, it may be useful to advert to the distinctions under which the different kinds of dreams have been characterised in general description by preceding writers.

"The first distinction laid down by Macrobius, an ancient author, refers to what is properly called a dream*, which he regards as a figurative and mysterious representation that requires to be interpreted. An example of this is furnished by Dion Cassius, who states that Nero dreamt that he saw the chair of Jove pass into the palace of Vespasian, which was considered as emblematical of the translation of the empire to Nero.

"The second relates to what is

termed vision†, which was understood to obtain, when any one saw that which afterwards came to pass in the same manner that it was foreseen. A friend, for instance, acting in the same circumstances, as in reality the next morning he may be found to do.

"The third sort is what the ancients conceived to be oracular‡, and what they described as taking place, when in sleep a parent or priest, or venerable person or deity, denounced what was or was not to happen, or what should be done or avoided; an instance of which is said to have occurred to Vespasian, who, when a private man in Achaia, dreamt that a person unknown assured him, that his prosperity should begin as soon as Nero should lose a tooth: in completion of which he was shewn on the next day, a tooth just drawn from the emperor; soon after which Nero's death took place, as likewise that of Galba, and discord broke out between Otho and Vitellius, which facilitated Vespasian's ascent to the throne.

"An expressive example is also furnished by Virgil, who represents the disfigured shade of Hector to have appeared to Æneas on the night on which the Grecians took possession of Troy, exhorting him to escape from the flames of the city already falling to destruction.

"These were supposed to rise under the influence of inspiration: Cicero considers them as particularly suited to temples, and we are told, that the leaders of the Lacedemonians were accustomed to lie down in the temple of Pasithea, in expectation of such oracular suggestions, in which they trusted as infallibly true§. They are here produced only by way of illustration.

"The fourth is the Insomnium||, which Macrobius represents as some solicitude of an oppressed mind, body, or fortune, which, as it harrassed us when awake, so it affects us in our sleep; as for instance, when a lover finds himself possessed or deprived of the object of his affections; or when any one under apprehensions of some insidious enemy seems to have

* *Oniros*, somnium.

† L. lxxvi.

* *Ὄραμα*, visio. † *Χρησμομαντεία*, oraculum.

† Sueton. Vespas. Dion Cass. L. lxxvi.

§ Cicero de Divin. L. i. § 43. || *Insomnium*.

fallen into his power, or to have escaped from it. With respect to the body, when a person filled with wine, or distended with food, fancies himself either strangled with repletion, or suddenly relieved; or when, on the contrary, a man hungry or thirsty appears to desire, or to seek, or to find, food or liquor: lastly, with respect to fortune, when any one seems, according to his hopes or fears, to be elevated to or degraded from power and high stations.

"These dreams were considered by the ancients as especially deceitful and vain*, as leaving no significant impression; they are spoken of by Virgil as those

Fallacious dreams which Ghosts to earth transmut†,

and are directly opposite to the dreams which Persius describes as

Visions purg'd from phlegm‡,

and which were considered as sent from the gods, and not proceeding from humours of the body.

"Petronius Arbiter, or rather Epicurus, thus describes the Insomnium with discrimination from the oracle.

The fleeting spectres which in dreams arise
Come not from temples, or indulgent skies;
The mind creates them, when its powers
uncheck'd,

May sport, and leave the body in neglect.
The hero sees disorder'd legions fly,
And helpless monarchs bath'd in slaughter die,

Renews the war, besieged towns assaults,
With sword and flames the lofty fortress scales.

In visionary courts the lawyers spar,
And convicts tremble at the ideal bar.
Still o'er his hidden gold the miser quakes,
The sportsman still with dogs the woodlands
shakes:

The sailful mariner the vessel saves,
Or buoys, from the wreck escap'd, the
waves

All that affection breathes by love is penn'd,
And tokens sent which love delights to send.
Even dogs in sleep the same impression bear,
And tongue the scented footsteps of the hare.

* *Vanitas imaginis*, Sophocles.

† *Falsa ad celum mittunt insomnia manes*. Virgil *Æneid* l. vi. The earth is here mentioned as heaven, in relation to the lower regions, in which the dead were supposed to be.

‡ *Sat.* ii. v. lvii.

The wretched must the wounds of misery feel,
Though night's still influence on the world
should steal*.

"Macrobius illustrates the Phantasm, which is the fifth sort, and which is styled *Visus* by Cicero, as that which takes place between waking and sleeping, as it does in the first clouds of sleep, when the person who begins to doze, thinking himself awake, imagines that he sees forms differing in shape and magnitude from natural objects rushing upon him, and wandering about; or any strange confusion of things, cheerful or distressing. Under this class he places the *Ephialtes*, or night-mare, which common opinion supposes to invade persons when asleep, and to load and incommode them by the weight.

"Macrobius represents the Phantasm and the Insomnium as little deserving of attention, conceiving them to furnish no subject of divination or assistance in the discovery of futurity: popular superstition, however, seems to have regarded the night-mare as capable of predicting.

"Macrobius, in his description, has not included visions which were supposed to be seen in the day, when the senses were awake, several of which are recorded in the fabulous relations of ancient history, as that of the appearance of Romulus, who is said to have presented himself in glittering armour, and with an aspect more bright and august than when living, to Julius Proculus, a patrician of distinguished character, as he was travelling on the public road, and to have assured him of the future power and prosperity of Rome†: and another example was furnished in the apparition which appeared to Tarchetius, king of the Alban, and which was feigned to have been the father of Romulus‡. Those, indeed, come under the general idea of visions, treated of in the second definition of Macrobius, differing from them only as they occurred in the day; but, properly speaking, they should be distinguished as being imparted to persons whose senses were awake.

* Petron. Arb. p. 178. *Somnia quæ mentes*, &c.

† Plutarch in *Romul.*

‡ *Ibid.*

"A more simple distribution of those venerable, and much of the dreams than that of Macrobius was reputed wisdom at their sages was adopted by those who divided them shewn in the interpretation of them only into two sorts—plain and allegorical, the former including such as exhibited things in their own form; the latter such as intimated circumstances under similitudes." In discoursing of the origin of dreams, our author seems not to understand himself, for he talks of their efficient and productive causes.

Chapters two, three, four, five, and six, are occupied with relations of various sorts; some so improbable as to deserve only ridicule, and most of them so conjecturally delivered down to posterity, as to deserve no credit. The whole however, is so connected, in the form of a narrative, by the occasional remarks of the compiler, as to preserve considerable interest in the perusal. We were often, indeed, tempted to think that there was much talent, and knowledge, and industry, thrown away upon a subject too trivial, generally speaking, to merit much attention.

The idea that dreams are from God, seems to be discountenanced by several circumstances. Often they are unintelligible, and consequently cannot be of any utility: sometimes they take place, and relate to events in themselves too trifling to merit a special interference of the deity: and at others, they point out events, as calamitous, which however no effort on our part can prevent from taking place. And, in addition to all this, we think with our author, that if dreams were of divine origin, and meant to be considered as spiritual communications from the deity, some general direction to us to confide in them, would have been given in scripture, or some principles for the interpretation of them; for "it seems difficult to conceive that he should impart communications of his will without any sanction of authority to command respect, or any ground for explaining what is ambiguous."

Chapter vii. contains some observations upon the exposition and origin of dreams. It is well known that anciently the exposition of dreams was reduced to "scientific principles, and practised by men who engaged in it as a profession;" and the eastern nations regarded dreams with puncti-

* *conspicuous*—things which appeared in their own likeness.

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The eighth and ninth chapters relate to those inspired dreams which are commemorated in holy writ, and which, of course, can receive but little illustration, and are capable of but little argument at this period.

The following may be new to such of our readers as are not conversant with our ancient chroniclers:

"The same author (Holinshed) reports that a fame had spread that Richard the Third, the night preceding the battle of Bosworth Field, which terminated his reign and his life, 'had a dreadfull and terrible dreame, for it seemed to him being asleepe that he did see diverse images like terrible devils which pulled and haled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest; the which strange vision not only so suddenly struck his heart with feare, but it stuffed his head, and troubled his mind with many busy and deadly imaginations, for incontinent after, his heart being almost damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battell to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and countenance as he was accustomed to do, before he came toward the battell; and least that it might be suspected that he was abashed for feare of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends, in the morning, his wonderful vision and fearful dreame; upon which the historian well observes, but I think this was no dream, but a punction and pricke of his sinful conscience, for the conscience is so much more charged and aggrieved as the offence is greater, and more heinous in degree, (so that King Richard by this reckoning must needs have a wonderful troubled mind, because the deeds that he had done, as they were heinous and unnatural, so did they excite and stirre up extraordinary notions of trouble and vexations in his conscience;) which sting of conscience, although it strike not awaile, yet at the last day of extreme life, it is wont to show and represent

to us our faults and offences, and the pains and punishments which hang over our heads for the committing of the same, to the intent that at that instant we for our deserts being penitent and repentant may be compelled, lamenting, and bewailing our sins like forsakers of this world, jocund to depart out of this mischeefe life*.

"The night before the arrest and execution of Lord Hastings, who was beheaded by the protector, afterwards Richard the Third, Lord Stanley sent a trustie messenger unto him at midnight in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him, for he was disposed utterly no longer to bide, he had so fearful a dreame, in which him thought that a boare with his tusches so rased them by the heads, that the blood ran about both their shoulders; and forasmuch as the Protector gave the boare for his cognisance, this dreame made so fearful an impression on his heart that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarie, but had his horse readie if the Lord Hastings would go with him to ride yet so farre the same night, that they should be out of danger per daie. 'Ha! good Lord,' quoth my Lord Hastings to this messenger, 'leareth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreames which either his own feare fantasieth, or do rise in the night's rest by reason of his daies thoughts. Tell him it is plaine witchcraft to believe in such dreames, which if they were token of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might be as likelie to make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought backe as friends faile fliers, for then had the boare a cause likelie to rase us with his tusks as folke that fled from some falsehood, wherefore either is there perile, or none there is indeed, or if anie be, it is rather in going than biding; and in case we should needs fall in perill one waie or other, yet had I rather that men should see that it were by other men's falsehood, than thinke it were either by our owne fault, or faint heart; and, therefore, go to thy master (man) and commend me to him, and praie him he merie and have no feare, for I insure him I am as sure of the man that

he woteth of (meaning Catesby, who deceived him, and suggested his removal) as I am of my own hand*."

It is remarkable how frequently Shakspeare in his historical plays has adopted the very language of Holinshed and Hall, though generally modified into the form of blank verse. From the passages above quoted he has liberally borrowed in Richard III. which we will venture to transcribe here. We have often, indeed, thought that our numerous commentators upon Shakspeare might have enhanced* the value of their annotations, by subjoining those passages from the ancient chronicles which our immortal bard had borrowed, instead of merely referring to them; for neither Hall nor Holinshed are easily to be met with, but form rather a part of the library of the collector. It is pleasing, however, to trace a Shakspeare to his sources; and our readers will perceive a marked coincidence in the following:

ACT III.—SC II

Before Lord Hastings's House.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. My lord, my lord! [*Knocking*]

Hast. [*Within*] Who knocks?

Mess. One from Lord Stanley

Hast. [*Within*] What is't o'clock?

Mess. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter Hastings.

Hast. Cannot thy master sleep the tedious nights?

Mess. So it should seem by that I have to say. First, he commends him to your noble lordship.

Hast. And then—

Mess. And then he sends you word, he dreamt

To-night the boar had rased off his helm. Besides, he says there are two councils held; And that may be determined at the one Which may make you and him to rue at the other.

Therefore he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,

If presently you will take horse with him, And with all speed fust with him toward the north

To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hast. Go fellow, go, return unto thy lord;

Bid him not fear the separated councils: His honour, and myself, are at the one: And at the other, is my good friend Catesby;

* Holinshed, vol. i. p. 755.

* Holinshed, vol. i. p. 723.

Where nothing can proceed, that toucheth us,
Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
Tell him his fears are shallow, wanting instance.

And for his dreams—I wonder he's so fond
To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers;
To fly the boar before the boar pursues
Were to incense the boar to follow us,
And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.

With such humility of genius did Shakespeare admit the thoughts and expressions of others!

We now come to the second volume, which offers more for reflection and reasoning than the other: the first was a mere selection of incongruous stories; and this, is an establishment of the principles and an elucidation of the phenomena of these stories. Our author, indeed, does not often launch into original disquisition; but when he does, we think we can perceive the marks of a sound and philosophical mind.

Sometimes however, he is remarkably futile, as in his attempt to explain the dream of Mr. Beal, p. 3, and at p. 96, where he supposes the faculty of second sight to be intimately connected with "retired and and secluded scenes, amidst vallies soon overspread with the shades of evening, and where the vapory mists float incessantly on the mountain's brow."

The most remarkable circumstance related in this volume is the following, and which we shall here quote, although it may be found in Clarendon, for every reader of a magazine has not perhaps had opportunity or inclination to peruse that entertaining but copious historian.

"There was an officer in the king's wardrobe in Windsor Castle, of a good reputation for honesty and discretion, and then about the age of fifty years or more: this man had in his youth been bred in a school in the parish where Sir George Villiers, the father of the duke, lived; and had been much cherished and obliged in that season of his age by the said Sir George, whom afterwards he never saw. About six months before the miserable end of the Duke of Buckingham, about midnight, this man, being in his bed at Windsor, where his

office was, and in a very good health, there appeared to him, on the side of his bed, a man of a very venerable aspect, who drew the curtains of his bed, and fixing his eyes upon him, asked him if he knew him. The poor man, half dead with fear and apprehension, being asked the second time whether he remembered him, and having in that time called to his memory the presence of Sir George Villiers, and the very cloaths he used to wear, in which, at that time, he seemed to be habited: he answered him, that he thought him to be that person: he replied, he was in the right, that he was the same; and expected a service from him, which was, that he should go from him to his son the Duke of Buckingham, and tell him, if he did not somewhat to ingratiate himself to the people, or, at least, to abate the extreme malice they had against him, he would be suffered to live but a short time. After this discourse he disappeared, and the poor man, if he had been at all waking, slept very well till morning, when he believed all this to be a dream, and considered it no otherwise.

"The next night, or shortly after, the same person appeared to him again in the same place, and about the same time of the night, with an aspect a little more severe than before; and asked him whether he had done as he had required him? and perceiving he had not, gave him severe reprehensions; told him, he expected more complaisance from him; and that if he did not perform his commands he should enjoy no peace of mind, but should be always pursued by him.—Upon which he promised him to obey him. But the next morning, waking out of a good sleep, though he was exceedingly perplexed with the lively representation of all particulars to his memory, he was willing still to persuade himself that he had only dreamed; and considered that he was a person at such a distance from the duke, that he knew not how to find any admission to his presence, much less his hope to be believed in what he should say. So with great trouble and uneasiness, he spent some time in thinking what he should do; and in the end resolved to do nothing in the matter.

"The same person appeared to him the third time with a terrible countenance, and bitterly reproaching him for not performing what he had promised to do. The poor man had by this time recovered the courage to tell him, that in truth he had deferred the execution of his commands, upon considering how difficult a thing it would be for him to get any access to the duke, having acquaintance with no person about him; and if he could obtain admission to him, he should never be able to persuade, that he was sent in such a manner; but he should, at best, be thought to be mad, or to be set on and employed, by his own or the malice of other men to abuse the duke; and so he would be sure to be undone.—The person replied as he had done before, that he should never find rest till he should perform what he required, and therefore he were better to dispatch it; that the access to his son was known to be very easy; and that few men waited long for him; and for the gaining him credit, he would tell him two or three particulars, which he charged him never to mention to any person living, but to the duke himself, and he should no sooner hear them, but he would believe all the rest he should say, and so repeating his threats, he left him.

"In the morning the poor man, more confirmed by the last appearance, made his journey to London, where the court then was. He was very well known to Sir Ralph Freeman, one of the masters of requests, who had married a lady who was nearly allied to the duke, and was himself well received by him. To him this man went, and though he did not acquaint him with all particulars, he said enough to him to let him see there was somewhat extraordinary in it; and the knowledge he had of the sobriety and discretion of the man, made the more impression on him. He desired, that by his means he might be brought to the duke, to such a place, and in such a manner, as should be thought fit; affirming, that he had much to say to him, and of such a nature as would require much privacy, and some time and patience in the hearing. Sir Ralph promised he would speak first with the duke of

him, and then he should understand his pleasure: and accordingly, in the first opportunity, he did inform him, of the reputation and honesty of the man, and then what he desired, and of all he knew of the matter. The duke, according to his usual openness and condescension, told him, that he was the next day early to hunt with the king; that his horses should attend him at Lambeth-bridge, where he would land by five of the clock in the morning; and if the man attended him there at that hour, he would walk and speak with him as long as should be necessary.

"Sir Ralph carried the man with him the next morning, and presented him to the duke at his landing, who received him courteously, and walked aside in conference near an hour; none but his own servants being at that hour in that place, and they and Sir Ralph at such a distance, that they could not hear a word, though the duke sometimes spoke, and with great commotion, which Sir Ralph the more easily observed and perceived, because he kept his eyes always fixed upon the duke, having procured the conference, upon somewhat he knew there was of extraordinary. And the man told him, in his return over the water, that when he mentioned those particulars, which were to gain him credit, the substance whereof, he said, he durst not impart to him, the duke's colour changed, and he swore he could come to that knowledge only by the devil; for that those particulars were known only to himself and to one person more, who, he was sure, would never speak of it.

"The duke pursued his purpose of hunting, but was observed to ride all the morning with great pensiveness, and in deep thoughts, without any delight in the exercise he was upon; and before the morning was spent left the field, and alighted at his mother's lodgings in White-Hall, with whom he was shut up for the space of two or three hours, the noise of their discourse frequently reaching the ears of those who attended in the next rooms: and when the duke left her, his countenance appeared full of trouble, with a mixture of anger, a countenance that was never before observed in him in any conversation with her, towards

whom he had a profound reverence. And the countess herself (for though she was married to a private gentleman, Sir Thomas Compton, she had been created Countess of Buckingham shortly after her son had first assumed that title) was, at the duke's leaving her, found overwhelmed in tears, and in the highest agony imaginable. Whatever there was of all this, it is a notorious truth, that when the news of the duke's murder (which happened within a few months after) was brought to his mother, she seemed not in the least degree surprised, but received it as if she had foreseen it; nor did afterwards express such a degree of sorrow as was expected from such a mother for the loss of such a son."

We smiled when we found our author gravely supposing that an "impending fate" could be avoided by any beneficial change of conduct in the Duke of Buckingham. Either the time and manner of our death are, or are not foredoomed: if they are, it is folly to talk of escaping them: if they are not, we must be content to fall into additional mystery and contradiction in our opinions of the deity and of religion. Neither can we wholly coincide with our author's opinion of the agency and superintendency of angels over every individual, for the ubiquity of divine intelligence and of divine omnipotence is impaired and degraded by such an opinion. No part of revealed religion entitles us to think so: and the apparent inutility of such beings, considered with regard to the moral character of the world, is also strong against the presumption.

The following may surely prove that the expression of Shakspeare, "She died every day she lived," is no longer a metaphor.

"The case of Colonel Townshend, mentioned by Dr. Cheyne, was also very remarkable; he had for many years been affected with a nephritic complaint, and had the power of dying or expiring when he pleased, and afterward of coming to life again at pleasure, a proof of which Dr. Cheyne, Dr. Baynard, and Mr. Skrine, had at Bath, where after composing himself deliberately on his back, the pulse of the colonel gradually became insensi-

ble, no motion of the heart was perceptible, nor any symptom of life to be discerned, a mirror held to his mouth being not even soiled by his breath: he continued in this state near half an hour, and then gradually recovered."

All the phenomena of sleep are, in our opinion, decidedly contrary to the supposition, that our reason continues to be active in that state; though our author thinks that the circumstance of somnambules or sleep-walkers is an evident proof of the agency of the ratiocinative faculty. But it would be more philosophical to suppose that the efforts which take place in sleep-walkers are to be ascribed to some hitherto unknown energies of our nature, than to believe a palpable contradiction; for, supposing our reason to be exerted at these moments, the first consequence of that exertion would be to destroy sleep, and restore us to the full discrimination of our waking powers. No man, when dreaming, believes or supposes himself to be dreaming; and the combinations of dreams shew that they are the mere stuff of fancy.

Of the independent agency of the mind also in sleep there can be no doubt. The sensations of the body are not often to be traced in our dreams: the mind seems to rejoice at its temporary freedom, and to expatiate at will through boundless forms of being. It is very seldom that dreams have any reference to corporeal suggestion, nor even to the recent objects of our waking attention. The mind, in fact, acts separately, and sports through every species of ideal combination. From this occasional capacity of independent exertion, much might be argued as to its perpetual capacity when liberated from its earthly investment. The following relation will prettily illustrate this:

"Genadius, we are told, a Carthaginian physician, who doubted of the immortality of the soul, saw in his sleep a youth, who shewed to him a beautiful city, and who, returning on the succeeding night, inquired of Genadius whether he recollected him. Genadius answered that he did, and remembered his dream. The youth then asked him what he was then

about: the physician replied, that he was in his bed sleeping. The apparition left him to reflect with salutary conviction, that as his mind then beheld a city, though his eyes were closed in sleep, and his body lay dormant, so the spirit of man might continue to live and exercise its powers of observation and intelligence, though the body should lie lifeless in the tomb."

We must here conclude our account of these volumes. We have read them with pleasure, and we can recommend them with confidence. The style, though sometimes good and even elevated, is often, however, negligent, and the author frequently falls into the common grammatical error of making the conjunction *though* govern the subjunctive mood in every case. Besides its being wrong, surely its uncouthness might have forbidden its admission in the following sentence:

"If Mr. Hobbes speak of dreams universally, the author does not agree with him, that different dreams are to be attributed to different distempers; though he feel no inclination &c."

We must also remark that it is very incorrectly printed.

THE FISHER BOY, a POEM; comprising his several Avocations during the four Seasons of the Year.
By H. C. Esq. 1808.

THE title and subject of this poem have evidently been suggested by the *Farmer's Boy* of Robert Bloomfield; and it wants little of being equal to that poem in every respect. But this is a praise of which probably the author will not be very ambitious; at least if he estimate the powers of Mr. Bloomfield as we have ever done. If H. C. however, be not quite equal to his prototype in versification, he is much superior to him in acquisition.

We wish we could speak in a manner more flattering to the feelings of the author, upon the merits of this poem; but we really think it indifferent. It is said to be founded in truth; and the notes warrant this, for they contain a great deal of interesting local information.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

SONNET.

O! HOW I love at even's tranquil hour,
Beneath some venerable oak reclin'd,
To yield my heart to contemplation's
power;

By groveling thoughts uninter'd, unconfin'd;

To feel that calm, that sabbath, of the soul,
So far exceeding all the world's frail charms:

And, whilst unheard, strife's troubled waters roll,

Fomenting care, disquiet, and alarms,

To see how nature, undisturb'd, and still
Beneath the general discord, smiles serene
On man her creature, who e licentious will
Disturbs the beauties of so fair a scene;

Or bids them flourish to his care-fraught eye,
As unperceiv'd, or mere deformity!

H. R. W.

IMPROMPTU on seeing Miss DAVIES sit for her Portrait to Mr. JACKSON. By CLIO RICKMAN.

SAY, JACKSON! while thy breathing
brush

Would picture every grace;

And strives to give, with liveliest touch,
The charms of MARY's face;

Say, while before thee, beaming love,

She captivates stands;

Does not thy HEART, with rapturous move,
Pant quicker than thy HANDS.

And, after all thy skill and care
To make the canvas live;
Is not the likeness stronger THERE,
Than painting e'er can give?

I see, I feel, why lingering yet
Thy happy pencil stays;
Nor can I blame you, if you get
Excuses for delays

For when the finish'd picture shows
Bright MARY's every grace,
No longer canst thou gaze, and lose
Thy soul upon her face!

THE PARTRIDGES.

AS roaming one morning in spring,
Through the meadows where flow'rets
grow,

I heard on the zephyr's soft wing
The sounds of lamenting and woe.

To the spot I directed my way,
For it seem'd as if danger were nigh,
And saw, just prepar'd for his prey,
A hawk proudly soaring on high:

'Twas a dove just fledg'd, and so small,
That scarcely their forms were descried;

They seem'd for their parents to call,
But no voice to their mourning replied.

So I took the young brood to my home,
And nugg'd them with tenderest care;
I bade them no longer to roam,
But rest in tranquillity there.

They bask'd in the nurturing sun,
And were screen'd from the rage of the storm;

At the sound of my voice they would run,
And rejoice at the sight of my form,

With rapture, I saw them improve
In vigour, as spring pass'd away;
They appear'd to delight in my love,
Nor to wish from the garden to stray.

One morning, at peep of the dawn,
To my long-cherish'd charges I sped,—
But, oh! with what pang I was torn.
When I found that the ingrates had fled!

"Thus man," I exclaim'd, "shall complain,
Too oft by appearance betray'd;
When he finds his attachments were vain,
And his love with ingratitude paid.

"Since he then, with reason endu'd,
Regards not the calls of the heart;
What wonder, that creatures so rude
Should act a perfidious part?"

H R. W.

The GRAVE of the TROUBADOUR.

I LOVE this gay, romantic spot,
These forests, and these rocks supine:
Oppress'd with gloom: by man forgot:
I pensive mid their shades recline;
Or wander thro' the jealous ways
(While round me fancy's blessings pour)
Where, hid from day and mortal gaze,
Once fondly walked the TROUBADOUR.

Long did his speaking lyre resound
The pleasures and the bliss of love;
While shepherds sadly throng'd around,
And sigh'd to each responsive move:
But years came on, and then he sung
Of rural sports and rural toils,
What joys from harvest labour sprung,
From harvest home what feasts and broils.

He's dead! and here his ashes lay
Inurn'd beneath these shady trees;
Around the streamlets waters play,
And sweetly murmur to the breeze.
The pale Narcissus here shall grow,
The emblem of the rural tomb;
Her fragrant sweets around shall throw,
And mingle with the poppy's gloom.

O Troubadour! thou now canst tell
Nature's most secret, hidden plan!
Thine eye hath pierc'd the awful veil,
Which hides the whole from mortal man.

Tell me what unseen, glorious hand
Launch'd from the sky this rolling world?
The stars, by whose divine command,
Are not in wild confusion hurl'd?

That moving ball what people crowd,
Which slowly tracks th' ethereal way?
Rove they like us in error's cloud?
And do they heyd to passion's away?
Conscious are they of fear and pain?
That doubtful part of Heav'n's decree:
From love, from hatred, fierce disdain,
Oh say, has fate pronounced them free?

And tell me, too, celestial shade,
What was I ere this breathing life?
And was the dubious gift decreed
A source of comfort or of strife?
Say, was I e'er a glowing flame;
A bird, of plumage poorly vain;
A plant; an insect, vile and tame;
A stock, insensible of joy or pain?

But thriftless I my mind perplex:
'Tis gloom and dreary silence all:
Sleep, sleep, no more thy shade I'll vex,
No more upon thy tomb I'll call;
For soon the solemn hour will come,
When I shall be as wise as thou:
And then I'll read man's gen'ral doom,
And why he's form'd to suffer now.

London, July 2, 1808.

M.

A SIMILE.

FRIENDSHIP is like the cobbler's tie,
That joins two soles in unity;
But love is like the cobbler's awl,
That pierces through the sole and all.

H. R. W.

SONNET.

The DEATH of LEANDER.

COLD is the night, and loud the rude
winds roar,
No star is out upon its wonted sphere,
No plaintive music fills upon my ear,
And darkness reigns triumphant on the
shore!
Still, will I plunge, as I have plung'd before,
For Hero still to my fond heart is dear;
Love's torch will light me o'er the ocean
dear,
And guide me safely to her arms once more!
Ye wild gales blow! ye baleful whirlwinds
howl,
Leander dreads not, and defies your rage!
Lash on ye waves! ye savage tempests
growl,
With all your force a lover can engage!
Thus spoke the youth—disdainful spurn'd
the shore—
Dash'd the rude sea, and sunk to rise no
more!

Grafton street, June 1808.

J. G.

TO THE MOON.

By an uneducated Female Cottage.

HAIL! mild empress of the night,
Hail! lovely moon, fair and sublime;
Oft when I view thy silv'ry light,
My soul is fill'd with thoughts divine.

Who could with anger look on thee?
Or lew with thoughts injure thy beam?
From passion's fire my heart is free,
When I behold thee, pensive queen.

Thou dost thy brightness spread around,
To light the weary traveller home;
Without thy aid he might be found
Breathless within a wat'ry tomb.

What lights the lover on his way,
When he, to meet his fair, does rove;
With joy he does thy lustre see,
For it conducts him to his love.

Should he from her be torn away,
'And forc'd into a distant clime,
Thy beams to him will bliss convey,
Because on Emma's cot they shine.
Fair moon! thou too to me art kind,
Thou dost my angry passions calm;
No malice rankles in my mind,
When I behold thy radiant form.

Then should we not that God adore,
Who did the whole creation frame?
Oh! let our thoughts now upwards soar,
In pray'r, and praises to his name.
Leicester, July 7, 1808.

EPITAPH ON JOHN WRIGHT, Gent.

HERE lies John Wright, as queer a
wight
As sleeps these tombs among:
Who, stranger to tell! though *always* Wright,
Was *sometimes* in the *wrong*.

H. R. W.

* * In the "Verses in Memory of a Young Lady," p. 315, last number, for
Nithsdale read *Niddisdale*, at the end of each stanza.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. CHARLES DIBBIN'S, of Cranford,
for a Method of facilitating the learn-
ing of Music.

THIS it seems principally consists
in substituting the letters of the
alphabet for the characters hitherto
used to express the notes, or rather in
restoring the writing or expressing of
music by characters, to its original
simplicity.

The notes at present used in music
are the semi-breve which is equal to
two minims; the minim which is equal
to two crochets; the crochet which
is equal to two quavers; the quaver
which is equal to two semi-quavers,
and the semi-quaver which is equal to
two demi-semi-quavers. The substi-
tutes intended for these are the period,
the colon, the semi-colon, the comma,
the semi-comma, and the demi-semi-
comma. In the present notation, the
notes are placed on lines and spaces,
and by that means describe the scale,
which consists of the first seven letters
of the alphabet, five times repeated;
so that a character must be resorted to
to explain a letter.

The substitutes are intended to be
the letters themselves, they will do
away the clefs, and the following ar-
rangement is preferred:—The first se-
ven letters are to be large Roman
capitals, and the second seven, large
Italic capitals; the third seven, small
Roman capitals; the fourth seven,

small or lower case Roman; and the
fifth seven, small Italic. Instead of
the sharp and the flat, the acute and
the grave accents will be used; and
there is no necessity at all for the na-
tural; for, unless a letter be accented,
it will be played natural of course.
The bars in this new musical scheme,
are to be called divisions; and instead
of the single and the double bar, it is
intended to use a dash — and a sec-
tion §; for an indefinite pause, a double
dash =; and for a definite pause,
a triple m-dash ≡. The rests are re-
presented by points without letters:—
instead of the repeat, will be used an
index-hand; in place of the bind, if
the distance from letter to letter is
short, a hyphen is used; and if long,
a half-parenthesis; a slur will also be
expressed by a half-parenthesis; a half
bracket is to point out the number of
letters that go to a syllable in singing;
and a brace will be placed at the be-
ginning of the lines, as it is used for
triplets in poetry.

The time of the air, which hitherto
has been marked C, to signify four
crotchets in a bar, is now called a di-
vision: three minims, or six quavers
are to be four semi-colons; three co-
lons or six commas. The distinctions
of the measure of time from slow to
fast, are to be expressed by common
English words as *slow* for *adagio*,
quick for *allegro*, soft for *piano*, loud

for forte, &c. The apogiatore expressed by a small note, is in this scheme noted by a small letter consistent with the type with which the music is printed, just as the type called english, requires long primer, pica, bourgeois, &c. Various graces will be understood by words, instead of marks, such as beat, shake, turn, trill, &c. The learning of this music may be facilitated by pasting printed letters on the keys of the instrument which would wear off, as the pupil became perfect.

by means of a socket sliding on a rod; the socket is fixed at a proper distance from the saw. For splitting or paring skins the two wheels are laid level instead of being over each other, and an endless knife is worked upon them, to which are affixed, two whetstones, above and below, so as to sharpen the knife as it goes. It is used with the rollers of a common skin-splitter. The steel plate for the saw or knife may have its two ends rivetted or brazed together, or they may be shut before it is brought to its thinness, and afterwards drawn down.

Mr. Wm. NEWBERRY's, St. John's-street, for an Invention of Machinery, for sawing Wood, splitting or paring Skins, &c.

THIS invention consists of a method of working an endless revolving saw-blade over two dumb-wheels or rollers, to be used for any purposes to which a common saw may be applied; to this kind of saw, a variety of machinery may be attached for guiding the pieces to be cut: here drawings are necessary to illustrate the specification. The wheels run in a cast-iron frame, each having an iron plate screwed behind it, to prevent the saw from running off backwards. There is also a bench, or platform on which the piece to be cut is laid, and on this are fixed two semi-circles of iron, the centres of which are parallel to that part of the saw-blade, which is even with the top of the bench; one of them is marked with the divisions of a circle, by which means on turning them in sliders, the bench may be placed at any angle to the blade of the saw, and fixed there by means of screws. There are also guides above and below the bench to keep the saw from running out of the line, and two wedges to force down the lower wheel, so as to give the saw, the necessary tension. The piece to be cut may be brought forward to the saw, either by the hand, or by passing it between rollers in the way practised for drawing iron; and therefore on causing the wheels to revolve by any moving power, the saw continually passes through the piece till it is cut. Methods are exhibited for cutting circles of all sizes. The centre is determined

Mr. BRYAN DONKIN's, of Dartford, for a new Mode of producing a Rotary Motion, applicable to useful Purposes.

THIS is carried into effect by introducing steam beneath the surface of water, or any other dense fluid at a temperature too elevated to produce any considerable degree of condensation. In the same and immediately over the place of the introduction of the steam, an inverted vessel is disposed, which, when filled with steam will ascend with considerable force, and carry with it any other moveable apparatus to which it may be attached until the arrival of the said vessel to such a place or position, as shall permit the steam to escape. Other vessels may be disposed and combined with the former, either by fixing them to the periphery of a wheel or circulating chain, &c. so that the ascent of any bucket, &c. containing steam, shall regularly and successively cause the other bucket or buckets to arrive at the proper situation for being charged, and ascending in their turn. Thus this method of producing a rotary motion consists in the construction, use, and application of the usual steam-boilers and the receptacle, with its charge of hot water, &c. and of the combination of buckets by a revolving wheel, or by an endless chain and buckets. The motion produced by the wheels round which these buckets must revolve, in consequence of this successive ascent in the said dense fluid is that which is intended to be produced, and which may be applied to mills, and various useful machines.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES,

ROYAL SOCIETY:

ON the second and 16th ult. the continuation of Messrs Allen and Pepyl's paper on respiration occupied the society's attention. The general result of their numerous and accurate experiments prove that the quantity of carbonic acid produced on respiration is always equal to that of the oxygen consumed, and vice versa; that a healthy man, whose pulse is 70 in a minute, will consume 3400 cubic inches of oxygen gas in eleven minutes; that the same man will emit in the course of 24 hours, calculating the quantity of gas which always remains in the lungs, 18,000 cubic inches of carbonic acid, which yield 10 ozs. 2 grs. of solid carbon. No combination it appears takes place between oxygen and hydrogen in the lungs; and they do not form water in the progress of respiration. The perfection of the eudiometer has assisted in the accuracy of these results.

A paper by Dr. Henry, of Manchester, has been read, on the instruments of analysis of carbonic acid, and the gases emitted by coal in destructive distillation. This paper contained tables of the relative quantities of gas contained in coals, and the means of measuring their quantities and qualities.

A domesticated trombac and candivola, of New South Wales and Davis's Straits has been presented to the society. The trombac Mr. Home has had two years; it is about two feet long, and one thick, with round ears, and a head resembling a pig, and without a tail. It burrows in the earth and climbs trees; it suffered itself to be nursed, and when it bit any thing it was without ill-nature. On dissection it was found to have had two uteri. Mr. Bell, a Surgeon of New Holland, dissected one in a pregnant state, and found in the uteri, a gelatinous substance, conveyed in two tubes, instead of a placenta. It is of the genus (*Didelphis*) the same as the American opossum or kangaroo.

The Philosophical Transactions for 1808, contain:—1st, The Bakerian Lecture. By H. Davy, Esq.—2, On the Structure and Uses of the Spleen. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.—3,

On the Composition of the Compound Sulphuret, from Huel Boys, and an Account of its Crystals, By James Smithson, Esq. F.R.S.—4, On Oxalic Acid. By T. Thomson, M.D. F.R.S. Edin. Communicated by Charles Hatchett, Esq. F.R.S.—5, On super acid and Sub acid Salts. By W. Hyde Wollaston, M.D. Sec. R.S.—6, On the Inconvertibility of Bark into Albumen. By T. Andrew Knight, Esq. F.R.S. In a Letter to Sir J. Banks.—7, Some Account of Cretinism. By Henry Reeve, M.D. of Norwich.—8, On a new Property of the Tangents of the three Angles of a Plane Triangle. By Mr. W. Garrard, of the Royal Naval Asylum, at Greenwich.—9, On a new Property of the Tangents of three Arches, trisecting the circumference of a circle. By N. Maskelyne, D.D.—10, An Account of the Application of Gas from Coal to economical purposes. By Mr. W. Murdoch. Communicated by Sir J. Banks. 11, Further Experiments on the Spleen. By Everard Home, Esq. F.R.S.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY.

An Experiment on Soap Suds as a Manure. By Mr G. Irwin, of Taunton, with remarks by the Rev. Thomas Falconer.

A FEW years since, says this writer, my attention was attracted by the soil of a garden reduced to a state of poverty, very unfriendly to vegetation. An invigorating manure was necessary, but such a stimulus could not easily be procured. Considering upon the means, it occurred that possibly some trivial advantage might be derived from the oil and alkali remaining in the water after washing, commonly called soap-suds. Pits were immediately dug, and the contents of the washing tubs after they were done with, emptied into them; as washing succeeded washing other pits were dug and filled, so that a whole garden, a small portion excepted, was watered and enriched. Upon the spot purposely neglected, vegetation, says the writer, is still languid, while the residue of the garden invigorated by suds only, annually exhibits a luxu-

riance almost equal to any thing this fertile neighbourhood can produce. We have known this kind of manure, and even another kind of domestic life applied with success to the roots of the Vine.

But the mixture of an oil and an alkali has been more generally known than adopted as a remedy against the insects which infect wall fruit trees. It will destroy the insects which have formed their nests and bred among the leaves. Used in the early part of the year it will prevent insects from settling upon the leaves. It is also preferable to the lime water, or wood ashes and lime, because lime loses its causticity by being exposed to the air. The only difficulty is in the mode of applying it. Mr. Speechley in his treatise on the Vine, directs it to be poured from a ladder out of a watering pot, over both trees and wall, beginning at the top of the wall, and bringing it on, in courses from top to bottom. The Rev. Mr. Falconer thinks, a considerable extent of wall may be washed by means of a common garden pump, in a short time, as often as a supply of suds, &c. can be had, or, a quantity of pot ash of commerce dissolved in water may be substituted. Washing the trees and the wall twice a week for three or four weeks in the spring will sufficiently secure the fruit from the injuries of insects. This, upon the whole, he thinks a valuable manure, as it can be easily obtained, at a small expense and in large quantities, and when its nature is understood, will probably be no less esteemed than horse-dung. To the gardener as well as the farmer, mixed with mould, it is also useful as a fertilizing compost.

THE WERNERIAN SOCIETY.

MR. P. WALKER read an account of Birds that frequent the vicinity of Edinburgh. He then enumerated one hundred and seventy-eight species, of which eleven belong to the genus *falco*, four to *strix*; one to *lanius*, eight to *corvus*; one *oriolus*; one *cusculus*; one *picus*; one *alcedo*; one *upupa*, one *ceithia*, two *sturnus*; six *turdus*, one *ampelis*; two *loxia*; seven *emberiza*; eight *fringilla*; one *monticola*; three *alauda*; fifteen *motacilla*; four *palus*; four *hirundo*,

one *caprimulgus*; two *columba*; one *phasianus*; six *tetrao*; one *ardea*, six *stolpax*, seven *tringa*; four *chrysotis*; one *himantopus*; three *gallus*; three *fulica*; four *prodiceps*; four *alca*, six *colymbus*; two *sterna*; twelve *larus*; one *procellaria*, or *marcanza*; twenty *anas*, four *pelicanus*. This report was accompanied with interesting observations on the distinctions of several of their species, their changes of plumage at different ages and times of the year, their food, &c. and some specimens of the dubious species were exhibited.

Dr. Thomas Thomson, one of the vice presidents, read an interesting paper on the chemical nature of fluor spar. Capt. Lasky read a paper on the *Pinna ingens* of Pennant, by which it appears that the *Pinna ingens* of Montagu, the *Pinna borealis* of Stewart, and *Pinna ingens* of the Linnæan Transactions, are all of the same species, and identical with that of Pennant. Charles Anderson, Esq. read some observations on the geognosy of the island of Inchkeith in the Firth of Forth, from which it appears the whole island is composed of rocks belonging to the independent coil formation, and that the green stone which there occurs, is traversed by true veins filled with quartz, chalcedony, calc spar, &c. and also contains numerous veins of different kinds. Mr. A. intimated his intention of laying before the society a more particular description of the island, illustrated by drawings, and a series of specimens.

LITERARY SOCIETY OF NEWCASTLE UPON TYNE.

MR. JAMES GRAHAM, of Berwick upon Tweed, has read an "Essay upon Commerce as at present carried on by different nations. With Hints for the advantage of every country." After expatiating very largely upon the benefits of a well-regulated commerce, its origin, progress, &c. he comes to its degeneracy and radical abuses, which he treats upon in a masterly manner. He ranks the idea of universal empire, and universal commerce together. He observes, that the idea of the farmer, encouraged by successive victories, and of commanding the trade of the whole world into

the abolition, are both alike destructive to the general happiness of mankind. He observes, "I am persuaded that as soon will the immutable laws of the universe be changed, and the different climates of the earth send forth the same productions, as either universal commerce or universal empire be realized." A small recollection of history will fully convince us that ambition had no sooner supposed her wishes were to be gratified, than the mighty fabric has tumbled to pieces. Many, he observed, may recollect several instances of persons in this country, of large fortunes, extensive credit, and wide-spread connections, who, not satisfied with these, but wishing to bring all under their grasp, in the pride of their hearts have declared—"My warehouses, or my granaries shall be the general depot of such or such an article; I will then fix my own price, and riches will flow in from every quarter." How few, very few of such have succeeded, but have brought ruin on themselves and misery on all their connections! "I am apt to think that what is the case with individuals, will in a certain degree be the case with nations. I am persuaded that God in pity to mankind has set some bounds to ambition which it cannot pass." Here Mr. Graham, without any direct intention, seems to be illustrating the grand ultimate of the predictive parts of the inspired pages.

The author condemns smuggling, and excessive duties, as the cause of it, in strong terms. He still contends for the necessity of a well regulated and general commerce, as the true interest and real riches of every country consists in a reciprocal intercourse with each other; to have no prohibitory duties, nor any so high as to create too great temptation to illicit trade. The present code of excise laws at which, he observes, the most resolute shrink back with disgust would then assume all the mildness of English jurisprudence. The wise politician would feel no anxiety at the prosperity of any neighbouring state. The more they cultivated their natural productions, and the higher the degrees of perfection to which some branches of manufactory were brought, the easier the terms would be to the people; and as other states increased in riches the greater their demand would be for foreign manufactures. Pursuing this plan every nation would see its true greatness and real riches connected with the riches of other countries, and one could not hurt another without wounding itself. Jealousy would cease, trade would be found only in its infancy; its extension would be inconceivable, and peace would continue to bless the world. This state we think Mr. G. might have stated The true Balance of Commerce.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

THE patrons and admirers of the fine arts have now an opportunity of manifesting in the most laudable manner their respect for decayed genius. Mr. C. Grignion, who, upwards of ninety years of age, has been looked up to as the father of engraving in this country, having distinguished himself as an eminent engraver about 1742, and probably contributed more than any other individual to an improved practice, and a general diffusion of correct taste, is now, after an intense application to his profession for seventy years, obliged to solicit the assistance of a generous public. No act of indiscretion, nor any mis-

fortune on his part but the gradual decay of his physical powers, has induced him to look to any support but that which he used to derive from the efforts of his own active mind. At present his tremulous hand and shrinking eye can no longer second his endeavours, and a few friends have thought that a small annuity may prevent him from finishing the remainder of his existence in abject poverty. Strongly impressed with such an appeal from an ingenious man at such an advanced age, a few artists and amateurs have undertaken to raise a subscription for Mr. C. Grignion, who has a wife and daughter, the latter

nearly blind and dependent on him. A respectable number of bankers have engaged to receive donations which with the names of the subscribers will shortly be published in the daily papers.

Mr. Z. Allnutt, of Henley on Thames, intends publishing in monthly numbers, a General History or more correct account of the Inland Navigations of England and Wales, by rivers and canals, accompanied by maps of each on a large scale, shewing the contiguous country, as corn, wood, coal mines, &c. occur. Accounts are to be given in letter press of the acts, loans, tolls, population of adjacent towns, sizes of locks, tunnels, and works on each river and canal; together with the prices of carriage, and wharfs where vessels usually load and unload; the time of navigating; bargemasters' names and residencies, including plans of inventions to exclude labour; and for loading and unloading goods, &c.

A new edition of the Harleian Miscellany, by Mr. Park, is reprinting, which comes recommended to notice by additional notes, historical and explanatory. The new matter which it has been deemed so desirable to select from the Harleian Manuscripts and pamphlets will be sufficient to form two volumes with poetry, in addition to the eight formerly published. Mr. Park also intends to publish a corresponding edition of Lord Somers' Tracts.

A new edition of Hephæstion's treatise upon the various Greek metres, corrected from the authority of several MSS. and accompanied with copious notes and illustrations, is now printing at the Clarendon press.

Dr. Adam Clarke is appointed principal librarian to the Surry Institution.

The History of Brazil, by Mr. Southey, is in the press. It forms a part of the history of Portugal, on which he has been employed during the last eight years. The best native historians of that kingdom have perceived the necessity of arranging their national history under three distinct heads; Portugal, Portuguese Asia, and Brazil. Each of these parts, though relating to the same people, forms in itself a complete whole.

According to chronological order, the history of Brazil would have been the last in the series, but as public curiosity is on tiptoe with respect to that country, it will be brought forward with as little delay as possible. A critical catalogue of all the authorities, printed or manuscript, in the possession of the author, or to which he has had access, will be annexed to the work.

Mr. Drakard, of Stamford, is printing a Guide to Burghley House, the seat of the Marquis of Exeter, to be embellished with engravings of the House, &c. by Messrs. Storer and Grieg, from drawings by Mr. Blore.

Dr. J. Reid, the author of the Monthly Reports of Diseases, &c. intends to collect those which have appeared hitherto into a small volume, to be published early in the Winter, and printed uniformly with his Treatise on Consumptions.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

The new gallery of antiquities at the British Museum is now open to the public, and, according to some regulations recently adopted, more visitors than before will be admitted. The gallery in which the Townleian collection of ancient sculptures, and the antiquities obtained by our arms in Egypt, with the Hamiltonian collection of antique vases, &c. have undergone an improved arrangement. However, many persons are not satisfied with the manner in which the light is admitted on the beautiful articles of sculpture deposited in the gallery of antiquities; and the width of the Townleian gallery is not so convenient as it might be for viewing the statues, &c. at a proper distance. It is said, that not any of the principal artists in this kingdom were consulted when this great national work was in hand.

A most effectual remedy against moths has been found in shavings and parings of cedar wood, or in tobacco leaves. A piece of cedar wood, if large enough to emit its peculiar odour, if put into a box, will preserve the cloth in it from injury; and the reason why moths will not injure books bound in Russia leather is, because that leather is tanned with cedar. Tobacco leaves used for destroying moths may be placed at certain intervals in the folds of a piece of wool.

len cloth, &c. and it is sufficient to examine them once, in six months, to renew the leaves, if needful. Strongly scenting the shelves of shops, closets, warehouses, &c. with pitch and tar, will also preserve goods from the moth.

A translation of Richard of Cirencester on the Antient State of Britain with notes: a Commentary on the Roman Itinerary, and Remarks on the British roads and Antiquities, accompanied by the original treatise *De situ Britannia*, from the scarce work published by Professor Bertum, of Copenhagen, is in the press.

America.

The Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences, which originated in 1799, is going on in a flourishing way. Their stated meetings are on the 4th Tuesday of every second month, and their annual meeting on the 4th Tuesday in October. Their objects are the promotion of every branch of Science, and all useful Arts, but their principal aim has been to procure a statistical account of Connecticut, and an account of the town of Newhaven is now in the press. Dr. Dwight, the President of Yale College, is preparing for publication, *Observations on a Series of Journeys through the States of New England and New York*. Its plan is new, its subjects various and interesting.

An Institution, under the name of a Theological Library, has been recently opened at Boston. Its object is to collect critical, controversial, and scarce publications in divinity, many of which are difficult to be found, and too expensive for individuals to purchase. The Hon. Jonathan Mason has made them a present of upwards of 100 volumes; and the corporation of King's Chapel have also deposited about 250 volumes for the use of the Institution, including several of the Christian Fathers, and a fine copy of Walton's Polyglott and Castell's Lexicon.—Another Theological Library, upon a still larger scale, is establishing at Andover, for the benefit of the Seminary lately established there, and orders have been sent to Europe for the purchase, to a considerable amount, of the best classical and other works for such an Institution.

East Indies.

The late annual horse fair at Hadjapore, or Har Chitter, with the great improvement of the breed of horses, shews in a striking manner the activity that is produced by Europeans wherever they settle. Many of the colts and fillies produced at the fair, which was held in November last, exhibited an appearance of blood and a promise of bone, size, and fashion, much beyond any precedent. The prices were generally higher than the preceding year, though the concourse of Malhatta, and other foreign purchasers was not so great as before. The show of northern horses was also less, owing to a decrease in the demand for them. But the call for horses bred in the Company's provinces appears to have increased to such an extent, that of from five to six thousand at this fair, few could be procured of more than two-years old, the prices given by foreign dealers being so high, as to entice the breeders to part with the greater proportion of their stock at a still earlier age. There were many competitors for the colts, and at the Company's Stud two of them of two years and a half old, and thorough bred, brought upwards of eight thousand rupees. The remaining thirteen of the same ages, but of inferior blood, sold at an average of about 1600 rupees each.

France.

The French are endeavouring to effect the cultivation of the sugar cane at home, in addition to their recent efforts, for growing cotton and indigo. It is a fact, that sugar is cultivated with success, near Grenada, and even much farther north. At Paris, sugar well christalized has been obtained from canes reared in the garden there. Recently, a number of canes brought from the Isle of France by M. de Coisigny, carefully reared in this garden, have been cut; and after having lopped off their tops, it was found that the smallest was six feet in height, and one of them twelve. They weighed thirty-nine pounds, twelve ounces, which, by means of two pressings, rendered nineteen pounds, one ounce of sugar: the second pressing was made by adding water to the husks of the canes; this juice weighed a little less than four degrees,

The Ancient Academy of Sciences, Inscriptions, and Belles Lettres, of Toulouse, has lately been re-established by a decree of the French government, with regulations nearly the same as at first.

As a new and happy instance of the decline of religious distinctions upon the Continent, a Lyceum was opened last year at Manheim, for the mutual education of children of the three confessions in one common school.

M. la Lievre, a member of the French National Institute, has discovered a new mineral in the island of Cuba, to which he has given the name of Jenite. It is opaque, of a black colour, and sometimes inclined to brown; and is nearly four times as heavy as distilled water from a chemical analysis. It seems this mineral contains rather more than half a weight of iron, mixed with a little manganese. The rest of the stone is lime and silex, the proportion of the latter is more than double that of the lime.

M. Michaux, a Frenchman, who has published his Travels through the United States, has lately been sent a second time by the French Government, to explore the Forests of the American Continent. He has lately transmitted to the Professors of Natural History in the French Institute, several specimens of seeds, with the view of cultivating the American oak, and other useful trees, in France.

Germany.

The first volume of a dictionary of the Teutonic language has been published by M. le Camp. It makes upwards of 1000 pages in quarto, containing 26,735 articles, and yet includes only the first five letters of the alphabet. The author admits all the dialects of the Teutonic tongue, and all the technical terms of every art.

Captain Hogemuller, who is travelling in the east, under the patronage of the Archduke Charles of Austria, having invited persons of all descriptions to transmit questions to him,

which he hopes to answer satisfactorily, has received upwards of 500 from the Academies of Petersburg, Copenhagen, and Turin, the Universities of Holland, Germany, and Italy. Several statesmen have also contributed their enquiries.

A work, entitled "A Picture of Female Monastics," published at Munich, has excited considerable sensation. It has been compiled from the archives of the suppressed Nunneries in Bavaria, by M. Linpowsky.

A refined electrical instrument has been constructed by M. Ritter, of the Academy of Munich; it is endowed with the faculty of being sensible to the smallest operations of electricity. M. R.'s object is to remove the wonderful from the history of the divining rod, and to account for its properties from natural causes. He proceeds by placing a small bar of metal in equilibrium on the end of one of his fingers, mostly the longest on his left hand, holding this vertical, and shutting the others. This bar is placed so that one of its ends is next to the persons who holds it. Mr. R. calls this instrument *the Balance*; it varies by position, by contact of metals or other substances, by the person holding it, and also by the contact of persons holding by the hand. In some cases, even an approach of the head bearing the balance, affects the instrument: but actual contact is more efficacious. These variations being more frequent with some persons than others, is yet to be accounted for.

Italy.

The Abbe Gaetano Marini, first librarian of the Vatican, has lately published at Rome, 146 documents of the middle ages, written on papyrus, accompanied with historical and diplomatical illustrations. The first is a Bull of Pope John III. for finishing the Church of the Apostles about the year 570. It appears that to the end of the 11th century, the papal bulls were always written upon papyrus.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

SIR JOHN CARTER, Knt. mayor of his capacity. His parents were both of Portsmouth, where he lately died, and belonged to that denomination designated by the term "rational dissenters." His father was a merchant of considerable eminence

in Portsmouth: and though from the offices Sir John afterwards held, he was under the necessity of occasionally conforming, he remained firm to the principles of dissent from the doctrines and worship of the established church. In September, 1766, Mr. Carter was elected an alderman of the borough of Portsmouth; and about 1768 he began to act as a magistrate. At Michaelmas, 1769, he was chosen chief magistrate for the year.

In the summer of 1773, during his second mayoralty, the king made his first visit to Portsmouth, and at that time wished to confer the honour of knighthood on the mayor; a title, at that time held in much higher estimation than at present, but this Mr. Carter declining, was informed that his Majesty conceived his refusal proceeded from a disregard for royal favour. This consideration, and the persuasion of his friends, however, induced him to comply, and he was accordingly knighted on the 23^d of June 1773. In 1784, he was appointed sheriff of the county. In fact he was five times elected mayor of Portsmouth, and it was during his sixth mayoralty that the king made his third and last visit to Portsmouth. During the mutiny at Spithead, in the spring of 1797, by his mild, conciliatory, and patient conduct, he rendered the country a very essential service. The sailors having lost three of their body, in consequence of the resistance made to their going on board the London, then bearing the flag of Adm. Colpoys, they wished to bury them in Kingston church-yard, and to carry them in procession through the town of Portsmouth. This request was most positively refused them by the governor, and they applied to Sir John, who endeavoured to move the governor in their favour, who still remaining inflexible, Sir John at length compromised the affair by getting leave for the sailors to pass through the garrison of Portsmouth in procession, and the dead bodies of their companions to be landed at the Common Hard at Portsea, where the procession was to join them. For this solicitation Sir John was stigmatized as a Jacobin, and this by so many persons in high stations, that he was obliged to de-

cline any intercourse with them: still so great was his influence over the sailors, that they most scrupulously adhered to the terms he prescribed to them in their procession to the grave, so far, that two who came ashore "a little groggy," were by the rest carefully locked up in a room by themselves, lest they should become quarrelsome. The procession was thought an interesting spectacle. Sir John accompanied them himself through the garrison, to prevent any insult being offered them. At the Common Hard he was met by his friend Mr Godwin, a worthy magistrate of the borough. They attended the procession till it had passed the fortifications at Portsea, and the whole passed off with decency and quietness. When the sailors returned, and were sent off to their respective ships, some of the delegates from the London, came to Sir John to thank him for his kindness. Sir John seized the opportunity of enquiring after his admiral—"Do you know him, your honour?"—"Yes, I have a great respect for him, and hope you will not do him any harm."—"No, by G—d, your honour, he shall not be hurt." It was then thought the admiral would have been hung at the yard-arm; he had, from precaution, even made his will, in which he left to the widows of the three men unfortunately killed, an annuity of 20*l*. each. The next morning the admiral was safely brought on shore, though pursued by a boat from the Maids. The delegates who accompanied him, brought him to Sir John Carter; they then desired to have a receipt for him, as a proof to their comrades, that he was safe in the hands of the civil power. The admiral himself, on his first appearance at court, afterwards acknowledged to his Majesty that he owed his life to Sir John Carter, and assured him that Sir John's principles and conduct had been misrepresented, and that he had not a more faithful and worthy subject in his dominions. In the riots, occasioned by the scarcity in 1797, Sir John's suavity of manners and unostentatious deportment were not less useful than before. In a mutiny also by the Buckinghamshire militia, among whom he fearlessly mixed, he was not less success-

ful. He was, after all, denounced at the head of a list of inhabitants to Mr. Reeves, as a Jacobin, and a strong letter against him was likewise sent to the Duke of Portland, which his grace, assured of his patriotism, sent to Sir John, proposing to offer a reward for the discovery of the writer, which, with a dignified consciousness of his purity, Sir John declined. Indeed, so disinterested and honourable were his political principles, that when, in 1806, he was offered a baronetage by Mr. Fox, he declined it on the ground that he believed that to accept it as a reward would be a manifest departure from his principles. These principles it was that induced him to offer a seat in parliament for the borough, to that distinguished friend of liberty, Thomas, now Lord Erskine. The same offer being afterwards made to Sir Thomas Miller, bart. he declared that nothing but the truly honourable way in which the seat was offered him, could have induced him to return again to the fatigue of parliamentary duties. The same conciliating temper induced him also, during the late violence of party, to propose, as the other representative, some moderate member of the administration; first, the late Lord Hugh Seymour, and afterwards Captain, now Admiral Mordaunt, in compliment to their common friend the Earl of St. Vincent. In 1804, he filled the chair of Chief Magistrate or Mayor of Portsmouth for the ninth and last time.—He was uniformly upright and impartial. He was as willing to afford relief by his purse, as by his advice. To the poor, the widow, and the fatherless, he was a guardian, and many persons had prevailed upon him to undertake the direction of their concerns, by which he set their minds at ease. Never was there a character in which there was less of self than his; in fact, his incessant attention to the duties of his office, and the interest he took in the concerns of friends and dependents, contributed to wear out a constitution not naturally strong.—His health had been gradually declining for the last 3 years. He quitted life with the same composure with which he had passed through it. His lamp went gently out. He drew his last breath during sleep, and died at 20 minutes past

three in the afternoon of the 18th of May. His servants and numerous tenantry spontaneously paid the same external tribute of affection and regard that they pay to a near relative, by shutting up their houses.

A family vault was built for him in the burying ground of the Unitarian Dissenters, at Portsmouth, of which society he was nearly the oldest member, the whole of whom went into mourning. He was carried to the burying place at seven in the morning of the 23th of May, by eight of his servants, and followed by his son, his youngest and only surviving brother, and his oldest nephew. Such was the public feeling on this melancholy occasion, that many hundreds of people more than could be admitted into the Unitarian Chapel, were assembled by six in the morning.

The Southern Unitarian Society have in him lost a valuable member, and mankind a friend, if the prayers and tears that followed him can be taken as any proof of the public esteem.

He has left a widow and six children. The eldest daughter is married to Captain Eveleigh, of the royal engineers. The second to Captain Giffard, of the royal navy, lieutenant-governor of the Royal Naval College. The other daughters are unmarried. His son is a minor, an amiable and promising young man. He was educated under Mr. Cogan, of Higham Hill, Walthamstow, and is now a student for the common law at Trinity College, Cambridge.

JULIEN LE ROY, the celebrated French watch-maker.—He was born at Tours in 1686, and died at Paris in 1759. He had scarcely attained his twelfth year when his taste for clock and watch-work appeared. He read all books with avidity treating of mechanics and natural philosophy. At thirteen he constructed some small pieces of clock-work, and devoted a part of the night to improve his studies. At 17 he went to Paris, and in 1713, he was admitted into the watch-makers company there. After this he soon became celebrated not only for the excellence, but also for the quickness of the execution of his work, which appeared almost incredible. Le Roy was the first Frenchman

whose watches found a market in preference to the English. Among his principal discoveries, which enabled him to obtain this pre-eminence, it is only necessary to enumerate his repeating clocks and watches; his improved seconds and horizontal clocks; his universal compass card with a sight; an useful and simple contrivance for drawing a meridian line, and finding the declination of the needle; his clocks and watches of three parts; and his new universal horizontal dial. He also found out the method of compensating for the effects of heat and cold in the balances of chronometers, by the unequal expansion of different metals, a discovery which English artists have brought to a state of almost incredible perfection, though it had been condemned and thrown aside by Pierre Le Roy, jun. The celebrated Graham, when one of Le Roy's repeaters had been shown to him by Lord Hamilton, after examining it for some time said, "I could wish I were younger that I might work from this model." This tribute then tendered him by the first watch-maker in Europe, was soon after paid him by every artist who had arrived at any degree of excellence; and the general eagerness to obtain his watches became so great that the watch-makers of Geneva put his name upon the common watches made there, in lieu of those of Tompion and Graham. He was so much esteemed in his own country, that in 1759 he had apartments in the gallery of the Louvre, as clock and watch-maker to the king. Never, says his son, was any one more accessible, more communicative, or more prodigal of his knowledge. He took as much pains to expose his art as the English took at first to hide theirs. As a general friend to the trade, the son then asks "Can we be astonished at the concurrence of workmen who followed his funeral?" Julien Le Roy was very intimate with Henry Sully, and when the watch-manufactories of Versailles

and St. Germain were broken up, Sully tried to persuade his friend to accept a pension from the English ambassador, and go and reside in London; but he never would consent to carry his discoveries out of his own country, or to expatriate himself. When Sully died in 1728, Le Roy was pressed to solicit the pension promised him from the king by Cardinal Fleury, but he constantly refused it, because Madame Sully had requested the king to continue it to her. It is to Le Roy we are indebted for the little that is known of Sully's life. Le Roy undertook the re-printing of one of Sully's works, and enriched it with every thing that could recommend it. He would not mix his own subjects with Sully's, but printed a part of his memoirs at the conclusion of his *Régie artificielle du Temps*. Of this eminent man, a celebrated journalist used this expression, "that to him was given the art of chaining down time, and forcing matter to represent, with the utmost precision, the rapid flight of our years." The king honoured Le Roy's death with his regret. By his marriage with Jane De Lafons, he left four sons, who all distinguished themselves. Peter Le Roy, the eldest, succeeded his father as clock and watch-maker to the king, and was the inventor of the marine watches. John was a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences. Julian David was a Professor in the Royal Academy of Architecture, and was author of the Ruins of Greece. Charles Le Roy was of the Royal Academy of Montpellier; was also Professor of Medicine in the University of that city. Voltaire, it is said, called one day on Pierre Le Roy, the son, when the conversation happening to turn upon the father's improvement in watch and clock-work; after Le Roy had expatiated on them for some time, Voltaire replied, "Yes, yes; my friend Marshal Saxe, and your father, have beat the English."

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

"Turne, quod optanti, diuam promittere nemo
Audeat, voluenda dies en attulit ultro."

A FEW years ago, the Duke of Brunswick entered France with

an immense army and with bloody manifestos, threatening ruin on every opposer who should stand up for the independence of his country, and the right of a nation to manage its

own affairs without foreign interference. The French stood up valiantly for their rights, and the proud invader was driven out of their territories with disgrace. Various attempts were afterwards made by Austria, and with equal want of success; and France taught the world at that time, that a nation fighting for its liberties is superior to all the attacks of foreign mercenaries. A vain and empty disclaimer of this country declared at that time, that France was blotted out of the map of Europe; that it must cease to have within itself the power of making its name either respected or feared. He counted upon the arithmetic of cabinets, and left out of his calculation the energies of the human mind, and the strength that may be exerted, even when not directed by hereditary talent and hereditary honours. A few of this nation thought differently from the wild disclaimer, but the generality were of his opinion; and Great Britain united in the conflict with the sovereigns of Europe, and, instead of conquering France, contributed to raise up the mighty power of despotism, of which the world had scarcely before this time seen a parallel.

How has the scene changed! A few months ago nothing appeared likely to resist the mighty tyrant. The cabinets of Europe were under his controul. Spain might be called a dependent province. A change in its monarchy seemed to be of no use. The sovereign had consented to the introduction of French troops; they had filled the kingdom, and were in fact masters of it. This did not satisfy the Emperor of the French. Disagreements in the Spanish cabinet portended some great change, but all to be effected under Bonaparte. The world saw the old king resign his dominions to his son, and was astonished at the next step, that both the old and the new king quitted their country, and paid a visit to the French emperor at Bayonne. This step was followed by an abdication or pretended abdication of both kings, and a new sovereign was appointed by the all-powerful emperor, who, to sanction his proceedings, called a meeting of the gaudets of Spain, to fabricate,

in concert with him, a new constitution for the country.

Happily for Spain, it had thus got rid of its court and its principal nobles. The people were left to themselves, and were either to submit ignobly to be transferred to a new dynasty, or to work out for themselves a new constitution, and to save their country. In this critical moment, when, from the late degraded character of Spain—a character degraded more by its court, its nobles, and its priests, than by the people; in this critical moment, when all was thought to be lost, and the Spaniards were expected to be the passive instruments of the French, a flame on a sudden was lighted up, which spread with wonderful rapidity through the whole country, and from that soil sprung up a resistance to tyranny, such as threatens to stop the future career of the emperor of Europe. Spain is divided into very large provinces, and those provinces into inferior jurisdictions, formed, as it were, to be adapted to the purpose of a representative government. But the people had for many years been nothing in Spain. They had been brought by the priests into that delightful state, which a late English bishop thought the best state for a people to be in; that is, to have nothing to do with the laws but to obey them. As much as was possible, the court and the priests had barred against the people every avenue to political and religious knowledge, that is, to the knowledge which most ennobles man. The Spaniards wanted something to rouse them out of this horrid state, and the conduct of the French revived the dormant flame of liberty in their bosoms.

In an instant, as it were, the people met in their several jurisdictions. They considered the state in which they were; the enemy, which was in the midst of them; the impossibility of rescuing themselves without the greatest exertions; and the disgrace of permitting another nation, and that a nation of Frenchmen, to legislate for them. They saw sufficiently the infamy of their late government; the abuses that had prevailed through the destruction of their old

constitution; the necessity there was for many changes, yet from themselves the change should originate, and they would shew to the world that they were competent for their own government and for their own safety. A point of union was necessary, and to avoid contest, all orders were issued in the name of Ferdinand the Seventh. Juntas were elected in the different jurisdictions to correspond with each other, the inferior to receive instructions from the superior juntas; and the whole to be subjected, as soon as a fit opportunity was offered, to the old constitutional assembly of the Cortez. Seville took in great measure the lead; and this was done with great propriety, as Madrid was now in the hands of the enemy; and by an old article of their constitution, the seat of government was transferred to that city, when the capital was under a foreign yoke.

But though Seville was constitutionally the Supreme Junta, its power was of little avail. The means of corresponding with different departments were cut off, and each province was compelled to act for itself, and it is wonderful with what similarity their proceedings were carried on, and how judiciously all their measures were taken. The Supreme Junta of the province, formed by delegates from the inferior juntas, were quickly assembled together; it planned its measures, issued its orders for levying and embodying troops, and distinct armies, well provided with artillery and ammunition, were in an instant created, and prepared to co-operate with each other as soon as a junction was necessary, or could be formed. When we recollect the meetings in our counties, the volumes of papers distributed by that weak politician Lord Melville, for the destruction of our own property in case of the landing of an enemy, the plans for driving cattle this way and that way, and the little that was said or thought of, of the forming of a popular force to resist the enemy,—we may well admire the wisdom of the Spanish constitution in this respect, and the facility with which every thing may be conducted when there is a spirit of energy in a people. The jurisdictions consist each of about two thousand people; every man, therefore, has a rallying point; he knows his post, and is prepared to act with his junta, which is every day acquainted with the designs of the superior and neighbouring juntas, and consequently all can co-operate in any pre-determined measure. Our Alfred, the wisest and best of kings, a king who really loved his people, and sought their good not his own,—our Alfred formed a similar plan. He divided the country into tythings and hundreds, and both for civil arrangements, resistance to an enemy, and the great purpose of free representation, this division was admirably adapted. The names now remain among us, their spirit is lost.

Proclamations were issued by the juntas to animate the citizens, containing the usual incitements to arm, but we are sorry to see them discredited by the vilest superstition. The defence of their religion would naturally be one of the incitements; but what shall we think of a people who, in these days, can call upon the patronage of the Blessed Virgin, invoke the Mother of God (as they blasphemously term this lady), appeal to her image, and rouse themselves by the bones of some patron saint. When we see the predominance of this weakness and folly, and that the priests take so great a lead in the conduct of their affairs, we cannot but entertain some apprehensions for the result of their resistance, and some fears that, if they succeed, the country will not shake off the abominable yoke of superstition under which it has so long groaned, and which is wiser than any tyranny of the French. However, it may be, that the juntas were under the necessity of paying this homage to popular prejudices, and the insertion of this nonsense was in compliance with the directions of the priests, whose sway could not, at present, be resisted. When the French are driven out of the country, the Cortez may see things in a different light, and the popular voice, unrestrained, may speak a language which the priests and the inquisition little expect. Should the result be otherwise, it is a matter of very little consequence what becomes of a nation so

infatuated as to bow the neck to priests, and to refuse to its subjects the inalienable rights of conscience—rights of far more importance than any others connected with civil government.

But we will hope better things of Spain; for some of its proclamations intimate a very considerable degree of wisdom, particularly a paper widely circulated under the name of Precautions. These point out the nature of the warfare to be undergone; the manner in which each district should be trained to arms; the mode of correspondence between army and army; the necessity of abstaining from general engagements; the mode of cutting off the supplies, and harassing every motion of the enemy. There cannot be a doubt that, if the population of Spain is actuated really with the spirit, which from all appearances seems to actuate it; if they follow the regulations laid down in the precautions, they are perfectly competent to battle all the efforts of the mighty conqueror. He has hitherto fought only with the mercenaries of Europe; he has not yet had to cope with a people. The policy of the cabinets of Europe has been to separate the citizen from the soldier; to give the latter instruction and discipline; to laugh at every effort of the former, and to conceive him to be incapable of using his arms with effect. The citizens, like fools and beasts, have submitted to this ignominious treatment, and, except in this island, have no where shewn what they are capable of. In our country, our volunteers have come forth, and have proved to the world, that military science is by no means incompetent with civil duties. The Spaniards have a great deal to learn, but they have time to arrange themselves. The crisis is awful: if the boasting conquerors of Europe shall be tamed by the people of Spain, it will be a grand lesson to the world, and may be the means of abolishing in every country that scourge of the human race, a standing army.

Success has hitherto attended the efforts of the Spaniards. They have struck a grand stroke at Cadiz, where they have taken possession of the French fleet; and in this action,

though they were thankful for our proffered assistance, they declined our interference, being desirous that, in their deliverance from a foreign yoke, they should be as little as possible under obligations to foreigners.

In the north-east also they have been eminently successful, having obtained under Palafox a signal victory over a French army. For some time, however, we must be content with general rumours. Details of actions must wait for time to arrange them. In so general an insurrection, there must be a number of partial actions, destructive to the French forces; but it does not as yet appear, that the communication between Madrid and Bayonne is shut up.

In this state of things, it cannot be doubted that Bonaparte is meditating a grand attack. He will not easily relinquish his pursuit, and it is asserted that he is collecting very great armies to be marched into Spain, to rescue his other troops, and to avenge their disgraces. We dread the issue of the first attacks, doubting that the Spaniards will be unable to cope with the French marching in large bodies, and of course horror and devastation will accompany their march. But it is in vain that Bonaparte marches with an immense army; he can secure the country only within a few miles of it. Whenever he subdivides it, for the purpose of keeping in order the remoter provinces, his detachments must be cut off. The situation of Spain, as we are their allies, and have the command of the sea, is particularly favourable to the warfare to be carried on by the inhabitants. Whenever the French troops approach the sea, our fleets will be prepared to transport troops to any quarter most able to resist them.

Whilst the Spaniards have been thus exerting themselves in their own country, Bonaparte's newly-appointed king, with the grandes and delegates of Spain, have been and are employed in framing a new constitution for the country. We cannot deny that it is a much better one than that under which the Bourbons governed the kingdom, and as to the change from a Bourbon to a Napoleon, that is of little consequence, or rather it is a great advantage; the Bourbons

have been proved to be a bad race, unfit for government, and their late conduct in Spain has completely established their character. Several improvements are laid down, such as the establishment of a regular and uniform course of justice, by which, however, we presume that it is intended to introduce the Napoleon code for the whole kingdom. The barriers which separated province from province are to be removed to the extremities of the kingdom, and thus the hands of smugglers, which led a dissolute life in the interior, will be dispersed. A prospect is opened for the establishment of a free press, which we are happy to think will be obtained, whether this constitution or that of the patriots is established. Corporations of various kinds, with improper immunities, are to be suppressed, and under this head the Inquisition, that accursed monument of Spanish degradation, will probably fall. The Cortez are to be restored, and to meet at least once in three years, and its powers are not sufficiently defined. We cannot conceive that they will be other than an assembly of deputies pensioned by the crown, which will vote black or white, just as the minister of the day pleases, and will be a body of men artfully contrived to favour rather than to counteract tyranny and despotism. The uniformity of religion is completely established, and no toleration is to be allowed. Such a preposterous and abominable article is put in, we doubt not, to curry favour with the Spaniards: they are so ignorant in this respect, that, whichever party gets the better, no alteration is likely to take place in this respect for some time; yet we cannot but think, that the power of the church will be much weakened in the contest, and its fall cannot be long prolonged.

As Bonaparte had called deputies from Spain to his imperial residence at Bayonne, he could do no less for Portugal; but the constitution for that country is not as yet manufactured. Its deputies, however, have presented a very loyal address, and are expecting this great benefit; their countrymen are of a different opinion, and have raised the standard of insurrection. It commenced at Oporto on

Corpus Christi day—a day when the deluded populace in catholic countries are entertained with a procession of monks, friars, priests, abbots, bishops, images of saints, reliques, the wafer god, and all the paraphernalia of popery. On this day the French banners appeared, and a spirited young officer took occasion from them to rouse the people. In an instant the whole town rose, seized all the arms in the place, mastered the few French there, and then organised a new temporary government under the name of the Prince Regent, of which the Bishop of Oporto was set at the head. Their example was followed by the country around, and soon after the South of Portugal pursued the same measures, so that the French are left in possession only of Lisbon. At the mouth of the Tagus is lying an English squadron; within the bar, and near the town, is the Russian fleet. The French commander has, by an artifice, disarmed all the Spaniards who were under his command, and is fortifying himself against the threatened rage of the inhabitants. If the Russians stand firm to him, it will be some time before he is subdued; but most probably, before our next, all Portugal will be cleared of the French.

In this wonderful crisis how have the forces of England been employed, and what has been the feeling of this country? Deputations have arrived both from Spain and Portugal, and have been received most favourably by the cabinet. Whilst we are writing an army is under sail for either Spain or Portugal. How well might these troops have been employed a month ago, against Lisbon, and effectually cut off the retreat of the French. Troops have been prepared for some time, and it was said that a large army was to be landed in Spain, under the command of the unfortunate Duke of York. The rumour is happily contradicted by facts, for the army has sailed away without his royal highness, and we trust that he is not to follow it with a second expedition, as was the case in the unhappy affair of the Helder. The general voice has been in favour of the Spaniards; but the parliament had not an opportunity of expressing its sentiments. The language of the king has, however,

been decisive, and in answer to an address from the city of London, expressive of its feelings in the Spanish cause, he declares his readiness to assist, to the utmost of his power, to restore their ancient government, and to preserve their national independence. This promise, we believe, has been strictly observed in the sending of arms, and ammunition, and cloathing to Spain; and the landing of our armies will shew, that however tardy our ministers may appear to have been in that respect, and, for which they are not to be condemned without a full examination of the cause, there is no want of disposition to give efficacy to the royal word.

Whilst every one was animated with a generous spirit for the cause of liberty, a ludicrous circumstance took place in this town, which shews how completely men may mistake their situation in society. The public has been insulted by advertisements from a society of fashionables, as they are called, which meets for the sake of pleasure, in rooms adapted for the purpose. This society has described itself in such curious terms as have made it a standing joke in conversation. The energy of the Spaniards wanted, it seems, some assistance from this society, and an advertisement appeared from these rooms of dissipation, for a meeting, to consider of their case, and to contribute to defray their expences. At this meeting scarcely any person appeared, and it was put off to another day, when again, the thinness of the meeting declared the inattention of the public to such a call. The chief personages there were Mr. Wilberforce and a fashionable colonel. The latter gave some very probable suggestions why they were so poorly attended; and this meeting broke up as the former, the party assembled judging wisely, that the place was not adapted for such purposes; and that the people of England are not so degraded as to offer up the sacrifice of patriotism at the altar of fashion.

If the south of Europe has excited so much attention since our last, the north has not been without interest, not on account indeed of Finland, where Russians and Swedes are fighting with various success, and whence

the former will not easily be ejected, but from the strange circumstances that have taken place between England and Sweden. The chivalrous king has been highly applauded in this country; and a most noble subsidy has been granted to him. A large army was also sent, under the command of one of our best generals, to his assistance. For a long time its inactivity was the cause of general surprise. Then the public was astonished with accounts of a strange conference between the king of Sweden and our general, and at last, that the general had, in a wonderful manner, escaped out of Sweden on board of our fleet. Every thing was rumour. But at last facts discovered that something extraordinary had taken place with this king of chivalry, of whom our opinion, if our readers will take the trouble of examining our remarks upon his conduct, has been uniformly the same. Sir John Moore, our general, has arrived in London, and his army in our ports. It appears, that this army arrived at its destined port in Sweden, where it was never landed; that it has come back as it went, and is now likely to be employed in Spain. What can have been the cause of this strange misconduct—of this waste of strength and opportunity? The whole remains to be developed. One would think it impossible that a large army should have been sent without proper explanations on its use. With a fleet like ours, it was easy to send it into Finland, or to land it any where in Norway. We had it in our power assuredly, to make a strong diversion in favour of the chivalrous king; and it is strange that, if some misapprehensions should have arisen, we could not find some way of acting, so as to interfere, as little as possible, with any prejudice. It is said that it was all or nothing with the chivalrous king, that he would have the entire command of our army, and its disposition, or reject it altogether. We do not think this by any means unlikely; but still the court, which acts with so valiant and heroic a knight, should have foreseen and guarded against such little occurrences. However the expedition is entirely frustrated, and the opportunity was lost of freeing the Spanish troops, which are in the island of Fumen, and which would

gladly have recovered, by our means, their liberty.

What the king of Sweden means to do, remains doubtful. He has left Stockholm, and is said to have gone to his army in Finland, not so much to fight as to negotiate with the Russians. It is not at all improbable that a peace will take place between these two powers, and the interview between the two sovereigns must be a fine display of politics. The Russian is, however, wise enough to keep a good part of what he has got, and he will be a gainer by having extended his frontiers. The wise sovereigns will issue some grand programma on the independence of the seas, and the Baltic will be shut up against us. The chivalrous king may then return to his capital, and, after estimating the value of his losses in Germany, Pomerania, and Finland, will discover of how little consequence he has been with all his vapouring speeches during the course of the war. Throughout he has acted a poor little part, and for that has been a sufficient sufferer. He will be fortunate if his subjects are as well contented with him as he seems to be with his own conduct.

The war between Sweden and Denmark seems to have been carried on very sluggishly. The invasion of Norway has not been productive of any great advantage to the Swedes, but our advices from that quarter are very deficient. It was expected that the French troops, collected in the north of Germany and Denmark, would by this time have effected a landing in Sweden, but the troubles in Spain have probably directed the attention of the French Emperor, and nothing will be attempted in this quarter. Very probably a peace may be concluded between the northern powers, and Bonaparte will be more at liberty to effect his purposes in the south. Some little motions in Austria have encouraged hopes that that country will again enter into the conflict, but it is not likely that its emperor will risk any more battles, till the power of his late enemy and new ally is weakened. Should he move, he has as much to fear from his own subjects as from Bonaparte.

Rome has occasioned a great deal of speculation, and much blame has Bo-

naparte incurred for his conduct towards the holy father. The decree has at last appeared, by which the patrimony of the church has been secularised and converted into three provinces of the kingdom of Italy. What is to become of the popedom is not yet ascertained. Some say that the Pope, foreseeing the dangers attending the church, called his holy jugglers, the cardinals, together, and in full conclave opened to them the fatal situation in which they all stood, and the necessity of his resignation of the popedom, and the choice of a new Pope. To all this the fathers of the church unanimously consented, and a new Pope was elected—Cardinal Pignatelli, the archbishop of Palermo. As the new Pope is not in Bonaparte's power, it is supposed that he may collect together, in safety, the cardinals around him, and thence issue his orders to the faithful. It is, however, a severe blow to popery, from which it will not easily recover; and if Bonaparte had done nothing worse, he would deserve the praises of posterity, for putting an end in so easy a manner to so strange, yet so ancient an imposture.

Whilst Europe is so agitated, America is enjoying, under some privations, the blessings of peace, and the people in general begin to see the wisdom of the embargo, and to applaud the president for his conduct. He seems to be one of the few sovereigns who consults more the good of the governed than the usual tricks of state policy; and if America sees this contest pass away without engaging in war, it may have a material effect in its future councils, and prevent that country from following the absurd conduct of Europeans, who seem to think that the chief business, for which government is established, is to knock each other on the head. An election is coming on for president; and though there may be a few hard words, yet a president will be elected with much less inconvenience or animosity than frequently attends a competition for one of our counties. To America we must look for improvement in the art of government; for Europe seems destined only to renew old forms, to exhibit tyranny under a change of names rather than a change of principles.

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When Charly *did* his love confess,
In words so sweet he *did* complain;
Pray ladies how could I do less,
Than love this charming youth again.
[*O dear! certainly nothing less, Miss.*]

For he can dance with graceful ease,
Can touch with magic *kill*, the string;
Form'd ev'ry female heart to please,
The girls all say he's quite the thing.

His teeth are white as mountain snow,
His sparkling eyes as jet as black;
[*Oh! the sweet fellow.*]

In short, the truth to let you know,
There is no charm which he doth lack.
[*Of course he fiddles a little, Miss, and writes poetry.*]

The merry Dance, &c.

With him I went to sweet Vauxhall,
[*Did you go in a boat, Miss?*]
And crowds of well-dress'd beaux were
there;

But none I saw amongst them all,
With my dear Charly could compare.

Then ladies do not blame me, pray,
[*Nobody does, my dear.*]

For when he bought a wedding ring,
[*Oh! shocking.*]

I blush'd, but could not answer nay,
Because you know he's quite the thing.

[*POOR THING.*]

We will only beg leave to add a
couplet in the same sublime strain of
poetry as the above:

Would you avoid hard critic kicks,

Pray write no more good Master Nicks.

T.

"Do as you would be done by." A new
Song, sung by Mr. Dignum, at
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Hook. Price 1s.

Really, Messieurs, the managers of
Vauxhall Gardens, we would recom-
mend the above maxim to yourselves.
For we can hardly persuade ourselves,
(if you possess any musical appetite,)
that you would feel satisfied at having
such wretched fare as are this and the
foregoing songs, presented to you;
particularly after having paid your
three and sixpence for it. We, there-
fore, do most-humbly intreat, right
worshipful Sirs, that you would "*Do
as you would be done by,*" and give us
something better in future. T.

"Kais"—(concluded from page 534
of last vol.)—"O'er burping desert
sands." A Ballad, sung by Mrs.
Mountain. Composed by Mr. Bra-
ham.

It is truly mortifying to find such a
composition as the one before us, put
into the hands of one of the most pleas-
ing female singers of the present day.
For this reason only we have deigned
to notice it, otherwise we should have
treated it with silent contempt. The
passage which follows the 1st double
bar, is so extremely common, that
had Rowland Hill heard it he would
have exclaimed "*My congregation
have sang that so often that I am really
tired of it.*" The 4th, 5th, and 6th bars

of page 63, are also replete with all
the fire and science of a "*Madan,*" a
*Walker, a Breilhat, a Milgrove, a Ja-
cobs, &c. &c.* or any of the tribe of
psalm-singing composers, whose ex-
tensive knowledge of the science does
not exceed the key, the 5th of it, and
its relative minor. Fie, fie, Mr. Bra-
ham, to attempt that which your abi-
lities never were, nor ever will be,
equal to, cannot you content yourself
with having deceived the rude ears of
John Bull by frittering away millions
of *senutones*, and sacrificing both sense
and sound, thereby inducing an audi-
ence (amidst the confused mixture of
ignorance and surprise) to applaud
that which is absolutely unintelligi-
ble? This is a species of *trickery*
which you possess in the greatest de-
gree, for you know it is not singing in
that finished stile which is generally
conceived, although it must have an-
swered your purpose long ere this, but
Jews and Misers know no bounds to
their avarice.

"On this cold flinty rock I will lay
down my head," and "*The Bewildering
Maid,*" sung and composed by Mr.
Braham, are pleasing trifles, very fa-
miliar to the ear, and not quite desti-
tute of modulation. Upon the whole
we think them "*highly creditable to
the talents of Mr. Braham.*" H.

"*Caractacus,*" a Ballet of Action, per-
formed at Drury Lane Theatre.
Composed by Mr. Bishop. 8s.

Overture. This composition com-
mences with a fine adagio movement
in the key of C minor; its bold and
impressive stile at once evinces the
author to be a man well acquainted
with the secrets of good composition,
and ranks him in the first class of pro-
fessional eminence; but we are sorry
that we cannot bestow our unquali-
fied praise on the 2d movement. We
do not mean to say that there are any
grammatical errors in the modulation,
nor do we intend to find fault with the
disposition of the parts, but there is a
strained attempt at originality, a
quaintness of ideas which is not pleas-
ing to the ear, and, in short, there is
something like plagiarism in several

parts of this movement, particularly the commencement of it, and also the passage for the octave flute and its accompaniments, both of which strongly remind us of that beautiful and original composition, the *Overture to Lodoiska*. We have no doubt but Mr. B. has fallen into this error, from his eagerness to produce something new, considering him (as we do) a composer above mediocrity. We hope he will be more circumspect in future. The 3d movement is a fine old Welch air in the key of F natural, which is well introduced by the 2d movement closing on the chord of the 2d, 4th, and 6th, to B flat. Mr. B. was very happy in this idea, the effect being both unique and beautiful. This movement is very judiciously arranged for the oboe, harp, and flute; and the 4th movement consists of a sprightly air in six-eight time, which concludes this very respectable piece of composition.

"*Breathe my harp, ye groves resound.*"
Sung by Messrs. Dignum, Gibbon, Miller, and Smith.

In this quartetto there is great taste and science displayed. Mr. B. has adopted a simple subject, which he has worked and managed with a masterly precision rarely to be met with in the works of modern composers. His abrupt modulation from the key of A with 4 flats, to the 4th and 6th, and common chord with a sharp 3d,

to D natural (thereby forming an introductory cadence to the key of G minore) bespeaks the master in every sense of the word. We have seen this passage in the works of *Winter*, and other eminent composers; but taking it for granted that Mr. B. never did, we are willing to ascribe it to the effusions of a well-cultivated genius; which he possesses (we are happy to find) in a very great degree, and we sincerely wish that he may be frequently employed by the managers of our theatres, as we consider him one of the few that merit their particular attention.

"*March for the Procession coming to the Sacrifice.*"

We merely notice this piece in order to point out to Mr. B. an error which has crept into it, and which we should be sorry to see repeated in any of his future productions: from what we have seen of his composition we are willing to allow that the error alluded to, is the result of carelessness. At the close of the 3d bar, and at the commencement of the 4th, we find two consecutive 3ths, which move in similar motion with the bass; this is not only a forbidden progression, but it produces a hard and disagreeable effect. The same error occurs several times in the course of the march. II.

Erratum—Page 535, last vol. for *imposters* read *impostors*.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We shall be glad to receive future communications from "II R. W."

The last letter of "W. H. Shephard," has, probably, ere this, been laid before the committee.

We thank "Amicus," for the high opinion he expresses of our work. His hints, as far as is practicable, shall be attended to.

"Brandon" is informed that the errors he mentions are accidental. His threat we laugh at.

"J. S. H." has been anticipated. In the poetical department for this month, we will find his other request attended to.

We wish we could oblige "J. H." by inserting his *Monody*.

The remarks of "W. Durrant," are proper, but do not seem to require insertion.

The communication of "A. Z." is trifling.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

IMPROVEMENTS IN WESTMINSTER.—A report and memorial of the Commissioners for making Improvements in Westminster, near Westminster Hall and the Houses of Parliament, presented to the Lords of the Treasury, has recently been printed by order of the House of Commons. It states the improvements which have already been made, and those which are proposed. The former are sufficiently known. The amount of purchases made for the purpose of completing them is 102,314l. 2s. 9d.

The remaining buildings and grounds which are proposed to be purchased, extend from the Office of the Woods and Forests in Great George-street North, inclusive, along King-street East, and by the Broad Sanctuary South to the New Court-House, and from thence West to Princes-street, with a proportionate depth. The estimated amount of the purchases of these buildings and grounds is 75,250l. 2s. exclusive of 13,714l. 2d. for the freehold interest of the Dean and Chapter, but this latter sum subject to an arrangement with the Dean and Chapter, for a purchase for a term of years, which would greatly reduce the amount.

The Commissioners then proceed to state their plans for further improvement. The first of these is the building a new Exchequer behind the present buildings, and parallel to the river, for which purpose it would be necessary, in the first instance, to make good the line of ground next the river by an embankment. They suggest, that if this plan is adopted, a convenient opportunity might be found for concentrating within the precincts of such a building several public offices of importance, now scattered in different parts of the metropolis. They particularize the offices of the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt, Surveyor-General of Crown Lands, Woods and Forests, First Fruits Office, State Paper Office. They also suggest the expediency of transferring

thither the College of Arms, and exchanging a new building for that purpose, for the site on which the present College stands. With respect to the appropriation of the ground to be purchased, they propose, in the first place, to give such a breadth to that part of King-street which points from the North transept of the Abbey towards Whitehall, as may correspond with any future considerable enlargement of King-street (to clear the line of approach between the Banqueting-house and the North transept). Upon the rest of the space between Great George-street, King-street, and the New Court-house, they propose there should be erected 27 dwelling houses of different rates, a large stable-yard, and a building to contain a tavern, coffee-house, and 20 sets of chambers; the whole ground to be let on building leases for 99 years, with suitable covenants for building the houses, according to a prescribed plan. The rent to arise from this ground they estimate at 1066l. 10s. per ann. deducting from which an equivalent for the interest of the Dean and Chapter, estimated at 466l. 10s. in the event of a lease from them instead of a purchase, there would remain to the public a net ground rent of 600l. per ann. worth in present money 15,000l. in addition to which the value of old materials is estimated at 4000l.

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.—Important case in the Court of Exchequer, before the Chief Baron Macdonald, July 11:—*The Attorney General v. Brown and Parry.*—This was an information against the defendants and others, proprietors of the Golden-lane Brewery, to recover extra duties than those ordinarily paid by Common Brewers. The Solicitor-General stated the case to the jury. He said it was an information filed against the defendants for duties, which would raise a question of the first importance, not only to the parties concerned but to the public, who were materially interested in the decision. By the 12th of Charles the Second an allowance was given to common brewers for leakage, fillage, &c. which a-

mounted to 1-12th of the duties imposed. That allowance had been recognised and approved by subsequent acts, with this modification, that the parties claiming it must be wholesale brewers, and not victuallers retailing the produce of their own brewery. The learned counsel then stated, that the defendants had established a porter brewery in Golden-lane, in the city of London, and though the firm was comprised of many partners, the whole were considered as common brewers and wholesale dealers.

Upon investigation, however, it appeared, that out of 600 persons who had signed the original deed of partnership, there were at least 120 licensed victuallers, who retailed the beer brewed in their character of common brewers. Now the act gave the allowance only to wholesale dealers, and as that character was inconsistent with that of a victualler and retailer of porter, the fact alluded to had raised a question, whether they were entitled to the allowance secured to them by the statute of King Charles; and whether, on the contrary, they were not to be considered as licensed victuallers, brewing their own beer to sell again, and in that case subject to the additional 1-12th which, as common wholesale brewers, they would be entitled to as a drawback? That was the only question in the cause, and further, that there was no ground for hostility against the parties.

The Chief Baron observed, that the question propounded was clearly a question upon the construction of the statute, and suggested the propriety of the facts being collected into a special case, and left for the determination of the Court.

This was mutually acceded to, and, in order to establish the fact of the beer being sold to the individuals connected with the brewery, at the same rate that it was sold to all the rest of the public—a Mr. William Bury was called, who proved the fact most indisputably, so that the individuals enrolled as partners in the concern derived no more advantage from the concern in respect of the beer they retailed than any other individual, however distant and unconnected. In short, that his character of retailer was in no ways connected with the

defendants as common brewers or wholesale dealers.

The learned judge said, that was a very material fact to be stated on the case, as the object of the legislature was clearly to give an allowance to the wholesale brewer, for the leakage and fillage; and it was essentially necessary for the defendants to substantiate that description of dealing?

Mr. Sefjeant Vaughan observed, that the defendants had never dealt in any other character than as common brewers, and were in no respect chargeable to the additional duty. The learned counsel then remarked on the benefit derived to the public from the excellent institution in question. He said the revenue had been increased by it in no less a sum than 100,000*l.* annually, and he believed, if the bills of mortality were consulted, it would appear, that a saving of the lives of his Majesty's subjects had been produced in equal ratio as the revenues had been increased. The utility, therefore, of the institution was indisputable, and such as must meet the approbation of the government as well as the public. With respect to certain members of the brewery vending the beer brewed for the partnership account, it was nothing more than every common brewer did every day. They had all, with the exception of the firm in question, houses of their own, and it was no uncommon thing to put in their own servants, and in the interval of their getting a tenant, sell their own beer on their own account. They had also taps attached to the brew-house, where their own beer was sold, and, in the literal and strict sense of the word, were at times retailers as well as wholesale dealers. Nothing of this was, however, attributable to the defendants.

Here it was suggested, that if the case was to be left to the Judges of the Court, there was no necessity for arguing the point at length; and the Solicitor-General wished to know if the defendants, on the ground of public utility, would have any objection to pay the duties they admitted to be due, amounting to near 24,000*l.* without prejudicing the question at issue?

Mr. Brown, who was in Court, exclaimed, "Certainly not!" and im-

mediately tendered Exchequer bills to the amount; and if those were not satisfactory, he proposed to pay down the sum in hard cash the following day; and to show that the concern had no disposition to act with hostility towards the Excise, they were willing to pay interest upon the duties from the time they had been brought into litigation and dispute.

This was accepted as a handsome offer by the Solicitor-General; and the question as above stated stands over for the decision of the Judges in next Michaelmas term.

The LATE HOT WEATHER occasioned the following accounts to be transmitted to the newspapers—

Manor-House, Hayes, Middlesex, July 13, 1808.

MR. EDITOR,—The extraordinary heat of yesterday and to-day (which exceeds any ever previously experienced in England) induces me to send you a correct account of it, as observed in a north open aspect at this house, by two thermometers by Ramsden and Cary, quite detached.

	deg.
On Tuesday the 12th, at two p m.	
both stood at	87
At midnight	69
At half-past 11 this morning	90
And at this inst both have fallen to	88

The hot Sunday and Tuesday, in the year 1790, only amounted to 83 degrees in open shaded situation.—The average heat of the West Indies is about 82 degrees. I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

W. WALKER.

The thermometer, under the northern entrance of the Royal Exchange, was, on the 14th, at noon, at 87.

The thermometer, in the shade at a window in the open air, opposite St. James's Park, (without any reflection of heat) was, on Tuesday the 12th, at 3 o'clock p. m. at 84½, and on Wednesday at 94.

A letter from Bath, dated Thursday the 14th, says, "The heat of the weather during the last two days has been most intense. Yesterday, at one in the afternoon, the thermometer in the shade, and exposed to a current of air, stood at 84½, partially exposed to the sun, it rose to 104; and when fully exposed, in a south aspect in the af-

ternoon, its range was from 111 to 116, and we understand that even higher temperature was remarked."

At an elevated situation in Hampstead, on Tuesday the 12th inst. an accurate Fahrenheit's thermometer suspended in the shade, about a foot distant from a brick wall facing the north, which is slightly covered with the foliage of currant bushes, pointed as follows:

	deg.
12 o'clock, noon	86
1 ———, afternoon	88
2	89
3	88½
4	87
5	84½
6	83½
7	81½
8	75½
9	72
10	70

The sun-shine was sometimes interrupted by thin clouds; some wind was stirring. Barometer, 29. 7.

There was a tornado, at an early hour, on Thursday morning the 14th, at Enfield, which did considerable damage in the neighbourhood. About 3 o'clock, a whirlwind took two trees in St. James's Park, nearly opposite the Palace, stripped them completely of their branches, and left them like flag-staves. It was singular, that, at the same moment, there was hardly a breath of air to be felt out of its range. A person, who was off the spot, compared it, as to size and velocity, to that of a water-spout. It made a noise like the crash of a falling house, and raised a cloud of dust so dense, as to obstruct all vision.—Its influence was also felt in the Strand near Temple-bar. Whirlwinds, though of less force, took place, in the course of the day, in various parts of the town.

The heat of the weather was so oppressive during five days, that not less than fifty mail-coach and post-horses have been killed by it in their work upon the great north road.

GALLANT ACTION between his Majesty's frigate *Tartar*, Capt Battenworth, and six Danish gun-boats and a schooner, off the coast of Norway.

Extract of a letter from an officer, on board his Majesty's ship *Tartar*, dated Leith Roads, May 20 —"We sailed from Leith on the 10th inst. to cruise

off North Bergen, and intercept a frigate, said to be in that harbour. We got on the coast on the 12th, but from the very thick fogs, could not stand in till the 15th, when we made the islands to the westward of Bergen, and on our hoisting Dutch colours, there came off twelve Norwegians in two boats, from whom we learnt the frigate had sailed eight days before for the East Indies, with three or four ships. They took us through a most intricate rocky passage, till within five or six miles of Bergen, when they refused to take her any further. It being the captain's intention to reach the town with the frigate, and bring off the shipping, among which were three privateers, we anchored in the Straits, with springs on our cables, and in the evening the boats, with the captain, first and third lieutenants, and master, went up to the town, and would probably have cut out an East Indiaman lying under the battery, had not the guard-boat, which was without her, fell in with and fired on the launch, who returned the fire, wounding all their people severely, and took her: this alarmed the town, who sounded their bugles, and manœuvred the batteries; and we finding the ships lie within a chain, without which it would be difficult to get them, returned to the frigate, leaving the launch, commanded by Lieutenant Sykes, to watch the enemy. We immediately got the ship under weigh, but from the lightness of the wind, and intricacy of the passage, could not get near Bergen; and when about half way from our anchorage, in a narrow rocky strait, without a breath of wind, and a strong current—in this situation we were attacked by a schooner and five gun-boats, who were within half-gun shot, lying under a rocky point, each mounting two 24-pounders, except the schooner, and manned with troops. They kept up a well-directed fire, hulling us in ten or eleven places, and cutting much our rigging and sails. One of their first shots killed our gallant captain in the act of pointing a gun. The service has thus lost a most valuable commander, who had attached the whole of his crew to him, officers and men, by the most kind and exemplary conduct. Although the force with which

we were engaged was comparatively small, yet, when it is known that we were at this time drifting towards the enemy, nearly end on, no wind, a narrow passage full of rocks, on which we were drifting, with no anchorage, under heights manned by their troops, no guns to bear on the boats, and a crew newly-impressed, most of whom had never been engaged, it must be confessed to be a situation in which nothing but the greatest exertions on the part of Lieutenant Caiger (then commanding), and the rest of the officers, could relieve her. We at length brought our broadside to bear on them; one vessel was sunk, and the rest much shattered. They continued the attack for an hour and a half, and were re-manned by small boats during it—at length a light air sprung up; we wore and stood towards the enemy, getting our bow-guns forward, which bore on them, and compelled them to bear up, and row under the batteries of Bergen, where we found it would not be advisable to follow, from the general alarm that had been raised. We now obliged the natives on board to attempt a passage with the ship to the northward, in prosecuting which we fell in with our launch, Lieutenant Sykes, and picked her up. We passed many difficult passages, through which we boomed the frigate off with spars, and towed her, and at three cleared the islands, and stood out for sea. We have preserved the body of our heroic captain, and shall, if possible, also that of Mr. H. Fitzhugh (a midshipman), a fine promising youth, who fell at the time the captain did. They are the only killed; we have one man lost his right arm, another severely wounded, and several slightly. Most of our shot holes are between wind and water."

A very promising Institution under the denomination of "The Caledonian Asylum," is about to be established in this Metropolis, under the patronage of the Highland Society of London, for the maintenance and education of a limited number of the sons of such Scottish sailors, soldiers, and marines, as may have served their country, died in the service, or been disabled, &c. The boys are to be

taught reading in English and Gaelic, Writing, and Arithmetic; in addition to which they will receive such preparatory instructions as may be necessary to qualify them for the Royal Navy, or merchants' service, as well as for the trades connected with a seafaring life, and such of them as shall possess the military ardour of their forefathers, are to receive a preparatory education suitable to the army. Into this Institution also are to be admitted a certain number of girls, the offspring of such parents as are above described, who are to receive an education suitable to their situation in life, as well as in every domestic employment, to make them useful servants, and to be brought up in the knowledge and practice of virtue and religion. In order to render this Institution the more complete, a Gaelic chapel, in which divine service is to be performed in the Gaelic and English languages alternately on the same day, is to form a prominent branch of the establishment. *

Amongst the numerous useful experiments to which Galvanism has given rise, are some which satisfactorily account for the blighted and decayed state of branches of fruit trees, while other branches of the same plant remain healthy, an appearance generally ascribed by gardeners to lightning. From conclusive research and observation, it has been ascertained that this effect is produced by the oxidation of the nails or iron cramps, by which the branches are supported, coming in contact with the bark.—Plants in general are in a short time withered and killed by Galvanism, and Galvanism is produced in a greater or less degree by every metal passing into a state of oxidation, and is greatest of course in rainy seasons, when the oxidation is most rapid.

Deaths in and near London.

At his house, in Hornsey-lane, Highgate, aged 88, George Idle, Esq.—
At his house, in Percy-street, Rathbone-place, aged 71, F. Morland, Esq. a Magistrate of Hertfordshire.—
Mr. R. Jones, of Mark-lane, brandy-merchant, a well-known eccentric character, especially on the Custom-House Quay. He is said to have died worth 500,000*l.* which he has bequeathed to a number of poor rela-

tions.—In the 83d year of his age, Mr. Calvert. Lady Campbell gave an elegant Ball, at her house in Wimpole-street. No pains or expense were spared to render the entertainment worthy of the numerous and distinguished persons who were invited and attended. The dancing commenced at an early hour. An elegant supper followed. Harmony and pleasure prevailed, until an event happened in the hall-room, which banished all happiness and comfort from the scene in a moment; it was no less than the sudden death of one of the dancers, Mr. Calvert, who actually dropped down dead. Mr. Calvert burst a blood vessel in going down a reel. The utmost terror and distress were depicted in the countenance of every one of the guests; as for Lady Campbell, she fainted from the fright. This melancholy event broke up the assembly. Most of the company departed in tears. Mr. Calvert was much respected in a very extensive circle of friends. He was the son of—Calvert, Esq. of North Audley-street.—At a very advanced age, at his house in Whitehall, James Duff, Earl of Fife, Viscount Macduff, Baron Braco, of Kilbryde, in the county of Cavan. His lordship was created a British peer in 1710, by the title of Baron Fife, in the county of Fife; he was Lord Lieutenant of Banffshire. He succeeded his father William, the late Earl, September 30, 1753; married, in 1766, Lady Dorothea Sinclair, only child of Alexander, ninth Earl of Caithness, by Lady Margaret Primrose, daughter of Archibald, fourth Earl of Roseberry. His lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by the Hon. Alexander Duff, now Earl of Fife.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

AMERICA.

Letter from Mr. Jefferson to the Delegates of the Democratic Republicans of the City of Philadelphia, in general committee assembled.

"The epoch, fellow-citizens, into which our lot has fallen, has indeed been fruitful of events, which require vigilance and embarrassed deliberation. That, during such a period of difficulty, and amidst the perils surrounding us, the public measures

which have been pursued should meet your approbation, is a source of great satisfaction.

"It was not expected, in this age, that nations, so honourably distinguished by their advances in science and civilization, would suddenly cast away the esteem they had merited from the world, and revolting from the empire of morality, assume a character in history, which all the fears of their posterity will never wash from its pages.—But, during this delirium of the warring powers, the ocean having become a field of lawless violence, a suspension of our navigation, for a time, was equally necessary to avoid contest, or enter it with advantage. This measure will indeed produce some temporary inconvenience, but promises lasting good, by promoting among ourselves the establishment of manufactures hitherto sought abroad, at the risk of collisions no longer regulated by laws of reason or morality.

"It is to be lamented that any of our citizens, not thinking with the mass of the nation as to the principles of our government, or of its administration, and seeing all its proceedings with a prejudiced eye, should so misconceive and misrepresent our situation as to encourage aggression from foreign nations. Our expectation is, that their distempered views will be understood by others, as they are by ourselves. But should there be the consequence of these delusions, and the errors of our dissatisfied citizens find atonement only in the blood of their sounder brethren, we must meet it as an evil necessarily flowing from that liberty of speaking and writing which guards our other liberties; and I have entire confidence in the assurances that your ardour will be animated, in the conflicts brought on, by considerations of the necessity, honour, and justice of our cause.

"I sincerely thank you, fellow-citizens, for the concern you so kindly express for my future happiness. It is a high and abundant reward for endeavours to be useful; and I supplicate the care of Providence over the well-being of yourselves and our beloved country.

May 25, 1800.

"J. JEFFERSON."

Spain.
PRECAUTIONS which it will be proper to observe throughout the different provinces of Spain, in the necessity to which they have been driven by the French, of resisting the unjust and violent possession which their armies are endeavouring to take of the kingdom.

We cannot doubt a moment of the exertions which the united provinces of Spain would make to obstruct and defeat the malicious designs of the French; and that they will sacrifice even their lives on this occasion, the most important, and unparalleled in the history of the nation, both in the thing itself, and in the horrible means of ingratitude and perfidy by which the French have undertaken, pursued, and are still endeavouring to effect, our slavery:—

1. Let the first object be to avoid all general actions, and to convince ourselves of the very great hazards, without any advantage, or even the hope of it, to which they would expose us. The reasons of this resolution are many, and such as any one will discover who has the use of his understanding.

2. A war of partisans is the system which suits us; the embarrassing and wasting the enemy's armies by want of provisions, destroying judges, throwing up entrenchments in proper situations, and other similar means. The situation of Spain, its many mountains, and the passes which they present, its rivers and torrents, and even the collocation of its provinces, invite us to carry on this species of warfare successfully.

3. It is indispensable that each province should have its General, of known talents, and of such experience as our situation permits, that his heroic loyalty should inspire the utmost confidence, and that every General should have under his command officers of merit, particularly of artillery and engineers.

4. As a combined union of plans is the soul of every well-concerted enterprise, and that which alone can promise and facilitate a successful issue, it appears indispensable that there should be three Generalissimos, who should act in concert with each other.

those who should command in the four kingdoms of Andalusia, in Murcia, and Lower Estramadura—another in Castile, Upper Estramadura, Old and New Castile, and Leon—another in Valencia, Arragon, and Catalonia; a person of the greatest credit being appointed to Navarre, the Biscayan Provinces, Montanus, Asturias, Rioja, and the North of Old Castile, for the purposes which will be mentioned hereafter.

5. Each of these Generals and Generalissimos will form an army of veterans, troops and peasantry united, and put himself in a situation to undertake enterprizes, and to succour the most exposed points, keeping up always a frequent communication with the other Generalissimos, in order that all may act by common accord, and assist one another.

6. Madrid and La Mancha require an especial General, to concert and execute the enterprizes which their particular local situation demands—his only object must be to embarrass the enemy's armies, to take away or cut off their provisions, to attack them in flank and rear, and not to leave them a moment of repose. The courage of these inhabitants is well-known, and they will eagerly embrace such enterprizes, if they are led as they should be. In the succession war the enemy entered twice into the interior of the kingdom, and even as far as its capital, and this was the cause of their defeat, their entire ruin, and their utter failure of success.

7. The Generalissimos of the north and east will block up the entrances to the provinces under their command, and come to the assistance of any one that may be attacked by the enemy, to prevent as much as possible all pillage, and preserve its inhabitants from the desolation of war, the many mountains and defiles which are on the confines of these provinces being favourable to such projects.

8. The destination of the General of Navarre, Biscay, and the rest of this department, is the most important of all, in which he will be assisted by the Generals of the north and east, with the troops and other succours which he stands in need of. His whole business must be to shut the entrance of Spain against fresh French

troops, and to harass and destroy those that return from Spain to France by this point. The very rugged local situation of these provinces will be of singular advantage in such a design, and these enterprizes, if well concerted and carried into execution, will no doubt be successful: and the same may be understood of the different points by which the French troops which are in Portugal may come into Spain, or by which French troops may enter through Rollissillon into Catalana, for there is not much to be apprehended for Arragon. And, even from Portugal, it is not thought that they will escape, on account of the proclamations which have been circulated in that kingdom, and the hatred which they before bore to the French being increased without measure by the innumerable evils which they have been made to suffer, and the cruel oppression in which they are held by them.

9. At the same time it would be very proper that the generalissimos should publish and circulate frequent proclamations amongst the people, and rouse their courage and loyalty, shewing them that they have every thing to fear from the horrible perfidy with which the French have dealt with all Spain, and even with their King Ferdinand VII. and that if they rule over us all is lost, kings, monarchy, property, liberty, independence, and religion; and that therefore it is necessary to sacrifice our lives and property in defence of the king and of the country, and though our lot (which we hope will never come to pass) should destine us to become slaves, let us become to fighting and dying like gallant men, not giving up ourselves basely to the yoke like sheep, as the late infamous government would have done, and fixing upon Spain and her slavery eternal ignominy and disgrace. France has never domineered over us, nor let her foot in our territory. We have many times mastered her, not by deceit, but by force of arms, we have made her kings prisoners, and we have made the nation tremble—we are the same Spaniards, and France, and Europe, and the world shall see, that we are not less gallant, nor less brave, than the most glorious of our ancestors.

10. All persons of education in the provinces should be stimulated to frame, print, and publish frequent short discourses, in order to preserve the public opinion, and the ardour of the nation, confuting at the same time the infamous diaries of Madrid, which the baseness of the late government has permitted, and still permits, to be published in Madrid itself, and has caused to be circulated abroad, detecting their falsehoods and continual contradictions; let them cover with shame the miserable authors of these diaries, and sometimes extend their remarks to those Charlatans, the French Gazetteers, and even to their *Moniteur*; and let them display and publish to Spain, to all Europe, their horrible falsehoods and venal praises, for they afford abundant matter for such a work. Let all such perverted minds tremble at Spain, and let France know that the Spaniards have thoroughly penetrated their designs, and therefore it is that they justly detest and abominate them, and that they will sooner lay down their lives than submit to their iniquitous and barbarous yoke.

11. Care shall be taken to explain

to the nation, and to convince them, By Order of the Supreme Junta.

JUAN BAUTISTA PARDO,
Secretary.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

DORSETSHIRE.

DIED. Suddenly, much regretted for his pleasantries and ready wit, William Churchill, esq. of Hanbury, Dorsetshire, of the same family as John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, and the lineal representative, by his mother's side, of the original stock from which the Lowndes's of Buckinghamshire and Oxfordshire are sprang; his mother being Sarah Lowndes, the daughter and sole heiress of John Lowndes, esq. of Overton and Lea-hall in Cheshire, and of Shepherdwell in Kent. He was first married to Lady Louisa Greville, sister to the Earl of Warwick, by whom he has left a son and heir. His second wife, now a widow, was the relict of the late Earl of Strarford. Mr. Churchill was great nephew, and one of the heirs of Thomas Lowndes, esq. a clerk in the Treasury, who founded an Astronomical

Professorship at Cambridge; and who, at great expense and trouble, invented the bay salt that goes by his name; but for which invention 25,000*l.* is still due from Government to the executors of the above Thomas Lowndes, who died in 1748.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Hereford Midsummer Fair exhibited a large quantity of wool for sale, but owing to the present restricted state of foreign commerce, the number of buyers was small, and the finer and coarser sorts went at full 20 per cent. lower than last year's prices. In the morning a good deal of coarse wool was sold, and in the evening, and on Saturday morning, the finer sorts went off briskly, but owing to the large supply, some remained unsold, particularly the average of the prices given by two considerable purchasers: fine wool,

27s. to 32s. and coarse wool, 17s. 6d. to 23s. per stone; Merino as high as 38s. 6d. The cattle market exhibited several beautiful animals of the breed of the county, but the number of beasts was not large; the buyers were few. Fat cattle sold well, at fair prices, but lean ones were in little demand, and something lower. The quantity of sheep, particularly fat ones, was not so large as is customary at this fair, and many buyers could not procure the number of the latter they wanted; of course they sold well; but for lean ones there were very few purchasers, and they went at reduced prices. Of horses we can say little; good ones, as usual, went very high, and all sorts were in demand. Hops averaged from 2l. 10s. to 4l. 4s. per cwt.

It must prove highly satisfactory to the public to be informed, that 11,000 acres of waste land are enclosing, and planting with oak for his Majesty's use, in the Forest of Dean, and 6,000 acres in New Forest, for the same purpose specially, the whole to be under the management of Commissioners appointed for that purpose. These extensive national plantations are to be kept strictly enclosed from the browse of deer and cattle, until the trees are grown out of danger, and then to be laid open for feeding, when an additional quantity of other waste land is to be enclosed and planted, in proportion to that which may be thus laid open.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

At the late Agricultural Meeting at Berkhamstead, Mr. Flower, of Hertford, gave as a toast, Mary Bowdell, aged 60, living in Hertfordshire. The reason of introducing such a person to their notice was, that she had spun one pound of Merino wool into yarn, so fine that it was considered by those who were competent judges, to excel any ever attempted; it measured in length 29 miles 200 yards.

KENT.

Died.] At her brother's house at Cranbrook, in the 68th year of her age, Mrs. Paine, wife of the celebrated Mr. Thomas Paine, author of *The Rights of Man*, &c. to whom she was married in 1761. She lived only three years with her hus-

band, when a separation is said to have taken place owing to his inhuman behaviour. She was the daughter of Mr. Olive, a respectable tradesman in Lewes. She lived respected and died lamented, a firm believer in the doctrines of the gospel. — At the Vicarage-house, Petham, in the 68th year of his age, the Rev. Thomas Randolph, M.A. He was brother to the present Bishop of Bangor, and eldest son of the late Rev. Thomas Randolph, D.D. Archdeacon of Oxford, and Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, and President of Christ Church College, Oxford. He was educated at Westminster School, and was formerly student of Christ Church, Oxford. He had been many years rector of the united parishes of Saltwood and Hythe, and also vicar of Petham and Waltham, in this county.

LANCASHIRE.

Died.] In Manchester, Mr. P. Connor, late box-book-keeper of the Theatre-royal. Mr. Connor had been many years known in public and private life. Formerly he conducted the business of the theatre in Manchester, as joint manager, and was long much esteemed as a respectable comedian: he had variously experienced the smiles and frowns of fortune; in prosperity he was hospitable and generous—in adversity he was a stranger to a mean or dishonourable act. When a boy, he was taken into the service of the late celebrated Edward Shuter, the great comedian of his day, with whom he lived for several years with fidelity and affection. His remains were interred at St. John's, attended by Mr. McCreedy, Mr. Cooke, Mr. Barrymore, and several other gentlemen of the theatre. — Lately, at the advanced age of 110 years and six months, Mary Ralphson, Kent-street, born January 1st, 1698, old style, at Lochabar, in Scotland; married Ralph Ralphson, then a private in the army of Duke William; she followed the same, and was an attendant on her husband in several memorable engagements both in England and Scotland. On the breaking out of the war in French Flanders, she embarked with the troops, and shared their toils and vicissitudes. In the battle of Dettingen, being on the

field during the heat of the conflict, and surrounded with heaps of slain, she observed a wounded dragoon fall by her side: she disguised herself in his clothes, mounted his charger, and remained the retreating army, in which she found her husband, with whom she returned to England, and accompanied him in his after campaigns with Duke William. She has chiefly subsisted, of late years, by the assistance of some benevolent ladies of Liverpool, who have contributed every thing in their power to her comfort and accommodation.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Died.] At Stamford, aged 58, Mrs. Ann Blades, of that place, better known by the familiar appellation of "Nan Roberts." She becomes entitled to a place in our obituary by the celebrity which she has many years acquired and maintained as *Empress of the Bullards* in Stamford. This proud title will scarce need explaining to persons resident in Lincolnshire, or within a moderate circuit round Stamford;—to our other readers, however, it may be necessary to say, that an annual festival is kept there on the 13th of November, when, the shops being shut, all business deferred, and the streets and every outlet from the town being stopped up, a mad bull is let loose to range all day, followed by thousands of intrepid "bullards," each anxious to distinguish himself by provoking the rage of the bull, and then eluding his butt. The heroine whose death we record was particularly instrumental in defeating an attempt of the magistrates some years ago to put an end to this strange violation of order, and she has ever since been had in high esteem by the bullards. On the day of the festival it has been her practice to be splendidly attired in blue, and visiting the houses of substantial people in the town, almost by house-row, she has often collected a handsome sum for her former services, and her continued zeal in the "glorious cause" of the commonalty!! Some of our readers will perhaps be disposed to exclaim with Hamlet, "something too much of this!" Indeed we should hardly have been led to say so much on such a subject, had not the deceased and her companions been ere

this considered fit objects of panegyric within the walls even of the House of Commons!!

NORFOLK.

Crowds of Norwich citizens have every day for some time past been amused with seeing an extraordinary thistle in one of Mr. Robert Herring's fields at Bracondale. It is a very common one in this neighbourhood; the *Cardus Nutans*; but in growing with extraordinary luxuriance, has acquired such a variation in its form, size, and general appearance, as to be the subject of general conversation and wonderment. Its height is about five feet, and its stem, instead of being round, is flattened into a breadth of several inches, terminated by a broad bunch of compressed and imperfect red flowers. The cause of this is not difficult of explanation; many plants, and even branches of trees, under circumstances favorable to rapid growth, assume the same appearance of monstrosity; this was particularly the case the last spring with many asparagus plants. In the present instance a lump of manure probably covered the spot where the thistle grew, and the extraordinary warmth and moisture of the beginning of May so much favoured a luxuriant growth, that ten or twelve stems sprang from the root, and in their rise, favoured by the same circumstances of heat and moisture, kept up the same luxuriance of growth, and coalesced together, forming one flat stem as before noticed, on which the vestiges of the different stems are to be traced; and this is farther confirmed by the flower at the top being divisible into the same number of parts as there are lines of stems below it.

The thermometer in the shade in the open air at Hartest, Suffolk, free from the reflection of the sun, was, on Tuesday, July 12, at half past two o'clock P.M. at 88; on Wednesday, at the same hour, 99; and on Thursday, at a quarter past two o'clock P.M. 97, which is supposed to be higher than ever known before in this country.

An equal degree of heat was experienced in Bury; and, exposed to the noon-day sun, the thermometer rose from 100 to 110 degrees.

Thetford Wool Fair, held on Sa-

Thursday last, was not so fully attended as in some previous years, and very little, if any, business was done. Mr. Coke presided as usual, and supported the chair with his customary spirit, and enlivening conversation. He offered his best wool at 60s. per tod, but no buyer came forward, nor did we hear of any purchases being made throughout the day. Among the company present at the George were noticed, the respectable Chairman; Sir William Rowley; Bernard Howard, esq.; General Hethersett; Messrs. Thain, Mosely, Money Hill, Blyth, Sewell, Godfrey, Spencer, and a number of other distinguished agriculturists; to such of whom as were unknown to Mr. Coke, he very liberally availed himself of the opportunity to give them a pressing solicitation to his sheep-shearing at Holkham the ensuing year.

An alarming accident lately occurred at Thetford — Mr. G.W. Marshall, clerk of the three parishes in that town, having occasion (in his situation of serjeant-major of the Thetford Volunteers) to assort some damaged cartridges, in doing which a spark from a hearth-brush, which had just been used in sweeping up the embers of a wood fire, and was procured by his son for the purpose of gathering up some scattered powder, accidentally communicated with a barrel of gunpowder standing near, which exploded, and blew up him and his youngest son a considerable distance. The workshop, in which they were, instantly took fire, and from its communication with the house and adjoining buildings, at first occasioned considerable alarm, but the flames were soon subdued, from the ready assistance afforded by all classes of the inhabitants. Poor Marshall and his boy languished till the following evening, when they died, in consequence of their having been most shockingly burnt and maimed. It is not unworthy of record, that this man had for a considerable period filled near 30 situations in the borough of Thetford, and his loss is much deplored there. The father was 40, and the son 11 years of age. The bodies of these unfortunate persons were interred in St. Mary's church-yard, Thetford, when the offi-

cers and whole volunteer corps attended them to the grave, with a great number of the principal inhabitants, and the largest assembly of persons ever witnessed there on such an occasion: after the funeral, Major Gill addressed the corps in a manly and impressive speech, pointing out to them, in the most feeling terms, the great loss they had sustained: when the non-commissioned officers and privates, to a man, participating in the same feelings, desired they might be permitted to add three days' pay to the subscription for the benefit of the widow and children.

The Corporation of Norwich have it in contemplation to apply to Parliament for an Act to enable them to erect a bridge over the river to communicate with Thorpe.

Died.] The Lady of the Rev. E. S. Thurlow, Prebendary of the Cathedral of Norwich. — At Sedgeford the Rev. Thos. Weatherhead, Vicar of that parish, and of Rougham and Easton, all in this county.

OXFORDSHIRE.

The Commemoration on June 28 and 29, was unusually splendid. Upwards of two thousand persons attended the Theatre on Tuesday, when the poems which obtained the annual prizes were recited. The first prize was awarded to Mr. Cleaver, of Christ-college, (son of the Bishop of Ferns) for a Latin poem entitled *Delphi*. The second prize was obtained for a copy of English verses, written by Mr. Rolleston, of University-college, who was also last year a successful candidate for poetic fame—and the last prize was given to Mr. Gray, a Bachelor of Oriel-college, for an admirable essay on the subject of "Hereditary Rank."

The Rev. Mr. Owen, one of the Chaplains of Christ Church College, lately put an end to his life, by shooting himself with a horse pistol. In the afternoon of Thursday he went to the shop of a Mr. Sikes, in the High-street, to purchase a pair of pistols, but he appeared in so agitated a state of mind, that Mr. Sikes refused to sell them to him, on which he left the shop, and went to some place where he borrowed the fatal instrument, which he told the person who lent it to him was to shoot at a mark with.

He was engaged as tutor to a young gentleman, and had ordered the chaise to be at the door on Friday morning to take him to town. He was a young man, about 20, of a most excellent character, and not the least embarrassed in his circumstances; therefore no cause can be given for this rash act.

SUFFOLK.

The heat from Tuesday the 12th to the 15th of July, as observed by an accurate thermometer in Dr. R. Hamilton's garden, has far exceeded the common standard of the season. On Tuesday, at a quarter past two, P.M. the thermometer was 90 degrees. On Wednesday, at the same hour, 95; and on Thursday, at one P.M. 99; at five P.M. same day, it had sunk to 93; and at eight P.M. to 80. On Friday, at five A.M. it was 65, with sky cloudy, threatening a sudden change. On a registering thermometer, near the Quay, it stood on Thursday at 97. On another, placed in the steeple at St. Peter's church, Ipswich, the column of air there was 91, and in a garden near it 92. On the marshes contiguous to the town it was only 87, which might be referred to a freer access of air, to evaporation from the river, or to the different hour in which the experiment was made. The subtle and fugitive nature of heat renders it liable to many and sudden alterations in a very short time. A freshening eddy in the current of the atmosphere is the most obvious, and sufficient to account for all the differences found here. To make a just estimate, however, of the heat of different days, or at different seasons, the instrument should be stationary. The heat at one P.M. on Thursday, was perhaps the greatest summer heat ever noticed in this eastern part of our island. Boerhaave concluded, that should the heat of the air ever equal the standard of human heat, which, from the imperfection of the thermometer in his time, he placed at 95, instead of 93 (the true standard), that man could not remain in existence. But this great philosopher in this was mistaken; for in the observations above it was exceeded by a degree. In the East Indies it is frequently at 104 within doors; yet man not only lives,

but lives in health. This happy accommodation of his system to circumstances is brought about by the simple law of evaporation; for as the heat accumulates, it is carried off by a more copious perspiration, and the standard is preserved at the same point. Transport him again to the icy mountains of Greenland, and he will also live in health—for perspiration, now diminished in proportion to the cold around, suffers his heat to accumulate, to its usual standard, at which it keeps it, as copious perspiration had before done in the torrid regions of the East.

The 2d, of Queen's, and 20th regiments, marched from Ipswich garrison to Landguard Fort, for embarkation, on Monday the 18th instant. Two men of the 2d, from the excessive heat of the weather, dropped down, and expired immediately. Several of the soldiers not being able to keep up with the regiments, did not arrive till it was too late to go on board the transports, and were obliged to remain on the beach the whole night, where one of them died. The two who dropped on the road were buried at Landguard Fort by a detachment of the Norfolk Militia on duty there.

Died] Lately, aged 70, the Rev. Richard Waddington, M.A. rector of Cavendish, in this county—a gentleman greatly esteemed, and who is much lamented by his parishioners and friends. The living is in the gift of Jesus-college, Cambridge.

SUSSEX.

At a late meeting of the magistrates, for carrying into effect the Act for building a new Shire-hall at Lewes, the price of the land, &c. (the site of the said intended Shire-hall) was agreed for; and it was resolved, that workmen, under the direction of Mr. Johnson the architect, should be immediately employed in pulling down the houses, preparatory to its erection, which is to be on a spacious, elegant, and very convenient plan.

At the above meeting, the plan and estimates for an intended alteration of Lewes bridge, so as to render it more safe for foot-passengers, were taken into consideration, when the said plan was agreed to, as laid aside, and another, for making a more temporary, but equally safe passage, for persons

on foot, was adopted, and ordered to be carried into early execution.

Died.] At Brighton, the Countess of Bath. She had been some time indisposed: she was attended by Mrs. Case, the widow of her coachman, who died at Brighton a few weeks ago. It would almost appear that her ladyship had a presentiment of her approaching dissolution, from the following words which she uttered to Mrs. C. soon after taking some refreshment—"Masy, I am better to-day—and I shall not give you much trouble to-morrow. But watch constantly by me to-day, Mary, for to me it will be a day of great consequence!" Until about two hours subsequently, however, no serious apprehensions were entertained on her ladyship's account; when, in walking across her room, her strength appeared gradually leaving her, and Mrs. C. in the end, with some difficulty and more alarm, supported her to her bed. This done, she rang the bell violently, and a servant was presently dispatched for medical assistance. Mr. Bond, the surgeon and apothecary that generally attended her Ladyship, soon after arrived; but the moment he beheld his suffering patient, he pronounced her to be in the agonies of death! Her ladyship survived his appearance but a very short time. Lady Bath was the only child of Sir William Pulteny, was possessed of larger estates, real and personal, than almost any individual in England. In consequence of her death without issue, her husband, Sir James Pulteny, succeeds, by her ladyship's will, to her personal estate. The Pulteny estate, except a small part which the Earl of Darlington succeeds to, descends to Sir Richard Sutton. The whole residue of her extensive property, consisting of her estates in Scotland, the American estate, together with the Weymouth estate, and Sir William's other acquisitions in different parts of England, descend to her cousin, Sir John Lowther Johnstone, her heir at law, and the representative of her father's family. Her ladyship has also left legacies to a number of private friends to a large amount.

WILLIAM.

At the house of Mr. Mabel, Lower Lodge Farm, which entirely consumed the same; and a little boy, five years of age, was lost in the conflagration. It was first discovered by a stage coachman, in a pigeon-loft contiguous to the dwelling, and such was the rapidity of the flames, that the house was destroyed in half a hour. It was occasioned by some dry wood taking fire over an oven, and it was with difficulty that any of the family escaped.

WORCESTERSHIRE

An Act has passed this present Session of Parliament, to raise money to complete the Worcester and Birmingham Canal to Worcester, by creating an additional number of shares, at 40l. per share, which puts the subscribers on an equal footing with the original proprietors. It will pass through a very populous and manufacturing country, from Birmingham to deep water in the Severn below the bridge at Worcester; by which means Worcester, Gloucester, and the other towns on the banks of the Severn below Worcester, will be supplied with coal of the best quality at a very reduced price.

It is confidently expected, that in two years the Kennet and Avon Canal will be accomplished, thereby making a direct water communication between Bristol, Bath, and the metropolis.

YORKSHIRE.

An interesting Question.—At a meeting of the Holderness Agricultural Society at Heslop, on the 13th ult. the following question was proposed for discussion:—

"As various kinds of birds, viz. rooks, pigeons, sparrows, &c. are denounced as mortal enemies to agriculturists, and their extermination is eagerly sought: Do not the benefits they bestow, by devouring insects, more than balance the injuries they commit by devouring corn? And would it not be to the advantage of the agriculturist to promote the increase of those birds, which destroy insects, but do not destroy corn, viz. larks, starlings, thrushes, &c.?" A gentleman of the Society, who has deservedly acquired considerable reputation in the agricultural world, for his well-contrived experiments as to

the most effectual mode of destroying the grub or larva of the *Pipula*, or *Swarming Long Legs*, detailed the result of a very curious experiment which he had instituted for the purpose of ascertaining the number of these insects which a nest of rooks may probably consume annually.—One of his servants was stationed a whole day, from one o'clock in the morning to eight at night, in the neighbourhood of a rookery, and kept an accurate account of the number of tunes which the old crows during that interval fed their young ones. The average result of his observations on five nests, was, that the old crows made seventy journeys per day; and it having been ascertained by shooting one of them, just before its entry into the nest, that it had in the bag below its beak, 38 grubs, it follows, that supposing them to feed on these insects through the year, a family of rooks would in that time destroy 1,443,560 grubs. And supposing, which is a very moderate calculation, that each grub, previously to its assuming the winged state, destroys the herbage of four square inches, this number would destroy the herbage of three roods twenty-seven perches. Hence the ingenious contriver of this admirable experiment inferred the immense advantage which the farmer derives from this species of bird alone, without whose benignant service, added to those of its congeners, the toils of the agriculturist would be in vain. Another member of the society produced the crop of a pigeon shot lately, in which were, not more than a few grains of wheat and a bean or two, its principal contents being the seeds of ketlocks, and other noxious weeds.—After an interesting discussion, the company agreed in the affirmative, on both parts of the question. Several specimens of prepared whalebone, which it is proposed to apply in the manufacture of sieves, riddles, and sheep-nets, were afterwards exhibited.

WALES.

The surprising improvements which have been made in North Wales, within these six years, by W. A. Madoc, Esq. B.P. are brought forward to prove how greatly proprietors in that part of the kingdom may increase their rents, and at the same time better

the condition of the poor. In addition to the roads already completed under this gentleman's inspection, the improvements now going on at Tre-Madoc, are—1. *A Harbour on the south-east boundary of the estate viz. Ynys-Congor.*—2. *A Canal from this Harbour to the town of Tre-Madoc,* finished.—3. *The Town of Tre-Madoc.* This, when finished, will contain one street of a mile in length, and several cross streets, of a quarter of a mile each; besides three squares. There are already built a market-place, and elegant market-house, a large church, two excellent inns, and upwards of a hundred houses. A weekly market is established, with annual fair, and races. The houses are all built of grey granite, and covered with blue slate. The ground it stands on, with some hundreds of acres adjoining, was gained from the sea by the embanking in 1800.—4. *Embanking eight years ago 1800 acres of land from the sea;* the greater part of which lets from 30 to 40 shillings per acre.—5. *Another Embankment is begun,* of shorelands, contiguous, that will gain 3,500 acres of equal value, which, when finished, will be the noblest thing of the kind hitherto undertaken in Britain. An iron rail-way will be placed on the top of the embankment, which will connect the counties of Merioneth and Caernarvon, before separated by this oozy inlet of the sea. On this great undertaking at Tre-Madoc, Mr. Lowdon was consulted.—6. *Irrigating and flooding a large proportion of the land gained from the sea.*—7. *Planting several hundreds of acres of rocky spots and mountainous steeps;* a work annually proceeding. So rapid has been the growth of these plantations, that the parts first planted are already worth from 60l. to 100l. an acre.—8. A large nursery is established near the town, and considerable tracts of mountain are every year inclosed, and covered with larch. The scarcity of wood in this part of Wales, and the importance of Ynys-Congor harbour, will render such plantations of great value in a very few years.—9. *Establishing a complete Paper Manufacture on the estate;* and, in the town, an improved tan-work in which the turpentine is used.—10. To these may be added, the building of an elegant villa, near

style, the simplicity of which corresponds with the nature of the scenery around it. The disposition also of the extensive grounds; the views from and round which for several miles, are among the most singular and romantic in Wales.

These public improvements are widely felt by the adjoining counties, and when the harbour and new roads are finished (for which Mr. M. has obtained separate acts of parliament) the influx of wealth into this part of North Wales, will totally alter the condition of its inhabitants.

Mr. M. has also built several adjacent villas, for the accommodation of his particular friends; thus uniting the high pleasures of a select society, to the rural quiet, and agricultural comforts of the country.

In addition to these buildings, he is, in many parts of the estate, erecting comfortable cottages, with a due apportionment of land, which is as sound policy as it is real humanity.

SCOTLAND.

A theatre is to be erected at Dundee, for which 4,000*l.* has been subscribed, and of which Mr. Rock is to be the lessee and manager. There is also, we understand, to be a theatre built at Perth. We are happy to see those traits of liberal sentiment in Scotland, where, at no distant period, theatrical amusements were almost proscribed, and the theatre of Edinburgh, then the only one in that part of the United Kingdom, anathematised by the puritanical Presbyterians as the Devil's house; and where, if a clergyman dared to set his foot, to see the most moral performances, he was liable to deprivation. It is well known that Mr. Home, the author of *Douglas*, of which the clergy and people of Scotland are now proud, not only lost his living himself, but such of his brother clergymen, who were so impious as to go and see the performance, were subjected to deprivation, or other punishments of the Scottish church.

We are truly sorry to understand that the lower classes of the inhabitants of the west coast of Inverness and Ross shires, and in many parts of the Highlands, are in a state of very great distress from the want of provisions. Not very lately, a few humane and spirited individuals, acquainted with

the circumstances of the people, supplied them with meal on credit, until a demand should arise for their black cattle, the only commodity they have to dispose of: but their supplies being exhausted, and a necessary regard for their own security having rendered it advisable for them not to extend their credit any further, all the evils of want are likely to be experienced, although some cargoes of meal have been lately sent with the best intentions. Unfortunately, however, it will not be given out without cash, and the country being entirely drained of money, the miserable inhabitants may be doomed to starve in the midst of plenty.

Died.] At Perth, Thomas Marshall, Esq. provost of that city, whose name will long be remembered with affection and gratitude. His illness was originally occasioned by one of those magnanimous actions that marked his character—seeing from a window that overlooks the river Tay, a man struggling in the stream for life, he ran across the bridge, and suddenly plunged into the water to save him. The extraordinary exertion proved fatal to himself, and brought upon him the complaint which ended only with his life. To his private virtues were added great activity and public spirit. His native town has been improved, ornamented, and extended in an astonishing manner under his auspices; and the situation on which stand the public seminaries is his gift. His death is regarded by the inhabitants as a public loss—on the day of his funeral all the shops were shut up, and ten thousand people followed him to the grave; amongst whom his Grace the Duke of Athol condescended to confer upon him this mark of attention.

IRELAND.

Died.] At Glencullen, near Kiltiernan, county of Dublin, aged 109 years, three months, and seventeen days, Valentine Walsh, farmer. This venerable patriarch enjoyed perfect health until within a few days of his death; was a keen sportsman, and a constant companion of the famous Johnny Adair, of Kiltiernan. He was a jolly companion, much attached to his native whiskey, of which he drank regularly two quarts every day in great

until a week before his death. His funeral was attended by above 500 persons from the neighbouring villages.

Bernard Shaw, Esq., late collector of Cork. This event took place under the following most distressing circumstances:—Mr. Shaw had been unwell for some time previous, and on that morning had gone from his country residence, at Monkstown, into

Cork, to consult his physician: on his return, for the benefit of the air, he rode on the barouche-seat, but the carriage had proceeded but a short way, when he desired the coachman to stop, exclaiming, that he found a pain starting from his back to his heart! He was immediately removed into the carriage, and expired almost instantaneously, in the arms of Mrs. Shaw.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JUNE 21, to JULY 23, 1898, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses

ALLCOTT W. Gosport, haberdasher, (Tarrant and Co. Chancery-lane).
Andrews G Mark-lane, ship-broker, (Healing, Lawrence-lane)

Bloom D. Trowse Milgate, Norwich, merchant, (Forster and Co Norwich) Bell R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, linen-draper, (Clennell, Staple Inn) Bradbury W Doleheld, clothier, (Hopshard and Co Bedford-row) Best B Great St. Helen's, tailor, (Wilde, jun Castle-street). Ball W. C Woolverhampton, baker, (Wilkins, Staple-lun). Birch J. and Robinson R Broughton-Lodge, Lancaster, cotton spinners, (Milne and Co. Temple).

Calvert W Maryport, Cumberland, mercer, (Falcon, Elm-court). Cass J. Scarborough, cabinet-maker, (Bousfield, Bouvier street) McCulllan W. Preston, linen draper, (Blakelock and Co. Temple). Cotton T Hackney, insurance-broker, (Bourhillon and Co Little Friday-street). Cawley A Milton, Derby, grocer, (Huxley, Pump-court) Chandler N. Fleet-market, butcher, (Fletcher, Took's court) Coghlan J Liverpool, victualler, (Windle, John-street) Calvert T Lancaster, grocer, (Hurd, Temple). Crofts J Great Frill, Axminster, Devon, horse dealer, (Stokes, Golden-square)

Danvers J. Woolwich, surgeon, (Lansdown, lunar Temple-lane) Doyle T. Threadneedle-street, mariner, (Dawes, Angel-court) Dovey J. Hereford, wine merchant, (Chilton, Chancery lane). Delahoyde C. Haymarket, rectifying distiller, (Humphries, Clement's-lun). Davey J. Curtain-road, carpenter, (Bond, East India Chambers) Dryer B. Exeter, floor-cloth manufacturer, (Williams and Co. Fritche's street, Bedford-row). Davis N Faldington, dealer and chapman, (Kays, Somerset place). Davies E. Clothfilar, woolen-drapery, (Pullen, Fore-street). Davis S. Elford, shopkeeper, (Day and Co. Cullum-street)

Ilam J. BRIGHTHELMSTONE, carpenter, (Wilde, jun Castle street).

Francis T. Francis G and Francis T. jun Cambridge, merchants. (Goodwyn, King's-lun, Norfolk). Frankland F. Bow lane, warehouseman, (Lee, Three Crown-court) Fucker R Portsea, builder, (Tarrant and Co Chancery lane)

Goodenough W Hamstead road, (Henson, Dorset street) Gilbert W. Portsea, cabinet-maker, (Sandys and Co Chancery-lane) Green R Bishop-gate street, jeweller, (Spence, Holborn-court). Grey R. Portsea, builder, (Naylor, Great New str). Gill B Manchester, draper, (Flinn, Curator-street) Gurney C Liverpool, confectioner, (Windle, John street). Gatty J. Oxford street, ironmonger, (Edison, Cooper's hall) Gate J. Fleet street, pastry-cook, (Matthews and Co Castle street). Green W. Vauxhall, dealer and chapman, (Haydon, Great Frumby-lane).

Huthwaite W. Nottingham, mercer, (Bleasdale and Co New Inn) Harrison L. Waverree, near Liverpool, joiner, (Windle, John street) Hobson W. Stockport, grocer, (Edmonds, Exchequer Office of Pleas) Harmer S Aldborough, innkeeper, (Debary and Co Tanfield-court) Holchouse A Union-street, Shadwell, sugar refiner, (Gatty and Co. Angel-court) Ham W and Aust W Cow Cross-street, brass foundry, (Hilson and Co, White Hart Court) Harris J. Aberdare, Glamorgan, builder, (Hulme, Brunswick-square) Hullah R A Moorfields, auctioneer, (Trickey, Howland street) Henry H. Liverpool, tailor, (Windle, John str). Jones H. Northwich, draper, (Ellis, Curator-street). Joel M. High street, dealer in glass, (Wilson, King's-Bench-Walks). Jacob S Portsea, slopeller, (Isaacs, Great George street).

King G. King's place, Newington, Surrey, builder, (Maddock and Co Lincoln's-lun). Kerrison T. A. Norwich, banker, (Windle and Co Chancery lane).

Levy S. Little Russell-street, furniture broker, (Hatch, More-court). Lee, T. Liverpool, innkeeper, (Shepherd and Co. Bedford-row). Ledwell R. Cleveland-street, cowkeeper, (Frima, Great Queen-street). Lees M. Little Russell-street, victualler, (Beckett, Broad-street). Lovell J. Hounscluch, baker, (Paruher and Co. London-street).

May J. Dedham, Essex, maltster, (Denton and Co. Field-court, Gray's Inn). Mulliner J. Birmingham, mealman, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn-square). Mason E. Great Swan alky carpenter, (Palmer and Co. Copthall court). Mauwaring W. Liverpool, (Batty, Chancery-lane). Meeker W. P. Basinghall-street, merchant, (Walton, G. dier's Hall, Basinghall-street). Newcomb G. Bath, jeweller, (Hurst, Lad-lane.)

Orchard G. otherwise G. T. Copenhagen-house, victualler, (Ioxley, Cheap-side). Oliver H. B. Brampton, Cumberland, cotton-manufacturer, (Mounsey, Staple-Inn).

Peacock R. Turnmill-street, carrier, (Vandercom and Co. Bush-lane). Pugh W. Machyulleth, Montgomery, shopkeeper, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Phillips J. Printer's-street, dealer in glass, (Haydon, Dorset-street). Popplewell J. Kingston-upon-Hull, auctioneer, (Exley and Co. Furnival's-Inn). Parker G. Chemes-street, British wine-maker, (Druce, Billiter-square). Parr R. Watling-street, haberdasher, (Fisher, Bread-street).

Ryley G. Salford, builder, (Milne and Co. Temple).

Saitherthwaite T. Kendal, tanner, (Jackson, Garden-court). Salter T. Trinity-square, broker, (Crowder and Co. Fiede-

rick's-palace). Sucke, G. Gun-street, piano-maker, (Aubrey, Took's-court). Speders S. Abchurch-lane, vintner, (Druce, Billiter-square). Shenston T. Market Row, draper, (Herbridge, Wood-street). Secretan J. J. Witches-ter-street, insurance broker, (Pearce and Co. Paternoster-row). Sanders J. Canterbury, merchant, (Mayor, Brook-street). Swallow R. Attercliffe Forge, Sheffield, ironmaster, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Stretton W. Wadenhoe, Northampton, butcher, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn). Snee J. Bloomsbury-square, wine-merchant, (Hughes, Bear-yard, Lincoln's-Inn-Fields). Stunham R. North Witham, Lincoln, beast-jobber, (Wishaw, Lamb's Conduit-street). Struchcombe J. Bristol, cabinet-maker, (Sweet, Inner Temple).

Tonge C. Liverpool, ale and porter-dealer, (Batty, Chancery-lane). Thorner J. Colne, Lancaster, calico-manufacturer, (Laycock, Sion gardens, Alderman-bury).

Ushaw W. Beverley, corn-merchant, (Lambert, Hatton-Garden).

Wilson R. Liverpool, farmer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Williamson W. Gringley on the Hill, Nottingham, cornfactor, (Lowndes and Co. Red Lion-square). White W. Blackfriars-road, white lead manufacturer, (Swann and Co. Old Jewry). Williams J. Aldensgate-str. victualler, (Templer, Bur-street). Wilson J. and Sallows J. Oxford-street, leather-sellers, (Peacock, Lincoln's-Inn-fields). Watkins J. Chepstow, draper, (James, Gray's Inn). Whitehead J. Manchester, cordwainer, (Ellis, Curator-street). Wood J. Lindfield, victualler, (Wild, jun. Castle-street).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.

July 22, 1808.

London Dock Stock, 116l. per Cent.
East-India ditto, 119l. ditto.
West-India ditto, 131l. ditto.
Commercial Dock Shares, 127l. ditto.
Grand Junction Canal, 118l. per share.
Grand Surrey ditto, 60l. ditto.
Imperial Fire Insurance, 8l. per cent. prem.

Globe Fire and Life ditto, 116l. per cent.
Albion ditto ditto, 2l. per cent. prem.
Hope ditto ditto, 21s. per Share prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 5s. ditto.
East London Water works, 50l. prem.
West Middlesex ditto, 18l. ditto.
South London ditto, 45l. ditto.
London Institution, 84gs. per share.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE hay harvest, which is nearly got in, has this year, generally speaking, been rather deficient in quantity than quality. The burden of aftermath is not likely to be very great, unless it should be late in the autumn. The hay harvest in the

PRICE OF STOCKS, from JUNE 25, 1908, to JULY 25, 1908, both inclusive.

[illegible]

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, 100 N. CORNHILL.

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Nº LVII.—VOL. X.]

For AUGUST, 1808.

[NEW SERIES.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth"—DR. JOHNSON.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

BUFFON and VOLTAIRE.

Sir,
A NECDOTES of literary men are among the most agreeable amusements of desultory study, for of those who read them, the greater part read what is more or less analogous to themselves. A Magazine should be a Turkish bazar, full of variety, and secure from destruction by the imperishable nature of its materials. To lend a hand therefore towards its formation is my first wish in sending you the following: my second is to disseminate more widely what, at present, can be known only to a few.

Buffon, in his *Theory of the Earth*, refers ironically to a *Lettre Italienne* upon the changes which have happened to the terrestrial globe, printed at Paris in the year 1745. In a short paragraph, he speaks of this pamphlet sarcastically enough: but he did not know that it was written by Voltaire. In a subsequent edition of his works, therefore, though he still retained that paragraph, he added immediately afterwards the following:

"In what I have written upon the subject of the Italian letter, it may be thought, as I myself think, that I have not treated M. de Voltaire with sufficient respect. M. de Voltaire is a man who, from the superiority of his talents, merits the highest esteem. This Italian letter was brought to me at the very time when I was correcting that sheet of my book in which I have mentioned it. I only read it cursorily, for I thought it was the work of some learned Italian, who, according to his own historical knowledge, had followed his prejudices without consulting nature; and it was not till after the impression of my

volume upon the *Theory of the Earth* that I was positively assured, the letter in question, was written by M. de Voltaire. I then repented of my expressions.* Such is the plain truth I declare it as much for the sake of M. de Voltaire as on my own account, and for that of posterity, whom I would not wish to leave in doubt as to the high esteem which I have always had for a man so great, and who is such an honour to the age in which he lives."

Upon this paragraph Sonnini makes the following observations:

"No man had, doubtless, a greater right to commendation than Buffon; and no person was, in fact, more jealous of it. He received praises with avidity, come from what quarter they might of the periodical publications he kept only those which contained his own eulogies. He delighted to speak of them, and to read them, and he would have seen with impatience a critique upon an author who had burned some grains of incense before the statue of the sublime historian of nature. With this sensibility, or rather with this vanity, which in any other would have been misplaced, but which in Buffon appeared amiable, it may be conceived how the critique must have affected him. Some witticisms scattered through

* Upon this let me remark with indignation, that Buffon compromised at once his literary and moral character. If what he said was true, why repent, even though he had said it of his friend? If it was not true, why deliberately write a falsehood? He either, therefore, meanly flattered a great man, or dishonestly wrote what at the time he knew to be false.

various parts of the writings of the philosopher of Ferney had irritated the philosopher of Montbard. These two men, whose uncommon genius and whose immortal labours, formed the proudest ornament of the age in which they lived, were alienated from, and almost the enemies of each other, and there was nothing in common between them, but the splendor of renown. Buffon did not dissemble his disgust at Voltaire he frequently and plainly spoke of it. When at the sittings of the French Academy, some new work of Voltaire's was read, Buffon gave very evident and unequivocal marks of his disapprobation. Things were in this state when Buffon, wishing that his son should form his mind in the great school of nations, sent him upon his travels. His first steps were directed towards Switzerland, and his governor received instructions to present him at Ferney. Extremely flattered by this sort of advance, from the Pliny of France, Voltaire received the young man with the most honourable distinction, and he wrote to the father a letter of thanks and of praises, which I have myself seen at Montbard. This was attacking Buffon's greatest foible: he replied to Voltaire in that amiable but dignified manner, which was natural in him: and finally, to give him a public proof of deference and esteem, he composed that small paragraph in the new edition of his works, which has been given above: a sort of retraction which may be regarded as the seal of the reconciliation of genius."

Such is the ingenious defence of Sonnini of the vanity of Buffon: a quality that never can appear to advantage in any man, and least of all in a man of genius. The effeminate mind of a Frenchman may applaud and admire, what the sober dignity of a philosopher would despise and condemn and, surely, there is nothing more offensive to a man of plain integrity, than the egotistical prattle of a vain author.

I remain, Sir,

Yours, &c.

M.

London, Aug. 1, 1806.

LETTER XV.—ON THE AFFAIRS OF THE POOR, &c.

[Concluded from p. 16.]

On the Misapplication of Parochial Assessments.

IT was upon this statute the coroners founded their claim of thirteen shillings and fourpence for every inquisition, in cases of accidental death, neither would they proceed unless they were paid it. As interest was considered by the coroners as the ruling object, it was found expedient to pass another statute, and impose a fine of forty shillings upon every coroner who neglected or refused to discharge the duties of his office; and a justice of the peace had power to levy the fine in a summary way, upon application to him, and the fact being proved.

To check the inhumanity of jailers, and to encourage the coroners to be active and diligent in their official capacities, it was further enacted, that twenty shillings should be paid for every inquisition taken on the body of a person dying in prison. In such places as paid to the county rate, the coroners were to receive ninepence a mile for their travelling charges; and if they received any other fee or reward, they were to be deemed guilty of extortion. The coroners of cities, boroughs, and exempt jurisdictions, where they did not pay to the county rate, were not entitled by the statute to any fee, excepting the thirteen shillings and fourpence to be levied on the goods and chattels of the murderer, but they might receive any old and accustomed fee which was paid before the passing the statute in the twenty-fifth year of the reign of George the Second: and every coroner convicted of neglect or extortion was to be dismissed from his office.

These acts have been found by experience to be insufficient to restrain coroners' juries from feasting and drinking in certain places; and as this practice was unknown to our unlettered ancestors, in a dark and an ignorant age, custom cannot be pleaded to countenance such an indecent practice, which cannot have a better origin than an idle habit of feasting and drinking at every meeting; by

pretending that it is necessary to make something for the house to which they adjourn.

When this expense is incurred in privileged jurisdictions, and taken out of a rate levied on the inhabitants within the franchise, and the mayor is the coroner by virtue of his office, who is one of the principals in levying the rate and auditing the accounts, he cannot plead ignorance of the practice; and if it should not be deemed a species of extortion sufficient to remove him from his office, it is certainly one that must disgrace it, whether the money be paid out of the public fund or demanded of the friends of the deceased.

There is no provision made in the bulky volumes of our statute-books for adjourning to an alehouse, neither can there be any occasion for it, where there is a guildhall suitable for the purpose; but then there could be no plea for eating and drinking, and charging between eight and nine pounds for a supper. When the advanced price of every article is considered, something may be offered in favour of the moderation of the parish officers south of the Thames, as they only expended about four shillings and one penny each for eating, and eight shillings each for drink to promote digestion, and prevent flatulency from the greens.

If such practices are permitted till they become common, it must be expected that they will increase: for, if the officers of one parish are suffered to feast upon every occasion of meeting, the officers of other parishes will think they have a right to do the same. When evils are suffered to take root, they soon shoot, spread, and grow luxuriantly, and it generally requires the strong arm of the law to restrain them.

If it should be said by those who are partakers of the spoils of the public purse, that trifling evils are beneath the notice of the legislature, it may be asked, how any thing can be called trifling when we are unacquainted with its extent? and in what counties and boroughs it hath taken root and is rapidly spreading? It is sufficient that we know to a certainty that the evil exists, and if it be suffered to spread without a check, it

will in time become general, and we may easily shew what will be the result. By admitting that eight pounds ten shillings shall become the average sum spent at every coroner's inquest, and that there shall be fifty in a year in each county, then the equation will stand as follows:— $50 \times 40 = 2000 \times 8,5 = 17\ 000$ for feasting upon the untimely death of a fellow-creature, without mentioning the coroner's fee and his travelling expenses.

If such an historical anecdote should ever be recorded in our annals, and read by an intelligent foreigner, will he not have reason to ask with surprise, from what country could such a brave and enlightened people have imported the savage custom? Was it from the sable Moors in the parched deserts of Africa? or the Indians in the forests of America? or did they learn it of the inhabitants of the islands in the South Sea? As such practices are a blot upon our national character, and we ought to blush at their being mentioned, surely some person in authority, from among our numerous legislators, will step forward to abolish such abuses, and prevent any further misapplication of the public money, and especially in privileged jurisdictions.

The times require that the parochial fund should be particularly attended to; and more especially, if we reflect on the rising and falling of empires, and see kingdoms tottering to their very base, and are wishing to secure the foundations of our own upon a rock which shall not be shaken.

Though our laws are in many instances excellent, and faithfully administered, yet they are too expensive for an individual to inflict punishment on every aggressor of them; and there are many culprits go unpunished, because there is no public fund to prosecute, nor any one appointed to carry on the prosecution for crimes, as offensive to the laws of God and man as they are to the good of society. This is the reason why our parochial contributions are squandered; why soldiers, sailors, and the worthless part of the lower order of the community are suffered to pass

unnoticed for marrying two or three wives while the first is living, which causes litigations about the settlements of their bastards, and the parishes are burdened to maintain them.

It signifies but little the making this crime a felonious act, if there is such an insurmountable expense for individuals between the crime and the punishment. In the present state of things, they who may have the inclination have not the power to put the complicated machine of the law in motion, and the injured person is left to complain of having been deceived by a villain, and he is suffered to go to a distant village to repeat the same again. When the man is gone, the second wife is sent to her parish; and instances have happened where the children have been hurried away to their separate settlements to be brought up strangers to each other, strangers to father, mother, brother, sister, and all the fraternal, maternal, and filial affections, which so many lament being weakened in a work-house, are here taken up by the very root. While we are straining at gnats let us no longer swallow camels. Before we begin to graft any more new projects into the old stock, we had much better lop off, by a safe, easy, and expeditious method, the rotten and the decaying branches, that the remaining boughs may shoot once more with renovated vigour, and produce a general, as they have done in many places, local, advantages. If we make use of a little common sense, and adopt laws to counteract evils which are known and are manifest to every one conversant in parochial affairs, we shall soon see what is further wanting, and our savings will be more than sufficient to attempt it.

**A BOLD EXPRESSION OF RACINE
traced to its SOURCE.**

SIR,

DISQUISITIONS in polite literature form a part of your miscellany, and in my opinion a very interesting part permit me therefore to send you the following morsel of criticism.

Boileau, in his eleventh reflection upon Longinus, opposes a censure of

M. de la Motte with regard to an expression of Racine in the tragedy of *Phœdre*. The governor of Hippolytus, describing the horrid monster which Neptune had sent to frighten the horses of the young and unfortunate prince, uses this hyperbole:

Le flot qui s'appor'a recula épouvanté

And Boileau endeavours to vindicate it upon the abstract principles of fitness. But it is an expression which may be traced in many authors: Spenser, in his *Fairy Queen*, has a line very similar. Describing the voyage of *Sir Guyon* and the *Palmer*, he makes them encounter a multitude of sea monsters, after enumerating which he adds,

All these and thousands thousands many
more,
And more deformed monsters thousand
fold,
With dreadful noise and hollow rumbling
roar,
Came rushing in the foamv waves enroll'd,
Which seem'd to fly for fear them to behold.

I do not pretend to say that Boileau ever read Spenser, but merely to point out the similarity of the idea and to shew that it is by no means so bold or hyperbolical as to be entitled to the grave censure of de la Motte.

Virgil also, in his first *Georgic*, speaking of the prodigies which foretold the death of Cæsar, says,

Sistunt amnes, terræque d. hincunt.

Perhaps the source of both Racine and Spenser may be found in the Psalmist:

"The sea saw it and fled Jordan was driven back"—*Psalm cxlv*

Racine's claim to originality therefore is very dubious and at any rate his license is warranted by other writers. After all, indeed, the image is far less bold than many which are introduced as Boileau observes, with a *pour ainsi dire*, or a *si j'ose ainsi parler*.

While speaking of Racine let me observe, that in the *Frères Ennemis* there is a line remarkably inharmonious, from the frequent recurrence of the letter *s*, which causes a disagreeable sibilation in the enunciation of it. *Joëasta* says, in reply to the reproaches of *Green*, who tells

her that her counsel has lost every thing,

Il va tout conserver :

Et par ce seul conseil Thebes se peut sauver."

It is remarkable that this very fault is, in another play of Racine's, *Andromaque*, a beauty.

Pour qui sont ces serpens qui siffent sur vos têtes ?

Here it produces a very fine instance of imitative harmony.

I remain, &c.

Oxford, Aug. 4.

CURIOSUS.

AN ORIGINAL REMPE for the RHEUMATISM.

Sir,

YOUR insertion, some months ago, of a case of gout with the mode of cure, induces me to believe that the following recipe for a painful, but common, disorder in this country may not be unacceptable.

Dissolve some mineral alkali in the proportion of about one ounce or little more in a quart of water, and take a wine glass full of the solution three or four times in twenty-four hours, or as often as the stomach will bear it. This will cure in three or four days, and prevent the attack from coming on if taken timely.

Manner of its operation.

The bones being composed of calcareous earth and phosphoric acid, whenever there is any redundancy of this acid in the body it must necessarily occasion pain. The mineral alkali is known to form a very mild compound with the phosphoric acid. If, therefore, a sufficiency of this alkaline substance be taken to saturate the redundant acid, the pain is in a short time imperceptibly removed, and the mild compound formed by their union is carried off by the ordinary evacuations. The solution of the mineral alkali is, of itself, gently aperitive.

Observation.

It has a disagreeable taste, which is removed by impregnating the solution with calcareous gas, commonly called fixed air, which is easily done by such an apparatus of glass vessels as Dr. North invented for the purpose of facilitating the impregnation of water with gas, an account of which

is published in the 65th volume of the Philosophical Transactions.

In using this solution, when there arises a feeling somewhat resembling that of hunger; it is an indication that there is enough of it in the stomach at once, and that no more of it should be taken till that feeling goes off.

I have known several persons cured by this process and in the hope of more widely extending its beneficial effects, I offer it for insertion in your Magazine; and remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Aug. 9, 1808.

MEDICUS.

Are MEN HAPPIER from the PLEASURES and GRATIFICATIONS of the SENSES than from the STRICT PRACTICE of VIRTUE?

Sir,

TO the liberal readers of your Magazine I would propose the above question: it is worthy the attention of him who can discuss it without prejudice and without fanaticism, and who, closely pursuing his subject, does not confound present with future happiness. I should be very glad to see it examined by some of your intelligent correspondents: but should no one come forward, I will myself take it up in your number for October; till when,

I remain, your's, &c.

Eton, Aug. 3, 1808.

SOPHOS.

On a PASSAGE in LOCKE'S CONDUCT of the HUMAN UNDERSTANDING.

Sir,

LOCKE, in his *Conduct of the Understanding*, says, in the ninth section, speaking of the necessity there is that the mind should be stored with abstract moral ideas, "but, to convince people of what moment it is to their understandings to be furnished with such abstract ideas steady and settled in it, give me leave to ask how any one shall be able to know, whether he be obliged to be just, if he has not established ideas in his mind of obligation and of justice. Since knowledge consists in nothing but the perceived agreement or disagreement of those ideas: and so of all others the like which concern our lives and manners."

Now, Sir, I conceive it may be ob-

jected to this, that the generality of mankind are incited to acts of justice from example and necessity; and not from any enlarged views of the question, or from clear notions in their own minds as to what is, or is not, just. Nay, in many cases, necessity compels persons of contracted ideas, to do certain things which they in fact conceive to be unjust; and they do it because they cannot avoid it. There are, indeed, but few individuals who are capable of such reasoning as is implied in the idea of acting justly from a previous conviction, because they have not time, nor perhaps capacity, to store their minds with abstract-moral ideas. but every man (except the professedly profligate) acts according to certain established and common dictates of justice, and certainly very often without having the most distant idea or comprehension as to the abstract quality of justice.

In effect, therefore, it is not necessary, for the purposes of general equity that men should be impressed with abstract notions of the fitness and quality of what is just. It may even be doubted whether such knowledge would not dispose the majority of mankind to cavil at and impede the ends of justice. It is not necessary that every man should be a reasoner in political society, where individuals are approximated greatly towards machines; for, in the diversity of human judgments, unanimity would never be obtained, and consequently no great end, to which a concurrence of opinions and means must be directed, could be accomplished. Man is an imitative animal. and taught by the contagion of example, he is frequently good or bad, according to the prevailing character of the society in which he acts and if by example he is propelled to justice, let us not regret the presence of abstract moral ideas.

I remain, &c.

Richmond, Aug. 5. H. BENSON.

QUERY respecting a PLAY called
TRUE PATRIOTISM?

Sir,

THE following anecdote is copied from a newspaper, published in the autumn of 1802, (the particular date of which I do not know) and I

transcribe it and send it to you in hopes that I may, through the medium of your Magazine, be informed whether the play alluded to is to be had, and where. I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Soho-square,

THEATRICALS.

July 20.

"During the late troubles in Ireland, a set of those bloody marauders who always carry death and destruction in their train, having taken umbrage at a country gentleman of the name of H—, agreed to pillage his house, and put himself and family without exception to the sword; for which purpose they concealed themselves in a small provincial town at a short distance, in which there happened to be a set of strolling players. The night in which this terrible business was to be transacted being arrived, and every engine of death in readiness, to while away the time till a proper hour, they all agreed to go to the play, and to avoid suspicion separated themselves into small parties. At length the piece, which had been newly introduced by one of the strolling Thespians from England, began. It was called *True Patriotism*, and said to have been written by some obscure person in Lincolnshire, and founded upon the landing of the French at Killala. The opposite characters of royalist and republican were pretty strongly drawn, and strict poetic justice done. They heard, saw, and felt, each one for himself, almost to distraction; and after the scene closed, changed their bloody purpose, retired to their own homes, and never more during the troubles, raised a hand to violate the laws. May the author never know an hour of sorrow!"

On the PRONUNCIATION of the ROMAN TONGUE.

Sir,

SEVERAL letters have appeared in your late numbers, relative to the pronunciation of the Latin language; and, as in a subject of this remote nature, the more eligible mode of attaining some conclusion is by a pursuit of the controversy, while its interest remains unimpaired, I now venture to trace in writing a few considerations which arose from the animated version of N. F.

That little or nothing has been determined on this head is, I think, accountable from the ignorance or inattention of mere classic scholars concerning the oral utterance of modern languages: nor is it a matter of surprise, that the efforts of every one are not seconded by the acumen and perspicuity of a Steele* or a Mitford.†

It seems evident that, both as the most analogous with the Latin, and as possessing fixed rules of pronunciation, of which our own language is, yet, either insusceptible or unprovided, the French and Italian dialects, with the scattered hints contained in ancient authors, must be our chief assistants for this research; and in the communications, signed Σημα and * * *, this principle appears to have been not overlooked.

I think it obvious, that N. E. has not displayed any knowledge of the former; since, when *z*. supposes that *c* and *g* were delivered formerly before *e* and *i*, in consonance with the practice of the modern Italians, he imagines your correspondent to assert that *leciones*, *macesterium*, and *urbicius* [thus spelled by sculptors, in lieu of *legiones*, *magesterium*, and *urbicius*] were pronounced with the sound of *s*, and on this misapprehension he grounds a remark, that they would in this case have been written with a *z*.

He is therefore certainly uninformed, that the *c*, so placed, is in the Italian pronounced not as *s*, but as *ch*, in *chariot*; and I believe that there is as much similarity between this sound of *c*, and the *g* in "gentleman," (in the courtesy of which character N. E. is somewhat unskilled) as between the respective hard sounds of *c* and *k*.

Because, however, "he has yet to discover" what crescentianus has to do with the question, "let him not burst in ignorance," but in charity, Mr. Editor, be good enough to tell him, that if *t* was melted into *ts* it was presumed that the same analogy might take place in the letters already mentioned, which exists in that individual instance.

* Author of *Prosodia Rationalis*.

† Of an Inquiry respecting Harmony of Language.

Mr. Horne Tooke's "admirable" Diversions of Purley are then quoted by him: in the epithet I perfectly concur: but in the citation that will be presently extracted from that work, it must be my endeavour to shew that that excellence is not infallible. If, says Mr. Tooke, *c* and *g* had been pronounced according to your correspondent's theory, *facere* would have given the participle *factum* not *factum*, and *rege* not *rectum*, but *resectum*. Now I wish it understood, that I reverence the abilities of Mr. T. [the opinions of his latter years are not my present business.] "on this side idolatry, as much as any;" but if we confront the preceding affirmation with p. 152 of the second part of the *Diversions*, our eyes will be arrested by the following passage—
"Wench is the PAST PARTICIPLE of *vincian*, to wink: observe that great numbers of words in English are written and pronounced indifferently with *ch* or *k*. As speak, *speech*, break, *breach*, seek, *seech*, dike, *ditch*."

On what authority, therefore, is this privilege denied to the Roman verb; or is Mr. T. to shift his opinion according to the system that he is occupied in maintaining? But N. E. will, perhaps, object the words of Quintilian; and I proceed in due order to investigate them.

"Hoc (*k*) eò non omisi, quod quidam eam quoties a sequatur necessariam credunt; cum sit *c* litera, quæ ad omnes vócales vim suam perferat."

To construe the potential mood I should not have thought difficult. *C* can exert the force of *k* before all the vowels; and what follows? Is it not plain, that by all the vowels are meant those preceded by *k*; which is not followed either by *e* or *i*, unless in proper names derived from the Greek (Cæraunius, Cimberius), which were as easily distinguished by the Romans, as we perceive the French phrases with which polite writing or conversation is frequently interspersed. Since Σημα did not deny that the letter in question was uttered with a hard sound before *a*, *o*, and *u*, the opinion of its adaptation to both sounds will be fortified by Quintilian's method of assertion.

Moreover, the passage is not found

in Lib. 1, c. 7, but c. 13. We will suppose this to be a typographical error; as it would be improbable to think that N. E. was indebted for it to accidental quotation, or that he anticipated your correspondent's ignorance of the author.

The arguments concerning the ancient discrimination of the long and short sounds of the vowels are corroborated by Rollin, chap. 3, of his *Belles Lettres*, and by Cicero, 3 de orat. n. 46; whither the learned reader is referred, as I aim at an expedient degree of brevity; but it cannot be too often repeated, that an accurate acquaintance with the pronunciation of the modern tongues will prove the means of suppressing much unnecessary cavil.

If it be argued, that the Greeks translated Roman names by *u*, as Lucius, Λουκιος, I reply that they consulted their own organs, having no letter of their alphabet to express *ch* or *sh*. The Latins took equal liberty with words of Grecian derivation. The simple *p*, with a following aspirate, they metamorphosed into *f*; as **ομφαν*, Fama; and the aspirate they converted into *s*, as *ιδν*, sylva. I may consequently conclude, that, in *χαλεπα* and cetera, where the aspirate does not appear in Latin, its place was supplied either by the utterance of *s*, or a sound not dissimilar from it; and *ch* is undoubtedly less so than *k*. The intelligent observer will perceive that no more is contended for than an occasional soft sound, although it is not pretended to be ascertained with the etymological nicety of which modern languages will admit.

By N. E.'s own confession, he had not perused your former numbers, and was therefore unqualified as a judge of the controversy: nor will any *imputation* that has been put upon F. R. apply with less propriety to himself. I am for this reason disposed to commend his prudence in "saying nothing about" the vowels; and am only inclined to lament that, by not extending the same caution to the former part of his letter, he indulged himself in a confidence of opinion that farther consideration

may induce him to abate, and gave occasion to the present observations from

London, Aug.

'Αδελφός σου αλλος.

1808.

SECOND LETTER OF PAUL PLAINTIVE,
shewing his WARS with AUTHORS
and BOOKSELLERS.

Sir,

I WAS highly delighted when I saw my letter in your last number. You have the soul of an author, Mr. Editor, I am sure; and you can imagine what are the raptures of an author when he is allowed to appeal to the public. I shall always respect and venerate you, even though I should never know you better than I do now. But to proceed.

As I told you I resolved to write and publish a book, and the first part of which resolve was easily performed. I chose for my *debut* a striking subject. I need not tell you, Sir, how much depends upon that: I mean upon writing what is called by the modern *Cerberi* of authors a *marketable production*. Oh! ye shades of Homer and Virgil, of Plato, Socrates, and Tully, if thou art conscious of what passeth in these nether regions, look down with an eye of pity upon the authors of the nineteenth century. Ye never knew what it is to write at so much per sheet, with deductions for paste and scissar work: ye never knew what it is to be beset with printers' devils at breakfast, yelling out for copy; to wire-draw your brains into essays, tales, and criticisms: to be *cut up* in reviews, and afterwards *cut down* in pocket. ye lived in a happy age, and wrote what you liked, and not what was wanted: but, oh! if the ghost of PAUL PLAINTIVE should ever mingle with thy celestial shades, he will

"a tale unfold, whose highest word
will harrow up thy souls!"

"But his eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood."

I commenced my career, Sir, in criticism, and chose for the object of it, one of the greatest names of the last century. I wrote my strictures with calmness, and did not censure without illustration of my censure. I was highly delighted with my per-

* See Foster on Accent and Quantity, 8vo. p. 99, &c.

formance, and looked forward to immortal honours. But, alas! what are the hopes of man! I finished my work, and offered it to a bookseller: it was declined. I dare say you know the import of that word. If ever you have been an unsuccessful author, you doubtless know what it is to receive a polite note from a bookseller, stating that the multiplicity of present concerns, or the dearth of paper, or the continental war, or something else, prevents him from having the pleasure of accepting your MS. Alas! I have had as many such letters as would sell by the pound for several shillings.

This first refusal did not to be sure much deject me. I was yet ignorant in the arcana of authorship. I verily thought the bookseller spoke truth! I therefore tried another, and another; but all in vain and I sat down, in self glory much abated, with my manuscript before me, and wondering by what fatality men could be so blinded to their own interests as to refuse a work, which, if published, must cover them with profit, and me with honour.

During this interval I read the dear book over and over again, and was more and more enraptured with its beauties. It was impossible I could think of letting such a paragon of excellence remain unknown to the world: and since I could not publish for profit, I resolved to do it for fame. I chose indeed an humble vehicle for the herald of my celebrity: but I imagined I was destined to confer, not to receive honour. My immortal criticisms appeared, in detached portions, in the columns of a newspaper!

They had merit or novelty enough about them to attract several replications, some of which were inserted, and some were put into my hands in manuscript. When the whole of my strictures had appeared, I was advised to venture upon a republication of them in the form of a pamphlet. I did so. Ah! doleful day! It is high treason against the kingdom and government of booksellers for an author to publish for himself, and they take care to punish the culprit.

My book was published: and at the same moment I quitted England,

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for I was then in a dignified situation with a dignified personage. While abroad, the praise of the reviewers was wasted over to me, for they *did* praise, and I resolved to set up the trade of an author, with no other stock in trade than my brains. I renounced my post, and returned to England in all the glorious poverty of literature.

Now methought I'm like another Johnson, or Goldsmith, or Savage. I longed to sleep on a bulk, or walk the streets all night, for want of a lodging: to live upon fourpence a day: to sign a letter to a bookseller *impransus*; or to reject with indignation a pair of shoes that I should find outside my chamber-door.

But these were the vivid anticipations of fancy, and when my adverse fortune realised them I groaned and grumbled like a common man. When I had nothing but potatoes for dinner, I longed for a mutton-chop: when one pair of breeches were worn out, I wished for another: and I never sat upon my three-legged stool without regretting the want of my arm-chair. The glorious examples of my predecessors in poverty faded away before the pressure of present evils, and I was willing to leave them in the undisturbed possession of their claims to precedence in misery.

During this state of gloomy vacancy, I tried every bookseller in various manners: always changing my mode of attack: sometimes I had a volume of miscellanies to dispose of: sometimes I proposed a translation from the French; and sometimes a compilation from the English. But it was all in vain: their usual answer was returned.

I now began to despair, and feared that all my visions of literary distinction were to fade, and that I must submit forthwith to the inglorious drudgery of an office. But just at this very time I happened to see, on the wrapper of the life of a notorious pickpocket, my first-born child advertised; for you must know, that I had empowered the printer of it, to sell the copies in hand to any bookseller, to reimburse himself. Now I was once more elate. This man, said I, will surely buy any thing else from the same pen. He has the evidence of my genius in his hands, and

Q.

cannot be such a Goth as to decline my MS.

I wrote to him, and proposed a novel, which he finally accepted. Now I was an author indeed! The novel was finished, and after that I got from the same bookseller a translation from the French. Do you know, Sir, that I then absolutely kept an amanuensis!

But how frail is man's happiness; and most of all, an author's! When the translation was done, I got nothing else: and so I was forced to discharge my amanuensis, and return to the solitary dignity of an idle author. This lasted longer than I wished, and I had recourse again to all my stratagems to entice some good-natured bookseller into a bargain with me.

Among others I happened to write to one who has since arrived at city honours. He was then a plain *Mister*, but now he is no such thing. I called upon him by appointment. It would have rejoiced you to see him issue from his counting-house into his little shop: his majestic figure had not room to display itself: he was like an elephant in a drawing-room.

He courteously invited me to meet him that evening at his country-house. I went, and supped upon roasted potatoes: it was a Pythagorean meal washed down with good English porter.

This literary purveyor employed me upon certain regions of his extensive dominions, and we went on pretty well together till he cheated me of twenty pounds, and then I thought it was time to give him up. I did not get rid of him, however, till I had received a few epistles from him, displaying his native arrogance and acquired insolence.

What did I do next? Alas! I had another interregnum of prosperity, till at length I wrote another novel. In this I attempted to astonish the world by daring novelties and free wit: but the world seemed very careless about what I wrote, and my work passed quietly along into the gloomy stream of oblivion. *Requiescat in pace!*

At this period I was amazingly occupied: I was positively besieged with devils: and you must know that I am a very useful hand to a bookseller, for I can turn my pen to any

thing, and quickly too: and hence it happened that I was, at the same time, writing lives, criticisms, and novels, compiling anecdotes of a pursuit I did not understand, and contributing largely to a periodical publication.

But this was the decline of my literary glory: these multifarious occupations were not succeeded by new ones, and my butcher's and baker's bills grew to an alarming length. Here, alas! I found my eloquence and my genius of no use: polished periods and elevated language were poured in vain into the unwilling ears of hard-hearted creditors: if I strove to awaken their sympathy by pathos, they coolly answered *my bill*; if I wrote them a note full of wit and elegance, they replied *my bill*; and if I made promises, they still cried *my bill*. Not Othello roared louder for his handkerchief than these harpies for their bill. But, Mr. Editor, you know perfectly well that authors cannot coin money; and if they had no respect to genius, why genius must respect itself; so, as they were so uncivil as to insist upon their money, I quietly left the place, and did not trouble them any more about the matter.

How I lived afterwards I do not wish to remember; and I was scarcely sorry when I received a gentle tap on my shoulder in Fleet-street one day, and a gentleman begged me to accompany him to—hush! I must not reveal the secrets of my prison-house. Suffice it to say, that I now enjoy a very pleasant country residence, in a very numerous society; and besides that, I have the honour of belonging to *his Majesty's Fleet*.

Perhaps you may hear from me again: for the present I subscribe myself,

Your brother,
Over the Water, PAUL PLAINTIVE.
Aug. 4, 1808.

* THE CONTEMPLATIST.—No. X.

Who by repentance is not satisfied,
Is nor of heaven nor earth:

By penitence the Eternal's wrath appears'd.
SHAKESPEARE

I WAS deeply moved by the narrative in my last; and while I pitied the misfortunes of JULIA, I could scarcely condemn the error

which led to them. All vice and all virtue are relative. He that has resisted no temptation, has no right to boast of his purity; and he that has yielded to strong impelling circumstances, may hope for leniency in the judgments of his fellow creatures.

There are some crimes which, not ending in themselves, seem to call for louder reprehension in proportion to the greater evil which they generate. Among these are seduction, and its consequence, the violation of female honor. At a period like the present, when women seem to glory in the publicity of their infamy, it may not be useless to offer some observations upon these subjects, and they will very properly serve as a sequel to my last paper.

Seduction is twofold; that of the married, and that of the single woman; and I know not that ingenuity can easily decide which is the most enormous in its criminality.

The seduction of a married woman seems to be attended by evils of a more complex nature: a greater number of persons may be incidentally involved in its consequences; and the circumstances under which the seducer effects his schemes are of a complexion more decidedly infamous.

When *Hermione* defends herself from the charges of *Leontes*, she exclaims with dignity and truth,

“For life, I prize it
As I weigh grief, which I would spare: for
honor,
’Tis a derivative from me to mine;”
And only that I stand for.”

The married woman, when she stains her conjugal faith, casts a shade of opprobrium and disgrace upon innocent beings; upon beings committed by nature to her protection, and whom the strongest ties of affection bind her to protect and love.

It has been sometimes weakly urged, that the irregular conduct of a husband is a palliative for the transgressions of the wife. To this it may be simply replied, that vice is always wrong; and that to urge the plea of example for the commission of crimes is to open the door to universal immorality: for where is the crime that has not its perpetrators? and who

has passed through life so innocently as not to wish sometimes to enforce the law of retaliation? To bear injuries meekly is one of the constant admonitions of holy writ: and He, who on earth was all perfection, set an illustrious example of patient suffering. We intuitively admire, indeed, any instance of great forbearance: and in this intuitive admiration the language of nature speaks plainly out. When Philip of Macedon enquired of Demochares, the Athenian ambassador, what he could do to please the people of Athens, he replied, “Hang yourself.” Had Philip sacrificed the brutal cynic on the spot, we should scarcely have blamed him: but when he mildly dismissed the snarling Athenian, and bade him ask his countrymen who was the most praiseworthy, the giver of such language or the patient receiver of it, we immediately admire the greatness of his mind.

There cannot exist a more fatal opinion than that which supposes the commission of a crime is a palliation of its commission in another. The woman who is, unhappily, wedded to a dissolute or unfeeling husband, should recollect that in this life we are appointed to endure more or less of suffering: and that while we respect and venerate the virtue that blooms amid contending sorrows, we abhor and execrate the vice which springs up in the rank soil of resentment: and let her also recollect, that by the exemplary piety and morality of her own conduct, she may ultimately reclaim that of her husband’s: and finally, that though the reward of virtue may not be given in the temporal blessings of this life, it will assuredly produce a blissful one in the next.

The woman who is tempted to debase herself by illicit gratification should pause a moment, and form a deliberate idea of the step she is about to take. Has her husband been affectionate, faithful, and upright in his conduct towards her? What a return! Common gratitude would demand more. Has he fixed all his happiness upon her, built his fondest hopes of worldly comfort upon her presence and her conduct? Does he acknowledge no other mo-

tive to action than to provide for her delight, ask no other monitor than her counsel, seek no other reward than her praises? Oh! pause and reflect what an eternal ravage thou art about to commit in the fair region of domestic happiness, and how ill the rank pleasures of corrupt embraces will repay you for the paradise you quit. Look upon the man you would plunge into remediless anguish! Recall his tender protestations, his love, his virtues, and forsake them if thou canst. Or hast thou children? Think of them: think what they have a right to demand at thy hands, and tremble while you

But meditate upon the thought of sending them forth into the world with the foul blot of infamy upon their innocent heads! Think that for the indulgence of criminal and dishonest passions you debase your own issue, become worse than the fiercest beast of prey by injuring your offspring, and that you compel your children to blush at the mention of their mother's name. Oh! reverence yourself, and sink not into the grave dishonoured, unrespected, unwept, untended by the heart, eye, and hand of filial love.

I never could see the justice of that law which makes all the penalty, in the cases of adultery, to fall upon the man: not that I would have him escape, but that I would make his guilty partner in pleasure his partner in punishment. Women are rational beings, and as such ought to be made responsible for their own chastity; in violating it they know what they do, and they also do it wilfully. Common equity, therefore, demands that they should be amenable to the infliction of penal laws. It may be remarked, that almost every nation of antiquity adjudged punishment to both the man and woman in case of adultery. Under Constantius and Constantius they were either burnt, or sewed in sacks and thrown into the sea. Under Leo and Marcian the penalty was different; and under Theodosius, women convicted of this crime were punished in a very singular manner, the narration of which, however, I do not think it necessary to produce.

Nor have modern nations neglected methods of punishing a crime so

fraught with mischief to civil society: and at this day, if a woman in Turkey commit adultery, she is tied in a sack and thrown into the sea, and her lover is beheaded.

I scarcely wish to propose penalties so sanguinary: but I am most solemnly of opinion, that justice and morality alike demand that the adulteress should not escape unpunished.

There are other evils also attendant upon adultery, which however need not be insisted on here: I mean the filiation of children and the various civil rights and immunities which result from it.

But, if we condemn the tempted, what shall we say of the tempter? What shall we say of the man who not only violates female honour, but violates that honour which belongs to another? Who adds treachery to guilt, and descends to the lowest ebb of human iniquity by wearing the smiles of friendship on his face, and carrying the malice of villany in his heart? In almost every case, the seducer of a married woman must be upon terms of intimacy, and more than common intimacy, with the husband, or he cannot carry on his machinations. Is it then possible to conceive any situation more wicked, more self-debasing, more abhorred, than this? He crosses the threshold of his friend's door, he is received with hospitality and candour, he is trusted with freedom and confidence, and yet, beneath the very eyes of his friend, he is secretly plotting to destroy him and to bring his name to public disgrace, and his happiness to private ruin. But to effect all this how must he proceed? He must lie, dissemble, lurk about for opportunities like a thief, start from detection like a guilty wretch, and

Oh! it is wonderful that a being, so acting, does not start back from himself with horror, and despise his own shadow, which proclaims the existence of one whom it would be profanity to call a man. Compared to him, the highwayman is innocent: and the common murderer even stands far above him, for he opposes his own existence against the existence of his victim, and does not first lull him into security by hypocrisy and lies. The meanest beggar that

crawls the earth may spurn him with conscious superiority, and with the indignant pride of honest poverty disdain his presence. I cannot, by language, aggravate the enormity of his guilt, and I therefore quit the contemplation of it.

It will perhaps be thought that I have thus decided the question, which I regarded as ambiguous in the commencement of this paper; and, indeed, I believe it will be found upon the most accurate reflection, that the evils attendant upon the seduction of a married woman are greater in themselves and more complicated in their consequences, than those which result from the criminal triumph over unwedded honour and virtue. Yet, let it not be supposed that I regard with indifference an action which has in every age been marked with opprobrium. The seduction of virgin innocence is a subject upon which more can be said that arrests the passions than upon the other: and hence poetry and eloquence have not spared their powers to paint the cruelty of the action. We appeal to the judgment and the reason in the latter; but in the former we arouse the feelings.

Few topics, indeed, are more susceptible of exaggerated declamation than this. We bring before our mind the modest, timid virgin, shrinking even in idea from the contemplation of vice: we behold her in the calm peace of innocence, the charm of society, the delight of her friends, the proud honor of her parents and kindred: we see her mind imbued with precepts of morality and religion, and her manners and discourse refined by the cares of education: and we anticipate what lovely fruit this early cultivation, this pregnant soil in all that is virtuous, might have produced. The transition from this scene of peace and quiet, to the gloomy turbulence and moral degradation of vice, is powerful: and there is no heart so callous that is not moved at such a picture skilfully drawn. We contrast past splendour with present abasement: and, like the traveller who sighs over the ruins of Babylon or Rome, we deplore the fallen relicks of innocence and virtue. But, to the ravager of this fabric let me address myself.

What are your hopes, what are your incitements? Your hopes are infamous, your incitements are bestial. You have none of the common palliatives of wickedness to plead. You are not tempted, for you are the tempter: no necessity impels you, for your natural and artificial desires may be gratified at a cheaper rate than the perdition of an innocent girl's happiness and reputation. Your proceedings, therefore, are the cool, malignant ones of a bad and corrupted heart: you resemble the ferocious hordes of conquering barbarians, who first pillage and then massacre: but your massacre is incomparably more tremendous, for it is of the soul, not of the body: your victim is still left a creature of wretchedness in this life, and ultimately, perhaps, without hope in the next. Let this thought appal you: and let the feelings of humanity, if you have them, soften you.

Surely more than common cruelty must possess the bosom of a seducer. Love in its utmost fervour, confidence that knows no suspicion, are felt towards you by the hapless object of your arts: this love you feign to return, this confidence you deceive with promises. That your love is feigned, admits of no dispute: for true love honors its object: but what is debased by moral turpitude can never be regarded with veneration. That you delude by artifices is also equally indisputable; for where is the unexperienced girl, that would yield to solicitation with the assured conviction that it was to gratify only momentary passion, and that she was finally to be deserted? No: marriage, that honourable compost which is laid over the wounds of diseased reputation, is the glittering bait; and her credulous ears are filled with the jargon of anticipating joys, which, in a few days, or hours perhaps, shall be sanctified by religious ceremonies. Her tears are thus done away: she commits her temporal welfare to the being who smiles only to betray, and who leads her with designed iniquity from a path to which she can never, never return!

Man of guilt! when your intemperate passions burn hotly, and your eyes are cast around to meet some fit receptacle for them, turn away, I be-

seech you, from the fair region of innocence and peace! Enter not its holy precincts with premeditated ruin and devastation! Dash not the smile of virtue from the cheek of youth: fill not the heart of piety and truth with corruption and vice: pluck not the fair rose from the stem on which it grew, and having worn the bauble for a while leave it on the earth to perish. Think of a father's and a mother's agonies when they behold their poor child dishonoured, lost, debased: think of your victim, and what unimaginable evils may flow from thy accursed act. Remember, too, there is a state of retribution; a state, where no collusion will serve: no sophistry can palliate: a state, where thy crimes will stand in naked truth against thee, and their punishment will be awarded with righteous judgment.

And let not the voice of censure be raised against me, if I venture to call for mercy and compassion, for mildness and forbearance towards the guilty. I know not by what arts of satisfaction those parents can lull their feelings who have never practised forgiveness; or how they acquit themselves of the after crimes of their children, when they shut the only door against their repentance which humanity and nature demand should be open. Surely they who have acted thus (and they are numerous) must turn pale and tremble as they exclaim "FORGIVE US OUR SINS, AS WE FORGIVE THOSE WHO HAVE TRESPASSED AGAINST US," for they implore a heavy retribution of justice. Something may be pleaded in behalf of parental anger: but that anger which knows no mitigation, and which shuts the heart against the cries of mercy, is the enmity of a demon, not the weakness of a christian. To the proud father who can forgive no crime, and to the unnatural mother who prides herself upon untempted chastity, and turns away from her fallen but repentant daughter, I would address myself in the language of Shakspeare:

Alas! alas!

Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once,
And He that might the vantage best have took,

Found out the remedy; How would you be,
If he, which is the top of judgement, should
But judge you as you are? O! think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your
lips

Like man new made!

Nay, I will go farther. It well becomes a parent to seek after the child that has strayed: not merely to wait and permit her return, but to arrest her progress in error, and with the least possible delay; strive to win her from the paths of vice. This is a duty incumbent upon man to man: but how much more so from parents to their offspring.

As a subject not unconnected with what has been said above, let me interpose a shield between the confirmed prostitute and the world's censure. I wish not to be regarded as the advocate for a state, which, however necessary philosophers and politicians may deem it, the moralist cannot but condemn: but I would, if possible, awaken sentiments of pity and commiseration instead of contempt, insult, and scorn. There is injustice and cruelty in this. There is injustice, because we know not how far they have offended, from what cause they offended, or how sincerely they may, in their hearts, repent: and there is cruelty, because it is oppressing those who have no power to resist, nor any advocate to intercede; for who willingly appears as the champion of avowed infamy?

I cannot but think that the state of prostitution is rendered more desperate by the general cry of horror that is raised against it; as men grow furious from despair, and often plunge into the depths of iniquity, because access even to the confines of respectability and esteem are denied to them. Of those poor wretches who gain a scanty livelihood by the worst debasement, it is not unjust to believe that the greater part would have returned to virtuous society, had there existed means. But no: an unhappy female, having forfeited her honor, is immediately driven forth to a wide and pitiless world, without the possibility of expiating her crime by future amendment. There is surely in this more of ferocity, than civilised society warrants. By what superiority of purity we are entitled to scorn her

who repents, it would be difficult to shew: and, as christians, let us never forget that the Father of all Mercies rejoices in one who turneth from his wickedness!

But their sorrows are enough, without our contumely. The greatest misery may be hid in smiles: and the prostitute, who purchases her bed and food and cloathing by her smiles, must not therefore be judged happy. Oh! if the sternest heart—that looks in scorn upon them, could view what domestic wretchedness they suffer, could see them in their solitude, forlorn, pinched with cold, smitten with hunger, and pining with disease; they would forget their errors and commiserate their miseries. I do not wish to confound the distinctions of vice and virtue; but I would not aggravate what is already wretched, nor add poignancy to what is already acute. The negative virtue of forbearance is within the reach of every one; and where we do not choose to stretch forth a hand to assist, we may at least refrain from multiplying anguish.—Let us remember what they once were; let us imagine under what circumstances they may have fallen; and let us never forget; that the stability of untried virtue gives us no authority to condemn without mercy those who have yielded.

ANNOTATIONS on the TEXT of
SHAKSPEARE.
No. IV.

KING JOHN.
Act III.—Sc. IV.

*And now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
And chase the native beauty from his cheek.*

Ariosto has a parallel image on the death of Zerbino.—*Orlando Furioso*, C. 24. St. 80.

*Pick matter of revolt
Out of the bloody fingers' ends of John.*

From the murder that has embrued his hands in the blood of his nephew, a pretence for revolt can be deduced with justice. Such amusement as Mr. Seymour's explanation can afford him, the reader shall not be denied. "Every part of this royal murderer, from the features of his face to his FINGER'S ENDS, will be-

come hateful to the people, and excite revolt!!!"

RICHARD II.

*Report of fashions in proud Italy;
Whose manners still, our tardy apish
nation,
Limps after in base imitation.*

"Italy, in our author's time, gave the ton of fashion, as France does now, to all Europe."—DAVIES' *Dram. Misc. vol. i. p. 134.*

This is undoubtedly true; and the imitation extended to literary taste. Notwithstanding the assertion of Dr. Johnson, and the caution of Bishop Hurd*, in "fastening" any imitation on our author, those passages which are palpably coincident, must certainly be accounted as such, whether he borrowed them from the original languages, or from translations extant in his time. It has been attempted to produce, neither idly nor ostentatiously, the Italian and other quotations, in the progress of these comments.

KING HENRY IV.—Part I.
Act I.—Sc. I.

*Which makes him, prune himself, and
bristle up
The crest of youth against your dignity.*

The same phrase occurs in Love's Labour Lost, where Birton says,

*When shall you see me write a thing in
rhyme
Or groan for Joan? or spend a minute's
time
In pruning me?*

Sc. II.

*Thou hast forgotten to demand that
truly what thou wouldst truly know.*

Falstaff, having inquired the time of day, is informed by the Prince, that, although past midnight, and consequently morning, it could not be as yet termed day. He accordingly soon after bids Poin "good morrow, sweet lad."

Oh thou hast damnable iteration!
That is, repartee, in modern idiom.

Act II.—Sc. IV.

*Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish
of butter? Pityful hearted Titan, that*

* Discourse IV. on the Marks of Imitation.

melted at the sweet tale of the sun? If thou didst, then behold that compound.

Falstaff. *You rogue, there's lime in this sack too; there is nothing but rogue-ry to be found in villainous man.*

Titan is here allegorically used for heat; and the prince terms the jolly Knight a compound of this attribute and of greasy fat, which is melting with fatigue. To this Falstaff rejoins that imperfection is inherent in every substance; as the sack is polluted with lime, and his own body agitated by violent motion.

Act V.—Sc. I.

What! thou owest Heaven a death.

ΠΕΡΙΠΛΑΙΝΟΣ ΑΥΤΗ is a Homeric expression. Also in the Fragments of Alexis, *Περίπλαινον χρόνον*.

Act V.—Sc. I.

All the budding honors on thy crest I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

There is considerable resemblance in a passage of Metastasio's *Adessandro*, A. I. S. 2.

"E spera un giorno

"D'invogliar quegli allori alle tue chiome."

When that this body did contain a spirit A kingdom for it was too small a bound, And now two paces of the vilest earth Is room enough.

To his example from Ovid, Dr. Johnson might have added another from that author, *Metam.* 5. 135.—on the death of Dorylus, where the turn of expression is more similar.

—"Hoc quod premis, inquit, habeto De tot agris, terræ."

Embowelled will I see thee by and by.

The commentators on Milton have disputed the meaning of this word in some lines applied by that poet to the explosion of fire-arms.

"Whose roar

Embowell'd with outrageous noise, the air

And all her entrails tore."

The sense evidently is to *exenterate*; as in *Lucan*, *Phars.* 7. 475.

Tunc stridulus aer

Elatus lituis.

* *Steel's Elements of Punctuation*, p. 137.

But in the following verse of Spenser, *F. Q.* 3. 7. 29. it may either signify thus, or to swallow.

"After having him embowelled To fill his hellish gorge."

KING HENRY IV.—Part II.

Act I.—Sc. I.

And doth enlarge his rising with the blood

Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Parnet stones.

Increases the number of his adherents, under pretence of avenging the death of the late king.

Act II.—Sc. IV.

Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Perhaps, dead at top; a blockhead. See an anecdote of Swift, in Mr Croft's *Life of Young*, printed in Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*.

Breeds no bote with telling of discreet stories.

Tales of such a nature as cannot be revealed with prudence.

Act IV.—Sc. I.

And present execution of our wills To us and to our purposes confin'd.

We still talk of *binding* by an agreement; and there is therefore no absolute necessity for introducing *sign'd*, although more consonant with modern taste.

Act IV.—Sc. IV.

Th' incessant care and labor of his mind Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in

So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

In some verses of Dryden's *Absalom* and *Aclutophel*, applied to the Duke of Buckingham [*Zimri*], there is a strong resemblance to these lines:

"A fiery soul, that, working out its way, Fretted the pigmy's body to decay, And o'erinform'd the tenement of clay."

KING HENRY V.

Act I.—Sc. I.

Grew like the summer grass, fastest by night

Unseen, yet crecive in his faculty,

According to Thornton's *Philosophy of Medicine*, Vol. III. p. 184. the growth arising from nutrition takes place in a greater degree during the night than at any other time.

Act III.—Sc. I.

*Now set the teeth;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every
spirit.*

From Tyrtæus:

Ἀλλὰ τίς ὑδίαςδὲς μανίτω πρὸς τὴν ἀμφόλοισιν,
Σταγυρθεὶς ἐκ γῆς, χυλὸς οὐδὲν δακνάν.

Act III.—Sc. II.

*Be merciful, great Duke, to men of
mould.*

Men of vulgar abilities, not those

Quos arte benignā

Et meliori tuto finxit præcordia Titan.

This phrase is also copied by Shakspeare in Much Ado about Nothing, and B. Jonson has servilely translated it in *Catiline*.

Act IV.—Sc. VII.

We'll cut the throats of those we hate.

This should be altered to *we've*, in order to agree with the assertion of Fluellen.

Act V.—Sc. I.

I eat, and eat, I swear.

Transpose the conjunction, after *eat*, which should be preceded by *I*.

My condition is not smooth.

"My temper," says Mr. Steevens; probably, it signifies *manners*.

KING HENRY VI.—Part I.

Act IV.—Sc. V.

*Here dies the dusky torch of Mortimer,
Chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort.*

Because unsuccessful.

*Thou art my heir; the rest I wish thee
gather.*

I wish you to infer, how you are consequently to act.

Act IV.—Sc. VI.

Twice, my father, twice am I thy son.

Voltaire did not disdain to borrow from the poet he abus'd. We read, in the second *Henriade*, on a father saying the life of his son,

— Trompant la barbarie
Une second fois il lui donna la vie.

Act V.

Joan. No, misconceived!

"Ye unnatural, misbegotten wretches," in reply to their insinuations on her own birth.

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Part II.

Act IV.—Sc. III.

*These hands are free from guiltless blood-
shedding.*

Shedding of guiltless blood: an inverted construction.

Act IV.—Sc. V.

*And thither will I send you, Matthew
Gough*

This Matthew Gough is mentioned in Duclos' *Histoire de Louis XI.* as commander of 14,000 French and 8000 English against the Swiss. The French writer terms him Mathieu God, ou *Matago*: as John Hawkesworth was converted into *Giovanni Auguto*, and the Scotch name of For-dyce into *Forthis*.

Part III.

Act II.—Sc. V.

*O boy! thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late.*

Had the son been born at a later period, the battle wherein he fell would have been past by the time he had attained his present years. His father adds, that his loss would have been more supportable in infancy or at an earlier period, than in his present bloom of youth.

KING RICHARD III.

Act I.—Sc. II.

Vouchsaft, diffus'd infection of a man.

One that has been fatal to man; in the sense of the French word *répandu*. Dr. Johnson says of the poet Garth, that he "communicated himself through a wide extent of acquaintance."

Act II.—Sc. I.

Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest.

Mr. Southey has used this idea with effect, in the second book of *Thalaba*.

Act III.—Sc. VII.

The right idea of your father.

Mr. Seymour observes that there is no mention, either historical or traditional, of the Duke of York's being deformed, as Gloster is represented to be. The fact is, that, although Shakspeare complied with vulgar prejudice in the latter case, we may regard the silence of historians as an authentic proof of Mr. Walpole's doubts being perfectly rational.

Act V.—c. IV.

Daring an opposite to every danger!

Richard so desperately plunges into the hottest of the fight, that an adversary, in order to engage him, is compelled to follow the example.—Of this explanation the *Reviser* had a glimpse, but could not keep it."

ERRATUM in No. I.

In the comment on sustaining garments, insert a period after *week*.

[To be continued.]

On the CIRCUMNAVIGATION of BRITAIN by the ROMANS.

Sir,

I HAVE seen, in several of the public journals, an account of the discovery of a human skeleton in the island of Benbecula, between North and South Uist. This skeleton was under a bank of sand, and in a state of high preservation. It was in a sitting posture, holding in its right hand the handle of a sword; and, on digging a little deeper, there were discovered the fragments of a Roman urn, with a few pieces of silver coinage, bearing a strong resemblance to those of the emperor Servus. It is generally supposed this must be the skeleton of a Roman; but because Agricola, in his expedition into Scotland did not penetrate beyond the Grampian Hills, nor any one after him, it is asked, In what manner could the person have been buried in Benbecula?

Perhaps the difficulty may be solved, when we recollect that the Roman fleet which accompanied Agricola sailed, by his command, completely round Great Britain, and that it was then first known to be an island.—Tacitus mentions this in his *VITA AGRICOLÆ*. *Ibi*, acceptis obsidibus, præfecto classis circumvehi Britanniam præcipit. c. xxxviii.* May it not therefore have happened that one of the crews of these vessels died, and was buried in the island already mentioned. This is explaining the difficulty without conjectural resource to the vestiges of a Roman encampment in Inverness shire.

I remain, Sir, &c.

Bath, Aug. 7, 1808.

X. Y.

* After the victory over Calgacus.

Some REFLECTIONS ON ORGANISED BODIES, and their VARIOUS PROPERTIES.

Sir,

LIFE, in the opinion of the physiologist, who seeks to penetrate the cause of it, is only the movement of an organised body.

To live, we must be organised: that is, formed of an aggregate of parts more or less dependent on each other, which have the property of attracting exterior bodies, interposing them between their molecules, and giving them an arrangement different to that which the laws of chemical affinity require. This property is that of nutrition.

Organ is a part of a living body, having a disposition to execute one of the modes of action, in the aggregate of which consists life. These actions, peculiar to such or such a part, are called functions.

The fewer different functions which a living body has to exercise, the more simple is its organization.

This general rule seems liable, however, to exceptions; for, of many animals the organisation appears at first sight to be more simple than that of a great number of vegetables. The fresh-water polypus, for instance, in which neither nerve, vessel, nor muscles are to be discovered, has an organization apparently more simple than that of many vegetables which excite our admiration by the elegance of their forms and the brilliancy of their colours.

But though the polypus does not give, by chemical analysis, a produce more complicated than vegetables, yet analogy teaches us to believe that the simplicity of its organisation is a false appearance, the source of which is in the imperfection of our knowledge. To feel, to move, to nourish, and to separate the most subtle poisons that are known*, must surely

* Of all animals hitherto known, it appears there are none whose venom is so powerful and so active as that of the polypus. Those worms which appear in the water, it instantaneously deprives of life, however irritable or difficult of extinction it may be: so great is the energy and force of the poison that introduces itself by the pores of the worm!

require an internal arrangement of parts more complicated than a vegetable, which evinces no sign of sensibility, nor any power of loco-motion.

From the vegetable which merely nourishes and reproduces itself, to the intelligent being who observes it, there is an infinite variety of gradations in the organisation of existing beings; and in comparing the different organised bodies with each other, the use of the functions which they perform will be discovered in the organisation of each of them.

If the use of certain parts of many organised bodies be unknown to us, it is for want of having sufficiently compared the functions of those where they exist with those where they are not to be found: and if, on the contrary, many organised bodies exercise functions the cause of which we cannot perceive in their organisation, it is because their internal arrangement escapes our limited knowledge.

He who reigns over all other beings by his intellectual functions, is gifted with organs, which cannot be found in any other, at least not perfectly similar. No animal, among those of the *encephalous* class, has the upper part of the skull so voluminous as that of man; and it may be observed constantly to diminish in size in proportion as the intelligence of animals becomes more and more circumscribed. Why may it not be hence inferred, that this part executes among them those functions which they alone enjoy in such a high degree? I could multiply examples; but the one which I have just related is the most striking which the history of animal organisation offers.

The most essential analogical characteristics of different living bodies are derived from their internal organisation.

Desfontaines has demonstrated that this fact, already known with regard to animals, is equally found in vegetables; for he observes, that the internal structure of the *monocotyledons* was invariably different from that of the *dicotyledons*.

I will mention one more general axiom.

The more the organisation is simple, so much the less are the parts of the organised body dependant on each other.

They supply more easily one another in proportion as their organisation is analogous.

The being whose distinct parts all perform the same functions, as the polypus for instance, who feels, moves, and nourishes it-self in all its parts, does not suffer when any single one is separated from it.

If these observations are accepted, I shall probably trouble you with a continuation of them for some of your ensuing numbers; and remain, Sir,

Your constant reader.

Lichester,

July, 29, 1808.

C. G. D.

THE LITERARY AND MORAL CHARACTER OF D'ALEMBERT.

THE principal character of his mind is precision and clearness: to the study of geometry he brought considerable talent, and much facility of comprehension: this facility left him time for cultivating other branches of literature with success. His style has more energy than warmth, more precision than fancy, more dignity than grace: it is clear and succinct, easy to understand, and though sometimes a little dry, yet never violated by bad taste.

Devoted to study and solitude until his five and twentieth year, he entered into the world at a late period, and at no time mingled much with it; he never learned to conform himself servilely to its usages and language, and perhaps indeed he cherished the minute vanity of despising it. He was never, however, rude or unpolished in his manners, for his mind was elevated and pure; but he was sometimes what may be called *uncivil* from inattention or from ignorance. The basis of his character was freedom and a manly but never offensive expression of truth. He was impatient and irritable to a great degree: whatever opposed or hurt him, invariably made a strong impression, over which he was not master, but which evaporated at the same moment that it was expressed. He was, in reality, mild, easy to live with, more complaisant than he appeared; and might be easily governed; provided he did not perceive it, for his love of independence was cherished even to supe-

ticism. Some persons thought him wicked, because he ridiculed without reserve, certain fools, or pretenders, to wisdom, who disgusted him; but if this were wickedness, it was the only wickedness he was capable of, and he would have been wretched to think that any person was unhappy through him, even those who had sought most to injure him. Experience, and the example of others, taught him that men ought to be distrusted, but his extreme openness of character did not permit him practically to distrust any individual in particular. He did not believe any one would designedly deceive, and this error produced in him another, that of being too easily prevailed upon by expressions of esteem when offered to him.

Without any family, without any connections of any kind, abandoned at an early age to his own discretion and guidance, born, luckily for himself, with some talents and few passions, he found in study, and in this natural gaiety of disposition, a continual source of recreation and delight. As he owed nothing but to himself and to nature, he was ignorant of baseness and dissimulation; those arts so necessary to arrive at fortune and distinction.

He was thought vain; but he was only proud and independent: no one was less jealous of the talents and success of others, nor applauded them more willingly, provided he saw in them nothing of quackery and offensive presumption; for then he became severe, caustic, and sometimes, perhaps, unjust. But though his vanity was not so excessive as has been supposed, he was not however insensible, but was, on the contrary, very much alive, in the first moments, both to what flattered and to what hurt him: but a little reflection, in either case, soon restored him to his usual placidity.

His principle was that a man of letters, who would establish his name upon durable foundations, ought to be very attentive to what he writes, a little so to what he does, and not quite indifferent to what he says.—D'Alembert conformed his conduct to this principle. He said many idle

things, but wrote hardly any, and did none.

No person carried disinterestedness farther than he; but as he cherished neither artificial wants nor absurd fantasies, his virtues cost him so little, that perhaps they scarcely ought to be extravagantly praised. His heart, which was naturally tender, loved to admit soft and pleasing sensations, and hence he was at once very gay and very subject to the inroads of melancholy. With this disposition, it need not surprise us, that in his youth he was very susceptible of love, the most powerful and the most delightful of all passions. But this passion proved only a misfortune to D'Alembert, and the chagrin which it occasioned, disgusted him for a long time with man, with life, and even with study.

After having passed his early years in meditation and labour, he saw, like the sage, the nihility of human knowledge: he felt that it could not occupy his heart, and he exclaimed with the *Aminia* of Tasso—"I have lost all the time that I passed without being in love."

† * †.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE ENGLISH AMBASSADOR'S AUDIENCE WITH THE SULTAN.

[From Mac Gill's Travels.]

It has always been our professed principle to produce the greatest possible variety and entertainment for our readers, without strictly regarding whether the subject be an original communication, or whether derived from recently published works, which are therefore not yet popular, or from scarce books, and consequently as little popular. Upon this principle we insert the following, which will be at least amusing to many of our readers.

DURING my absence in Russia, his Excellency Mr. Arbuthnot, our new ambassador at the Porte, arrived in Constantinople; yesterday he had his audience with the Sultan, which, as the mode of conducting it was somewhat singular, I shall describe to you.

Yesterday morning, by five o'clock, the whole of the British at the time

in Constantinople repaired to the palace of the Swedish envoy, where his Excellency our ambassador waited for them, to proceed to his audience with the Sultan: before six the whole procession was in motion; the ambassador was carried in a chair by six men in red robes, with high hairy caps on their heads; on each side of the chair walked one of his Excellency's armed attendants, namely, his hussar and his sportsman; the chair was followed by another, which was empty, and then by the secretaries, dragomen, and gentlemen and factors, who happened to be then in the country.

In this manner we proceeded to the water side at Tophana, where boats were provided for us by order of the Porte, to carry us across the Golden Horn, where, when we arrived, we found horses from the stud of the Sultan waiting to convey us to the seraglio after some little ceremonies we again set forward for the Sublime Porte; before entering it, we all alighted, and proceeded onward between the gates; the outer and inner ones were then shut, and information was sent to the Divan, that an infidel ambassador was without, who wished to throw himself at the feet of the Great Sultan. The place in which we were inclosed is that where criminals are decapitated, and where the heads of traitors are exposed for the satisfaction of the Sultan. After a short time the inner gate was thrown open, and an exhibition truly novel presented itself: a great number of dishes of pillau and cakes of bread were strewed on the ground at appropriate distances, which, at a signal given, a troop of janizaries ran in in the nimblest manner, and carried off. On enquiry, I found that this grotesque spectacle was intended to shew to us infidels in what manner the Turkish troops are fed, and also how active they are.

At length we were permitted to advance, and after crossing an exterior court of the seraglio, arrived at the entrance of the divan, near the door of which were exposed on the ground the presents brought by the ambassador, in order to gain or secure the friendship of the Turks; amongst these were several pieces of fine cloth,

some of rich silk, a table clock, and many other articles.

Here his Excellency presented his credentials to the Vizir, who by some gentlemen of the long robe sent them to the Sultan to know his pleasure. The interval between this and the arrival of the answer was employed by us in examining and admiring the magnificence of the apartment in which we were, and which was richly gilt and painted on the roof and columns; the floor was of variegated marble, around the room were sophas covered with costly stuff; in the middle of the side opposite the door, upon a cushion more elevated than the rest, sat the Vizir, over his head we observed the little window covered by a thick grating, at which it is said the Sultan sits to hear what passes on occasions of this kind. It was evident to perceive through the grating that some person sat there, but conjecture alone could lead us to conclude that it was Selim.

A gracious answer from the Sultan at length arrived, which was received with a shout of "Long live the King of Kings, Selim the Sultan of Sultans." Here every one arose, even his Highness the Vizir alipt from his throne, and met the bearer half way to the door; the order was delivered into his hands, he first kissed it, then placed it to his forehead, kissed it again, and then, and not till then, presumed to break the seals; the order was to feed, wash, and clothe the infidels, and then admit them to his presence. In a short time, some little stools were arranged, in different parts of the divan, on the top of which were placed large trays of gold and silver, about four feet diameter, and of a circular form, from which we were to be fed at the expense of the Turks. A most sumptuous entertainment was served up; first, a kind of blancmanger, next different kinds of roasted and baked meats; sweetmeats followed; and to conclude, a delicious cooling sherbet was handed round in gold and silver basons.

We experienced one grievous want at this feast, for we were not furnished either with knife or fork, and were obliged to tear in pieces whatever was set before us; for the articles of a liquid kind, spoons of tor-

goose-shell, studded with gold, were handed to us.

The eating part of the farce being over, perfumed water was poured on the hands of his Excellency, and a napkin of rich embroidery was thrown to him to wipe them with; he was farther perfumed with aloes wood and ambergris.

The usual ceremony of paying the janizaries takes place in general after this part of the audience, but his Excellency had, I suppose, expressed himself sufficiently satisfied of the riches of the Sultan, and it was dispensed with.

I happened to be in Constantinople at a former period, when two senators of Ragusa came to pay their tribute to the Porte, and was present at their audience, when the usual entertainment for the ambassadors, of paying the janizaries, was gone through, a description of which may perhaps amuse you. On quitting the divan, the senators and suite were conducted to a place in the court immediately opposite to the door of it, where seats were prepared for their reception; the servants of the Porte then brought out a number of leathern purses, which were strewed on the ground, and supposed to contain the pay of one company; the colonel of the company then gave the word, upon which the men came running forward, snatched up the purses, and carried them to some other quarter, where they divided them; this they repeated again, and again: at the audience of the Ragusans it lasted upwards of an hour and a half; at that of Lord Elgin, this farce continued some hours, when his Lordship, with just indignation, declared, that if it was not concluded immediately, he would return home.

We were now marched to a kind of open room under the piazzas, where coffee was served, and where the infidels were clothed in a manner suitable to their making their appearance before the sublime Sultan; this dress consisted of pelisses; that of his Excellency was lined with samour, worth no small sum; those for the secretaries were very good; the dragomen, who generally take care of themselves, having in some measure the management of this part of the

business, were served with a pelisse each, little inferior to that of the ambassador; the others were of trifling value.

To the presence of the Sultan only fourteen can be admitted, and they must be unarmed; so here his Excellency, and those who wore swords, unbuckled: we now passed to the gate of the second court, where we encountered the first guard of eunuchs. This guard was composed of the ugliest monsters that ever wore the human form; their features were horrible, with the flesh depending from them; their faces were of the most deadly hue. Each infidel was now adorned with two eunuchs, who laid a paw on each shoulder, to signify when he was to bend before the King of Kings, and also to prevent outrage in his presence; in this manner we promenaded the second court, and were soon ushered into the august presence.

The Sultan was sitting on a bed, for his throne has the appearance of a large four-posted bed, indeed it is exactly of that shape; the posts were inlaid with precious stones; the cushion on which Selim sat was composed of a massy embroidery of pearls; before him stood his boots, beside him lay his sword, and some turbans of state with rich aigrettes in them.

Selim is a man of about forty-three years of age; his beard is become grisly, his countenance is attractive, the tout ensemble of his physiognomy benign; he never lifted his eyes, nor even gave a side glance; the ambassador made a polite speech to him, which the Prince Marwze, first dragoman at the Porte, translated to the Vizir, who repeated it to the Sultan; he made his reply in simple, kind, and elegant expressions; it was likewise spoken to the Vizir, who passed it to the prince, who then repeated it to the British Company's dragoman, and he to the ambassador. Our audience being finished, we turned to depart, still in our humiliating condition, like criminals; the Sultan, just as we were leaving the room, desired the dragoman to inform his Excellency that he had ordered him a horse, which he hoped would turn out a good one; his Excellency thanked him, and we departed. A strong

guard of janizaries attended during the whole of the procession.

Our return from the audience was nearly the same as our entry. We passed over the outward court of the seraglio, and without the Porte found our horses in waiting where we had left them. As we crossed the water, several British and Maltese vessels saluted us; indeed they had done so in the morning. We conducted the ambassador to the Swedish palace, and were refreshed with lemonade, sweet cakes, &c.: the party then broke up to meet again at Tarapea, the residence of Mr. Arbuthnot, where we were invited to dinner. In the evening we had a ball.

The audience upon the whole was grand, and came up in a great measure to my expectations. It was humiliating, to be sure, to be kept like prisoners so long in that horrible place the Porte, and had we understood the language, the being treated with "infidel" at every corner would have been insufferable. But the manners of the Turks, in every stage of the business, was friendly and kind. They have a greater regard for the English than for any other nation, both for those in the distinguished employments, and for the mercantile part of them: ever since the affair of Egypt, they talk of Nelson, Sir Sidney, their old acquaintance, whom they will tell you they have seen, and General Stewart, with delight and enthusiasm. They highly respect the mercantile world, and say the word of an Englishman is as good as any other man's writing, who is not a mussulman.

The dinner at Tarapea consisted of all that taste could display, or the appetite desire; the rarities of the season were washed down in libations of the choicest wines; the party was elegant, but not gay. We were deprived by her indisposition of the presence of the amiable and beautiful ambassadress; the sickness of his beloved consort threw a gloom over his excellency, who, notwithstanding, strove to appear cheerful: in the evening, however, we found her adorning the drawing-room, where were also the ambassadors of the other missions and their ladies, with most of the ladies and gentlemen attached

to them, who had been invited to pay their court on this occasion. According to the eastern custom, coffee and sweetmeats were served up, and the ball commenced by those who chose to dance leading their partners to the hall, where a band of music was playing. Rooms were prepared for those who chose to play at cards. During the evening, ices and lemonade were handed round; the dance continued with much vivacity until some hours after midnight, when the party returned to their respective homes.

The moon shone bright, and shed a charming lustre over the mountains, crowned with the gloomy cypress; the most death-like silliness reigned over the canal, interrupted only by the fall of the oar, which beat in agreeable cadence to the breast, which had been agitated with the dance, or with some softer emotion. For the scene of the evening afforded a rich display of beauty.

The contrast was striking between the elegant simplicity of the English dress, and the gaudy stew of the Grecian. Her excellency was attired in a plain, but costly suit; the other ladies were decked out in rich furled gowns of silver, gold, or rich silk stuffs, and all the family diamonds were displayed on this occasion, stuck on without either art or elegance.

The ambassador appeared in the evening in the Windsor uniform; his dress in the morning was rich embroidery. The gentlemen of the other missions wore the uniform of their respective courts.

THE BEE.—No. X.

Floribus ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
omnia n. s. L. CRETIUS.

AN INTERESTING ANECDOTE.

“WHILE the French were besieging Mantua, a convent which lay exposed to the cannon of the garrison was evacuated by its nuns, and immediately occupied by its besiegers; who, hearing groans issue from underneath the building, humanely followed the sound, and discovered, in a damp and gloomy dungeon, a female seated on a crazy chair, and loaded with fetters, but whose coun-

tenance, though deeply furrowed by misery, looked youthful. On seeing the soldiers she earnestly petitioned for life and liberty, telling them she had been four years confined in that cruel manner, for attempting to elope with a young man who had long been master of her heart: the soldiers instantly struck off her fetters, upon which she besought them to lead her into the open air; they represented, that, on quitting the shelter of the convent, she would be exposed to a shower of cannon-balls. "Ah!" replied the nun, "*mourir, c'est rester ici*!"

MOONSOONS.

This word, according to Mr. Marsden, is derived from *Moonseem*, which, in the Arabic and Malay languages, signifies a year, those winds blowing one half year one way, and the other half the contrary way.

CHARACTERISTICS OF EACH EUROPEAN NATION, as laid down by WYNDHAM BEAUVES, in his
History of Spain and Portugal

	GERMAN	SPANIARD	ITALIAN	FRENCH	ENGLISH
In the body	Robust	Horrid	Weak	Agile	Delicate
In mind	A bear	An elephant	A fox	An eagle	A lion
In dress	A monkey	Modest	Mourful	Protrus	Superb
In customs	Serious	Grave	Fasty	Ostentatious	Pleasant
At table	Sotish	Fastidious	Sober	Delicate	Gluttonous
In beauty	A statue	A devil	A man	A woman	An angel
In conversation	Howls	Speaks	Raves	Sings	Cries
In secrets	Forgetful	Dumb	Reserved	Talkative	Unfaithful
In science	Jurist	Theologer	Architect	Something of all	Philosopher
In fidelity	Faithful	Fallacious	Suspicious	Light	Perfidious
In counsel	Slow	Cautious	Subtle	Precipitate	Imprudent
In religion	Superstitious	Constant	Religious	Zealous	Changeable
Magnificent	In fortifications	In arms	In temples	In palaces	In fleets
In matrimony the husband &	A lord	A tyrant	A jailor	A companion	A vassal
The wife is	A domestic utensil	A slave	A prisoner	A lady	A queen
The servant is	A companion	A subject	Obedient	A servant	A slave
Infirmities they suffer	The gout	All	Plague	Veneral	Cankers
In death he is	Dis-encumbered	Courageous	Desperate	Violent	Presumptuous

Of the above, however, it may be observed, that not much discrimination is employed. Individual foibles are considered as national characters, and rare diseases as national maladies. The idea is curious, and might be practically illustrated with greater effect than is here done, by a mind strong in comprehending and acute in discriminating.

THE SIGNIFICANT REPLY OF BONA-
PARTE.

"While the major part of her (Italy) citizens, dazzled by specious promises and fascinated by a phantom falsely called liberty, were blind to the real intentions of her conqueror, he, (Bonaparte) though naturally enveloped with reserve, was led by a pretty woman to betray those intentions very plainly; for as he was dining at Milan with a large company of Italian ladies, one of them ventured to ask, 'What he designed doing with Italy?' He made no reply—again she asked the same question—he was still silent—but on its being repeated a third time, called for a lemon, cut it in two, squeezed all the juice out of one half, threw it away; then squeezed the juice out of the other half, and threw that away likewise."

CHIMÆRA.

The mountains which branch out of Taurus surround it on three sides, as does the sea on the fourth. The river Xanthus divides it into two. It has a remarkable mountain, named *Chimæra*, about six miles from the sea; which has been celebrated by Virgil for its volcano:

Flammisque armata Chimæra.

Æn. vi. v. 286.

From the circumstance of its having lions at the top, goats about the middle, and snakes at the bottom, it is said the poets feigned the monster *Chimæra*, which they represent as having the head, body, and tail of these animals.

ADAM'S FIG TREE.

The Banian tree, or Sundian fig, is of a very singular kind; the boughs of which, bending to the earth, take root, and grow up again like the mother plant; whence one of them will have forty bodies and upwards, and, spreading themselves far around, afford shelter for a regiment of soldiers under its branches, which, bearing leaves that are ever green, afford a noble shade.

Milton, whose knowledge was universal, has accurately described this tree:—

So counsell'd he, and both together went
Into the thickest wood: there soon they
chose

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The fig tree, not that kind for fruit known'd,

But such as at this day to Indians known,
In Malabar and Decan, spreads her arms
Branching so broad and long, that in the
ground

The bended twigs take root, and daughters
grow

About the mother tree, a pillar'd shade
High over arch'd, and echoing walks be-
tween;

These oft the Indian herdsman, shunning
heat,

Shelters in cool, and tenders his pasturing
herds

At loop holes cut thro' thickest shade:

P. B ix. l. 1100

POTATOES.

The origin of the word potato is from *battats* or *pattatas*, which enunciation is common among the natives of Virginia, in North America. The potato was originally a poisonous plant, but rendered esculent by culture.

THE DISTANCE OF AN ECHO.

To produce an echo, says Dr. Albert Haller in his *Physiology*, requires a distance of 110 feet between the reflecting or echoing body and the ear.

A REMARKABLE EPITAPH.

In Winchester House, there is the following singular epitaph upon a Miss Barford:

Such grace the King of kings bestow'd
upon her
That now she lies with him a maid of
honor.

IRRITABILITY OF QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The following letter from our good Queen Bess will shew the haughtiness of her temper. It was written to Bishop Cox, who, for some time, resisted her her solicitations to yield a portion of land on which Sir Christopher Hatton wished to build a house:

PROUD PRELATE!

You know what you was before I made you what you are now: if you do not immediately comply with my request, by God, I will unfrock you.

ELIZABETH.

OBSERVATIONS, on the MORALITY of
the DRAMA. By GELLERT.

SIR,

FROM a book* very little known to the English reader I have translated for your Magazine some ingenious observations upon theatrical amusements, and which, as they are the production of a man of genius and taste, I am persuaded will be read with pleasure by those who are at all interested in the subject. They are addressed in the form of a letter to a lady.

I remain, &c.

London, Aug. 16.

M.

MADAM,

I see from your last letter that you do not entirely hate plays, and I also see that you are not very much convinced of their utility. I am sorry that the drama has not your perfect approbation, and at the same time I am glad that your disapprobation is founded upon such laudable grounds. You do not deny the worth and the appropriate beauty of a well written play, for your taste is too correct for that; no: your judgment values such works, but your too scrupulous heart rejects them. Permit me, Madam, to venture in this instance to refute you.

Believe me, a work must be useful when it exhibits in an obvious and satirical manner the follies and absurd opinions and inclinations of men, and at the same time displays as contrasts their virtues, their manners, and their moral qualities. Methinks I hear you answer this a thousand times with a willing yes: but at the same time I see a look of doubt arise in your coun-

* E. F. Gellert's Briefe, nebst einer praktischen abhandlung von dem guten geschmacke in briefen. Leipzig verlegt Caspar Fritsch, 1779: i. e. Gellert's Letters, with a practical treatise on good taste, in letters, &c. Mr. Hayley, in his "Introductory Remarks" to the letters and life of Cowper, mentions this book, and the *Practical Essay* as having been kindly translated into English for him by a friend. He speaks of its "judicious observations," but for my part I think them very dull and very common-place:

tenance. You will, perhaps, ask me, why we must tell mankind of their follies in a satirical manner, and whether it would not be more consistent with philanthropy to instruct and ameliorate them in a milder manner? But this amiable question is easily answered. Certain diseases of the mind are as little susceptible of cure by gentle means, as certain diseases of the body. Satire is, to morality, as necessary and, as wholesome as properly prepared poisons are in medicine. And how can ridicule be a crime when it is directed, not against individuals, but against general follies? If I write a dialogue, and introduce a miser or a hypocrite in such circumstances that they shall unfold their inclinations and their prejudices, in such a manner as to make them sometimes laughable and sometimes hateful, who can say that this is an offence against philanthropy?

An avaricious *Orgon*, a vain and slanderous *Clelia*, an insupportable and bragging *Damon*,* exhibited upon the stage, are nothing more than avarice, slander, and boasting themselves. The dramatist ridicules these passions, and represents them as inherent in individuals, in order that we may perceive the absurdities and follies which they produce. He does not ridicule merely to produce laughter, but to instil knowledge.

But, you will say, when we see characters acted on the stage, we think of similar ones in common life, and the contempt which, in the theatre has been awakened in my heart for the avaricious and the slanderous character, may afterwards perhaps fall upon persons in whom I have perceived these failings, or may hereafter perceive them. Plays, therefore, awaken hatred, not so much towards vices as towards vicious persons. And how easily may this hatred be unjust, or prove detrimental to the rights of philanthropy! When I have been accustomed to behold the avaricious as a despicable and ridiculous being, how easily may I learn to withhold from such my assistance, my kindness, to aggravate

* These are characters in popular German plays.

their faults, to expose them upon every opportunity, and to neglect any good qualities, that may, and most probably would, be found conjoined with that one error. And how could I patiently endure, or seek to improve, the person who is already hateful to me?

I confess that these consequences may result from dramatic writings; but they belong not so much to these last as to ourselves. Let an orator or a poet describe, in the strongest manner those bad inclinations which we call vices or follies, and let him not use the smallest ridicule: let him merely depict those vices according to life, and in their worst colours: will his oration, will his poem, while it fills us with hatred of folly, not also inspire us with a hatred of fools? Dramatic writing is not therefore blameable, as such, any more than a light, which displays the disorder of a dark room, is to blame for the disgust which arises in my mind upon seeing this disorder. And after all, the contempt and dislike of fools, which a play may excite, are not, in themselves, censurable. No law of religion bids me love an obstinate, willing fool, as such. I must feel abhorrence; and yet enough kindness may remain to impel me to seek his amelioration,* if he himself do not obstinately oppose it. And if the drama appears to be hostile to this sort of kindness, we must not impute the fault to the writer. His intention is to render bad characters ridiculous at the same time that he makes them hateful. A discourse, delivered from the pulpit, which represents avarice as a vice, may as certainly excite unkind opinions towards avaricious persons as the drama.

I will suppose, for my own comfort, that you are satisfied with this solution of the objection. What else can you advance against the drama? Perhaps this; that it produces vanity: that, in many minds, it renders love a predominant passion; that it wastes both time and money, which we might better employ. Permit me to answer these objections.

The drama produces vanity.—You do not mean to say that it gives an opportunity to young men and to females of adorning themselves, and

shewing their finery, and thus feeds their pride and their self-love for a certain number of hours. Neither will you say, that the contents of the drama produce a love of vanity, or such a longing as tends merely to the gratification of our own selves. To the first, every public assemblage of persons, even that which is devoted to religious purposes, may give rise. The other danger we are perpetually liable to in every company, unless we keep a perpetual watch over ourselves. What then is the vanity of which you speak? Is it the anodorous tricks, the artful dissimulation and deceptions, the endless jests and witticisms that will produce vanity? Perhaps you mean these; and if you do, your objections are well founded. Many plays and afterpieces are filled with a censurable degree of love and romantic tricks, which one cannot sit to see without irritation. We do not skilfully imitate the follies of love, but we bring nature, in her grossest attire, on the stage. We offend the judgment by representations of ill manners, and the heart by immoral propensities. To gratify the vulgar, representations take place which are a disgrace to modesty and propriety. All such pieces and all improper passages in any piece are a shame to the theatre, and an attack upon morals. But, Madam, what can the drama do, when it falls into the hands of dishonourable and vulgar scribblers? What can the drama do, when she has no friend, no powerful protector, who will watch over her honor and the virtue of the spectators?

But most of the plots in plays have love for their basis: and must we always talk about love when we wish to be agreeable or useful? No: it were better that fewer plays ended with marriage and the giving of hearts: so many people would not suppose that a play is merely a love story, if poets, in their pieces, had hit upon other events, common enough in life, and not always employed that of marriage. I must, however, confess, that, in my opinion, love ought to have that place on the stage which it has in the hearts of men. A rational,

* This applies strictly to our own drama, a few writers excepted.

a tender, and an innocent love, is one of the tenderest pleasures of human nature. And, as nature has so closely united us by this affection: as so much happiness and misery flow unequivocally from this sentiment: so can it never be too often exhibited in its proper light, nor too much hated in its follies and excesses. Hence, we cannot long do without the appearance of rational, tender, doating lovers on the stage. But, to represent amorous youths and girls, who offend us with their boldness and their extravagance, is an offence against good manners and against the drama. For what in common life is offensive and disagreeable to rational persons will be equally so on the stage, and ought not to be represented, at least, not without great caution. But when the drama exhibits only what is really excellent and laudable in love, and which excites sentiments of respect in our minds, we are then much indebted to it. The more it shews to us by example, that no one can truly enjoy love but in proportion as he is rational and moral, so much the more will it stimulate us to acquire those qualities. I consider it as particularly useful to intermix great and noble characters with mean and ridiculous ones: for while the latter tell us what we should not be, the former teach us what we should be. An amiable and elevated woman contrasted with a slanderous and envious one, makes the latter more despicable, while it exalts the former. Friendship, love, magnanimity, honour, and all those sentiments which dignify the heart and contribute to the happiness of society, should be exhibited with every charm and allurements on the stage, while, on the contrary, their opposites should be displayed in an absurd and disgusting light.

Your final objection against the theatre seems to concern the misuse of time and money. A rational being, who does not suppose himself born merely for purposes of pleasure, cannot, to be sure, be too careful of the application of his time. There are, however, hours, when we are not in the mood to attend to weighty matters. But, you will reply, are these then the hours when the drama can

produce a beneficial effect? Might we not, at such a time, do something more useful? Yes, Madam. He who goes every day to the theatre must be justified by some very remarkable circumstances, if he can avoid self-reproach. But thus much is certain: we must desist sometimes from our usual occupations, in order to return to them with fresh vigour and alacrity. In this point of view pleasure is as necessary as labour, for, without the former, the latter will succeed but indifferently. If then I can find this pleasure, this relaxation, in the theatre, my time there is not misemployed. But the drama, besides its power of pleasing, has also the advantage of being a useful recreation. Our taste, our understanding, our heart, our morals, and our manners, may be improved by it. The polished and the unpolished, the high and the low, the learned and the unlearned, the wise and the foolish, may all find pleasure and advantage in a good drama, though perhaps in different ways. And, on this account alone, the pastime of the theatre, has a decided advantage over other sports, for it is so universal. It is true, we might read a play merely as an instructive dialogue, at home, and also find in it pleasure, use, and perhaps advantage. But, reflect, Madam, that it is solely through its publicity that the drama becomes truly useful. By the skill of the actor it assumes the appearance of real life. A hundred persons would either not read, or, from indolence, not sufficiently feel it, were the representation abolished. On the stage, every thing becomes more comprehensible, more an object of the senses. A fool, that cannot even be allured to the theatre, will hardly set to hear at home what he does not wish to know. The best play is deprived of half its efficacy if it do not excite attention: but a good actor, by his excellence, forces attention from us, ere we are aware of it, and carries us with him through the entire piece before we think we have followed him half so far.

Allowing that witty and moral dialogue may produce equal pleasure and use in a room, yet the drama, being public, is infinitely more ef-

fectual: it is a more universal medium of conveying those benefits, and therefore a superior one. Many persons have few or no opportunities of either reading or hearing a spritely or a grave composition: to such, the theatre provides opportunities. Many would pass their evening in their arm chair, yawning and stretching, or squander away their money in play at a coffee-house, or increase the number of idle talkers in a company, if they could not resort to the public diversion of a theatre. Recollect that only a few have discretion enough to make rational amusement, and that the majority of mankind seek for pleasure; and you will then see how necessary it is that the people of a large town should have such amusements as good comedies and tragedies.

As to what concerns the expensiveness of theatrical exhibitions, I will confess that he who goes frequently to the play, paying for the dearest or the cheapest place, according to his circumstances, may be guilty of a sort of extravagance, if, by so doing, he disables himself from performing necessary or proper expenses. But can we not make a division? Can we not sometimes deny ourselves pleasure, and apply the money, intended for the latter, to a more just purpose, when occasion offers?

But, indeed, even though the theatre gave opportunity for extravagance, I do not therefore think it ought to be abolished. If every theatre were shut up, those who like pleasure for their money would still find means of spending it: and is it not better that such a one as the drama should be accessible where a rational pleasure may be obtained?

It is possible to do away every objection against the theatre by proper management. In the first place, there should be a fit and liberal-minded person appointed, by whose judgement must be decided the pieces that are to be performed. This person, supposing him in every sense qualified for his office, would suffer no trash, no silliness to disgrace the stage. He would also free the good pieces from offensive passages, and be responsible that no play was acted, at which the most modest of both sexes

might not be present. In order to induce men of talents to write for the theatre, this person should have the power of giving the receipts of the first or second representation to the author, as in other countries. An evening should also be set aside occasionally for the benefit of charitable institutions. How much would these things increase the poet and the actor, when they felt that by their exertions on such a day they had become public benefactors.

The performers themselves should have a certain rank, and a proper reward, that they might live respectably, and the prejudices and reproaches which now exist towards them, be done away: prejudices and reproaches which are sometimes just and sometimes unjust.*

If the theatre were so directed (and it should be so), then would a good performer be a useful member of the state, and no honest man need be ashamed to conduct the concerns of such a place: and if it were to attain such a station, I know not where we could look for a more innocent or a more instructive amusement.

I am,

With the highest esteem, &c.

GELLERT.

REMARKS UPON THE "*EMILE*" OF ROUSSEAU.

For the *Universal Magazine*.

EMILIOUS is full of fire and smoke, of warmth and frigidity, of light and darkness, of logic and error. It is, in a thousand places, the work of a writer of the first order, and in many, that of a child. The philosophy of the author was more in his heart than in his head: when he endeavours merely to reason, he is sometimes common, often sophistical, and occasionally obscure: when his subject warms him, it is then that he is at once correct, interesting, and sublime.

Nothing was a check to Rousseau: neither the fear of offending established opinions, of disgusting by paradox, of appearing cynical, or of creating

* These proposed regulations imply that the German theatre was at that time in a wretched state of estimation and discipline.

enemies. He was indifferent about the public, from its highest to its lowest members. This indifference, united with considerable talents, gave him great advantage. It must be regretted that so much knowledge, wit, enthusiasm, and warmth were wasted in considering man in an ideal state; rather than man such as he is in society.

Let us however be just. Though the method proposed by Rousseau be not entirely practicable; though it tends only to form a sort of polished and instructed savage; yet the reflections of the author contain many profound and useful views, from which much that is excellent may be derived in pursuing an education less fanciful. The lively interest which Rousseau felt for women, appears particularly in his fourth volume.

Dialogue is not his talent: what he says of travels is superficial, and is introduced only for the purpose of being followed by an extract from his *Contrat Social*. The first volume appears to be the most weak and heavy; the second the most profound and philosophic; the third the most common and familiar; the fourth the most equal.

The entire work is a treasure of diamonds, which the author might perhaps have put in better order; but the great merit is to have been able to obtain them from the mine.

DESMOND.

Stamford, Aug. 11; 1808.

On the COINCIDENCE between Mr. PAINE, Dr. MIDDLETON, &c.

SIR,

THOUGH Christians in general may be much obliged to Mr. Clio Rickman, for his remarks upon the creation as the true revelation of God, yet it is an idea by no means new, or peculiar to the writings of Dr. Conway Middleton, or to those of Mr. Thomas Paine. That the creation is the true revelation of God, is the express language of sacred writ. Let any person, to be convinced of this, read, among other portions of Scripture, the 19th Psalm: "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament sheweth his handy work.—

Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge.—Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." This grand testimony as to the voice of creation is not confined to the Old Testament. In Romans, chap. i: v. 20, it is also expressly said, speaking of the world at large, "For the invisible things of him from the creation of the world, are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made, even his eternal power and Godhead, so that they are without excuse."

Dr. Conway Middleton's reasoning on the subject is also strong and conclusive, but it is not peculiar to himself: Bishop Butler's Analogy, Abernethy on the Attributes, and several other divines, have established all their reasoning upon the same principles. In fact, among divines, as well as others who are actuated by the dictates of sound reason, there is not one who does not, in proportion, pay a particular homage to the exalted sentiment of the creation being the true revelation of God.

The cause of such an acknowledgment exists equally in the nature of true piety, and in the nature of things. There is scarcely a didactic page or chapter in the sacred writings in which the more ancient volume of creation is not quoted by way of illustration, reference, or appeal. And if this grand truth has almost entirely been lost sight of, during the hitherto militant state of christianity, we need not yet despair of its recovery. We have had a number of divines in the establishment whose conduct, and whose doctrines in protesting against the dogmas of the dark ages, have entitled them to the appellation of rational divines. The rational dissenters, also, whose numbers have increased and are increasing, are among the best friends of the rational part of the establishment and society at large, in combating with them against ancient superstition and intolerance. The greatest enemies of reason and revelation are the Methodists, who, in comparison with all other sects or parties, are as distinguishable for their intolerance as for their ignorance and presumption.

CHRISTIANUS RATIONALIS.

MR. MUDFORD TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

FROM your insertion of my letter in your Magazine for May last, your readers have doubtless expected the performance of the task I there pledged myself to; and the object of the present letter is to apologise for my non-performance, and to assign the causes of it.

As I was sincere in my intentions, and confident in my hopes, I naturally, as I contemplated my undertaking, meditated upon the means most likely to be effective in insuring success. I had written to you in the first effervescence of the moment, and it was not till after some reflection that I was impressed with the idea that the lapse of a month recurring between each letter, would not only protract the general result, but, it was to be feared, would refrigerate the attention and interest of your readers. Aimless labour is pleasing to none: and, as I did not wish to write merely bitter invectives and sounding declamation, without an attempt to produce some effect, I became finally convinced that a Magazine was not the most prompt or efficacious vehicle that might be adopted; and I therefore wrote no letter last month. I was pleased, however, to see in one from a correspondent, that my intentions were not wholly unapproved.

Let it not however be supposed that I have relinquished my resolution of exhibiting this body of spies and informers; this society for the suppression of vice, which is itself composed of vice, and has vice for its foundation. What I do shall be done openly; the people are the party aggrieved, and my exertions shall not be wanting to excite the people to shake off this grievance.

I have collected much information upon the private morals of the persons who presume to direct the morals of their countrymen; and I shall not find much difficulty, in shewing that vice is exalted into a society, to oppress and injure the comforts and independence of the POOR MAN'S HOME. Surely it will not be difficult to pull down a nest of hornets.

They should have had, my heart and hand, had they levelled their endeavours against what is really wrong; and even now they shall have them if they will dare to be honest: if they will dare to carry, their purifying voices into fashionable and elevated vice, and bring it to public punishment: if they will dare to drag the titled and the wealthy delinquent to the bar of justice; but while they sit, like spiders in their web, watching for the weak and helpless, but shunning the powerful, I will resist them.

Since my last letter, fresh instances have occurred of their petty tyranny, in the case of several butchers who have been fined for selling meat on a Sunday morning to poor labouring men, who received their wages too late over-night to buy it, and who know the taste of it only perhaps on the Sabbath. Humanity blushes for them, who have long since forgot to blush for themselves. These, and similar acts of depredation have they committed upon the humble comforts of the poor. They make the weak their victim: and their petty natures so hunger after importance, that they can build it even upon the wreck that oppression herself has left.

They have a horde of wretches paid by them, whose business it is to watch, and report to their masters what they have found out. How like a set of skulking eaves-droppers must this society appear, giving their directions to their brother officers (I mean the wretches above mentioned), and receiving from them the honourable details of their honourable employment! There is a proverb—"set a thief to catch a thief;" and I certainly think that none but knaves can teach knaves their business. What noble exploits for their secretary to register; how many apple-women, bakers, drovers, and butchers, they have brought to the police office. But, would to Heaven they were merely contemptible, and then I should never have condescended to notice them.

The documents and arguments which I had prepared for my letters to you I shall now employ in a separate pamphlet, which, being read in

a few hours, (instead of months, as would have been the case by dilating them through your Magazine) will speedily produce whatever effect they are likely to produce. Nor is this all—I meditate additional exertions to disseminate among the lower classes of society a just idea of the oppression they are suffering, and the manner in which they may successfully resist it. To the authority of the laws I hope my countrymen will never be militant, for their own preservation depends upon the preservation of their potency; but to the self-constituted oppressors, who seek only to scourge and afflict the poor by the vexations of inquisitorial tyranny, I trust they will be for ever hostile: and woe to the individuals of this society if the insulted PEOPLE, I mean that portion of them who have suffered and may hereafter suffer from their insolent interference, should vindicate themselves. I repeat it again, and fearlessly, that my exertions shall not be wanting in any shape to stimulate them to their duty. I should more unfeignedly rejoice over the downfall of this busy, impertinent society, (I mean the whole horde of them, down to the dirtiest blackguard among them who receives his infamous stipend for informing) than at any personal good which this world could give me.

I am willing to hope that my motives cannot be suspected, for I have already clearly explained them. yet, lest there should be one who may be inclined to doubt their purity, and to suppose that I am an advocate for vice, I here simply affirm, that while this society directed its attention to proper objects, the abolition of the sale of immoral books and plates, &c. I sincerely revered them; but when they forsook that, and, for want of better employment, began to harass and circumscribe the comforts of the poor, I abhorred, and do now most honestly abhor them. If they think it necessary to maintain a due observance of the Sabbath, let them go higher, and maintain that observance where most it is infringed upon. If a poor man is not to lay his joint on a Sunday, let them make the master pay his

wages early enough on a Saturday to enable him to get it, which I know is not the case in many instances. With what stomachs can the virtuous members of this society sit down to their own table on the Sabbath, when they know that by their influence many a labouring man is deprived of the only comfortable meal his weekly labour provides him? I speak not this vaguely, for I have known two or three instances already, where butchers refused to serve a poor family with meat on a Sunday morning, for fear one of the wretches of this society should inform against them; and their humble table was therefore most probably bare. Will this be suffered? I solemnly hope not.

But I have already gone farther than I intended in this letter, for their proceedings are so numerous, and withal so honorable, and so much like what a good man would delight in, that I might exhaust a quire of paper, and yet leave the task unfinished:—for their virtues I leave them to their own suppression, which they may easily perform; though indeed I should have a high opinion of the sagacity of that spy who can find them out.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, Aug. 20. W. MURFORD.

CURSORY CHARACTER of the RECENTLY ESTABLISHED REVIEWS and MAGAZINES

Sir,

UPWARDS of four years ago* I had the honour of addressing a series of letters to you upon the respective merits of the literary journals of this country. Since that period I have been an attentive observer of the progress of your work, and have from time to time communicated the results of my leisure hours of reflection. I also regularly obtain a view of all the monthly publications, and as their number has increased since

* See Universal Mag. for 1840, vol. I. pp. 112—213—358.

the year 1804, I will, with your permission, make a supplement to my former letters, by giving a character of these recent births in the world of letters.

To settle the priority of existence between ephemeras, would be nugatory. Without any reference therefore to which began first and which last, I shall mention them as my memory supplies me with their names.

The Athenæum. Dr. Aikin, by boldly affixing his name to this publication as the Editor, precludes the possibility of anonymous slander and unjust censure. He does not fight behind a shield; and becoming responsible, both in a literary and a moral point of view, for the contents of his journal, there can be little fear that any thing derogatory to either will appear. The contents of this work evidently design it for a limited class of readers: of mere amusement it presents little; of deep learning none; but with light disquisitions, with gentle excursions upon the surface of literature it is in general well stored. The want of variety makes it rather dull: it seems to be the work of few minds, and consequently will have a certain similarity of subject and manner that soon wearies. The vital principle of a mere magazine is endless variety. No scholar takes it up for instruction, but for amusement no man of learning lays down a classic for it, but resorts to it as a pastime, and consequently is best pleased when his mind is not detained by long enquiries and diffuse dissertations. A magazine should be a flower-garden, artfully arranged, where every glance of the eye conducts to variety of colour and of odour. The *Athenæum* has improved, however, since its commencement, and will continue to do so when it assumes a lighter form.

The Eclectic Review. Of a mere methodistical work, little can be said. Genius and methodism never were united. The cant of religion is the deadly *Bohum Upas* of knowledge: it withers before its potency. The writers for the *Eclectic Review* seem to be men of extraordinary imbecility of mind; but they write for a class of readers that have equal imbecility, and when amusement and knowledge

are tempered to the quality of the recipient, who has a right to complain?

The Oxford Review. "The weakest man that ever walked upon the face of the earth without a keeper" projected this work; and it is therefore no wonder it perished beneath his ideotic grasp. I wish not to disturb its quiet repose.

The Literary Panorama. There is novelty of plan in this work, and diligence of execution. The criticisms which it contains are written with candour and liberality, and sometimes with spirit and knowledge. But there is occasionally too much of the cant of morality about them. The selections of scattered knowledge, from various sources, form a very amusing and interesting part of their plan; and then patriotism enables them to the respect of every Englishman. In this they are uniform and persevering; and would to Heaven, in times like these, the press were always so worthily employed, when employed in politics. I am glad to see its increasing reputation, and hope it will continue, for I think it deserving of it.

The Censura Litteraria. Mr. Eger-ton Brydges seems to have begun this work merely as a vehicle for giving a monthly quantum of his own groans to the public. Private sorrow is sacred; but he who is always complaining must sometimes complain from peevishness. Heaven knows how much or how little of misfortune really belongs to Mr. Brydges; but, by his own account, he is a royal depot of affliction, and there is no modification of misery which may not be found in him. Like *Shylock*, he might exclaim,

"No all luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders, no sighs but o' my breathing, no tears but o' my shedding."

All this, however, I suspect to be but the querulousness of affection, which delights to be thought something which it is not, even though it be pre-eminence of wretchedness.

With regard to the merits of the *Censura Litteraria*, they must of course be of an humble nature. He who has money to buy old books, can find no difficulty in copying off their titles and giving specimens of their contents. Such genius therefore as is

necessary to perform this exalted operation, he and his coadjutors may claim, and I am willing to allow.

But there is an original department in this work, called the *Luminator*, in which I have frequently met with as much inanity of idea as can be found in any novel from Leadenhall-Street. Mr. Brydges does not seem to copy any one: he draws from his own resources, and stamps upon his lucubrations, "the very colour and form of his own mind." I wish therefore I could praise them. But whining affectation, turgid language, silly sentiment, and empty declamation, can never extract applause from my pen. For each and every one of these qualities I refer your readers to an incomprehensible story in the last two numbers.

The Cabinet. This work is only a warped slip from the *Monthly Mirror*, but greatly inferior to it. I have never seen an article in it since its first commencement that would do credit to a tolerably educated school-boy. Their theatrical criticism is mere tittle-tattle, such as we might expect from a young lady who goes to see *George Barnwell* at Christmas, when she is at home for the holidays. The plates are well engraved, and form the best part of the work.

The Satirist. This is one of those works that obtain a short celebrity from flattering the worst passions of mankind. Abuse, moral, literary, and political, forms its leading feature: and though some of its objects are persons that merit exposure, yet even then we can only consider it as a contest between a shoe-black and a dustman. Under pretence of satire, it indulges in vulgar and coarse in-

vective: and by collecting together a few private anecdotes of men, it holds a scourge which a good and virtuous man despises. Its own delinquency is often greater than that which it would expose: and from the inveteracy of its manner we are led to suspect malignancy of motive.

The abusive fury of this work seems to be in proportion to the minuteness of its object, and mere fatuity is lashed with the same severity as intentional dereliction. This argues one of two things: either that the writers cannot discriminate: or, having sold their pens to their employers, write, not what their judgments approve, but what their necessities compel. There is indeed a third motive, pure love of slander; and I leave them to adopt which they like best.

Of the literary execution of this work it would be idle to speak. It is written merely for the present, with no other aim or expectation, and consequently the materials are flimsy light. Real knowledge, wit, wisdom, science, and criticism, are banished to an awful distance from their pages; and in their place appear flippancy, dogmatism, and impertinence. I know few things which would more truly offend me, than to be suspected of writing for the *Satirist*: and what I now write is written by one who has never been dishonoured by their notice; and who, if he were, would have dignity enough to forgive them.

Thus, Mr. Editor, I believe I have included all the recently established journals; and this, with my former letters therefore, forms a whole.

I remain, &c.

Cambridge, Aug. 12.

D.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

QUEENHOO-HALL, a Romance: and ANCIENT TIMES, a Drama. By the late JOSEPH STRUTT, 4 vols. 8vo. 1836.

THIS is a posthumous work, and was left by its author in an unfinished and imperfect state: it can be judged therefore by none of the established rules of criticism, for we

know not how different it might have appeared from its present form, had Mr. Strutt lived to finish it; nor what might have been omitted which is now censurable, or added which is now wanted.

Mr. Strutt is advantageously known as an antiquary and an artist; and his acquirements in the former character

were such as well qualified him to perform what he has here attempted; the professed object of this work being to illustrate the manners of society in the middle of the fifteenth century, by detailing, in the form of a connected narrative, the amusements, pursuits, and character of our ancestors at that period.

In an advertisement, which is prefixed to these volumes by the editor, we are informed that the tale of *Queenhoo-Hall* "is brought by a literary friend to a hasty conclusion;" but that in the original manuscript there seemed to be a foundation laid for a more extensive narrative. At present, indeed, the conclusion is too abrupt to please or satisfy the mind.

It is evident that Mr. Strutt did not mean to advance any claims to applause from the novelty or ingenuity of his incidents: they are indeed of a true novel cast, and narrated with less energy and perspicuity of language than many of the popular romances of the day. Of the language, were it candid to assert any thing in dispraise of what the author had not the opportunity to polish or revise, we should say that it is too stiff and artificial for easy and natural narration: but in the dramatic part of his story, where he can give his interlocutors the appropriate phraseology of their times, he is more successful. Of the adverb *exceedingly* we remarked a profuse application, occurring no less than five times in the course of three pages. These and some other tautologies we think the editor might have ventured to correct without incurring the charge of a wanton defacement of his author's language.

There is one part in which we think Mr. Strutt eminently excels: in the first delineation and subsequent consistency of character. Some of his portraits are finished with great accuracy; as a specimen we will extract that of the penurious Gaston St. Clere, and his time eaten steward:

"It was somewhat turned of poon when we arrived at Gay Bowers, where I was surprised by the sight of a stately manor running hastily to ruins. The grass was growing upon the top of the walls, and part of them were already fallen into the surrounding moor.

The outer court wore the appearance of the entrance to a desolated cavern, rather than the approach to the dwelling of a person of wealth. The casements of the house were most of them broken, and in many places patched with boards, to supply want of glass. In short, every part of the edifice indicated the miserable disposition of its owner. The steward, who attended in the hall, and acted also in the place of a porter, was habited in the fashion of the last century. The embroidery upon his tunic, and the badge of the Saint Clere, which was wrought upon the front, appeared so imperfectly, that it could not readily be distinguished; and the tunic itself, which formerly had been blue, was so tattered and patched, and covered with grease, that the pristine colour was nearly obliterated. His person was as remarkable as his dress; a tall, meagre figure, with a few locks of hair upon the back part of his head, and those perfectly white; his visage was long, his eyes sunk deeply into the sockets, and his cheek-bones high and prominent. I thought, in sooth, he resembled an inhabitant of the charnel house, rather than an animated being. With a low and hollow voice, affecting at the same time great solemnity, he enquired who I was, and what brought me thither. I told him it was my wish to speak with the Baron Saint Clere upon some business of great importance. He then desired me to wait in the hall, and stalked away with much gravity through a passage which led to the interior part of the mansion, and took no notice of my companion, who seemed somewhat hurt upon the occasion, and said, 'This walking atomy, I trow, does not remember me here; but, in good sooth, he knows me passing well, when he takes a horn of ale or two with me at Baddow; aye, and finds my house as readily as my pullets find their roosts.' I could not help smiling at the good dame's observation, but made no reply.

"During the absence of the steward, which was somewhat prolonged, I cast my eye over the furniture of the hall; and here appeared an equal appearance of wretchedness displayed itself, with that so strikingly obvious upon the outside of the mansion. The hang-

ings of stately tapestry were torn in an hundred places, and through the lacerations exposed the naked walls. The suits of armour, which had anciently belonged to the heroes of the family of Saint Clere, celebrated for their valour in the Holy Wars, were covered with dust, and falling away piece-meal from their stands. The seat of state was stripped of all its ornaments; the hawk's perches were broken down; and cobwebs concealed the carvings, with other rich embellishments of the roof, from the eye of the spectator. Here, hospitality, as I have heard my mother say, delighted once to dwell; but here I found no vestige of her footsteps.

"The steward returned, and we were formally ushered to the presence of the lord of this large ruin. I found him to be a diminutive man, crooked in his person, and ill favoured. His dark brows hung over his eyes like pent-houses, but his eyes themselves were sharp and piercing. He was seated at a table, and several writings lay before him. As we approached, he cast his eyes upon me, and surveyed me with so much earnestness, that he put me to the blush."

As a companion to the above, the following is well suited. It exhibits the fate of this miser, and to feel its force, it should be remembered what was the hospitality of English barons in the fifteenth century.

"This room, which formerly had been the room of state, was spacious and lofty; having a large window at the end, embellished with beautiful painted glass, some remnants of which appeared, but withal so mutilated and misplaced, that none of the subjects could be traced with any degree of certainty. The hangings were of crimson bandkin, richly embroidered, but covered with dust, and in many places broken from their fastenings, exposed the walls, and afforded asylums without number for the spiders. The stools and tressels were elegantly covered, and had been gilt; but most of them were broken, and the velvet cushions belonging to them so torn, that the hobnails, with which they were stuffed, appeared on the outside, and, in several instances, hung down nearly to the floor. In

the middle of this extensive parlour stood a small table, covered with a tattered carpet, and a diaper over it; which, I presume, from its threadbare state, had been in the family long before the present owner of the mansion was born. There were two covers upon the table, under the one was a small piece of lean mutton, and under the other a large dish full of oatmeal pottage. The middle of the table was decorated with a little platter, containing one wheeled salad, and near it was placed the remnant of a loaf of barley bread.

"My cousin kept no chaplain to give us the benedictio, nor carved to perform the honours of the table; he therefore took upon himself the performance of both offices. He helped me to a portion of the pottage; and, at the same time, made a long panegyric upon the wholesomeness of such kind of food. I could only eat a few spoonfuls, and refused to taste the mutton. 'Alas, my dear cousin,' said he, shaking his head, 'I plainly perceive that my poor table will not satisfy your better taste, you have been used to much higher living, and cannot dine without dainties.—Your father, coz, I have been told, used to keep state, disdaining to eat of common meats.—Twenty pounds, I warrant, expended for one course. Fish must be had, of the most costly kind; strange birds, and foreign fowls, the more expensive the better, to say nothing of venison and red deer with pasties, and rich sauces such luxuries bred diseases, and lost him many of his fair estates.—Gad wot, he was to blame.' Here I interrupted him, 'Sir, he was my father,—Well, well,' said he, 'I have done—he is dead, God rest his soul! but you and I have much reason to blame him.' 'In truth, I know not wherein,' answered I; 'he was a kind and tender parent.' 'Why, there it is,' replied my cousin, eagerly, 'for that very tenderness, and bringing you up with high notions, ill proportioned to the slender means which you have to support yourself. The wealth, which should have supported you, he squandered away in riot and luxury.' 'I know not,' said I, 'of the extravagance you talk of. My father, sir, loved hospitality, my mother superin-

tended the provision for the family; and though they lived, in some degree, as became the descendants of the Darcies and the St. Cleres, it was done without superfluity on the one hand, or parsimony on the other. 'Perhaps,' retorted he, 'by and bye, you may find I have not mis-stated this matter. I see you will find it a hard case to fare as I do; and yet, heaven knows! with all my parsimony, I find it difficult to supply my table as you see it.' 'You surprise me, sir,' said I. 'No doubt,' answered he; 'but, alas! I have stood in the gap on your mother's account; and so, to our mutual loss, has my father before me; for he loved your mother, and went greater lengths for her than prudence warranted. The estates, committed to our management, were mortgaged so heavily, that large remittances have been made from our own purses; besides repairs, and various other drawbacks, by which they are entirely eaten up.—For my part, I am ready to do all that lies in my power; but it is hard that the whole of the burden should fall upon my shoulders.' 'Surely, sir,' said I, 'my mother's jointure, which descends to me, will prevent my being dependant upon any one.' 'I fear,' answered he, drawing his hand over his chin, 'you are not well informed upon this point; but it shall be discussed hereafter.' At this moment the entrance of the steward put an end to the discourse. My cousin desired him to remove the meat and the pottage, and to put the fruit upon the table, which consisted of three or four roasted crab apples, some sweetings, and half a dozen horse plums. By way of confectionary, a few carraways were brought in a saucer, with a spoonful or two of sharp capers, and a morsel of Suffolk cheese. Our drink was sour ale, and weak methglin. He made several clumsy excuses for the poverty of his desert, and repeated his fears, that I should think it hard to fare as he did; and launched out afresh in praise of economy, and condemnation of the luxury to which I had been accustomed. In short, I was disgusted with my entertainment; and, my heart being full, I burst into tears. 'What the devil ails thee now?' cried he, pretending to be amazed. I begged of him to permit me to retire;

alleging, consistent with truth, that I was unwell. He then rang the bell, and dispatched the steward to call Urseley, who presently appeared, and was ordered to attend me to my chamber. 'I mean,' said he, 'the bedroom, which my cousin is to have to herself.' He then took me by the hand, telling me, I might rely upon him. I thanked him for his promise, and withdrew."

It would be a fruitless labour to point out the several defects of these volumes, for they are of that nature which clearly indicate the unfinished state of the work: such for example, as making the characters at one time speak in the language of the fifteenth century, and at another in the polished idiom of the nineteenth.

The volumes open with a full account of the ancient festival of May-day, and the whole is detailed with much minuteness. It recalls to the recollection many of the familiar passages of Shakspeare, and contemporary authors, and often serves to illustrate them. We will extract it for the gratification of our readers.*

"In the front of the pavilion, a large square was staked out, and fenced with ropes, to prevent the crowd from pressing upon the performers, and interrupting the diversion; there were also two bars at the bottom of the inclosure, through which the actors might pass and repass, as occasion required.

"Six young men first entered the square, clothed in jerkins of leather, with axes upon their shoulders like

* In the above extract will be found a few terms, not familiar to the general reader, and of which, for their advantage, we will subjoin an explanation. Those which are not here explicated, may be found in Johnson or any other English dictionary.

Tarantine. A silken stuff for dress.

Court-pies. In women's dress, a short vest.

Watchet coloured. Pale blue.

Rochet. A lawn garment, resembling a surplice, gathered at the wrists.

Baudekin. A cloth of gold tissue, with figures in silk, for female dress.

Tunic. A coat, upper garment.

woodmen, and their heads bound with large garlands of ivy-leaves intertwined with sprigs of hawthorn. Then followed,

"Six young maidens of the village, dressed in blue kirtles, with garlands of primroses on their heads, leading a fine sleek cow, decorated with ribbons of various colours interspersed with flowers; and the horns of the animal were tipped with gold. These were succeeded by

"Six foresters, equipped in green tunics, with hoods and hosen of the same colour; each of them carried a bugle-horn attached to a baldrick of silk; which he sounded as he passed the barrier. After them, came

"Peter Lanaret, the baron's chief falconer, who personified Robin Hood: he was attired in a bright grass-green tunic, fringed with gold; his hood and his hosen were parti-coloured, blue and white; he had a large garland of rose-buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, and a bugle-horn depending from a baldrick of light blue tarantue, embroidered with silver; he had also a sword and a dagger, the hilts of both being richly embossed with gold.

"Fabian a page, as Little John, walked at his right hand; and Cecil Cellerman the butler, as Will Stukeley, at his left. These, with ten others of the jolly outlaw's attendants who followed, were habited in green garments, bearing their bows bent in their hands, and their arrows in their girdles. Then came

"Two maidens, in orange-coloured kirtles with white court-pies, strewing flowers; followed immediately by

"The maid Marian, elegantly habited in a watchet-coloured tunic reaching to the ground; over which she wore a white linen rochet with loose sleeves, fringed with silver, and very neatly plaited; her girdle was of silver baudekin, fastened with a double bow on the left side; her long flaxen hair was divided into many ringlets, and flowed upon her shoulders; the top part of her head was covered with a net-work cawl of gold, upon which was placed a garland of silver, ornamented with blue violets. She was supported by

"Two bride-maidens, in sky-co-

loured rochets girt with crimson girdles, wearing garlands upon their heads, of blue and white violets. After them, came

"Four other females in green court-pies, and garlands of violets and cowslips: Then

"Sampson the smith, as Friar Tuck, carrying a huge quarter-staff on his shoulder; and Morris the mole-taker, who represented Much the miller's son, having a long pole with an inflated bladder attached to one end: And after them

"The MAY-POLE, drawn by eight fine oxen, decorated with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers of divers colours; and the tips of their horns were embellished with gold. The rear was closed by

"The hobby horse and the dragon.

"When the May-pole was drawn into the square, the foresters sounded their horns, and the populace expressed their pleasure by shouting incessantly until it reached the place assigned for its elevation:—and during the time the ground was preparing for its reception, the barriers of the bottom of the inclosure were opened for the villagers to approach, and adorn it with ribbons, garlands, and flowers, as their inclination prompted them.

"The pole being sufficiently ornamented with finery, the square was cleared from such as had no part to perform in the pageant; and then it was elevated amidst the reiterated acclamations of the spectators. The woodmen and the milk-maidens danced around it according to the rustic fashion; the measure was played by Peretto Chevelette, the baron's chief minstrel, on the bag-pipes, accompanied with the pipe and tabour, performed by one of his associates. When the dance was finished, Gregory the jester, who, as we have observed already, undertook to play the hobby-horse, came forward with his appropriate equipment, and, frisking up and down the square without restriction, imitated the galloping, curvetting, ambling, trotting, and other paces of a horse, to the infinite satisfaction of the lower classes of the spectators. He was followed by Peter Parker, the baron's ranger, who personated a dragon, hissing, yelling, and

shaking his wings with wonderful ingenuity; and to complete the mirth, Morris, in the character of Much, having small bells attached to his knees and elbows, capered here and there between the two monsters in the form of a dance; and as often as he came near to the sides of the inclosure, he cast slyly a handful of meal into the faces of the gaping rustics, or rapped them about their heads with the bladder tied at the end of his pole. In the mean time, Sampson, representing Friar Tuck, walked with much gravity around the square, and occasionally let fall his heavy staff upon the toes of such of the crowd as he thought were approaching more forward than they ought to do; and if the sufferers cried out from the sense of the pain, he addressed them in a solemn tone of voice, advising them to count their beads, say a paternoster or two, and to beware of purgatory. These vagaries were highly palatable to the populace, who announced their delight by repeated plaudits and loud bursts of laughter; for this reason they were continued for a considerable length of time: but Gregory, beginning at last to faulter in his paces, ordered the dragon to fall back: the well-nurtured beast, being out of breath, readily obeyed, and their two companions followed their example; which concluded this part of the pastime.

"Then Thomas the reve's son, in the habit of a pilgrim, came to the front of the pavilion, where he was met by a party of the young men and maidens belonging to the procession; and the following dialogue, composed for the purpose by Peretto the minstrel, was sung; and he accompanied the voices with his harp:—

FALMER. *To the Women.*

Fair damsels, say what brings you here?

DAMSELS.

To celebrate the first of May.

FALMER.

Wherefore this day to you so dear?

DAMSELS.

It is bold ROBIN's wedding-day.

CHORUS.

With sprightly dance and carols gay,
We welcome ROBIN's wedding-day.

FALMER. *To the Men.*

Why stand the bowmen on a row?—

MEN.

Prepar'd to play a skilful game.

FALMER.

Some Saint to honour 'tis I trow:—

MEN.

'Tis ROBIN HOOD, for that's his name.

CHORUS

With sprightly dance, and carols gay,
We keep bold ROBIN's wedding-day.

FALMER.

But who is she so fair, bedight
In tunic blue and rochet white?

WOMAN.

Dost thou not know her, holy man?
It is the blithe maid MARIAN.

FALMER.

How name ye him y'clad in green,
With party hose and fringes sheen?

MAN.

It is the prince of archers good:
And he is hight bold ROBIN HOOD.

CHORUS.

With merry carol, dance, and play,
We welcome ROBIN's wedding-day.

FALMER.

I am a stranger, well ye wot,
And much have travell'd: I have seen
The Lord's sepulchre, and the grot
Where he was born of maiden clean.

The shells of Cales, in sign of grace,
Adorn my hat:—and you may spy
A vernicle, with His dear face
Impress'd, who died on Calvary.

Upon my cloak Saint Peter's keys
Were drawn at Rome, with crosses wide:
And reliques from beyond the seas
I bear, or woe may me betide!

The snow-topp'd hills of Armony,
Where Noë's ark may now be found,
I've seen;—in sooth I do not lie;
Told o'er my beads, and kiss'd the ground.

At Walsingham my vows I've paid;
At Waltham eke, and Colorame;
And to Saint Thomas I have pray'd,
Who near the holy rood was slain.

But tell me to what saint, I pray,
What martyr, or what angel bright,
Is dedicate this holy day,
That brings you here so gaily dight?

This calendar I've search'd with care
For saints y'bles'd and angels good;
The holy saints are named there,
But no such saint as ROBIN HOOD.

MEN.

Dost thou not, simple Palmer, know—
What ev'ry child can tell thee here,
Nor saint nor angel claims this show,
But the bright season of the year?

WOMEN.

The cowslips now adorn the dells;
On sunny banks primroses blow,
With violets sweet and dainty bells;
And on the green the daisies grow;

The birds in warbling chorus sing
In hedge and grove and shady wood,
Inviting us to hail the spring,
And join the troop of **ROBIN HOOD**.

CHORUS

With merry carol, dance, and play,
We welcome **ROBIN**'s wedding-day.

"When the dialogue was concluded, the archers set up a target at the lower part of the Green, and made trial of their skill in a regular succession. Robin Hood and Will Stukeley excelled their comrades; and both of them lodged an arrow in the centre circle of gold, so near to each other that the difference could not readily be decided, which occasioned them to shoot again; when Robin struck the gold a second time, and Stukeley's arrow was affixed upon the edge of it. Robin was therefore adjudged the conqueror; and the prize of honour, a garland of laurel embellished with variegated ribbons, was put upon his head; and to Stukeley was given a garland of ivy, because he was the second best performer in that contest.

"The pageant was finished with the archery; and the procession began to move away, to make room for the villagers, who afterwards assembled in the square, and amused themselves by dancing round the May-pole in promiscuous companies, according to the ancient custom."

We might extract many other passages similar to the above, which forcibly depict the manners and customs among the lower classes of the period in which the narrative is laid: but we will close our account of *Queen-hoo Hall* with the following comic narrative.

A *Dissour*, or professional storyteller, is represented as coming to a country alehouse late in the evening, and proposes, that if the company present will raise money to defray his night's lodging and incidental refreshment, he will tell a merry story. The guests readily do this, and the *dissour* accordingly tells of two travelling priests, who, being benighted in their way to Oxford, came to the gate of a small priory, and begged for admission. The porter thinks they are minstrels or jugglers, and is glad to let them enter in hopes of some entertainment from them. It happens,

that the prior and sub-prior of this priory are gone to Oxford, being convened there by the bishop; and the sacrist, the cellarer, and the rest of the brethren, being lusty bloods and enemies to penance, agreed to hold a night of revelry in their absence. It was Christmas eve, and our two priests were introduced to the revelers, and expected to perform their part towards the general merriment: but when it is discovered that they are neither jugglers nor minstrels, they are turned out of doors to get a night's lodging where they may. They had not gone far from the priory when they met a troop of courtezans, going thither for the comfort of the friars. The two priests guessed what was going forwards, but held on their way in darkness and uncertainty: and here let our author continue the narrative:

"Some time afterwards they reached the borders of a large wood, where there were several roads; and while they were hesitating which they should chuse, the lights appeared again among the bushes, but much nearer, and discovered a large train of horsemen, with their servants bearing lighted torches; and, upon their approach, our travellers perceived them to be ecclesiastics, which made them right glad; and, humbly addressing themselves to him who appeared to be the highest in authority, besought him dearly to acquaint them where they might find housing till the morning. 'We are,' said they 'God wot, two priests, who have far travelled, and, as you see, benighted in this stound, and sore animated by the cold wind and the snow.'—'Gramercy!' returned the horseman, 'but certes ye be in no couthly plight, and have unwittingly overshot the only place for harbour near at hand: aread me, my friends, how haps it you passed the priory to the right? for well I wean ye have travelled that road. It is the duty of thilk brotherhood to receive strangers, for godsake, and to fare them well.'—'Certes then,' said Dan John, 'they have full foully dealt by us:' and with that he related to the horseman what had passed there; the manner in which they had been thrust from the doors; and the arrival of the

jolly was-sellers, who had been admitted afterwards. 'By holy Saint Benedict, our blessed patron!' returned the prior, for it was him they were speaking to, 'if ye tell me no leetings, I will make them dear aly this misrule.—Ye shall go back with me, and my authority, I ween, will make sicker your welcome:' so saying, he caused two of the grooms to dismount, and having set the priests upon their horses, they rode together towards the priory. When the prior, having a crafty thought in his head, to be himself, unseen, a witness to the jolliment, and to work the more shame upon the lusty revellers, caused his followers to abide at that stound, in a dell, at a short distance from the priory, and he, with the two priests, went forward on foot. He had with him a key of a private door belonging to his own apartment, and afforded communication with a gallery, in which was a window that commanded a full view of the hall, and the company therein assembled. Here he came, with his two companions, and was presently assured, from his own kenning, that they had not belied the brethren. The supper was just serving up, and the prior desiring the priests to remain there, and carefully note where everything should be deposited, so as to bear the same in memory, withdrew, and returned to his company, who all came forward with him; and knocking aloud at the gate, every thing in the hall was suddenly thrown into the utmost confusion, the alarm being given, that the prior and sub-governors were returned: the boards were cleared in an instant, the cloths removed, and the lemans, who visited the pious fraternity, were incontinently thrust into a hiding-place; and such of the friars, whose duty called them not to wait upon their superiors, slunk into their cells, bestowing many a malediction upon their mishap, in having so fair a game so foully stinted.

"When the prior entered the hall, he enquired why he found so large a fire in the chimney; and, after some hesitation, the sacrist told him, 'that the night being cold, the brethren had met there to say their vespers.'—'By my Holy Dame,' said the prior, 'here is a savory smell! I trust their prayers

have been well received: and as the hall is right warm, I hold it good to tarry here, for in sooth I am somewhat surbett with riding: lay a carpet upon the board, with napkins; I would fain have wherewithall to eat.'—'My lord,' quoth the cellarer, 'the fire is made in the refectory, and the purveyor will cover the board there in short space.'—'Gramercy, for your diligence,' answered the prior, 'it is right commendable; but now I remember me, I have brought with me from Oxford a cunning clerk, who deals in magic, and is a subtle tragedour, he has promised to show me of his craft, and to work many wondrous doings; I am not the churl to have this pastime to myself, but am willing all the brethren should, at this merry tide, be partakers with me.'

"He then caused all the friars to be summoned, and when they had entered the hall, to take their places, they were somewhat asterbed by the best of the prior, but when they saw ~~there~~ was no semblance of upbrayings in his countenance, they seated themselves more cheerily.

"The prior then whispered to the sub-prior, who forthwith went privily to the gallery where the priests had been placed; and having furnished them with disguisements, so that they could not readily be known again by those who had seen them before, they were brought into the hall; Dan John passed for the jocator, and his companion for his servant, who carried a small box under his arm, when the prior spake to Dan John in this wise:—'Certes, I am told you are a skilful tragedour, and well learned in pastimes of magic, if so be, show us of your ability at this merry tide, and you shall not miss your meed.' 'So please you, my lord,' replied Dan John, 'I am willing to overstep my accustomed practice, and sithence you have been long fasting upon your journey, I hold it right meet to have the tables covered for your refreshment.'—'By Saint Thomas,' cried the prior, 'that were in sooth a good deed done, and marry none the worse if it be eftsoons done!'—'Your lordship,' quoth the pretended juggler, 'need only command the pages to pight the carpets, and spread the napkins, for I am ready to make an essay

of my craft.' The carpets 'were pight, and the napkins spread incontinently. The friars at this tide were nought inclined to mirth, but unceathly kept their seats, silently eyeing each other, and casting in their minds what selcouth gambol was to follow this preparation. Dan John called for a chafing-dish filled with live coals, and taking a portion of powder from the box which his companion bore beneath his arm, he cast the same upon the fire, saying, 'Wend hither, ye buxom spirits of the night, who confessen the power of this spell, and bring with you capons richly stewed, doe venison ybaked in pies, with wild ducks, cygnets, and other water fowl.'—'By the blessed Martyr of Kent ye have said well,' quoth the prior; 'but so far as I can see, our supper will be an imaginary one.'—'Aread you, my lord,' returned the juggler, 'the spirits I have called upon are real spirits, and wend to and fro without being keened by mortal eyes, but cause the closet at your Lordship's right hand to be opened, and you shall be my witness the goblins have not deceived me.' The closet was opened, and the dainties produced. 'And now,' continued Dan John, 'I will add some other dishes well accorded to the season;' so saying, he repeated his spell, and bight his spirits to bring 'a brave boar's head well brawned, chimes of fat porkers, and turkies roasted:' these were found in the opposite closet at the prior's left hand, and pight upon the table. 'The manchet, and fine bread,' added the juggler, 'will be found in abundance behind the high desk.' By this time the tables were fairly covered, when the prior spoke thus: 'In truth you are a notable artist, and have right well achieved a work of wonder: if the whole be not an illusion of the foul fiend, we shall not sleep with empty stomachs; but I wot, Syr, thir lacketh yet one thing, and that is wine.'—'In sooth, my lord, as I told you, mine are airy spirits, and meddle not greatly with that article; beneath the stalls there are a few pottle pots, but my familiar areads me, that he can find none better than in your lordship's cellars.' The prior laughed heartily at this conclusion; and having given his benediction, ordered

the carvers to do their duty; 'for I perceive,' said he, 'this is none illusion, but substantial food, well ycooked, and suited to the holy tide.'

"The pious fraternity, whilom so joyous, now sat upon thorns, and sore abashed, foreseeing that this guileful beginning would bring forth a noyous ending; for they dempt well they had been bewrayed, but wot not by what malengin, unless the jocolator really dealt with the devil: yet, in order to gloss over the matter as far as they might, they partook of the provision, though with little appetite, and prayed lustily that every morsel might choke the juggler, who, nothing recking of their curses, with his companion, eat and drank chearily; and the prior, with the superior officers, were exceedingly facetious. After the supper was ended, and the viands taken from the tables, the prior filled a large cup with white Muscadel, and presented the same to Dan John, saying, 'Sickerly, my friend, we have to remember you for a fair entertainment: this is the rarest cast of jugglery I ever beheld. But read me now soothly, I pray you, are these things counterfeited by the craft of magic natural, or by the coothly workings of spirits, or fairy elves, such as old stories tellen dance in the green meads by moon-light?'—'Wot you not, my lord,' said Dan John, 'I called my spirits by a chym, which magic natural teacheth, so cometh their obeisance; for, as I told you, they work unseen.'—'But may they not take upon them a bodily form, so be it you command them?' quoth the prior.—'Certes they may,' said John.—'Sithence you grant it so,' answered the prior, 'if you have not gone to the extent of your conning, I should like well to see some sprite, or elf, in human form.'—'In good sooth, my lord,' returned the juggler, 'you have proposed a deed unceathly to be performed: yet, to do you pleasure, I will not stint the essayment of my art, but I aread you all to be aware of harm, and to keep your places. The spirits I shall upraise are right seemly in their forins, but crafty and treacherous in their actions, and apt to entice men to lustful and wanton dalliance, unprofitable to their souls: and further I warn you to schew them, for they be foul

thieves and plunderers, and you must whip them soundly, or eftsoons they will return again, and rob your cellars, your kitchen, and your pantry, for wot ye well they be great gormandizers.—‘You say well,’ said the prior, ‘and I will order eight or ten of the most sturdy grooms from the stables, to stand accoiled with scourges in their hands, to smite when the time requires.’ The grooms were forthwith brought into the hall, and placed near to the door, the station assigned to them by the juggler. The friars, algaates they were, were awphaped, could no longer refrain from murmuring: they foresaw to what purpose this arrangement was made; and the sacrist, joined with the cellerer, made bold to address the prior in these words:—‘My good lord, ourselves, and the brethren at large, intreat you to bear in souvenance, that we be forsaide to use such cursed conjurations, or, by craft of necromancy, hold communication with sathan, or his foul angels: we are aghast at the evil workings of this wicked wizard, and beseech you to stint him; sithence the fiends be more puissant than mortal wights, and woe the while, if we attempt to overcraw them, they may raise a tempest of thunder to harrow our holy house, and bren us with the leven brand.’—‘Be not accused, my brethren,’ returned the prior, ‘the piety with which you performed the vespers this evening, and the beadings you have made to God, the Holy Virgin, and all saints, at that stound, shall abet you from danger of sorcery or enchantment: but well I wot the orgies now to be performed shall purify these walls from pollution, rather than endanger their downfall.’ Dan John now threw the powder a third time into the fire, and then ordered the grooms to open the closet at the bottom of the hall, and incontinently a bevy of wanton bonnibelles rushed out, shrieking most pitiously, when they were discovered. The grooms, according to the orders they had received, laid on the lash with lustihed, reckless of the cries and jangles of the seely wantons. The ruthless beardsmen, to empeach the chastisement of their dear lemans, rose up eftsoons, and, rushing towards the door, attempted to burst it open; in the scuf-

fle the tables were subversed, and the lights at the lower end of the hall were suddenly quient; the tumult became general, and the friars, muddled together with the wenches, were beat down the one over the other, and whipped in their turns; for the sturdy grooms, favoured none who came near them. The sacrist, in forcing open the door, struck his forehead against one of the abutments, and was nearly drent with his own blood: the cellerer, hastening to his relief, fell over a form, and bared his shin to the bone. Both of them bawled aloud for relief; but their cries were not distinguished amidst the general steven, shrieking, and scathful uproar.

“The prior withdrew to his apartment at the onset, and took the two priests with him; and when he thought the friars, and their lemans, were sufficiently yspent, he caused the chapel bell to be rung, and sent the sub-prior into the hall, to call away the grooms, and stint the riot. When the tumult was asslaked, the friars were ordered to take their places in the chapel, which they did with much reluctance; and the prior came thither to them, attended by the two priests, in their proper habits: he then upbraved them, with many bitter reproaches, for their lewd deportment, and especially for their lack of charity: when, having suspended the sacrist and the cellerer from their offices for a season, he imposed a heavy penance on the brotherhood, and light them to sing the midnight service, which well ye may wot, my masters, was done with more drcariment than devotion, and every one of them was permitted to depart to his cell.

“The two priests were fairly appayed for their trouble, and slept warm and quiet: in the morning they brake their fast well, and were dismissed by the prior with his benediction, for having exorcised the holy house, and driven thence, with their due guerdon, the lewd spirits which had haunted it in his absence. And so ends my tale.”

Of “Ancient Times,” a drama, which closes the fourth volume, we cannot say any thing in praise. It is founded upon the well known story of Alfred penetrating into the Danish

camp in the disguise of a harper: a circumstance in our national history which well deserves a national poet to celebrate. But the play of Mr. Strutt is turgid and inartificial: the language is either swollen to bombast, or creeping in insignificance. The two Danish princes come in, and continue through a whole dialogue to out brag each other in what they will do: and one Saxon nobleman tells another that he has drawn a just portrait of his miseries, but asks if he can "add more?" This is too much for gravity. Nor is the language always grammatical, as when *Elfrida* talks of a "*retrospective view of past events*," and *Eldal* declares, "But time or absence never can efface, &c."

TRAVELS in TURKEY, ITALY, and RUSSIA, during the Years 1803, 1804, 1805, and 1806; with an Account of some of the Greek Islands. By THOMAS MAC GILL. 2 vols. 8vo. 1808.

TO promise more than we can ultimately perform, is sometimes amiable, and may happen to any one, the warmth and generosity of whose feelings outstrip the estimations of their judgment: but to promise what we do not intend to perform, and what in fact we know we cannot perform, is not quite so venial. In this last predicament is our author, whose title-page excites expectations far, far beyond what the contents of the volumes will gratify. What he denominates *travels* in Italy and Russia have as much right to be so called, as if a Frenchman should land at Portsmouth, cross over to the Isle of Wight, sail from thence back to France, and then write an account of his travels in England. His excursions into Russia were confined to one or two ports in the Black Sea, and the reader may judge what he is likely to know of that immense territory. We consider this as a disingenuous proceeding, for the book has merit enough to do without it, and might have been properly titled.

There is no department of literature in which an experienced writer may appear with so much safety as in writing an account of

travels, for it is scarcely possible that they should be written with such inferiority as to be utterly devoid of interest. He that has seen what few others have seen, comes forth with a title to attention, which a mind, eager for knowledge, will not stay to dispute. Whatever may be his attainments in other respects, here at least he has superiority. A common sailor, who had circumnavigated the world with Anson or Cooke, might hold, in the reverence of instruction, the mind of a Johnson or a Burke, for where we have not the power to contradict we are almost bound to acquiesce. Such an advantage, therefore, does the traveller possess over other men: and it would suppose uncommon sloth and dullness to be able to destroy that advantage.

Mr M^cGill is not a traveller of the highest description. He cannot rank with Chandler, Tooke, Barrow, Stedman, &c.: he tells what he knows, but he does not seem to have been aware of what he ought to know. A man of learning seeks for knowledge: but he that is ignorant knows not what should be sought for. This is the distinction between Mr. M^cGill and a perfectly intelligent traveller. He resided a considerable time at Constantinople, but of the laws, government, &c. of the Turks we are told nothing: he crossed over into Troas Alexandria, and finds nothing but the tumultus of Achilles: he visits Smyrna, and talks of its being the birth-place of Homer, forgetting, or not knowing, that it was the Æolian Smyrna which claimed this honour, and which was not built on the scite of the present town.

Yet, we will not deny that we have read these volumes with pleasure. They are written in a lively manner, and sometimes give interesting information upon the manners and customs of the Turks. We will wave, however, any more general reflections, and proceed to extract some passages for the amusement of our readers.

They consist of a series of letters; the first of which is dated from Venice, in which we find nothing more worthy of notice than the following affecting anecdote if it be true. Describing the excesses committed

by the French in the Venetian territories, he adds,

"The most illustrious persons in Venice were reduced to the extreme of indigence; but, small was the number of those who escaped the general ruin. It was computed that this year, no less than a thousand of the heads of noble families were begging in the streets. At every corner, on every bridge, might be seen some fair Venetian lady, covered with a veil, and on her knees imploring the aid of charity; whilst her male relations were occupied in pursuits far less honourable, in order to procure subsistence.

"The distresses of the nobles and of the wealthy, were not confined to themselves alone; for, the Venetians being naturally ostentatious, thousands of menials and of the lower classes of the people, were supported by their bounty; these, therefore, were now abandoned to all the horrors of want; for, in the general disorder and misery of the state, where was employment to be found for them? Innumerable gay gondolas were laid aside, and their skilful rowers being utterly unqualified for any other occupation, were in a state of starvation.

"It is scarcely possible to depict the miserable situation of the nobles. The Abbé ———, a man of talents and of probity, with whom I was very intimate, one morning at breakfast related to me with tears in his eyes, the following circumstance, which he said, had happened only the night before. The Abbé had passed that evening at the house of a friend, in the course of it, they were attracted and charmed by the singing of a female in the street, immediately underneath the window. The pleasure of the good Abbé was, however, soon converted into melancholy; he thought he recognized the voice of a friend, and hastened to the street to ascertain the truth. The person was so muffled up that he could not discover her. He ran to her house, and his repeated knocks at the door were at length answered from within by her children, who informed him, that their mother had gone out with their father and a friend, to procure something for supper, and that having now no servant, they were locked in till their return.

Being now persuaded that the songstress was his old friend, he returned to her, and with the utmost regret, discovered that she was the Countess C——, who was thus singing in the streets, in the hope of collecting a few soldi to purchase food for her starving children.

"In her days of affluence, she had been a remarkably fine player on the piano-forte, as well as a charming singer; the Abbé, who possessed an excellent taste in music, had frequently joined in the concert with her. In those days, this unfortunate Countess was the ornament and the delight of the society in which she lived."

We willingly extract the following, because we think that the humane and rational sports of the turf might be bettered by an adoption of the Italian method of horse-racing:

"The method of horse-racing in Italy is singular: the horses run without riders, and to urge them on, little balls with sharp points in them are hung to their sides, which when the horse is employed in the race, act like spurs; they have also pieces of tin-foil fastened on their hinder parts, which, as the animals rush through the air, make a loud rustling noise, and frighten them forward: I was much amused with the horse-races at Ancona. A gun is fired when they first start, that preparations may be made to receive them at the farther end; when they have run half-way another gun is fired, and a third when they arrive at the goal. To ascertain without dispute which wins the race, across the winning post, a thread is stretched, dipped in red lead, which the victor breaking, it leaves a red mark on his chest, and this mark is decisive. The first race was declared unfair, as one horse had started before the rest, and the governor ordered another to be run the following evening. To guard the course, a great number of Roman soldiers under arms were ranged on each side of it, from one end to the other. The morning after the first race, the wind blew from the north, and was rather cold; I was sitting with his excellency the governor, Signor Vidoni, when a messenger arrived from the general, with his com-

pliments, requesting that the race might be deferred till another day, as he thought the weather too cold to put his troops under arms; the governor replied to him, that "as the weather was not too cold for the ladies, he thought it was not too much so, for Roman soldiers." I have seen on a day which only threatened rain, a guard of Romans turn out, every one of which had an umbrella under his arm, the drummer and fifer alone excepted."

The letters from Smyrna and Constantinople are among the most interesting. Of Smyrna, Mr. M'Gill informs us that the population is about 130,000 souls; and of these, about 70,000 are Turks, 30,000 Greeks, 15,000 Armenians, 10,000 Jews, and 5,000 strangers and Franks. The town not having been visited by the plague for these five years, the population has of course been upon the increase.

The commerce of Smyrna is very extensive. It is very seldom that there are in the roads fewer than from fifteen to eighteen ships loading for different countries, and under various colours. Their trade was formerly confined to the Mediterranean and the northern parts of Europe; but now it is nothing rare or surprising to see vessels loading for America, and even for the East Indies.

"In one year, beginning the first of September, and ending the thirty-first of August, sixty vessels arrived in Smyrna with rich cargoes from the following ports, viz. from London seven, from Trieste eighteen, from Venice four, from Leghorn fifteen, from Holland three, from Marseilles eight, and from America five; besides an immense number from different ports in Turkey, of which no regular account is taken, and several also from the Russian ports in the Black Sea; which are not mentioned in the list shewn to me. I will at some future opportunity give you an account of the cargoes of the sixty vessels. In the same year, ninety-three ships were loaded with the produce of the country for different parts of Europe and America. Twelve were for London, forty-one for Trieste, seven for Leg-

horn, five for Venice, seven for Holland, eighteen for Marseilles, and three for America: the last three carried little but specie and opium, and it is believed went first to Canton, and from thence by Cape Horn to America. Many cargoes of fruit, wine, and drugs are annually shipped for the Black Sea, which like the imports from that quarter are not enumerated; several of Valonea, and grain, are likewise sent on account of the Smyrna merchants from other ports on the coast, by ships which go from Smyrna in order to bring them: from the small port of Scua Nuova alone, upwards of twenty ship's load of beans are sent annually by these gentlemen to Spain, Malta, and Egypt. When I can get the list of imports finished, I will also give you a list of the exports.

"Smyrna has, with the principal mercantile towns in Europe, a regular exchange, which may be with propriety considered as forming a part of the commerce of the city, as it affords a wide field for speculation. I may at some future period, give you an account of the exchanges for several years, and if possible, another of the consumption for one year of European articles, with their aggregate prices; at present, I am not sufficiently acquainted with the trade to furnish you with them."

We could not but admire the very rational amusement of Mr. M'Gill in fishing all night in the gulph of Smyrna, wrapped up in a great coat, and going to sleep in the boat, waiting for the fish to pop into the net in the course of the night. How interesting it must have been, when he awoke, to find the net full! It seems it was a pastime, however, not altogether devoid of danger, for he was shot at in the dark by the Turks, who wanted his fish.

The plague, which commits such awful devastations in this part of the world, is thus guarded against by the Europeans who are there.

"The precautions used against the plague by Christians are simple and effectual: their houses, that is to say, the best houses in Frank-street, are for many reasons built like little fortresses, and in general extend from

the street down to the water-side: at each of them there is a strong gate, mostly of iron, to prevent their being set fire to, and within that one toward the street, at the distance of ten feet from it and each other, are two more formed of spars. When the pestilence rages violently, both the outer and inner gates are kept constantly locked, and the master, or some confidential person has the keys. When any one rings at the gate, the door is opened by a cord, and the person is admitted to the first spar gate, through which he communicates the intention of his errand; if he brings provisions, within the middle gate stands a large tub of water, into which they are thrown from a little door, and are not taken out again until the outer gate is shut: if bread is brought, it must be hot, at which time it cannot communicate infection. Letters and other papers are conveyed on the end of a piece of wood or cane, with a slit in it, and are fumigated with nitre and brimstone. By these means it is almost impossible that the plague should find entrance into the houses, where the inhabitants keep themselves closely confined till its rage is spent.

"The greatest danger is at the first breaking out of the disease, before they make use of any precautions, for they seldom think of shutting themselves up, until they hear of eight or nine accidents, as they are called, each day.

"In case of any member of a family being attacked by the plague, the person so seized is immediately carried to the hospital, the rest of the family sprinkle themselves with vinegar, and are fumigated, they generally leave the house they are in, and inhabit another for forty days.

"The hospitals are attended by persons who have had the plague; but it is a mistaken idea that, under these circumstances, they are secure from future infection. Padre Luigi, a humane friar, who has attended one of the hospitals for upwards of thirty years, says, that every time there is the plague in his hospital, his old sores open afresh, though with less virulence; but that a great number of the plague nurses die under as violent attacks of it as if it had seized them for the first time. This worthy father Lu-

igi says further, that he never found any remedy so effectual as friction with oil, when applied in time, and carefully repeated: he has frequently witnessed its salutary effects."

It is an undoubted fact, that of any preventive remedy hitherto known, that of copious friction with olive oil is the most efficacious. In 1794, a poor woman was shut up in a chamber, in Egypt, with thirteen persons infected with the plague, of whom she had the care, and by means of unction she preserved herself from the contagion.

Mr. McGill is wrong in supposing that the ruins which he saw near the Cyster (p. 158, v. i.) were those of the famous Temple of Diana, for, according to Chandler and others, not a vestige of that temple now remains.

With what indignation do we read of the Turks defacing the fine remains of antiquity: with their barbarous whitewash covering the coloured marbles to which they have an aversion, and destroying all the relics of sculpture they find, from a principle of religion!

The late Eliza Carter said of the Russians, that they were only beginning to walk upon two legs, and the following anecdote would warrant the inference that they have scarcely arrived at that enviable dignity; for the first consequence of incipient civilisation is the well defined limits of female modesty and propriety.

"You and I have often laughed at the strange description of the Russian baths; I believe only half the truth has been told to us. In these baths, that is to say, in the warm ones, both sexes meet promiscuously in a state of nature; and after washing, and no doubt admiring one another a considerable time, they plunge into cold water; but this indelicacy, as it would certainly be considered in Britain, is not confined to the baths. Shortly after my arrival here, I was standing on the beach, when a well-dressed female began to strip herself by my side; I concluded that she was out of her senses, and at one time thought of preventing her from so doing; she was, however, quickly undressed, and

ran off into the sea, buffeting the waves. I was presently convinced that the poor woman was not madder than the rest of her countrywomen, for I perceived several more of them coming, who soon followed her example, and swam about like a parcel of sea nymphs. This custom does not proceed from a want of modesty, it is merely peculiar to the nation; and although in the eyes of an Englishman it has a singular appearance, yet to a Muscovite there is nothing offensive to delicacy in it. One of our modest, half-naked British fair would be looked on by a Turk as the most abandoned of her sex, a supposition which alone would make her faint, but would not induce her to cover herself."

The second volume commences with a letter, which we have thought sufficiently interesting to give in the miscellaneous department of the present number: see p. 116.

We think Mr. M'Gill should have given an illustrative plate to his account of the Mussulman at prayers, when he tells us that he "*sits on his knees*." This is a posture of which we have absolutely no conception. And with all the credulity of which we are capable, we must really hesitate to receive our author's assertion, that the Turkish turban weighs half a hundred weight! Surely a Mahometan's neck must have some additional bones in it, to keep it perpendicular under such a constant burthen.

The following is ludicrous enough:

"It is a custom with the Turks, proceeding, from their ignorance, when a prince or great personage dies, for their attendants immediately upon this event, to shew their high respect for the deceased, by beating the physicians and surgeons out of the house. The Validá had been in a weak dying state for some days, during which, my friend Lorenzo, her surgeon, and several of the eminent physicians, never quitted the house, but remained day and night in the *seraglio*. One of these mornings, very early, a dismal cry was set up, and several of her attendants came from the sick chamber bathed in tears; at this the faculty took the alarm, and, in order to save their shoulders, hastened from the palace as fast as possible."

We shall conclude our extracts from these volumes with the following account of the celebrated church of St. Sophia. The first two paragraphs are translated, says Mr. M'Gill, from an Italian author; the rest are his own:

"St. Sophia is a mosque justly esteemed amongst the most valuable treasures about Constantinople. Constantine the Great built this temple in honour of the divine wisdom, and dedicated it to St. Sophia. In a dreadful sedition which arose in the capital, St. Sophia was demolished and almost reduced to ashes: the emperor Justinian, anxious for its preservation, rebuilt it with greater sumptuousness and elegance; it has eight entrances, including the porch of St. Sophia, five of which are in general shut; the porch is thirty-two feet wide. The entrance to the temple is by nine doors of bronze, which have been at some period gilt: they are magnificently wrought in relief; the one in the centre is eighteen feet high.

"Every person, even at the first glance, must be struck with the beauty and the magnificence of this building; four grand pillars of forty-seven feet in circumference support the cupola, which is eighty-six feet in diameter; the flatness of this cupola is much admired; it has no more elevation than that of a perfect globular dome. The galleries are fifty-three feet high; the pillars of the upper one are of marble and porphyry, and are seventy-four in number; those of the under are of white marble; over the entrance of the temple are four columns of jasper; the walls are adorned with a stone of two different kinds, which in the rays of the sun, appears like the finest tortoise-shell. In the pavement of one of the galleries is to be seen a stone, apparently of porphyry, which is held by the Turks in great veneration, notwithstanding they assert from documents found in St. Sophia when the Ottoman arms conquered Constantinople, that this is the very stone on which the blessed Virgin washed the linen of the infant Saviour; therefore the few Christians who can obtain admission to this no longer church of Christ, but imperial mosque, regard this stone with great devotion; al-

though they are not allowed to carry away the smallest particle of it. The roof of St. Sophia was originally ornamented with mosaic work upon a golden ground, but the mussulmen, enemies to figures, have covered it with white-wash; the number of lamps and candlesticks are fewer than in their other mosques, and it has no ornament from their hands save a piece of cloth, on which is embroidered some passage of the Alcoran, which being made in the form of a flag, hangs from one of the columns: this piece of cloth was once part of the lining of a rich carpet which forms the door curtain of the mosque at Mecca.

"The porch of St. Sophia, in which the patriarch of Constantinople was wont to perform divine service, is now occupied for the same purpose by the Turks; near it stand the Alcoran and other books which contain prayers to be recited on certain days and hours. The church has four towers, in which there used to be bells of a very great height, and of remarkably small diameter, near the summit, which is of brass gilt, they have a little balcony, from which the musaim or priest calls the five hours of prayer.

"St. Sophia has fountains and baths near it, at which the mussulmen perform the ablutions commanded in their law.

"In honour of the Turks it must be said, that, although now a Turkish mosque, St. Sophia retains all the revenue which it enjoyed when a Christian church, and this is immense. Even Mahomet the Second, conqueror of Constantinople, although his treasury was exhausted by tedious wars, never infringed upon it. It was said, that, in 1798, it exceeded fifty thousand pounds; it is drawn from lands and palaces, besides large sums paid by the Sultan, which were formerly given by the Greek emperors and princes for the privilege of building churches, this revenue is employed

in keeping the temple in repair, and in cleaning it; in paying those who perform service in it; in the education of youth; and in daily charities to an immense number of destitute poor. The surplus is put into a case, and is called the sacred treasure; it is afterwards employed in useful purposes.

"It is the duty of the sultan to go to St. Sophia the first Friday of every moon: Friday, you know, is the day of the week which mussulmen devote to the service of God. The usual mode in which the Sultans go is on horseback, but when young it is not uncommon for them to walk thither. St. Sophia being so near the gate of the seraglio, Selim has of late preferred going to a mosque at a greater distance, that his subjects might have a better view of their prince. When he was in the habit of going to St. Sophia, the cavalcade was scarcely in motion before it reached the church, which occasioned much inconvenience, and obliged the spectators to huddle together, inasmuch that many were hurt."

Our copious extracts from these volumes will convince our readers, that we do not consider them as being without merit. They are, in fact, entertaining, and sometimes instructive; and had Mr. McGill embraced a larger sphere of enquiry, he might have conferred upon his work a value which would probably have rendered it a book of permanent reference and authority: but as it is, we read it merely for amusement. The language is neat and appropriate, neither launching into hyperbole nor sinking into meanness: and though Mr. M. does not always view man and his actions with the eye of a philosopher, yet he never offends by petulance or flippancy. On the whole therefore our praise outweighs our censure.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

QUATRAIN.

'TIS now of night the solitary noon,
And all is wrapt in silence and repose,
Save that I wander neath the waning moon,
And near the stillness with my gushing
woes!

To yonder low'ring pile, where hundreds
sleep
On death's cold couch, irrevocably bound,
My devious feet shall steal: there will I
keep
My lonely watch amidst the gloom profound!

There not unheard my sorrows shall I pay!
Nor tell the pain, unpitied, I endure!
But on my Love these rankling woes ally,
That proud Philosophy cou'd never cure?

Yes! e'en her shrine shalt bid my anguish
cease,
Whilst Virtue points me to the realms of
peace!

Grafton street, July 1808.

J. G.

SONNET TO AN EARLY POLYANTHUS.

CHILD of the Spring! who wav'st with
bashful pride
Those mottled blooms, to lure the poet's
eye!

Fain would I sing, if genius were my guide,
Thy charms, O flower so beautifully shy!

But since alas! is not bestow'd on me
That mental grace, the boon of heav'n
above;

I'll wave my claim, and, since inspir'd by
thee,
My simple song shall bear the grace of
love.

Then let me counsel thee, my flow'r, to
shroud

Thy tender blossoms from the dubious air,
The blighting mildew borne in yonder cloud,
And the rough storm which rising winds
declare!

Or mark untimely death to be thy doom!
The blast of winter covets all thy bloom

WM. TUCKER.

Titchard, Wilts, Aug. 11.

TO THE ÆOLIAN HARP.

HAIL to thee! minstrel of the viewless
air!

Whose trembling chords responsively at-
tuned,

With sweetest music rises on the ear,
And lulls the soul in luxury of bliss!

Oh, when my mind oppress'd by heavy
care,

Has sicken'd at the world and all its charms,
I've sat and listened to thy swelling tones
And sigh'd responsive to their breathing
sadness!

Oh! it has sooth'd me in the bitterest hours
When in the stillness of the middle night,
Which I have pass'd in solitude and pain,
Thy notes have breath'd upon the list'ning
ear!

For I have given to thy melancholy airs,
When busy Fancy work'd without control,
Angelic form and voice, and lov'd so
think

That hovering through the dark and mid-
night air

You tun'd your harps to Heav'n's eternal
King!

How have I sat and listen'd, till my mind
Soared on the wings of rapt Ecstacy,
And quitted for a time this earthly scene,
And mingled with celestial essences

Then I forgot all bitter rankling cares,
But soon to fall again, and soon to feel,
With double force, the woes, the pains,
that haunt

And chase me thro' this weary hated life!
Oh breathe, breathe again thy strains divine
Thou airy minstrel, and while I list a
To their dying falls, let me once more
forget,
That fate has mark'd me for Misfortune's
child.

W. M.

SONNET

FULL oft at eve these pensive elms among,
Studious I roam, from every noise re-
mote,

Save the harsh raven's dull-resounding
note,

Or Philomela's melancholy song.—

Noise such as this to me congenial long,
Too long perhaps hath been; yet, still I
dote

To hear lone music on the wild gale float,
When night's pale spectres stalk these
woods along!

Here let me pause!—two years are scarcely
past,

Since first I told her that my flame was
true!

But not for me were Love's delights to last,
For soon the flower, that so sweetly grew,

Destruction crush'd! and Oh! its match-
less bloom

Now wastes unnotic'd in the lonely tomb!

Grafton-street, July 1808.

J. G.

POOR EVE OF ST. MARK.

A Semi-comic Tale.

IN a village, remote both from city and town,
Liv'd the wife of an old parish clerk;
Her visage, once comely, was cover'd with down,
And they call'd her *Poor Eve of St. Mark*.
Her husband, returning one night from the church,
His limbs with cold-shiverings shak,
Heard a voice, that exclaim'd from beneath an old birch,

"Stay spouse of *poor Eve of St. Mark*!

The voice was not human! nor yet seem'd divine!

But most like the mastiff's gruff bark:
"Stay, villain, the deed, the sad deed, it was thine;

Thou hast murder'd *poor Eve of St. Mark*!

"Thy blows, and thy drunkenness, debts, duns, and art,

Thy inconstancy proved in the Park,
Have loosen'd the life-strings, and broken the heart,

Of thy wife, the *poor Eve of St. Mark*!

"Now Adam, take heed, to forgetfulness given,

Of the words that I bid thee to mark,
Ere the clock chimes a quarter, now tolling eleven,

Dead—dead is *poor Eve of St. Mark*!"

"Good ghost," replied Adam, quite palsied with fear,

(For he lik'd not such friends in the dark)

"Kind ghost! to my story, a short one, give ear,

How I lov'd my *poor Eve of St. Mark*.

"I never chastised her, but once, that I'll own,

Nor untrue was, save once in the Park;
For my debts, duns, and drunkenness, sure there're my own,

They concern not *poor Eve of St. Mark*."

But the ghost, like a flambeau, red, raging, and round,

Quickly vanish'd in form of a spark!

Repeating the deep-echoed, horrible sound,
"Dead—dead is *poor Eve of St. Mark*."

Now Adam, half-sinking beneath the sad shock,

Bent homeward his footsteps; but hark!
He scarce had proceeded, when loud chim'd the clock!

'Twas the knell of *poor Eve of St. Mark*!

For when he arrived at his cot's close-barr'd door,

Long, long ere the rise of the lark;
He found—(who shall hear it?) the struggle was o'er,

And dead was *poor Eve of St. Mark*!

The sight, like a shaft from the fell monster *Death*,
Pierced the bosom of Adam the clerk;
He fell—and exclaim'd with his last parting breath

I come, my *poor Eve of St. Mark*!

Both sleep in one coffin; while o'er them at night

Curs yelp, pointers howl, mastiffs bark;
And the ghost, as a flambeau emitting its light,

Cries *poor Adam and Eve of St. Mark*.

Pace requiescant.

H. R. W.

SONNET.

NO more the splendour of the world can please,

Since Fate deprives me of my lovely maid;

No more the groves delight,—the woodland shade,

Alas! no longer can my anguish ease!

As if by sorrow bent, yon alder trees

Suspend their heads, and darken all the glade;

And here, where oft with Marianne I stray'd,

Sad lamentations sicken every breeze!

O! with what rapture have I heard the roar
Of waters, struggling down the rocky steep!

But ah! that rapture I shall feel no more,
For I am doom'd unceasingly to weep!

O'er that lorn spot where matchless beauty fades,
Amidst the horrors of the darkest shades!

Grafton-street, 1st Aug. 1808.

J. G.

SONNET TO THE CARNATION.

II ALL, beauteous tenant of the verdant bow'r!

Thou brightest gem in Autumn's spangled crown!

Oh, I could suck the fragrance every hour
Of those resplendent blossoms, soft as down!

But hark! the rude blast rustling through the grove

With envious fury, fain would spoil thy form;

Then come, my flow'r, to Sylvia's safe alcove,

And shield thy blooms from elemental harm:

For she will grant the favor with delight,
(O may her virtues meet with Heav'n's reward!)

Taught by her own example to requite
The plea of worth, and beauty to regard;

Yes, in her bosom she'll allow thee room,
With her's to blend thy fragrance and thy bloom!

Tilshead, Wilts, Aug. 11. Wm. Tucker:

SONNET.

BYAIL! solemn haunts! hail! ever-tran-
quil bows,

Where I, at eve, my charming Black-
shaw sought,

And oft we spent the sombre winn'd hours,
Viewing the scenes by plastic Fancy
wrought:—

Hail! solemn haunts! where I enraptur'd
taught

My sweetest Girl, and press'd her to my
cheek!

And where, thank Heav'n! my youthful
tongue was taught,

The nervous language, of the soul to
speak!

O! how I dote to ponder on thy charms,
And think on days irrevocably fled,
Those happy days! when wrapt in soft
alarms,

On Blackshaw's breast I lay my frenzied
head!

But the recurrence can no bliss bestow,
That is not tarnish'd with the blackest woe!
Grafton-street, July 1804. J. G.

IMPROMPTU,

*On the Soldiers being deprived of their
Coss.*

WHEN Cue, in the pride of his charms,
Cut off, from the occiput fell,
His friends, and companions in arms,
Thus bade him a mournful farewell:—

“Believe us, we ne'er can forget thee,
Nor cease thy sad loss to bewail;
E'en our foes shall have cause to regret thee,
For henceforth we can never—turn tail!”

H. R. W.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. Dixon's, of *Christchurch, Surrey*,
for an improved Method of construct-
ing Cocks for stopping of Fluids, and
which Cocks, by one motion or turn,
will permit such Fluids to pass in dif-
ferent directions.

THE plate A is a piece with two
apertures, of any given dimen-
sions, for permitting fluids to pass and
repass to the pipe F, as may be re-
quired. Apertures of an oblong form
are considered the best. The plate or
piece A, and the other parts of the
apparatus, may be made of any metal
or material, brass, iron, or whatever
will agree with the nature of the fluids
acting thereon. The surface of A is
made sufficiently even and smooth on
those parts which surround the aper-
tures, and must be perfectly air and
steam tight when it comes in contact
with the moveable plate or piece B.
The latter has also a curve, or space
made or cut so as to be sufficiently
wide to cover both the apertures, C
and D, and the intermediate space in
the face of the plate A, so that fluids
may pass from or into the apertures of
C or D; at the same time by moving
the plate B in a direction parallel with
its surface. By a similar movement,
the communication between C and D
may be shut, and a communication
opened between these and other pipes
separately.

A second figure represents the said
apparatus applied to a double acting
steam engine; the application of this
apparatus to steam engines, the pa-
tenteé also claims as his invention.

Mr. CAPARN's, of *Leicester*, for a
Machine for discharging Smoke from
smoky Chimneys.

THIS machine, which is called
Caparn's smoke disperser, is to
be placed on the top of the chimney
over the vent or orifice, and secured
to the same by brickwork, or any other
method. The funnel of the chimney
must be cleared from all contractions
or obstructions, which might impede
the smoke in its passage into the body
of the machine. The current through
the chimney gives a rotary horizontal
motion to the flyers or vans at the top
of the machine, which thereby dis-
perse the smoke, and prevent the ac-
tion of the atmosphere from returning
it into the tunnel of the chimney.
The machine cannot be accurately
comprehended without a view of the
plates: it is sufficient to observe, that
the body or the external case of the
machine, and also the vans, or flyers,
and the rim to which they are rivetted,
may be made of iron, copper, or tin.

Mr. CHARLES LUGAS BIRCH's, of Great Queen-street, for an improvement in the construction of the Roofs and Upper Quarters of Landaus, Landaulets, Barouche Landaus, Barouche Carriages, &c.

curtains to the landaus also remain without being removed, whereas those on the old plan were obliged to be taken down, before there was a possibility of opening the carriage.

FRAME and fix in the top quarter rails, says the patentee, to the tops of the standing pillars and slats, and fix the slats to the neck plates: rabbet the inner parts of the standing pillars with the top quarter rails and the slats, and board them with thin deal, or any other proper material. Let the crown pieces or cornice rails be long enough to bevel or metre into the corners of the top of the standing pillars, and let in the hinges and the thimble-catches on the top of the crown pieces and top of the quarter rails. Fix on the hoopsticks, and back and front rails, and board them all up, except the two hoopsticks, which are nearest to the hinges, which may be placed as close as possible to admit of the head striking conveniently low. Conceal or let in one or more boxed locks to the center-hoopsticks, or at least the hoopsticks which unite the thimble-catches, and fix them so as they may be opened by a key on the inside of the carriage. Stretch strong canvas, or other fit material, and nail it, or fasten it otherwise, both on the inside and outside of the slats and elbows, and stuff it between with flock or tow. Stretch and fasten on canvas, or any other proper material, to the top hoopsticks on the roof, which are nearest the hinges, before you put on the leather covering.

A carriage built on this construction will carry one or more imperials on its roof without interfering with the regular process of opening it, and will run without doing the least injury to its upper parts. The spring

Mr. WEEK's, (Denbigh, Wales) for a new and improved Frame for forcing Cucumbers.

THIS is a double frame, of which the external one is nearly similar to that which is already in use. The internal frame is made without covering, and with a boarded bottom, sufficiently strong for sustaining the weight of the earth placed on it, for the growth and sustenance of plants, and not on the dung or hot bed. The bottom of the external frame being larger than that of the internal, a space is left between the two for the admission of the heat to the plants, which passes from them to the hot bed thro' such space or cavities, and not to the roots of the plants through the earth, as in the common way. The internal frame is so contrived by means of rack-work, &c. that it can, with the earth upon it, and the plants growing thereon, be raised or drawn up altogether within the external frame, nearer to the glass lights; and by that means the plants or fruits may be made to receive a greater and more beneficial influence, from the rays of the sun: it may likewise be lowered at pleasure, and be suspended at any distance between the glass and hot bed, by which a due degree of temperature may be regulated. The admission of the heat from the hot bed through the cavities or spaces between the frame to the plants or fruits, is also an advantage, as it prevents the roots of the plants from being burnt or damaged by a superabundant heat arising from the hot bed through the earth.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

IT has been asserted by most writers and experimentalists, that silver burns with a bright emerald green light. In Mr. Davy's late lectures, the deflagration of silver leaf was attended by the emission of a brilliant

white light, which the professor ascribed to the great purity of the silver employed; and he expressed an opinion that the green flame usually observed, arose from the admixture of copper with the silver. Mr. G. B. Singer has, however, discovered that

this phenomenon proceeds from a different cause. Having observed that Mr. Davy's conducting wires were terminated by charcoal, he repeated the experiment with a similar arrangement; and applying the charcoal to pure silver leaf, it immediately burned with a beautiful white light. Some of the same portion of silver having been before employed when the green flame was produced, it became evident that the white light in this and in Mr. Davy's experiment, proceeded from the charcoal; and that this was really the case, appeared from the immediate evolution of green light, when the contact was made by a metallic wire. By the application of charcoal to the extremity of a wire, so bent that either the wire or the charcoal may touch the silver at pleasure, the white and the green flame may be alternately produced, and thus at once afford a conclusive demonstration of the fact, and a pleasing variation of a brilliant experiment.

Mr. R. Knight has published a description of a new Eudiometer lately made on the suggestion of Mr. Davy, for the more commodious display of the formation of water, by the combustion of oxygen and hydrogen gas, by means of the electric spark. The instrument consists of a strong cylindrical glass tube to receive the gases, open at the lower end, of the capacity of two cubic inches, and graduated into decimal parts; and a stand to which the tube is attached by a clasp and screw; and of a strong iron cylinder, containing a strong spiral spring, on the principle of the pocket steel-yard, the spindle, or central bar, of which is fixed on three feet, in order that it may be firmly secured on the side of a mercurial bath, with the mouth of the tube immersed in quicksilver. By this arrangement the sudden and violent expansion which takes place at the moment of the combustion of the gases, is relieved by the elasticity of the spring, which by yielding, allows the glass tube to be heaved up a little way, without being driven from its situation. The success of the experiment is thus secured, and all danger of accident to the apparatus, is effectually prevented.

In a late communication made by Mr. Davy, he stated that, since Nov.

1807, he had made a number of experiments on barytes and strontites, from which he inferred these bodies contained inflammable matter, and stated that his recent experiments with a voltaic battery of 36,000 square inches had been extended to the other alkaline earths, silica and alumina. All these bodies when slightly moistened and acted upon by iron wires, negatively electrified, undergo change at the points of contact. And the metals of the earths appear to form alloys with the negatively electrified iron. Mr. Davy has likewise metallized the earths by electrifying them when mixed with various metallic oxides, such as those of lead, silver and mercury. In these cases, the metals of the earths, and the common metals, are revived together in alloy.

Some recent experiments by two Swedish chemists were referred to: viz. M. Berzelius and Pontin, who have obtained amalgams of the metals of barytes and lime, by exposing the moistened to negatively electrified mercury; their method though it succeeds with strontites and magnesia, fails with alumina and silica. An interesting experiment made by these gentlemen on ammonia, confirms Mr. Davy's idea of its being an oxide with a binary base.

In a paper, read on the evening of July 8, Mr. Davy stated, that he had procured the metal of barytes in a pure form; that it was highly combustible, and rapidly decomposed water with the production of barytes. He had distilled the amalgam of the basis and mercury; and by similar methods he stated he had succeeded in obtaining the metals of strontites and magnesia, nearly pure. Mr. Davy also stated his intention of entering fully, at the next meeting of the Society, into the discussion of the theoretical views connected with this new subject, and its general relations to Nature and Art. The detection of a metallic substance in ammonia is a singular and most interesting fact; for it has been before proved to the satisfaction of chemists in general, that ammonia is composed of nitrogen and hydrogen; and it follows that either nitrogen gas, or hydrogen gas, or both, are composed of the ammoniacal metal, held in a gaseous form by caloric.

A paper, by Mr. Knight, on the alburnum of trees, being read, the Society adjourned till Thursday, the 10th of November.

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY SOCIETY.

AT their late meeting, the president laid before them three communications from Colonel George Moulague, F.L.S. of Knowle House, Devon. The first of these communications contained an interesting view of the natural habits and more striking external appearances of the Gannet or Soland Gannet. An account is likewise given of the internal structure of this bird, particularly the distribution of its air cells, which the ingenious author shewed to be admirably adapted to its continued residence on the water, even in the most turbulent sea, and during the most rigorous seasons.

The second communication was the description and drawing of a new genus of insect, which inhabits the cellular membrane of the Gannet, and to which is given the name of *cellularia bassani*. At the same meeting Mr. P. Neill laid before the society, a list of such fishes belonging to the four Linnean Orders, *apodes*, *jugulares*, *thoracici*, and *abdominales*, as he had ascertained to be natives of the waters in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, accompanied with valuable remarks, and illustrated by specimens of some of the rarer species. Of the *apodes*, he enumerated 4 species belonging to 3 genera: 2 to *muræna*, 1 *anarrhichas*, and 1 *ammodytes*. Of the *jugulares*, he mentioned 13 species, belonging to three genera: 1 *callionymus*, the gemmeous dragonet; for from examining many specimens, the author had concluded, that the *sordid dragonet* of Mr. Pennant and Dr. Shaw is not a distinct species, but merely the female of the gemmeous dragonet: 9 of the genus *gadus*, and 2 *blennius*. Of the *thoracici*, he stated 22 species belonging to 9 genera. 1 *gobius*, 2 *cottus*, 2 *zeus*, the doree and the opal: 7 *pleuronectes*, 1 *sparus*; the toothed-gilt head, a rare fish, of which only two specimens have occurred in the Frith of Forth: 2 *perca*, 3 *gasterosteus*, a hot wall at the back of the kitchen with 1 *trigla*. Of the *abdominales*, he had ascertained 14 species, belonging

to 7 genera: 1 *cobites*, 4 *salmo*, 3 *cox*, the pike, garpike, and the saury or gandanook; which last, though rare in England, is not uncommon at Edinburgh, but arrives in the Frith almost every Autumn in large shoals, 3 clupea. Of the genus *cyprinus*, of which no fewer than ten species inhabit the rivers and ponds of England, including carp, tench, gudgeon, dace, roach, bream, &c. only one insignificant species, the author remarked, is found near Edinburgh, viz. the common minnow. The Mackarel, he classed under the genus *scomber*. The ray tribe, Mr. Neill reserved to a future meeting.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

THE silver medal of this society has been voted to Mrs. D'Oyley, of Sion Hill, near Northallerton, for the following communication respecting a new method of rearing poultry to advantage. Mrs. D'Oyley observes, that the economy and facility of performing this method would, if generally adopted, lower the price of butcher's meat, and essentially benefit the community at large. I keep, says she, a large stock of poultry, regularly fed in a morning upon steamed potatoes, chopped small, and at noon they have barley; they are in high condition, tractable, and lay a very great quantity of eggs. In the poultry yard is a small building, similar to a pigeon cote for the hens to lay in, with frames covered with net, to slide before each nest: the house is dry, light, and well ventilated, kept free from dirt, by having the nests and walls white-washed two or three times a year, and the floor covered once a week with fresh ashes. When I wish to procure chickens, I take the opportunity of setting many hens together, confining each to her respective nest; a boy attends, morning and evening, to let off any that appear to be restless, and to see that they return to their proper places. When they hatch, the chickens are taken away, and a second lot of eggs allowed them to set again, by which they produce as numerous a brood as before. I put the chickens into long wicker cages, placed against a hot wall at the back of the kitchen fire, and within them have artificial mothers for the chickens to run under;

they are made similar to those described by Monsieur Reaumur, in his "*Art de faire éclore et à élever en toutes Saisons des Oiseaux domestiques de toutes Espèces.*" These cages are made of boards, about ten inches broad and fifteen inches long, supported by two feet in the front, four inches in height, and by a board at the back, two inches in height. The roof and the back are lined with lamb-skins, dressed with the wool upon them. The roof is thickly perforated with holes for the heated air to escape; they are formed without bottoms, and have a flannel curtain in front, and at the ends, for the chickens to run under, which they do apparently by instinct. The cages are kept perfectly dry and clean with sand or moss. The above is a proper size for fifty or sixty new hatched chickens; but, as they increase in size, they of course require a larger artificial mother. When they are a week old, and the weather is fine, the boy carries them and the mother to the grass plat, nourishes, and keeps them warm by placing a long narrow tin vessel filled with hot water at the back of the mother, which will retain its heat for three hours, and is then renewed. In the evening they are driven into their cages, and resume their station at the hot wall, till they are nearly three weeks old, and able to go into a small room appropriated to that purpose, which is furnished with frames similar to the artificial mothers, placed round the floor with perches conveniently for them to roost upon. When I first attempted to bring up poultry in this way, I lost immense numbers by too great heat and suffocation, owing to the roofs of the mothers not being sufficiently ventilated; and when that evil was remedied, I found chickens brought up thus did not thrive upon the food I gave them, and many died, till I thought of getting coarse barley meal, and steaming it till quite soft; the boy feeds them with this and minced potatoes, alternately. He also rolls up pellets of dough made of coarse wheat flour, which he throws to the chickens to excite them to eat, and this causes them to grow surprisingly.

During two months experiment in the summer, of this kind, my hens

produced upwards of five hundred chickens, four hundred of which I reared fit for the table or market. I used a great many made into pies for the family, and found them cheaper than butcher's meat. A young person, twelve or fourteen years of age, might bring up in a season, some thousands, and by adopting a fence similar to the improved sheep-fold, almost any number might be cheaply reared, and with little trouble. Hens kept as mine are, with the same conveniencies, will readily set four times in the season, and upon the lowest calculation at twice would produce eighty chickens each, which would soon make them very plentiful.

If this information should be so fortunate as to merit the approbation of the society, I shall consider myself highly honoured, and my time as having been usefully employed.

In an appendix to a rough sketch of the apparatus used by Mrs. D'Oyley, with a model of an artificial mother, &c. she adds "I have had great amusement in rearing poultry in the above way and if my time was not occupied with my children, and other family concerns, I should most assuredly farm very largely in poultry, &c. &c."

CHINESE METHOD OF PROPAGATING FRUIT TREES.—Dr. James Howison, one of the learned members of this society, has given an account of the method used by the Chinese, who, in place of raising fruit-trees from seeds and grafts, as is the custom in Europe, have adopted that of *abscission*. Hence, they select a tree of that species which they wish to propagate, and fix upon such a branch, as will least hurt or disfigure the tree by its removal. Round this branch, and as near as they can conveniently to its junction with the trunk, they wind a rope, made of straw, besmeared with cow-dung, until a ball is formed, five or six times the diameter of the branch. This is intended as a bed into which the young roots may shoot. Immediately after this, from the ball down to the wood for nearly two thirds of the circumference of the branch, they divide the bark. A cocoa nut-shell, or small pot is then hung over the ball, with a hole in its bottom, so small that water put into it, will only fall by drops; by this the rope is

continually moistened, which is necessary for the easy admission of the young roots, and to supply nourishment to the branch. For three succeeding weeks nothing is required but supplying the vessels with water. After this period, one third of the remaining bark is cut, and the former incision is carried considerably deeper into the wood, as by this time it is expected that some roots have struck into the rope; and are giving their assistance in support of the branch. After a similar period the same operation is repeated, and in about two months from the commencement of the process, the roots may generally be seen intersecting each other on the surface of the ball; which is a sign they are sufficiently advanced to admit of the separation of the branch from the tree. This is best done by sawing it off at the incision, care being taken that the rope, which by this time is nearly rotten, is not shaken off by the motion. The branch is then planted as a young tree.

To succeed with this operation in

Europe, a longer period would be necessary, vegetation being much slower here than in India. I am, however, of opinion from some late trials on cherry-trees, that an additional month would be adequate to make up for the deficiency of climate.

Could forest-trees be propagated in this manner, the advantages would be very great; the adoption of this method will, however, be of great use in multiplying such plants as are natives of warmer climates, the seeds of which do not arrive here at sufficient maturity to render them prolific.

The practice of abscission accounts for fruit trees producing a greater crop than usual on being stripped of their leaves. It will seem singular that the Chinese have the same opinion with Linnæus, respecting the pith of trees being essential to the formation of the seed. By cutting into the trunk of the guave-tree, before it has produced, and making a division in the pith, they have obtained fruit without seed.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MR. CUSTANCE'S Concise View of the Constitution of England, will shortly make its appearance.

Mr. Wilkins, Jun. M.A.F.A.S. author of the *Antiquities of Magna Græcia*, has announced a translation of the *Civil Architecture of Vitruvius*, comprising those books of the author which relate to the public and private edifices of the ancients, illustrated by numerous engravings, exhibiting a parallel of ancient architecture: with an introduction containing the history of the rise, progress, and decline of architecture amongst the Greeks.

The second volume of Mr. George Chalmers' *Caledonia*, or an Historical and Topographical Account of North Britain, from the most ancient to the present times, with a dictionary of places, chronological and philosophical, is in the press, with maps, plans, &c.

The Rev. John Wool's second volume of *Biographical Memoirs of the Rev. Joseph Warton*, with a selection

from his poetical works, and literary correspondence between eminent persons, will shortly make its appearance.

In the press, an Antidote to the Poetical works of the late Thomas Little, being an exposure of the sophistry and plagiarism of that publication.

Mr. Watt, of Paisley intends to publish *Cases of Diabetes*, with observations. His practise is new, and in many respects the reverse of what has been so generally followed these late years. The work will include cases allied to Diabetes, in which a similar treatment has been successful.

An account of the Kingdom of Nypal, in the East Indies, by Mr. Lawrence Dundas Campbell, from a Memoir of the Embassy deputed in 1793 by the Marquis Cornwallis, is preparing for the press. It was written originally by Colonel Kirkpatrick, the British envoy on that occasion. Nypal is a country singularly interesting, not only from the beauty of the scenery,

the uncommon salubrity of its climate, the variety and value of its physical productions, peculiarity of its government, but also from its contiguity to the British dominions in Bengal, and more particularly from the circumstance of its being at present a blank in our maps of Asia. The work will appear in the course of next spring in one volume royal and imperial quarto, with a map and engravings.

Mr. Accum will shortly publish a *System of Mineralogy and Mineralogical Chemistry*, with applications to the Arts. This work will be formed chiefly after Hany and Brougniart, and will make three octavo volumes.

The Rev. J. S. Clarke intends to publish a work, entitled *Naval Records of the late and present Wars*, consisting of a series of engravings from original designs, by Mr. N. Pocock, illustrative of our principal engagements at sea since the commencement of the war in 1793. The engravings to be executed by Fittler, Landseer, &c.

Two Speeches, delivered in Parliament by the Right Hon. *William Gerard Hamilton*, are shortly to be published. This gentleman was long known by the title of *Single Speech*, although Lord Orford in his Letters mentions his having spoken at least twice.

That very scarce work Puttenham's *Art of Poetry* will shortly come forward in a new edition, by Mr. Gilchrist.

In imitation of the antient *Lectornaries*, a Collection of the *Morning Lessons* for Sundays and the principal Holidays is shortly to be published as a companion to the Common Prayer Book of the Church of Eng and.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

Mr. Douglas Guest, an artist well known among the *Cognoscenti*, for his distinguished talents and critical Lectures in the Royal Institution, on the present state of the Arts in Europe, and son of Mr. Guest, of Salisbury, has produced a Picture from the scriptural subject of "The Flight into Egypt," which is affirmed by those conversant in art, to rank with the finest works of the Italian School, pos-

sessing all the grace and sweetness of *Correggio*, with more perfect design.

Mr. George Singer is now constructing an electrical apparatus with a cylinder of 18 inches diameter, mounted on an improved plan; which, from experiments made with cylinders of 9 and 15 inches diameter, promises to afford, at least, equal intensity and regularity of action with plate machines. A series of experiments will be shortly instituted on this apparatus, and their results communicated to the public.

A literary club has recently been formed in the metropolis under the name of *The Alfred*, consisting of two hundred members, who subscribe five guineas each, annually. The object of this institution is, that men of rank and fortune, frequenting the metropolis, should not be obliged to resort for social intercourse to those club-houses where deep play is allowed, but should have easy means of access to literary and polished society. A house is to be engaged in Albemarle or St. James's-street. Cards and dice and all games of chance are to be excluded. Newspapers and Reviews, a collection of maps, charts, and dictionaries, are to be procured, and all new works of merit are to be laid on the table on the day of publication, and remain there a month or longer. A Coffee-room will be open for the members; and in other rooms dinner parties may be formed. None but members of the club to be admissible into the house. Admission to the club by ballot.

Profitable manner of preserving fruit.

—Take the bottles you design for your fruit, and set them up to the neck in boiling water for a quarter of an hour to exhale the air, and then put in your fruit, without sugar, filling them up with boiling water. Being corked up immediately, the fruit will preserve its flavour for a twelvemonth.

The three following modes of preserving woollens from the ravages of the moth have been lately proposed: —1, Ground black pepper scattered in the bottom of the drawer or trunk; 2, Pieces of Russia leather, the refuse of the book-binders; 3, Tobacco leaves folded up with the different garments; observing that the leaves of tobacco

should be renewed every three years. Branches or leaves of bay tree, wrapped up or laid among cloth, will also keep them free from moths, worms, and decay.

America.

The result of Capt. Pike's discoveries in South America, in 1806, has lately been made public. After the Captain's return from the sources of the river Mississippi, he was dispatched by the President on another expedition of discovery. He was attended by a military escort of twenty-two men, and the intelligent Dr. Robertson of St. Louis as a volunteer. In July 1806, they proceeded up the Osage river, till they arrived at the towns of that nation. They then undertook to interfere as peace-makers between the Osages and their neighbours, the Kanza tribe, between whom an exterminating war had subsisted a considerable time. Having succeeded Capt. Pike proceeded from the banks of the Kanza river across the country to the river Arkansa. On arriving at this great stream, they divided their party, while one section of them, commanded by Lieut. Wilkinson, descended to explore it to its junction with the Mississippi. Capt. P. with the other division ascended towards its source. From the great falls where it descends from the mountains, he made an excursion towards the river of Plate, and returned to another branch of the Arkansa. He then travelled in a west south westerly direction, in the expectation of finding the upper part of the Red river, and of following it downwards to Nachitoches, and the junction with the Nashita, where Mr. Dunbar had been engaged in exploring; but in this he failed. The Red river had been described as originating in the high mountains, whence the other great waters of Louisiana proceed, and running a thousand miles and more from N.W. to S.E. On the supposition that the common opinion was correct, Capt. P. kept so far to the westward, with the intention of striking it nearer to its source, that he missed it altogether, the head of the Red river not being so high, nor its course so long by a great difference as popular rumour had represented.

Pursuing his journey, however, he fell in with a river, which, for some time, he supposed to be the Red. Near it he fortified himself, and hoisted the flag of his nation. He had not, however, been many days in his encampment before he was surprised at the sight of two hundred Spanish cavalry, from whose officers he first learned he had penetrated far within the acknowledged territory of Spain, in Mexico, and was actually occupying the margin of the Bravo, or the Rio del Norte. This river, from its source in the mountains to its termination in the Bay of Spirito Santo, is supposed to run a length of twenty-five hundred miles. After a parley and an explanation, Capt. P. ordered his colours to be struck, and consented to accompany the escort to Santa Fe, the seat of the Spanish provincial government. Here it was contended that Capt. Pike was a spy, and that the furry cloathing, &c. worn by his people instead of uniforms, were evident proofs of their sinister designs; however, the difference between them and the Spaniards being accommodated, they were permitted to proceed homeward by passing down the Bravo about six hundred miles, and thence traversing the Spanish governments and provinces in an easterly direction until they arrived at the post of Nachitoches on the Red river in July 1807. The general idea of these immense regions is that of the most dismal barrenness. For many a day's journey not a tree was to be seen: waste and sandy deserts occupy the principal spaces between the great rivers: numerous salt springs are also to be met with, too briny to drink, and the water even capable of being evaporated for the purpose of obtaining the article of salt. The wilderness of Louisiana, in this respect, bears a near resemblance to the deserts of Arabia and the Zaara of Numidia, and thus seems to form a wide and lasting barrier between the United States and their neighbours to the west and south. This nakedness of the country seems to arise in many parts, not from the natural sterility of the soil, but is to be imputed to its impregnation with salt, producing only a coarse and scattered grass, which serves to feed the herds of bison roaming over these dreary

tract. From the scarcity of wood, it was sometimes necessary to collect the dung of these animals for fuel. Lieut. Wilkinſon afterwards found the distance from the place on the Arkansa, where he separated from Capt. Pike, to be about fifteen hundred miles from the point of junction with the Mississippi.

France.

M. de la Chabaussière, a French agriculturist, in reply to its being stated in some of the Journals, that in Saxony chestnuts are advantageously employed in feeding cows, speaks of the same method about Montpellier, at which place they are sold in the market. He regrets that so fine and so abundant a fruit has not been turned to more advantage. He observes,—“It has been suggested that chestnuts might supply the place of soap, and candles or tapers might be made of them. In Silesia they extract the oil from the feculum of chestnuts, and use the latter for making glue: this process was described in 1791, in the *Lyce des Arts*.

In the same country they make snuff of a black colour, and also a horse-medicine from chestnuts. Abbé Rozier says, in his Agricultural Dictionary, that the feculum of the chestnut, mixed with other fecula, will make wholesome and well tasted bread. M. le Bon, of Montpellier, after taking the bitterness of chestnuts away by maceration in an alkaline ley for twenty-four hours, and washing every day for ten days, boiled them three or four hours: they made excellent food for pigeons, and kept well some time after. The bark of the chestnut tree has been found a good substitute for the Peruvian bark. The tree was brought from Constantinople to Paris in 1615.

M. Perpères, apothecary at Azilles, has published some experiments to ascertain the nature of the acid formed in indigestion: from these he deduces, 1, That the distension of the stomach, in cases of indigestion, is occasioned by a carbonic acid arising from a commencement of decomposition, which the nutritive substances taken as food, chiefly cause when they are of the amylaceous vegetable kind; 2, That the burning pain which the digestive organs experience, and which sometimes extends to the crœphagus, is

owing to a quantity of acetous acid, formed by the complete disoxygenization of the aliment; 3, That eight ounces of roasted chestnuts produced two ounces and six drachms of acetous acid, after fermenting in the stomach an hour and a half; 4, That the method which has constantly succeeded with him as a remedy, and for persons who have weak stomachs is, to take after a meal, ten grains of powdered colombo-root, with twelve grains of calcined magnesia, mixed together, for a single dose.

The Gallican Church.—An article in a Paris newspaper says, that a lately published pamphlet of the Advocate Beaumont, on the subject of an union among the different sects of Christianity, has attracted very great attention. It appears in the form of a letter to the Emperor, in which the Author invites the maker of Kings to declare himself with regard to the Supremacy of the Gallican Church. In order to excite the Emperor to this, he shews by historical facts since the period of the Reformation, how much the reforms introduced by Luther and Calvin contributed to the defence of thrones, and to the peace of states. These ideas will enter still more into circulation, in consequence of a new edition of the *Price Treatise* of M. Villiers, on the influence of the Reformation of Luther; these works appear precisely at a moment when every man sees before him the highest probability of a change of the Spiritual Hierarchy, at least in France, and on this account claim the greatest attention. From hints of this kind, it seems not improbable that it is the intention of Napoleon to call upon the Gallican Church to renounce the spiritual supremacy of the Pope.

Germany.

An article under the head of Mersburgh, June 10, says: “A distinguished professor in one of our colleges being desirous to excite emulation among his pupils, brought before them a child of only seven years and ten months. He listened with attention to the Greek lesson which the professor was expounding, and which he desired the child to go on with. All his astonished pupils heard the child construe, to the satisfaction of every one, a passage in Plutarch with which he

was previously unacquainted, and give every explanation that could be required. — *Cæsar's Commentaries* was next handed to him, and he translated, readily and distinctly, sentences which had puzzled the youths around him. In the course of his translating, he was also examined on the parts of speech, concord, syntax, &c. which he analysed and explained with a facility and accuracy which excited the astonishment of all who were present. He construed, likewise, an Italian book which one of the company had brought with him, and conversed familiarly in that language. The sequel of the conversation proved his extensive knowledge in history, geography, &c. Fortunately for this prodigy of learning, he is well formed, and enjoys perfect health. He possesses all the playfulness, all the modesty and simplicity of a child of his tender years, and is not even conscious that he is the ob-

ject of universal admiration. His father is the celebrated Doctor Charles Wette, minister of Lochan, near Halle, who unfortunately refuses to communicate the method (peculiar to himself) which he adopted to instruct a child who resembles Heincken and Baratier, the prodigies of their times.

Holland:

The Jews.—It appears from the Dutch papers that, by a decree of the 4th of June, the Jews in the department of East Friesland were freed from all those restrictions by which they were separated from the other inhabitants. Of this sort were the various dues exacted from them on marriage, for permission of residence and protection:—the prohibition to acquire and possess landed property has also been abrogated, and they are placed in the same situation with those of their people who are in other parts of the kingdom.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

The Rev. Mr. WOOD, Successor to the late Dr. Joseph Priestley, at Mill Hill, near Leeds.

THIS gentleman, lately deceased, received his grammatical education under Dr. Stephen Addington, at Market-Harborough, from which place, his father, being a Calvinist, he was removed, in 1761, to the academical institution at Hoxton; but he at length pursued the remainder of his studies under the direction of Drs. Savage and Kippis. Here he first became acquainted with the principles of Unitarianism and rational religion, which communicated no common lustre to the remainder of his life and character. The displeasure of his father on this occasion was very great, and produced for some time a cessation of personal intercourse. The dutiful conduct however of the son, and particularly his exertions to assist him, when he, in the latter part of his life, fell into difficulties, very much softened the father, and even led him to believe that so much goodness in his son, notwithstanding his want of an orthodox belief, might recommend him to the favour and acceptance of his final judge. In 1767, Mr. Wood, jun. succeeded Mr. Ralph in the

charge of a small congregation at Stamford, from whence he removed to Ipswich, as assistant to the Rev. Thomas Scott, the learned translator of the book of Job, and author of a volume of Devotional Poems. In 1773, on Dr. Priestley's engagement with Lord Shelburne, he was invited to the congregation at Mill Hill near Leeds, whose highly respected pastor he continued till his death. In the years 1789 and 1790, he greatly distinguished himself as secretary to the united association of Protestant Dissenters of the three Denominations in the West Riding of Yorkshire, for co-operating in the application for the repeal of the Test Act. Several excellent papers were on this occasion the production of his pen, particularly an animated expostulation addressed to Mr. Wilberforce, upon his sentiments and conduct on that occasion.

About four years ago, he printed a number of forms of prayer for public worship, which have since been used in the morning service at Mill Hill. Of these, there is very respectful mention made, and a very high character of their author, by the Rev. Mr. Wylie, in the sixth volume of his *Political Papers*, which contains three or four

of Mr. Wood's Letters. In his politics Mr. W. was a Whig. In the address which Mr. Wood delivered on the 19th of January last, in the Rotunda, adjoining the Cloth Hall, Leeds, he observed "It is my firm conviction; that if the measures you are now pursuing had been taken in the time of the late ministry, and before the death of the ever-to-be-lamented Mr. Fox, you would at this time have enjoyed the blessings of peace."

Hitherto we have only spoken of Mr. Wood, as he might have resembled many men. We come now to treat of that Philanthropy in which he probably surpassed them. In his sermon on *Universal Benevolence*, preached in 1781, are some striking passages, which, if they had fallen under the notice of the amiable and spirited author of the History of the Abolition of the Slave Trade, would certainly have secured Mr. Wood a place among the forerunners in this great cause, in his third chapter. The following passage in Mr. Wood's sermon is particularly striking.—"The God who made the world and all things therein, hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of the earth, and hath determined the bounds of their habitation. And can we suppose that the difference in situation, which is intirely owing to his appointment, will justify a mutual jealousy and dislike? What are the distinctions of European, Asian, African, or American, when set in competition with the feelings of universal humanity? Is our good will to be bounded by rivers, mountains, and seas? Would a man have been entitled to our benevolence, had he been born on this side a small navigable strait, and may we regard him as an enemy because his parents happened to reside on the other? May the banks of the Ganges be lawfully made the scene of continual rapine, because their inhabitants are peaceable and rich? Are contiguous nations to be considered as natural and perpetual enemies, purely because they are neighbours, and find an interest in exporting to distant climes the same natural productions and manufactures? I should be ashamed, even as a

man, to propose these questions, if the sentiments of many who call themselves Christians, did not appear to solve them in the affirmation! But, as a preacher of the Gospel, I am bound to inculcate a very different turn of mind, and to enforce the obligation of universal benevolence. When we look down upon the world from the lofty eminence of revelation, all its little party divisions immediately disappear: we see nothing but the general connection and symmetry of the whole. We speak to men as the children of the Universal Parent, and not to Britons as the rivals of France. We remind you that, however temporary misunderstandings may sometimes interrupt the intercourse of nations, or the wicked ambition of princes plunge their subjects and neighbours in the miseries of war, all the inhabitants of the earth sustain a mutual fraternal character, which neither themselves, nor any human power can ever dissolve. We assert that if you are capable of wishing the destruction of an enemy, and of rejoicing when he is deprived of the comforts of life, you are strangers to the influence of the gospel principles, and are Christians only in name. In a contest (viz. the present war) which hath gradually extended its fatal effects, and which by a combination of singularly unfortunate circumstances hath been pursued with an uncommon degree of passionate asperity, we are fearful that even the *human character* should disappear with the *Christian*, and the *man* be lost in the *Fiend*." This is indeed a new situation; but the language of inspiration will certainly bear Mr. W. out in his apprehensions. Such days are hinted at in *Matthew* xxiv. 21, which, if "*not shortened*," would lead to an extermination of the whole human race! It is also a question put, "When the son of man cometh shall he find faith on the earth?" A similar time is also spoken of *Esdra* II. Chap. xv. and *Rev.* xi. 18, "When *Princes* shall measure their doings by their power," and when not merely individuals, but *nations* should be *angry*. Mr. Wood's publications were mostly sermons, and the Forms of Prayer before mentioned.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE cause of liberty is not to be despised of. The French are not entirely driven out of Spain, yet every account from that country encourages the enlivening hope, that it will be soon in a situation to make its own laws, to choose its own king, and maintain its independence. This glorious opportunity will not be lost. At present, each province has its separate committee, and the nation is represented in various corresponding societies. They have a common object in view, and as long as that is unaccomplished little apprehension need be entertained of the effect of mutual jealousies. They are fortunate also in having a grand constitutional object to attain, the establishment of the Cortez or parliament, which may have the supreme command, and re-establish the unity of the kingdom. This point has been deservedly dwelt upon by one Junta, of which the Count of Florida Blanca is a member. but he seems to have no views further than the return of the Cortez on its ancient footing, that is, on the plan of a very imperfect representation of the people. To this it is not likely that the people will consent; and now that they have arms in their hands, and have proved themselves capable of exercising their rights, they will take care that their Cortez shall consist of men who have an equal interest in the kingdom with themselves, not a set of individuals whose great object is to get as much power as possible for themselves, and with as little regard as possible for their inferiors.

Two grand facts have occurred since our last—the defeat of the French under Dupont in Andalusia, and the retreat of Joseph, the pretended king, from Madrid. By the former, the south of Spain is entirely cleared of the French, the great army having been destroyed either in the field of battle or by capitulation. All the scattered troops, that may be to the south of the passes of Sierra Morena, must therefore surrender, and the seizure of those passes prevents the introduction of fresh troops. In fact, nothing but a very large army could

think of re-entering Andalusia; and such an army cannot be collected for this purpose without leaving its rear open to an attack from the united forces of the Spaniards to the north, and the French thus placed between two fires must surrender. The Andalusians have therefore much to boast of, in the deliverance of Spain. To them the nation is indebted for the seizure of the French fleet, and the annihilation of an army. This will give Seville a great influence in the restoration of the government. Its Junta has already a command over a very extensive district; and as the French are driven out from other districts, this Junta will be enlarged, probably by deputations from the Juntas of the freed provinces.

Curiosity will naturally be excited to see in what manner the nobility will be received who formed the pretended Cortez at Bayonne, and placed one of the Napoleon dynasty on the throne. They are the chief of the ancient nobility, and possess very great property; and they have been placed in a situation which required a degree of magnanimity, that the example of France has proved to us, is not to be expected from the heirs of ancient families. It may be urged also, in extenuation of their cowardice and criminal conduct, that, previous to the general rising of the people, such an event was not to be expected. The Spanish character, they would say, was entirely degraded and lost, and it was impossible to rouse their countrymen to an energy capable of meeting the conquerors of Europe. They were by no means singular in this respect, and posterity will read with equal astonishment, that a people, supposed to have been lost in superstition and fettered by the tyranny of a vile government, in an instant broke its chains and asserted the rights which belong to man; and which it has been so much the fashion of late years to hold in contempt.

One good result attending the meeting at Bayonne is, that the nobles which formed it will be marked, and not one of them is likely to be a mem-

ber of the new Cortez. Indeed many of them will follow the fortunes of the pretended king, and the others will think themselves sufficiently fortunate if they are permitted to enjoy their fortunes without interfering in public affairs. Thus Spain will be relieved from the intrigues which would have been constant in a supreme assembly, of which they were members. New persons will be chosen, and we shall see in them what is the real Spanish character. Great ignorance has long prevailed on this subject, from the few travellers that have been in that country: yet that it is not so deficient in talents as is generally imagined, we have a proof:—one of the best mathematicians now in this country is a Spaniard born, but naturalised among us, and who by his writings and very laborious toils has done great and essential service to navigation. He was a captain in the Spanish navy; and weak must be that government which exacts conditions, disabling its best subjects from serving it. We have, however, striking instances of this folly in other countries beside Spain.

In this glorious struggle for liberty in Spain the people of England have fully entered. On the first war with France, after its revolution, there was a diversity of sentiment. The friends of liberty in this country saw with regret that our arms were united with those of the continental despots. The war on the continent was originally a war of kings against the people; they feared the spreading of liberty, and took the best means, though unwittingly, for encouraging it. On this struggle in Spain there cannot be a doubt in any English breast. It is a war of the people, undertaken by the people, and for the rights of both crown and people. The kings who have crouched under Bonaparte must now see what a people can do; and that if kings reign justly and wisely, if they consider the interests of the people as their own, and understand that they hold a place not formed for mere personal convenience, but for the good of the people, they need not dread the attack of any foreign enemy. The arms of France have hitherto been irresistible, because they

have no where met with a people to contend with. Disciplined armies met with disciplined armies, and the discipline and skill of the French being superior beat down all opposition. The people in whose country the battle was lost, were not trusted with arms. The prince was more fearful of them than of the enemy. In Germany, indeed, the country was divided into such petty districts, with separate interests, that the people could not be combined together in one common cause. In Spain they are all one people, fighting for national independence.

Every body knows with what enthusiastic ardour the Spanish deputies have been every where received. The *Te Deum*, sung for the victory of the Andalusians over the French, was heard by more protestants than catholics; and overlooking the fopperies of the Mass, the English joined in the action of thanks, as thinking the Spaniards engaged in a cause which belongs to all mankind. The same sentiment prevailed in the convivial meetings to which the deputies were invited. It is in these meetings that the heartiness, if we may so term it, of our character is displayed; and the Spaniards must be convinced, that we feel for them as we should for any district of our own invaded by the enemy. We trust that this will lead to a solid union between the two countries: and whether it does or not, it will be creditable to England that, as it protected religious liberty against the Spaniards when in Queen Elizabeth's time they were attempting to crush the Dutch, we are equally zealous for political liberty in assisting the efforts of the Spaniards against the usurpation of the French.

The pretended King of Spain, in leaving his capital, has taken care to secure to himself what he supposes to be his own property, that is, all the royal goods and chattels, vestments, jewels, and treasures he can lay hold of. This is of little consequence. Let him carry away such spoils. They are easily repewed, or if not, there are brighter jewels that the new king may possess; and if he has the love of his subjects, he need not envy the diamonds in any crown. But it is

doubtful whether the pretender will be able to make his escape. He has the advance, indeed, of the Andalusian army; but checks may be thrown in his way by the levies from the northern provinces. At any rate, it is not of great consequence. If Spain once gets rid of the Frenchmen now within the realm, it need not fear the re-entrance of their most powerful armies, even headed by Bonaparte.

The capital of Portugal is, now that we are writing, in the hands of the French; but before this comes into the hands of our readers, we expect to hear of its surrender to the united arms of the Portuguese and English. The north and south of Portugal has declared itself: the capital and district around it alone is in the possession of the French. It is not probable that they can long hold out against such a force. The English have effected a landing of one body of troops to the north of Lisbon, at the distance of about thirty miles: another body was expected soon to join it, and they would be assisted by the Portuguese camp near Coimbra, the number of whose troops is not ascertained, but from the general rising of the people we cannot doubt that it must be very considerable. Junot and our admiral have each issued their manifestos. Junot not forgetting to attack us on the score of heresy: but bad as our faith may be supposed to be, the French have given such proofs of theirs as will not endear them to any catholic. The Russian fleet is thus in a perilous situation, it cannot come out for fear of our blockading squadron; and if it remains in the Tagus, it must yield either to the forces on land or to our squadron, which will be enabled to enter the Tagus as soon as our troops have taken possession of the forts which guard its entrance.

Thus a most wonderful change will be effected, opening a new scene of things, whose results no one can calculate. A few months ago all the coasts of Europe were under the immediate command or the influence of Bonaparte. Those of the peninsula of Spain and Portugal are now separated from his yoke, and not only separated, but they are become hostile to him and friendly to us: their fleets

will be united with our fleets, and we need no longer dread any naval armament that Bonaparte may prepare for our invasion. What will be the use made of these opportunities? Will the mighty conqueror submit to a peace? Will he consent to be confined within his lately acquired dominions? or will the success in Spain lead to a new war to terminate in the ejection of the French in Italy, and the establishment of the independence of that peninsula?

In all this history we cannot account for the politics of Bonaparte, and that he should have ventured such a change in Spain without better security of success is what was not to be expected from so profound a statesman. In another quarter also opposition to him is now seriously talked of. He has quitted Bayonne, and is said to be expected soon on the banks of the Rhine. Austria is refractory, and is resolved to try again its fortune with the French. If it does, this will be merely a common war, with no great interest attached to it: whether the Austrians beat the French, or the French beat the Austrians, is of no other consequence, than as it weakens our enemy and prevents him from pursuing his schemes of universal domination. The great point will be, if this war engages his attention so as to prevent him from attending to the affairs of Spain, then the Austrians will be doing some good: but every one must deprecate the success of the Austrian arms, if it should be attended with their re-entrance into either Germany or Italy. One great benefit of the continental war has been the overthrow of the Austrian power in those countries, and we hope that it will never be re-established in either of them.

Italy remains quiet in these commotions, not long to be so, as probably the King of Sicily will meditate a return to his dominions. His conduct on his former restoration will not excite many wishes for his success, and we shall lament that the change excited by the Spanish struggle should restore the Pope to his temporal dominions. The crisis is very extraordinary, and no one can tell what it may produce: but mankind are not

grown wise enough to find out the means of terminating their differences without bloodshed, and of preventing one set of men from rising after another to carry on the same system of arbitrary power.

The war in Sweden seems to be forgotten even the strange return of our army from that country excites no more surprise, and it is considered as a fortunate event that we had so great a disposeable force for the south of Europe. Finland continues to be the scene of action. The Russians retain the chief positions, from which they will not easily be driven: but they do not seem likely to advance farther into the country. The chivalrous king is playing his part very well, but all will probably soon end in a negotiation. As to the war between the Danes and the Swedes that is very languid, and the Danes are not very active in their exertions against us. In fact, this petty war in the north is of little or no consequence; what turn it will take depends much on the issue of the affairs of Spain.

America retains its wise position. Spain and Portugal are now open to its vessels without fear of our cruisers. How far it will avail itself of this opportunity time will discover. Jamaica has presented a very extraordinary and a very melancholy scene. Government has there some black regiments, which are recruited from the new arrivals from the coast of Africa. These are all purchased, and of course a black soldier is a very dear bargain. About fifty of these recruits were exercising one day, when a fit of phrensy or what we call mutiny seized them, and they rushed in one body from their posts and murdered several of their officers. The unhappy wretches were soon surrounded by a superior force, tried for their offence, and many

of them were shot. The assembly of Jamaica has very wisely petitioned the governor for the removal of the black corps out of the island. At any rate it should not be permitted to receive any but those who were born in the West Indies.—In the Brazils the Prince of Portugal is very happily settled, and a considerable trade is opened between that country and England. He has issued a manifesto against the French, vindicating his conduct, and abusing the Emperor. It conveys no new facts, and cannot excite much interest.

Among the dinners given to the Spanish deputies in town, one was made by the merchants. At this Sir Francis Baring presided, and toasts were given suited to the occasion. Of course the sovereigns of the friendly powers took the lead, and the healths even of the Kings of Sweden and Sicily were received with very great applause; but that of the President of the United States of America was marked by hisses and groans and other specimens of disapprobation. Sir F. Baring has justified himself in giving this health, in a letter in the public papers, on the plea that the occasion required that the health of the friendly powers should be given; but we wish that he had added, that no one sovereign, whose health had been drunk, was more entitled to it, than the President of the United States: for, if the same insults had been offered on our coasts by his vessels that the Americans have received from ours on their coasts, our return would have been very different. In the difficult crisis, in which he has been at the helm of government, he has conducted himself with wisdom and fortitude, which will excite the admiration of posterity.

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The EPISTLE from the yearly MEETING OF FRIENDS, held in London, by Adjournments, from the 18th to the 27th of the Fifth Month, 1808, inclusive.

DEAR FRIENDS,

WE are disposed again to pursue the current of Christian good will, which has so often induced us to furnish you with a written memorial of our concern and love for our brethren, dispersed in their various allotments in this kingdom and elsewhere; and thus to fix, for your advantage, some traces of those impressions, which, while reviewing the present state of our Society, have been made on our minds. If we are at all instruments in the hand of the Lord to "comfort the feeble-minded," among you, "to support the weak," to encourage the upright, or to arouse the careless; we pray that he, by his almighty influence, may firmly establish in your hearts every good purpose to which our words may excite you; and bless every cup of consolation which he may enable us to hand forth. That, dear friends, again we salute

you in love—in gospel love—How animating is the ability to consider ourselves the common children of one Benevolent and all Powerful Parent, to depend upon him for ~~own~~ preservation, and to implore him for that of our neighbour! Surely! shall we not thus draw nigh to the accomplishment of those eternal commands, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind; and thy neighbour as thyself?"

The accounts which we have received at this Meeting respecting the present state of our religious Society, in the several Quarterly Meetings, continue to affect us with the relation of divers instances of remissness in religious duty, which do not meet with their due share of admonition. Nevertheless we believe that in other cases, the diligence of upright friends, to give counsel where it is absolutely necessary, has produced effects which should encourage perseverance. The spirit which tends to scatter and destroy, unless vigilantly withstood, is continually at work; and we request you, beloved brethren, to continue

vigilant, and not to be satisfied with any former exertions, whilst the lamented evils remain. We call upon you, by that love and compassion which, if you are in your places, you must feel for the negligent, not to slacken in your endeavours to stir them up to diligence. Be persevering and patient. "Stablish your hearts."—This exhortation has been drawn from us by more than a jealousy, that such as are in the frequent neglect of our religious meetings, are suffered too long to remain without counsel. Counsel, we know, may be disregarded; but blessed is he, who, under the holy influence of love, having dispensed it in due season, can feel himself clear of owing any thing to his brother on this account.

Our concern for the preservation of brotherly love remains strong and unabated. When assembled in this Meeting we have special cause to know the invigorating, uniting effects of it. Therefore, were there no other inducement, we should still be disposed, from time to time, to renew our earnest and pressing exhortation, that it may abound and flourish amongst our dear brethren in religious profession. Enmity, even in a small degree, pollutes the mind, and renders it unfit to approach with acceptance that pure and holy Being, of whom the beloved disciple thus emphatically testifies, "God is love." Do we not peculiarly lament the wide spread of distress, which the spirit of contention is, even now, occasioning to suffering humanity? This, though it differs in degree, springs from the same root as private ill-will. Therefore a people abhorrent of war, if they are consistent, will watch against the smallest bud of enmity, as it is conceived, on any occasion, in the heart. And the man who, in the school of Christ, hath learned the useful lesson of self-denial, will often make a sacrifice of his own will and opinion, though he may esteem them to be right, rather than persist in them, at the expense of Christian fellowship.

It is much in the power of those who have the care of young children, to prepare their minds for the salutary restraints of the cross of Christ; and those who thus co-operate with his Holy Spirit, which early visits the

tender and flexible mind, may expect (and what better *can* they seek?) his all-sufficient blessing upon themselves and their offspring. Therefore, ye fathers, and ye mothers, let us entreat you to consider the earliest subjection of the will as the first step in education.—It will generally insure to you that desirable ascendancy over the minds of your children, which will prevent the need of future severity; it will enable you to govern them by love; and thus you will be rendering your own way more easy, at the same time that you are serving the Lord. And friends, we beseech you, as their understandings ripen, to take due opportunities of opening to them the benefits of the restraints which your duty leads you to impose. Among some of the most irksome to the lively dispositions of youth, are often those which relate to speech and dress. But as we know that the ground of our dissent from the world in these things, is Christian simplicity; so we know by experience, that they are often the means of defence against temptation to mingle in the company of such as, not being thus subject to holy restraint, are unsuitable examples for our youth to observe and to follow. And when by the gentle intimations of Truth in their ripening understandings, they are entered on a course of self-denial, they will feel you doubly dear to them, for having led them on in the way they should go, and will bless the Lord on your behalf.

Thus have we again touched upon some of the most important objects of the constant care of this Meeting, and indeed of all those who desire to see our Society builded up as a city that is compact together. "Jerusalem," saith the Psalmist, "is builded as a city that is compact together; whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel."

We may now turn from subjects which concern every state in life; and direct the course of our Christian counsel to the states, more in particular. And first, you who are not intrusted with much of the possessions of this life, you are still the objects of our constant care. The Society has long endeavoured to consult your interests, and to place within your reach whatever is necessary for your welfare,

and for that of your off-spring. And you are equally the care of Him who provides for the sparrows; to his care your access is as easy as that of any condition amongst men; and if, by his holy assistance, and by a conformity to his will, you become truly poor in spirit, yours is the kingdom of heaven. But, dear friends, suffer us to remind you, that there is not a passion that can infest the rich, which may not also, in a degree be subversive of your peace, be fostered in your minds. You may covet, and give way to pride and anger, and to all the "foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition." Therefore do you partake of the universal necessity of paying strict attention to Christ's sacred injunction, when addressing himself to his immediate followers, he closed his address with these memorable words, "What I say unto you, I say unto all, Watch."

As for you, dear friends, who occupy what are termed the middle stations of life, you have every cause to bless the Lord for the sphere in which he hath permitted you to move. In you seems fulfilled the wish of Agur: "Give me neither poverty nor riches (feed me with food convenient for me;) lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my God in vain." Among your number the Society has often found many of its more useful members, of its more able advocates. Be content therefore with your stations. Seek not great things for yourselves; yea, "Mind not high things; but condescend to men of low estate." But above all things, "Follow on to know the Lord;" or, if you have not known him and served him, fully and faithfully, seek him "with a perfect heart, and with a willing mind;" for "if you seek him, he will be found of you;" and you will remain to be, as many of you have been, supports of the building, under the protecting providence of the Lord; who is the sole and true builder of his spiritual house, the "house of prayer for all people."

And you who are intrusted with much of the good things of this life, you who cannot disclaim the title of affluent—we believe there are among you many good stewards of the tem-

poral things committed to your trust; yet we desire that others may duly consider, whether they are so "rich in faith," as to be "heirs of the kingdom," being faithful in those good works which are produced by faith. Though, friends, you may not have to labour with your hands, the cause of Truth has business of importance for you to do; and it may be promoted or obstructed by the right or wrong application of your property. Much responsibility lies on you: your property is an additional article, in the account; and we much desire that you may be so awake to a sense of these things, as to be prepared to render up your accounts with joy, and to receive the answer of "Well done." The poor and the rich have their appropriate virtues; and, at the same time that each is required to be content and to be humble, we believe it may be truly said, that as contentment is a peculiar ornament of the poor, so is humility, of the rich. Your station in life subjects you more than others, to be tried by associating with other wealthy persons, among the people at large, with whom the cross of Christ is often in too little esteem. You may be leavened by their conversation and example; and it may operate still more sensibly and rapidly upon your children. Therefore we tenderly entreat you, for your own sake, for that of your offspring whom you are bound to protect, and for the sake of the cause of Truth—we entreat you, dear friends we beseech you "by the mercies of God,—Be not conformed to this world, but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. For," continues the Apostle, "I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you not to think more highly than he ought to think; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith."

But, how shall we address a state lamentably to be found in every condition of life; and from which few places are wholly free—that state which despises counsel, and places itself almost out of the reach of advice? Dear, but mistaken friends, it is difficult to speak to your state, but we may pray to the Father of mercies,

that he would in mercy plead with you. And we beseech you, take time to be serious. Be solicitous about your eternal well-being. The restraint of the Spirit of Truth is the armour that protects the soul; and if you will not be invested with it you are open to the repeated and increasing assaults of the destroyer; and how will you at length be prepared and found worthy "to stand before the Son of man?"

In this Meeting we have received epistles from our American brethren in most of the States, shewing the continuance of their zeal in the cause of righteousness, and encouraging us to perseverance; the particulars of any of which it does not seem needful now to detail. The amount of the sufferings of Friends this year, in Great Britain and Ireland, chiefly for tithes, those called church-rates and military demands, is upwards of Eleven thousand, seven hundred and seventy pounds;* and two friends have been imprisoned for not having found substitutes in the Militia. But we are by no means inclined to complain of the conduct of magistrates; on the contrary, we believe in many places there is a disposition in the hearts of magistrates, which induces them to protect us from suffering to the utmost limit of the law: and we desire that Friends may, on their part, by a meek and peaceable conduct, always insure, and never forfeit their good opinion. In so conducting ourselves, we adorn our profession, and suffer our light to shine.

Now, dear friends, of every rank, state, and condition, let us endeavour to be one in the Lord: that he may shower down on his mercies, gifts, and grace upon all. This will keep each in his proper place. The young will be mild, submissible, and teachable; and will become early acquainted with that power which is their only safe conductor through life, and their hope in death. These are near to our hearts. The very remembrance of them awakens our tenderest feelings, and

* An opinion being sometimes entertained with regard to these sufferings, that individuals are reimbursed by the Society, it is desired, if occasion should occur, that friends would refuse it; as no such practice exists.

prompts our prayer to the Lord for their preservation. The middle-aged will stand firm in their day, as watchmen upon the wall, and as valiants, having on the armour of light, to withstand the attacks of the enemy. And the aged will have to rejoice both in retrospective, and prospective view. The past will recall to their gladdened remembrance the numberless mercies of the Lord; and the future through the power of an endless life, and the redeeming virtue of Christ Jesus our Lord, will open to them the prospect, and satisfy them with the assurance of being *his for ever*. Amen.

LOTTERIES.—The Committee of the House of Commons appointed to enquire how far the evils attending Lotteries have been remedied by the laws passed respecting the same, have, in their First Report, come to six Resolutions, the substance of which follows:—

1st. It is their opinion, that in case it shall be thought expedient to continue State Lotteries, they should be limited to two, yearly, of not more than 30,000 tickets each; that the days of drawing should be eight instead of ten, and that the number of tickets to be drawn should be kept secret till the close of the drawing each day; care being taken that too many shall not be left to be drawn on the latter days.

2dly. That no persons should be permitted to deal in Lottery Tickets, except those who take out a licence, and their agents.

3dly. That, to prevent persons setting up Lottery Offices, as a cloak for carrying on illegal insurance, no person should be entitled to a licence unless he shared 150 tickets, instead of 30, the present number.

4thly. That all Lottery Offices should not be permitted to do business before eight o'clock in the morning, or after eight o'clock in the evening.

5thly. That the practice of illuminating Lottery Offices for outside shew, exhibiting lottery bills and schemes upon boards, carts, or carriages, in town or country, should be subjected, on conviction, to a considerable penalty, or the party imprisoned for a limited period.

6thly. That the exemption of Lot-

tery-Office Keepers from the jurisdiction of Justices of the Peace and Police Magistrates, should be discontinued as inexpedient.

The Committee, in their Second Report, say, that the foundation of the Lottery is radically vicious, and that Parliament cannot adopt any system of regulations to make it an efficient source of revenue, and at the same time divest it of all the evils and calamities of which it has hitherto proved so baneful a source. All the punishments inflicted by the statutes upon offenders against the Lottery Acts fall only on the ignorant and the destitute, whilst the wealthy offenders hold them in utter contempt. The effects of the Lottery, under its present restrictions: idleness, dissipation, and poverty, have materially increased; sacred and confidential trusts are betrayed; domestic comforts are destroyed; madness is often created; crimes, subjecting the perpetrators of them to the punishment of death, and even suicide itself, are committed, as fully appear by evidence submitted to the Committee. Such fatal attendants upon State Lotteries this Committee are afraid will always continue, so long as State Lotteries are permitted to exist. The Committee conclude with their opinion, that the money paid to Government by Contractors is not equivalent to the distress occasioned to many persons, ultimately forced to apply for parochial relief.

From the evidence before the Committee, it appears that illegal insurance is affected by what are termed *Morocco Men*, in the lowest shops, for which they are allowed two shillings in the pound. These men, if imprisoned under the Vagrant Act, are allowed two guineas a week. A Police Officer stated a deplorable instance of a family who were accustomed to insure: the husband cut his throat, the wife went to the workhouse, and the daughter is in the utmost indigence from the like practices. Evidence was given of many servants stealing their employers' property, for the purpose of insuring and buying shares. The Rev. Mr. Gurney, of St. Clement Danes, stated that a respectable Lady, who had a clear income of 400*l.* a year, was so reduced by the destructive propensity to insure in the Lottery, that she was

compelled to seek refuge in the workhouse, where she died in the course of four months.

GALLANT ACTION.—*The following are the particulars of the capture of La Piedmontaise, French frigate, of 59 guns, by his Majesty's ship St. Fiorenzo, of 46:—*

"On the 4th of March, his Majesty's ship St. Fiorenzo, Captain Hardinge, sailed from Point de Galle, Ceylon. On the 6th, at seven A. M. she passed three Indiamen, the Metcalf, Devonshire, and Charlton, and soon after a frigate bearing N. E. The St. Fiorenzo immediately made all sail: at 40 minutes after eleven P. M. ranged alongside of him, and received his broadside. After engaging ten minutes within a cable's length, the enemy made sail a-head. The St. Fiorenzo made all sail after him, continuing to come up with him till day-light, when, finding he could not avoid an action, he wore, as did the St. Fiorenzo, and at six recommenced the engagement, gradually closing with him to a quarter of a mile. The fire was constant and well directed, though that of the enemy slackened towards the latter part of the action. At eight the enemy made all sail. The St. Fiorenzo's main topsail-yard being shot through, the main-royal-mast, both main-top-mast stays, the main-spring-stay, and most of both standing and running rigging and sails cut to pieces, and cartridges fired away, she ceased firing, and employed all hands in repairing the damages, and fitting again for action. They kept sight of the enemy during the night, and at nine A. M. on the 8th, being prepared for action, she bore down on him, under all sail: he did not endeavour to avoid the St. Fiorenzo until she hauled athwart his stern, to gain the weather-gage, and bring him to close fight, when the enemy hauled up also, and made all sail; but perceiving the St. Fiorenzo coming up fast with him, and that a battle was unavoidable, he tacked, and at three P. M. they passed each other on opposite tacks, and commenced action within a quarter of a cable's length; when the enemy was abast the St. Fiorenzo's beam, he wore, and after an hour and twenty minutes close action, struck his colours.

"She proved to be *La Piedmontaise*, French frigate, commanded by Monsieur Epron, Capitaine de Vaisseau; she mounted 50 guns, long 28-pounders on her main deck, and 36-pound carronades on her quarter-deck. She had 335 Frenchmen on board, and near 200 Lascars. In the action she had 48 men killed, and 112 wounded; the *St. Fiorenzo* had 13 killed, and 25 wounded; among the former her Commander, who unfortunately fell by a grape-shot the second broadside in the last action, Lieut. H. Massey was badly wounded just before the enemy struck. Moreau, Second Captain of *La Piedmontaise*, was severely wounded in the third action, and either threw himself, or caused himself to be thrown overboard. *La Piedmontaise* had her rigging cut to pieces, and her masts and bowsprit so wounded, that they went by the board during the night. Lieut. Dawson succeeded Capt. Hardinge, and brought the *St. Fiorenzo* and her prize into Colombo on the 12th of March."

Extract of a letter from an Officer, passenger in the Hon. East India Company's ship Charlton:—

"The *Piedmontaise*, the terror of the Indian Seas, so renowned for her success and swift sailing, has been captured at last. The *St. Fiorenzo* has had the glory of conquering her. After three bloody engagements, on three successive days, she struck her colours. The brave Capt. Hardinge fell in the last engagement. That desperate French officer, Moreau, was the second Captain in the *Piedmontaise*. This is the man who stabbed Capt. Larkins, after the capture of the *Warren Hastings*, and whom Sir B. Pellew denounced in his public orders to the fleet, as a proper object of vengeance, if ever he should be taken. Moreau conducted himself in a furious manner during the engagement. He would not suffer his ship to strike, and declared he should never be taken by the English alive. At last he discharged his pistols into his own body, and was thrown overboard, at his own request, before he was quite dead."

The brave Captain Hardinge, who fell at the close of the above gallant action, is a great loss to the service. It was he who boarded and carried with his boats, a large Dutch man-of-war

brig on the coast of Holland, for which gallant enterprize Lord St. Vincent gave him the rank of Post Captain; and there is a circumstance attending this Officer's report of the action, which ought not to be kept from the public, as it shews how much modesty is ever attendant upon true courage.— Upon his landing at Sheerness, and reporting to the Port Admiral the arrival of the capture, he forbore to speak of himself, nor was it until the Admiral questioned him as to what officer conducted the attack, he acknowledged, with a manly blush, that it was himself, though the Dutch Captain (to whom he had offered quarters on boarding him, and who returned this generous offer with the discharge of a pistol) actually fell by Captain Hardinge's sword.

Another Gallant Action is recorded in the *London Gazette* of August 16th, announcing the capture of the *Sylph*, French brig, of 18 guns and 90 men, by the *Comet* sloop, Captain Daly.— The French brig was in company with another brig and a corvette, each equal in force to the *Comet*, but notwithstanding this superiority, Captain Daly gave chase, and coming up with the *Sylph* (who was most shamefully deserted by her companions) she struck, after a close action of twenty minutes, in which her Second Lieutenant and six men were killed, and five severely wounded. Not a man was hurt on board the *Comet*, though her sails and rigging were much cut. The *Sylph* is a very fine copper-bottomed vessel, and a fast sailer.

GAZETTE INTELLIGENCE.

The *Gazette* of Tuesday, Aug. 16, contains a dispatch to the Right Hon. Lord Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, from Lieut. Gen. Sir Hew Dalrymple, K.B.

Gibraltar, July 24, 1808.

MY LORD,—I inclose a Report from Capt. Whittingham, containing the details of a complete victory obtained on the 19th instant, by Gen. Castanos, over the French corps commanded by Generals Dupont and Wedel; and I take the liberty of congratulating your Lordship upon the glorious result of the day.

Y

I have the honour also to state, that I have received a letter from General Castanos by the same Courier, expressing the satisfaction he has received from the services of Captain Whittingham. I have the honour to be,
&c. H. W. DALRYMPLE.

*The Viscount Castlereagh,
&c. &c. &c.*

*Head-Quarters, Andujar,
July 21, 1808.*

SIR,—I had the honour to inform you, in my letter of the 17th July, that in a Council of War held on that day at Head-quarters, it was resolved, that the division of the Marquis de Coupigny should join that of Major Gen. Reding, and that the attack upon Baylen should be undertaken with the united force of the two divisions, whilst the third division and the reserve should occupy the attention of the enemy by a feigned attack upon Andujar. Major Gen. Reding entered Baylen on the morning of the 18th at nine o'clock; he met with little opposition. The enemy retreated towards La Carolina. The Major Gen. wrote to the Commander-in-Chief for orders, either to advance against Andujar, or to pursue the column which was retiring upon La Carolina. Gen. Castanos ordered him to advance upon Andujar without delay.

On the 19th, at two o'clock in the morning the Gen. received information of the retreat of the French from Andujar. Lieut. Gen. Pena, with the reserve, was ordered to advance immediately towards Baylen. The French began their retreat at nine o'clock *p.m.* 18th of July. A letter from Gen. Reding informed the Commander-in-Chief, that he intended commencing his march from Baylen towards Andujar at three o'clock *a.m.* 19th July. At 2 o'clock *p.m.* the advanced guard of Gen. Pena's division came up with the enemy. At this moment an express arrived from Major Gen. Reding, to inform the Lieut. Gen. that he had been engaged with the division of Gen. Dupont from three o'clock in the morning till eleven; that he had repulsed the French, and remained master of the field of battle. The guns of the advanced guard of Lieut. Gen. Pena's division had scarcely begun to fire when a flag of truce arrived to

treat upon the terms of a Capitulation. The discussion did not last long.

Gen. Dupont was told he must surrender at discretion.

Lieut. Gen. Pena halted, and formed his division upon the heights of Umbra, distant three miles from Baylen; between four and five o'clock, Gen. Casterick, Aid-de-Camp to Bonaparte, was sent by Gen. Dupont with orders to treat with Gen. Castanos in person.

At nine o'clock *p.m.* Major Gen. Reding informed the Lieut. Gen., that during the truce, he had been treacherously attacked by Gen. Wedel, who was just come from La Carolina with a reinforcement of six thousand men; and that the battalion of Cordova had been surprised and taken prisoners, together with two field pieces.

The negotiations lasted till the evening of the 20th, and the glorious result I have the honour to inclose, as also as an exact account of the killed and wounded, on both sides, as I have been able to collect in the hurry of the moment.

The French themselves acknowledge the bravery and steadiness of the Spanish troops; their firmness, constancy, and perseverance, under the greatest possible privations, as worthy the admiration of the world, particularly when it is remembered that half the army is composed of new raised levies.

The Marquis Coupigny is detached with his division to take immediate possession of the Passes of Sierra Morena.

Gen. Castanos deserves the highest praise for his well-conceived plan, and for the cool determination with which he has carried it into execution, in spite of the popular clamour for an immediate attack on the position of Andujar.

Whilst the negotiations were carried on, Gen. Castanos received an intercepted dispatch from the Duke of Rovego to Dupont, ordering him to retreat immediately upon Madrid, as the army of Galicia was rapidly advancing.

This determined the General to admit the capitulation of General Wedel.

French Force.—Division of Dupont, 8000—Division of Wedel, 6000—14,000 rank and file.

Spanish Force.—Reding 9000—Coupigny 5000—Pena, 6000—Jones 5000.—25,000.—Of this total one half peasantry.

Nearly 3000 of the French killed and wounded.

From 1000 to 1200 of the Spaniards killed and wounded.

TERMS OF CAPITULATION.

The Division of Gen. Dupont Prisoners of War. The Division of Gen. Wedel to deliver up their arms till their arrival at Cadiz, where they are to be embarked and sent to Rochefort.

There no longer exists a French force in Andalusia.

N.B. The Division of Gen. Dupont is also to return to France by Rochefort.

Downing Street, Aug. 16.

By letters received from Lieutenant Colonel Doyle, at Corunna, and from Major Roche at Oviedo, of the 8th and 9th instant, addressed to Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, it appears, that various letters from respectable authorities at Madrid, and also public Gazettes had been received, both at Corunna and Oviedo, stating, that on the 29th ult., in the evening, the French began the evacuation of Madrid. Upon the 30th the evacuation continued; and, upon the 31st Joseph Bonaparte, with the remainder of his troops, quitted the capital for Segovia. This measure was attributed to the French having received the account of the surrender of Gen. Dupont's army in Andalusia.

The French carried with them all the artillery and ammunition they could find means to convey, and spiked the cannon, and damaged the powder they left behind! they also plundered the Palaces and the Treasury; they were followed by the Spanish Ministers who had acted under the French, and, in general, by all the French who were settled in business at Madrid. Upon the 1st of July it was believed that not a Frenchman remained in the capital.

Admiralty Office, August 16.

Copy of a Letter from Vice Admiral Lord Collingwood, Commander-in-Chief of his Majesty's Ships and

Vessels in the Mediterranean to the Hon. W. W. Pole, dated on board the Ocean, off Cadiz, July 25, 1808.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to acquaint you for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that the French troops under General Dupont, consisting of about 8000 men, surrendered themselves prisoners of war, on the 20th instant; having lost about 3000 killed in some partial actions, which took place on that and the three preceding days.

Gen. Wedel, with about 6000 men, who had arrived to reinforce Dupont, has capitulated, on condition of his corps being embarked and sent to Rochefort.

The Copy of a Letter from Capt. Whittingham to Lieut. Gen. Sir Hew Dalrymple, detailing the operations and final success of the Spanish forces, I beg leave to enclose. I am, &c.

COLLINGWOOD.

Copy of a Letter transmitted by Sir Charles Cotton, Bart. to the Hon. W. W. Pole.

Ocean, off Cadiz, July 24, 1808.

By the Scout I informed you that the French forces under Gen. Dupont have surrendered to the Spanish army; and having to-day received from the President of the Supreme Junta of Government at Seville the official account of it, I do myself the honour of transmitting a copy of it for your information.

COLLINGWOOD.

Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, Bart.

Palace of the Real Alcares of Seville, 22d July, 1808.

MOST EXCELLENT LORD,

It is with the greatest satisfaction that the Supreme Junta informs your Excellency of the happy success which our arms have had, over the French army under Generals Dupont, Wedel, and Gohert, they having laid down their arms, as is set forth in the inclosed papers, which accompany this for your information, being persuaded of the noble interest your Excellency takes in our most just cause.

The victory could not have been more complete, and there does not remain one Frenchman in Andalusia; there not being a single individual of three divisions (which by their own

statement, amount to more than 20,000 men), that has not been either killed or taken prisoners.

The rejoicing is so general and so lively, that an idea of it cannot be given; and we expect it will be the same in your Lordship's squadron, through the favour which the Spanish nation owes to British generosity.

God save your Excellency.

(Signed) FRANCISCO DE SAAVEDRA.

VICENTE HÖRE.

ANTONIO ZEMBRANO.

ANDRES MINAN.

JUAN BAPTISTA ESTELLER,

Secretary of State.

His Excellency Adm. Collingwood.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

WEDNESDAY, AUG. 24.

Admiralty Office, August 23.

Dispatches, of which the following are copies, have been this day received at this office from Rear-Admiral Keats, addressed to the Hon. William Wellesley Pole:—

Superb, off Sprog, in the Great

SIR, *Belt, Aug. 13.*

I have the honour herewith to transmit a copy of my letters to Vice-Admiral Sir James Saumarez, relative to the escape and embarkation of great part of the Spanish army serving in this part of Europe. An event produced as well by the honour, patriotism, and talents of its distinguished chief, as by the assistance and protection which I was directed by their lordships' orders to afford it.

If the weather proves moderate, I hope to disembark the greater part on the Island of Langeland this day, where we have already a post of 2,500 men. I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed). R. G. KEATS.

To the Hon. W. W. Pole,

Secretary, &c.

Superb, off Sprog, in the Great

SIR, *Belt, Aug. 11, 1808.*

I have the honour and satisfaction to inform you, that by an immediate and zealous pursuit of the measures recommended in the duplicate of instruction received by the Mosquito on the 16th inst. his Excellency the Marquis de la Romana, and nearly six thousand of the Spanish troops under his command, were embarked this

morning at Nyborg, which place he took possession of on the 9th.

By a combination of the same plan, more than one thousand have joined us this morning, by sea, from Jutland, and another thousand are thrown into Langeland, to strengthen the post held by the Spanish forces in that island, where it is proposed to land the remainder the moment circumstances of weather will permit of our moving. The arrival of the Spanish officer in the Edgar, on the 5th, of whose spirited escape to the squadron you were informed by Captain Graves, greatly facilitated our means of communication.

No doubt could be entertained of the honour and patriotism of the soldiers, who, indignant at the proposal of deserting their allegiance, though surrounded by hostile battalions, planted their colours in the centre of a circle they formed, and swore on their knees to be faithful to their country. All were equally anxious of returning to it. But one regiment in Jutland was too distant and too critically situated to effect its escape; and two in Zealand, after having fired on the French General Frislon, who commanded them, and killed one of his aid-du-camps, have been disarmed.

Some untoward circumstances having occasioned suspicion, and made a premature execution of the plan necessary, the wind and current being adverse, I left the *Superb* on the 8th, and went in my barge to the Brunswick off Nyborg, and two hours after my flag was hoisted. On the 9th, the General took possession of the town.

Although the Danish garrison yielded to circumstances, an armed brig of 18 guns, the *Tama*, and a cutter, the *Salomap*, of 12, moored across the harbour near the town, rejected all remonstrance on the part of the Danes, and every offer of security made by the General and myself. The reduction of these vessels being absolutely necessary, and the Spanish General unwilling to act hostilely against Denmark, such small vessels and boats as could be collected were put under the command of Captain M'Namara, of the *Edgar*, who attacked and took them. On this occasion I have to lament the loss of Lieutenant Harvey, an officer of much merit, of the *Su-*

perb, and two seamen wounded: the enemy had seven killed and thirteen wounded.

I should have noticed that the Spaniards, irritated at the opposition their friends who came to their assistance met with, departed in some measure from the General's intention, and fired some shot at them before they struck.

Expedition being deemed of the greatest importance, I shifted my flag to the Hound in the harbour; and as neither of the three ships of the line, from circumstances of the weather, could be brought near in, 57 sloops or doggers, found in the port, were fitted by the seamen, into which great part of the artillery, baggage, and stores were embarked that night and the following day, and removed to the point of Slopsharn, four miles from Nyborg, where the army was embarked safely, and without opposition, this morning, notwithstanding the very unfavourable state of the weather, and they are now under the protection of his Majesty's ships at the anchorage off the Island of Spioe.

Some sacrifices of horses and stores were conceived necessary by the General; and as I considered it right, under the peculiar circumstances, to enter into the views and wishes of the Marquis de la Romana, every unavoidable act of hostility was rigidly abstained from, for I did not consider it prudent to bring away the brig and the cutter that rejected our offer of security, and forcibly opposed our entrance into the port; and I even undertook to liberate the vessels employed as transports, provided no interruption was made by any to the peaceable embarkation of our friends.

I should be unjust to the meritorious exertions of the officers and seamen employed on this short but fatiguing service, if I neglected to represent their merits on this occasion to you. Captain Graves's services were required afloat; Captain M'Namara, of the Edgar, undertook the equipment of the transports, with the embarkation of the stores; the embarkation of the troops was made under the direction of Captain Jackson of the *Superb*, and Captain Lockyer of the *Hound*; Captain Smith of the *Devastation*, and Captain James of the *Kite*,

were indefatigable in their exertions in the various duties I assigned them. Many circumstances having combined to make an attack on the rear probable, great precaution was necessary.

Such guns as could be brought against us were spiked, and the embarkation was covered and most effectually protected by the *Minx* gun-brig and the two prizes, and by the very judicious disposition of the gun-boats under the command of Captain May of the Royal Artillery, who volunteered, and whose services on this and other occasions were highly useful.

It is not easy to express the joy and satisfaction felt by every class of the army at this event; and no circumstances, I believe, could have afforded more real pleasure to us all. One, the regiment of Zamora, made a march of eighteen Danish miles in 21 hours.

I transmit herewith, for your further information, copies of such letters as I deemed requisite to address to his Excellency the Marquis de la Romana and the Governor of Nyborg on this occasion. The replies to the former were verbal through a confidential officer, and the latter were made personally.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) R. G. KEATS.

To Vice-Admiral Sir James Saumarez, &c. &c. &c.

Note.—Since this letter was concluded, we entertain some hopes that part of the regiment in Jutland, we thought lost, has escaped to the post of Langeland by the western channel.

Superb, off Langeland, Aug. 5.

SIRS,—I have the honour to inform you, that I have received from my government the most positive instructions to endeavour to communicate with the Spanish officers commanding the troops of that nation in the vicinity of my command, and to concert with them measures to secure their retreat from any place of embarkation which they may possess, and for placing them in a state of security until transports for their reception can be provided to convey them to Spain, for which, as well as the necessary provisions, measures have already been taken, and indeed of the arrival of them I am in hourly expectation. Until that period shall arrive, they

are welcome to share in the accommodation and provisions of the ships under my command: but as that might not afford ample means at present, although I am in expectation of the commander-in-chief, I would suggest, under the pressure of circumstances, the removal of the troops to some of the islands in the Belt for their perfect security. But as a measure of this magnitude, to the interests of the Spanish nation, would necessarily require a concerted plan, lest by attention to partial interest the general one might suffer, I request an unreserved and confidential communication, either to the ships off Nyborg, that stationed off Langeland, or any of his Britannic Majesty's ships in the Belt, and through the bearer of this, or by any other means. I propose sending on Sunday, unless I should earlier receive some person on board, a flag of truce, under some pretext, to the Spanish post at Spoysberg; and if this should be safely received, I wish in token of it, a small guard might parade in some conspicuous situation at noon to-morrow, near the English ship at anchor, or under sail, near Spoysberg.

In my present situation it is impossible, ardently as I enter into the views of my government and the Spanish nation, to attempt to lay down any fixed plan. My services, and that of every Englishman under my command, are devoted to the cause; but before measures can be adopted, we must communicate, agree on, and combine, as far as it may be possible, the interests of the Spanish troops in Jutland and Zealand with those in Funen and Langeland. I shall keep a ship for some days off Spoysberg; and every ship under my command will be on the look-out to receive any boats that may approach them.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) R. G. KEATS.

To the Officers of his Most Catholic Majesty's Troops.

Superb, off Langeland, Aug. 7.

SIR,—Understanding from the Spanish Officer that the accompanying paper [thought unnecessary now to send] is the true state and situation of the Spanish troops in Denmark and

its dependencies, the following, according to the various circumstances that present themselves to my view, appears to form a plan that promises the fairest prospect of success to ensure their security and ultimate embarkation.

Those in Zealand I would propose to force their way to the Peninsula, of which Halskon, near Corsor, forms the projecting point towards Sproe. That isthmus appears capable of being defended, or at least seems to afford the means of defence for a few days, till I could remove them to the island of Sproe.

Those at Frederisca, by seizing on vessels, might possibly force an embarkation, and unite with those on Funen, which might perhaps be favoured by some movements of the troops at Odense.

Separate, or united with those in Jutland, I apprehend those in Funen could secure themselves in the Presqu' Isle (Peninsula) which terminates near the Island of Romsoe, of which the Pass near Kurteminde appears to form the George, and I could, if necessary, remove them to Romsoe; it would greatly facilitate the necessary naval operations, and might enable me to send a ship of the line towards Frederisca to favour the troops in Jutland, if those in Langeland should be thought in security on that island; if they should, the other troops might be landed at leisure on that island, and the whole embarked from thence; but if the troops at present there are incapable of maintaining themselves at that place, in that case, I must leave a ship of the line and a sloop, which could almost at any time receive them on board, and convey them to any other place that might be approved of, till transports could be procured for their reception. My means, (three ships of the line and half a dozen small vessels at most) are not perhaps sufficient to embrace all these objects at once; but the zeal and exertions of the Officers and ships' companies would greatly diminish the difficulties, and should be much aiding in lending assistance to the troops at Frederisca, if, as I have before said, those in Langeland should be considered capable of maintaining that post without any immediate support.

I am aware some sacrifices of horses, and perhaps cannon, might be necessary, and we must be prepared to encounter even unforeseen difficulties: naval arrangements and movements are ever dependent, in some degree, on weather; but I should hope to surmount them all.* It would of course be right to drive in cattle, and take whatever provisions might be practicable with the troops, as it would not only save our present supply, which, the victuallers not having at this moment arrived, is rather scanty for the Spanish army, but would put me at ease on that score, provided any unavoidable delay should intervene, and prevent my sending supplies to them on shore.

In my present uninformed state, I am not in a situation to judge how far it might be in the power of, or deemed preferable by, the Spanish Commander to seize on Nyborg. It would secure the inactivity of the gun-boats in that port. But such a measure might possibly involve the safety of the troops in Zealand and Jutland, by inducing the Danes to act hostilely, when otherwise they might be disposed to wink at, or make no serious efforts to impede, the quiet removal of the Spanish troops.

But if the principles of this plan should be approved of and deemed feasible by those in command, I would recommend the movement to be general. That it be agreed to act upon it in all its parts the same day, except a discovery should take place, in which case each part should act immediately without hesitation.

I acknowledge I should have little expectation of the success of my negotiation for the peaceable removal of the troops. But a Declaration immediately after the movement shall have commenced, of the peaceable and unoffending object in view, accompanied with a threat of retaliation in the event of any hostile opposition on the part of the Danes or French, might perhaps be found advantageous.

In stating the naval force at present under my command, it is right to observe, I am in expectation of more ships, and have been informed that a sufficient supply of provisions for all

the Spanish troops is now on its passage to me.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) R. G. KEATS.

To his Excellency the Marquis de la Romana, Commander in Chief of the Spanish troops in Denmark.

N. B. I have just heard that the expected supply of provisions is in part arrived, which obviates difficulties on my part.

Brunswick, August 9, 1808.

SIR—I have the honour to acknowledge the receipt of your Excellency's letter of this morning, and to congratulate you and the Spanish Nation on the firm and manly step you have taken on this important occasion. Circumstances of weather unavoidably prevent the arrival of two ships of the line in sight. I send Captain Graves of the Brunswick, informed of my ideas, to see what uses can be made of the vessels in Nyborg. In my present situation I can receive nearly 1500 men on board; and, under all circumstances, it appears to me the most advisable to convey the troops with all expedition to Longeland; and as it appears to be the opinion of your Aide-Camp that you will be in a situation to maintain that Island, to take post there till the arrival of transports to embark the army, I shall order seamen to man twenty of the smacks at present in the Port, and more as the ships arrive. I apprehend the baggage and artillery had better be embarked in them, and moved out under my protection. Among the Spanish troops perhaps seamen may be found; and I would suggest the propriety of the immediate establishment of a marine corps on the most extensive scale possible; and I request your Excellency to keep in mind, the embarkation of water and provisions with the troops, in our present circumstances, is of great consequence.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) R. G. KEATS.

To his Excellency the Marquis de la Romana, Commander in Chief of the Spanish troops in Denmark.

Brunswick, off Nyborg, Aug. 9.

SIR—His Excellency the Commander in Chief of the Spanish forces in Denmark having deemed it expedient under the present circumstances to take possession of Nyborg, my duty naturally calls me to a co-operation with the troops of that nation, and a consequent frequent communication with the town of Nyborg. To place your Excellency as much at ease as possible respecting the line of conduct that may be adopted in the present event by the English Admiral commanding in the Belt, notwithstanding the hostility of this day, I have the honour to inform you, that I have given the strictest orders to all under my command, to observe, towards the inhabitants of Nyborg the utmost civility; and it is my wish to abstain from every hostile and offensive act, so long as no hostile and offensive measures are pursued by the troops of Denmark or France against those of Spain; but if any opposition should be attempted either by the Danes or French to the peaceable and unoffending object in view, namely, the quiet embarkation of the Spanish troops, I shall certainly, though most reluctantly, take measures which it is to be apprehended might occasion the destruction of the town of Nyborg.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) R. G. KEATS.

To his Excellency the Governor
of the town of Nyborg.

*Hound, Nyborg Harbour,
August 10.*

SIR,—It must be evident to your Excellency, that as my entrance into the harbour of Nyborg was hostilely opposed, I am bound by no absolute law or usage to abstain from hostilities, and to respect the property of the inhabitants. But although neither one or the other could be better secured than by the word of a British Officer, still it must be evident to your Excellency that, under existing circumstances, the Spanish General has occasion for several of the small craft in port, and that unless the masters and crews of them will lend their aid to equip and navigate their vessels, it may not be in my power to secure

them from injury: but if they will, I pledge myself, after the service on which they are required (and which will be of short duration) shall have been ended, that I will not only use every means in my power to secure them from injury, but grant passports to them all to return in safety.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) G. R. KEATS.

To his Excellency the Governor
of the Town of Nyborg.

Superb, off Langeland, Aug. 13.

SIR,—I have detained the *Euryalus* a few hours, for the farther satisfaction of assuring their Lordships that the whole of the Spanish troops taken on by his Majesty's ships at Nyborg, will be landed in the course of this afternoon at Langeland.

A convention has been entered into between his Excellency the Marquis de la Romana and the Governor of the Island, which, on one hand, enjoins abstinence from hostility, and on the other, a sufficient supply of provisions, provided the island, which is fertile, can produce it.

I am, Sir, &c.

(Signed) R. G. KEATS.

The Hon. W. Pole, &c. &c.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

The annual sale of the King's Merino Sheep (42 in number), took place on Tuesday, Aug. 2, at Kew. They sold in general at very high prices, particularly one four-toothed ram, which fetched 60 guineas; a polled ditto, 41 guineas; a full-mouthed ewe, 37 guineas; and most of the others from 15 to 30 guineas each.

Westminster Abbey is about to undergo a thorough repair, which, it is supposed, will take 14 years in completing; the expense is estimated at 60,000*l*.

The generous promoters and lovers of art will be pleased to know that the subscription for the venerable engraver Grignion, is spiritedly commenced by some of the most eminent patrons. The Earl of Carlisle has subscribed 20*l*. Mr. T. Hope, 10*l*. Mr.

Angerstein, Mr. Lock, and several other gentlemen and ladies liberally.

The Fourth Report from the Committee on the Distillation of Sugar and Molasses, has been printed. It recommends, that the planter should refine his sugar before he imports it, and enters into calculations to prove the advantages of refining in the West Indies. It also recommends, that sugar be employed in fattening cattle. Experiments to prove the utility of this latter plan, it says, are about to be instituted; and it recommends a reduction of the duty on sugar.

The harvest is now generally got in, and the crops of grain have been abundant and excellent in their kind. Providence has shed a blessing over the soil, and we hope the people will feel the effects of its beneficence, notwithstanding the efforts which will be made by the selfish and the interested to keep up the price of bread. The weather has been so favourable to pasture, and yet the price of meat does not diminish—butchers meat of all sorts is sold 2d. a pound cheaper in the populous city of Bath than it is in London.

Nuisance to a Court of Justice.—At a recent sitting of the Civil Court at Guildhall, the business was impeded by a most intolerable stench, so that it would have been impossible to have gone on with the business had it continued. Lord Ellenborough desired the Under-Sheriff and his Lordship's Chief Clerk to investigate from whence the nuisance proceeded, and it was ascertained that it was at Mr. Mason's (the butcher) back premises. Mr. M. was applied to, but he observed that he was an Englishman, and should carry on his business as he thought fit, and treated the subject with contempt. The two Gentlemen were immediately ordered by Lord Ellenborough to prefer a bill for a nuisance before the Grand Jury then sitting, which was done accordingly, and a true bill was found next day.

Decorum in Courts of Justice.—When the jury, in the case of *Gregon v. M'Taggart*, returned the verdict of damages, one shilling, a noise was heard in applause. Lord Ellenborough—"I will immediately commit the person who has been guilty of

that indecency, if he is brought before me. I hope he is in view. Is there any officer here who saw the man who was guilty of this violation of decorum? Mr. Under-Sheriff, I do insist on your having persons to take notice of those who misconduct themselves in Court; if not, I shall fine you severely." Mr. Deputy-Sheriff—"My Lord, there are six persons in Court, for that purpose at this moment." Lord Ellenborough—"Is there any one among them who saw the man who committed the outrage?" One of the officers—"I did, my Lord." Lord Ellenborough—"Bring him hither immediately, that I may fine him." Officer—"My Lord, he is run away." Lord Ellenborough—"Why did you not take him into custody?" Officer—"I did endeavour to catch him, but he ran away before I could do so." Lord Ellenborough—"Do you know his person?" Officer—"No, I do not, my Lord." Lord Ellenborough—"I desire a better attention to decorum, or I must set a high fine on the Sheriff—I will not endure this insult to the public administration of Justice. Let all the officers come forward—I shall impose a moderate fine on them, for I must not enquire this indecorum." The officer, who had answered before, then came forward, and said, there were a number of persons together when the clapping took place, and it was impossible to take the person who offended, although he did endeavour. Lord Ellenborough—"Then to quicken you I will fine you 5l.—for you ought, at the hazard of your life, to have seized the offender; but, if you had brought him in, I should have fined him at least ten times that sum." The Officer was compelled to pay the fine immediately, or be imprisoned. His Lordship afterwards observed, he had much rather pay the fine out of his own pocket than be put to the necessity of imposing it; he must do it to support the dignity of the Court; but, if the officer should find the offender, between this and next Term, he should receive the fine.

The Third Report of the Committee on the Public Expenditure, &c. of the United Kingdom, has just been printed. It is very voluminous, comprising not less than three hundred and eleven folio pages.

PROGRESS OF THE BRITISH NAVY. —It must be proudly gratifying to the minds of Britons to know, that we have, at this moment, in the British navy, *sixty-eight sail-of-the-line*, prizes taken from the enemies of this country at different periods, besides twenty-one ships carrying from 40 to 50 guns each; sixty-two ships from 30 to 40 guns each; fifteen, carrying from 20 to 30 guns each; and sixty-six, from 10 to 20 guns each,—making a total of *two hundred and thirty-two ships*, a navy of itself equal to cope with the united navies of France and her vassal allies, without adding thereto near twenty sail-of-the-line, besides smaller vessels, now in our service, built on the bottoms of prizes, in lieu of such as have been casually lost.

SHIPS OF THE LINE.

	Guns.		Guns.
1 Alexandre	80	37 Overysel	64
2 Argonaut	64	38 Le Pompee	60
3 Belleisle	80	39 Le Pagase	74
4 Braave	80	40 Princess of Orange	74
5 Bahama	74	41 Princess Caroline	74
6 Bienfaisant	64	42 Princess Sophia	74
7 Christian VII.	96	43 Frederica	74
8 Canopus	80	44 Puissant	74
9 Camperdown	74	45 Prince Frederick	64
10 Crown Prince Frederic	74	46 Prothee	64
11 Crown Princess Maria	74	47 Salvador del Mundo	112
12 Le Caton	64	48 San Josef	112
13 Denmark	74	49 San Rafael	84
14 Donegal	74	50 San Nicholas	80
15 Delft	64	51 Sans Pareil	80
16 Dordrecht	64	52 San Antonio	74
17 El Firme	74	53 San Damaso	74
18 Even	74	54 San Ildefonso	74
19 Gibraltar	80	55 San Juan Nepomuceno	74
20 Genereux	74	56 San Isidro	74
21 Guelderland	64	57 Scipion	74
22 Heir Apparent Frederick	74	58 Skiod	74
23 Le Hercule	74	59 Le Spartiate	74
24 Haerlem	64	60 Syeren	74
25 Le Impetueux	80	61 Le Tigre	80
26 Implacable	74	62 Le Tonant	80
27 Justitia	74	63 Three Crowns	74
28 Leyden	64	64 Texel	64
29 Malta	84	65 Utrecht	64
30 Le Maringo	80	66 Vryheid	74
31 Maida	74	67 Waldemar	84
32 Mont Blanc	74	68 Wassenaer	64
33 Norge	74	69 Zeeland	64
34 Nassau	64		
35 Oden	74		

All of which, except five, have been taken within the last fifteen years.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Married.] By special licence, at Harrington House, St. James's, by the Archbishop of Dublin, the Marquis of Tavistock, eldest son to the Duke of Bedford, to Lady Anna Maria Stanhope, daughter to the Earl of Harrington. The ceremony took place at four o'clock. His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales gave the fair bride away. The bride maids were Ladies Charlotte and Caroline Stanhope, the bride's lovely sisters. The company present were the Dukes of Bedford and Newcastle; Duchesses Bedford, Dowager Rutland, Dowager Newcastle; Lords Dungannon, Wm. and J. Russel, Barrymore; Ladies Dowager Sefton, Charlotte Clinton, Barrymore, Dungannon, Dowager Harwood; Generals Cotton and Crauford; Colonels Clinton and Stanhope; Messrs. Brand and Coleman, Mrs. Stanhope, and Miss Coleman. The bride looked most lovely, and was superbly dressed in point lace. After the ceremony the company partook of an elegant entertainment, which was prepared in the principal drawing room. Soon after six his Royal Highness took leave; the happy pair set off immediately in a beautiful chariot and four spirited blood horses, for Oakley, in Bedfordshire, where they intend to reside nearly two months.

At St. George's Church, Hanoversquare, Sir Charles Mevrick Burrell, Bart. to the Hon. Miss Windham, eldest daughter of the Earl of Egremont.

By special licence, the Rev. William Huntington, minister of Providence-Chapel, Titchfield-street, to Lady Saunderson, of Cricklewood, widow of Sir James S. who served the office of chief magistrate of London in 1793.

Sir John Gore, R.N. to Miss Montague, eldest daughter of Admiral Montague.

Died.] Lady Diana Beauclerk, sister of the Duke of Marlborough, and of the Countess Dowager of Pembroke, Her Ladyship was first cousin to Aubrey 5th Duke of St. Alban's, father of the present Duke, and of Lord William, the present High Sheriff for Lincolnshire.

At his house, No. 60, Snow-hill, universally esteemed and lamented, Mr. John Brown, apothecary and

chemist, 25 years editor of the Law List, Brown's Master Key, and other Masonic works, and many years a trustee and director of the British Assurance Society.

The Right Hon. Dowager Kenyon, relict of the late Lord Chief Justice Kenyon.

In Lower Grosvenor-street, Lieut. General Churchill.

Aged 27, M. R. Onslow, Esq. eldest son of Adm. Sir R. Onslow, Bart.

Suddenly, H. Wilkes, Esq. son of Heaton Wilkes, Esq. and nephew to the late celebrated John Wilkes, Esq.

In Devonshire-place, the Lady of Sir C. W. Rouse Boughton, Bart.

In his 61st year, J. Crompton, Esq. of Percy-street, Bedford-square; 28 years of his Majesty's Customs.

At Islington, aged 71, Mr. J. Jones, formerly an eminent optician in Holborn.

EAST INDIES.

The following very extraordinary circumstance lately took place at Calicut:—Seven desperate Malays, who had been the terror of the adjacent country, having carried away the cat-

tle, set fire to the cottages, and murdered several of the natives who opposed their depredations, were apprehended and lodged in the public gaol, where, during the period of their confinement, they behaved in the most refractory and resolute manner. On being brought to trial, several charges were brought home to them, and they all received sentence of death: but the evening previous to their execution, they rose on their guards, whom they murdered, and, possessing themselves of their muskets, bade defiance to the keeper of the prison and his assistants. The officer commanding in the district, with a small detachment of seapoys, attempted to scale the walls of the prison, the doors and windows being blockaded within; but he was repulsed with the loss of several men. The assailants, however, being reinforced from an adjacent station, and the desperadoes finding themselves overpowered, set fire to that part of the prison in which they were confined, and refusing all assistance, perished in the flames. Fortunately the rest of the prisoners were rescued, and a part of the building was saved from destruction.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have complied with the request of "Synephorus," and a monthly quota of his annotations will be inserted while he has leisure or inclination to prepare them. We think, however, that their interest would be enhanced by quoting the parallel passages from different authors, rather than referring to them. Every idle reader of a Magazine may not have an Anosto, a Tasso, or a Classic, at hand.

The extract from a "Funeral Sermon preached at Lydford," is disgraceful to its author, if true.

"The Single Life, defended by a Batchelor," is inadmissible.

We hope "Wm. Tucker" will find leisure for more efforts: yet we would advise him to make poetry only his pastime.

We sincerely commiserate "Bob Swan;" but who shall interfere between man and wife?

We must inform "W. B." *from the farm*, that Mr. Burdon's meaning is very intelligible, when he asserts that the style of architecture called *Gothic*, was not produced by a *Gothic nation*.

We have used as much of "Henrica's" favours as we deem admissible.

We have received only two letters remonstrating against the abolition of our portrait, which surely leaves us abundant room to believe that the measure is generally approved. To "Lector," who wishes for two editions of the Magazine, one without, and one with a plate, we must say that he seems to understand very little what he writes about; and as little when he imagines that we considered our subscribers as "poor paltry people;" and to "J. B. W———," we must observe, that he read our Address in the last Number very negligently.

Erratum.—P. 18, last line, first col. for *enfer*, read *en fa*.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

DIED.] At Southcot House, near Reading, in the 86th year of his age, the Comte d'Hector, the Father of the Navy of France under the Monarchy. This venerable and loyal character withstood the most pressing solicitations to return to France. He determined to follow the fortunes of his King. His skill and bravery in his profession could be equalled only by his Christian virtues and his unbounded benevolence. To the politeness of the old French Court, he added the openness and liberality of his profession. He leaves behind him no superior, and few equals, in public and private worth. His death is, doubtless, a subject of the deepest anguish to his beloved Sovereign, whom he had very lately visited at Gosfield.

CUMBERLAND.

It may be worthy of remark, that the nightingale has been heard frequently during the present summer, in the gardens belonging to the Earl of Lonsdale, in Fisher-street, Carlisle. We have heard it observed, that this bird was never farther north than Yorkshire, nor more to the west than Devonshire. Our woods are rendered melodious by the thrush, the linnet, and the blackbird; but, like the groves of Scotland, we believe they were never before visited by the sweet and tender strains of this nocturnal warbler.—*Tyne Mercury*.

New barley bread was eaten on the last day of July, at Broughton-in-Furness; and the following day, (being Broughton fair day) by great numbers of people, at the ordinary at Mr. Turner's, the King's Head. The barley was grown by him, on his farm at Wall-End, part of the estate belonging to Broughton Tower; and is the earliest crop ever remembered in that part of the country.

New wheat was brought to Ulverston market on Thursday, the 4th instant, on which day new wheat was cut at Cockerton, near Lancaster.

DERBYSHIRE.

Died.] At Croxall, the Rev. J.B. Pearson, a prebendary in the cathedral of Litchfield, vicar of Croxall, &c. He

was suddenly attacked by illness, about 11 o'clock, which terminated fatally in one quarter of an hour. Few men have died more sincerely and deservedly lamented.

In the 87th year of his age, the Rev. Sir William Ullithorn Wray, Bart. of Darley, of which parish he had been forty-four years rector. He is succeeded in the title by his only surviving son, now Sir Chester Wray, Bart. (formerly a major in the Royal North Lincolnshire Militia), to whom the estate bequeathed by the late Sir Cecil Wray to his lady for her life will devolve, on her ladyship's death.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Rev. W. Davy, of Lustleigh, near Moreton, has lately published a system of divinity, and compilation from polite writers and eminent divines, &c. of 26 volumes, in octavo, containing 13,000 pages, of which only fourteen copies are printed. The work was compiled and written out by Mr. Davy alone: who, though ignorant of the art of printing, with a few worn-out types, printed off one page at a time, by himself, at a press made with his own hands. He began the work ten years ago.

Died.] At Modbury, aged 87, and in full possession of his faculties, Mr. William Rosdew, who for the last fifty years had lived a total recluse, denying himself not only the comforts, but almost the necessities of life; by this extreme penury, he had amassed a considerable property, a great part of which he most liberally distributed among his relatives before his death. He was a man of strict integrity; and, notwithstanding his love of money, scrupulously just in all his dealings. This extraordinary turn of a naturally strong mind is supposed to have arisen from a disappointment in his affections in an early part of his life.

DURHAM.

The first meeting of the Tees Navigation Company has been held at Stockton, to put in execution the act of parliament for making a navigable cut through the neck of land near Portrath. The improvement which will be made to the navigation of the

river will be of the greatest advantage to Stockton, and its neighbourhood, by cutting off a circuitous and dangerous course; and, by means of this improvement, a facility will be given to the trading vessels which will benefit all the parties concerned.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At his seat at Forhampton-Court, in his 78th year, The Hon. and Rev. James Yorke, LL.D. Lord Bishop of Ely, Governor of Addenbroke's Hospital, and Visitor of Jesus, St. John's, and St. Peter's Colleges, Cambridge. His Lordship was uncle to the present Earl of Hardwicke.—He was translated from the See of Gloucester to that of Ely in 1781.

At his seat at Tortworth, Francis Reynolds Moreton, Baron Ducie, Provost Marshal of Barbadoes. His Lordship was in his 69th year. He was first married to Miss Purvis, daughter of Thomas Purvis, Esq. of Shepton Mallet, Somersetshire, by whom he has left two sons, Thomas, who succeeds him, and Francis, a Colonel in the army. His Lordship married, secondly, Mrs. Child, mother of the late amiable Countess of Westmoreland, who survived her marriage but two years. The present Lord is married to Lady Frances Herbert, only daughter to the Earl of Carnarvon.

HAMPSHIRE.

The extensive buildings carrying on in the suburbs of Portsmouth, between the morass and the road that leads into Portsmouth from London, amount to 104 houses within the short period of one year. Within another twelvemonth it is expected that the range from Southsea Common will be joined to the half-way houses, by the Wiltshire Lamb.

At Magdalen-Hill Fair, near Winchester, lately held, there was a large quantity of cheese.—New, from 86s. to 68s.—Old, 84s. to 94s.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Hereford Journal says,—“At this assize, a cause came on to be tried, wherein the parish of Landenny were plaintiffs, and John Evans, of Lango- ren, an adjoining parish, Defendant. Some years ago, Mr. Jones, of Tregi- rog, in the parish of Lanishen, Mon- mouthshire, left certain lands for cha- ritable use (amongst which were the

premises, thirty acres of land, held by the defendant), for the use of the poor of Landenny; but through the de- cease of trustees or other causes, Mr. Evans, when called upon to advance his rent, which was only at 8*l.* to 12*l.* per annum, or deliver up possession of the estate, refused to comply with the proposal, considering it in fact as his own, on paying the annual rent he then did. Under these circumstances the parish brought the action; when, without much evidence, a verdict was given for the plaintiffs.—We would recommend it to other parishes to at- tend to the table of benefactions usually placed in their churches, which we are induced to believe would afford opportunities of easing the poor rates, if such gifts were applied to the pur- poses for which they were intended by their charitable donors.”

KENT.

Maudstone, August 23d.

“The hop-plantations in this neigh- bourhood wear a most beautiful and prolific aspect, from the superior abundant crop that covers the poles; our general accounts from all parts of the county are a sure presage of its being one of the greatest hop years yet known, particularly in these parts.”

Died.] At Rochester, August 1st, Mr. Thomas Penn, an eminent iron- founder.—He was universally re- spected.

At Lee, the Right Hon. Lady Da- cre. The mind of her Ladyship was so strongly tinged with an amiable, though romantic enthusiasm, that for several years past she has made it an invariable rule to pay a nocturnal pil- grimage to the tomb of her husband.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Besides the premiums offered for cattle, by the Leicestershire and Rut- land Society, the following are award- ed:—To the person producing the best estimate of the comparative ad- vantage between the use of oxen and horses in husbandry, 25 guineas.—For the best comparative experiment between the effects of rotten and fresh dung, arising from the same species of animal and forage, upon grass land, within one year, the extent not being less than one acre for each kind of dung, 10 guineas.—For the most satis- factory information, deduced from ac-

tual experiments, of the soils and situations best adapted for orchards, and the means used in their plantation and subsequent management, 10 guineas.—For the best experiment, and shortest report, on the practical effects of lime upon various sorts of land, 20 guineas.—For the best manner of forming compost dung-hills, mentioning their materials, quantity, and place, 5 guineas.—For the best conducted experiment, ascertaining the relative advantages to be derived from soiling or grazing cattle in the usual way, 10 guineas.—The same experiment for sheep, 10 guineas.—To the person clearing not less than five acres of land from ant-hills, within one year, in the best manner, the expense being stated to the committee, and it being understood that no premium will be allowed without proof of the efficacy of the measure for three years, 20 guineas.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

The inclosure of Wildmore Fen, below Boston, will lead to the cultivation of 40,000 acres of inundated, and hitherto unprofitable, land. It is so rich, that a considerable part of it has been sold at 50*l.* per acre, and the rest is supposed to be of equal value. The aggregate amount is stated at 2,000,000*l.* The expenditure of inclosing, &c. has cost 400,000*l.*; the net profit to the owners is, of course, stated at 1,600,000*l.* sterling.

NORFOLK.

At the late annual Ploughing Match at Eillingham, (given by the Rev. W. m. Johnson) the prizes were, a hat for the first; a pair of high-boes for the second; and a pair of bushins for the third best.—Nine pairs of oxen started: they ploughed about half an acre, and the judges declared the hat to be won by one of Mr. Johnson's men; the second prize, to a servant of Mr. Clarke, of Bergh Apton; and the third, to a servant of Mr. Johnson.

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

Caution to Parish Officers.—A Writ of Inquiry has been executed at the Angel inn, Northampton, on the following case:—An action was brought against the Parish Officers of Naseby, by a person of the name of Ward, of the same place, for the recovery of 30*l.* he had paid to them, being part of 40*l.*

agreed to be received as a compromise under these circumstances; viz.—A girl of the above parish having sworn an illegitimate child to Ward, the Parish Officers made an agreement with him to receive 40*l.* which was secured to them by four promissory notes of 10*l.* each, payable at different periods, three of which had become due, and were paid. To recover these sums, by proving the incapacity of Parish Officers to make such contracts, the action was instituted. The Sheriff having stated the agreement to be altogether illegal, and the payment of the money having been proved, the Jury gave a verdict for the sum paid.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

A silver medal and five guineas have been presented by the Board of Agriculture, to Mr. Crosier, of Alnwick, for his discovery of the means of preventing the "curl in potatoes," which effectually impedes their growth. We have to observe, that the choice of sets full of juice, which will snap off like a carrot in full perfection, being cut half through, has been considered as a proof that the potatoe is in a sound state, and proper only for planting. It can scarcely be expected that a root, the moisture of which is exhausted, can be productive of a healthy plant, and a plentiful crop; for such a set, on being cut in like manner, will tear off only by violence, and shew a porosity and lightness, more like a honey-comb than a substantial and a prolific root, fit for vegetation. In such a state, they are neither proper for food nor planting; being equally in each case unsound and unwholesome.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

At the anniversary of the Wool Mart, established by the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society, holden at their Exhibition Yard in Bath, a large quantity of Anglo-Merino wool was deposited for sale—a more abundant supply than last year. A quantity which much exceeded the expectation of the Society and of the growers was disposed of, and at prices, for the most part, adequate to the demands of the owner. The extreme fineness of some lots was a great temptation to manufacturers, who were the chief purchasers; and the mode recommended and put in practice by Mr. Joyce, of sorting and securing the improved

wool of the Spanish crosses (with the process of which many woolstaplers are not yet well acquainted) greatly tended to increase the business of the day. We hear that farther to promote an object they have been the first to cherish, the Bath Society intend to appear at their public meetings in cloth made only of improved British wool.

Sir Charles Bampfylde's manor of Wapley and Codrington was sold in lots at the Bush-Tavern, Bristol, for 76,000*l.* C. Codrington, Esq. was the principal purchaser; this gentleman purchased West-Kington manor last year at 33,000*l.* His magnificent buildings now finishing will cost him 150,000*l.*; and his property and royalties around it extend for upwards of 50 miles.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Joint Stock Trading Companies, with Shares transferable.—How far trade may be carried on by companies of this description, will probably soon be determined—a bill of indictment having been found by the Grand Jury at the Assizes for this county against the Bilton and Sedgley Flour Company, which will bring the question to an issue.

Died.] At his iron-works at Bradley, aged 80, John Wilkinson, Esq. He was a man endowed with a capacious mind, happily combined with much enterprise and energy: he was a great promoter of public improvements, friendly to agriculture and canals, and had few, if any equals as an iron-master, in which, by his invention and spirit of enterprise, he was decidedly the first to bring that great branch of our national wealth and prosperity to its present state of perfection. Though he had lived to see, in his time, the iron trade rising into a great scale of importance, he still thought it in its infancy, and susceptible of much improvement. The loss of such a character might have been severely felt by the labouring classes of the community; if he had not left directions with his executors to carry on his numerous works on their present extensive scale. Though frugal in his manners and habits, he was not sparing in expensive experiments for the advancement of his favourite object, the iron trade, in which he acquired,

as he justly merited, an ample fortune. His body has been interred, according to his directions, in an iron coffin, in his garden, at his seat at Castle Head, in Lancashire; where he had considerably increased his property by reclaiming an extensive tract of moss land, which has been spoken of by agriculturists as among the first efforts of the kind in this or any other country.

SUFFOLK.

Ipswich, August 26.

At the Lamb Fair, on Monday last, there was by far the greatest quantity of lambs that can be remembered for eight years past, so that it was at least three o'clock before the fair could properly be considered as set; notwithstanding which, the number of buyers were very considerable, and the sellers being disposed to comply with reduced prices, a very unprecedented quantity of lambs were sold at an abatement of about 2*s.* in the pound, from the prices of last year, during the afternoon.—Generally speaking, the lambs were not in so good condition as they were then; but such as were in good condition, were bought up with avidity. The polled lambs seemed still to bear the preference.

Another account says, "the abatement above mentioned was from 2*s.* to 3*s.* from last year's prices. On Tuesday morning, the business recommenced with much briskness at the same prices, and continued till three o'clock, after which little was done, except among the dealers. No doubt can be now entertained respecting the favourite breed of sheep; for although the greatest half of the stock at the fair consisted of the South Down and the half-breeds, until the sale was made of the best of this stock, there were very few of either the Leicester or Norfolk lambs disposed of, particularly the latter. There was a pen of Merinos, but so little notice was taken of them, that not half the buyers knew they were in the fair. Messrs. Weston, Revett, Blyth, Mason, and Dewing, sold a considerable number of South Down tups from five to ten guineas each. The Duke of Grafton's half-bred South Downs sold for 18*s.* The Earl of Bristol's ditto wethers and ewes, 24*s.* 6*d.* and South Down wethers at 22*s.* Mr. Shillite's (of Ickworth)

wethers and ewes at 24s. and several half-breds from 15s. to 21s. 6d.

Died.] Aged 55, the Rev. William Willan, of Melford, in this county; having been deeply affected with paralysis for the last 20 years.—His misfortune deprived him of the power of moving his feet from the floor; nevertheless, he bore his affliction with exemplary fortitude and resignation.

SURRY.

A Society for the promotion of Agriculture is in contemplation to be formed in this county, pursuant to a resolution of the late assizes at Guildford; and a meeting is to be held early in September for determining the same.

QUEEN OF THE BEES.—The following facts shew that death itself does not destroy the attachment of bees to their female monarchs. On the 29th of July, two hives swarmed at the same time, in a garden belonging to Henry Hargrave, Esq. near Norwood, and fixed themselves on one bush. One of the gardeners in the family immediately placed a large hive above them, into which, in a short time, the greatest part crept. Great commotion was soon discovered amongst them, and a large detachment suffered themselves to drop on the ground, where they remained for a considerable time in a motionless state. Mr. H. desirous of exploring the cause, roused them up with a small stick; when all were on the wing, a bee was found quite dead, which appeared to be much less than the drone bee, and less than the working bee, whose wings were short and of variegated colours, which appeared to have been the object of attraction; for no sooner did he withdraw, than the dispersed fraternity alighted and clung to it as before. This experiment was repeated several times with the same result. Convinced that this was one of the queens, he took her and placed her in a small box, and to try the loyalty and attachment of her former subjects, frequently exposes her in the height of the day in different parts of the garden, where she is soon discovered by the prying insects, which never fail to alight around her in large clusters, seemingly bewailing the loss of their female monarch.

William Pilkington was tried on an

indictment charging him with the wilful murder of Montague William Hyndes, at the Maze, Southwark, by discharging a pistol at him. The prisoner, who married the daughter of the deceased, and who was also the step-son of Hyndes, who married his mother, was alone with the deceased in the parlour of the Red Lion public-house, in the Maze, when a pistol was discharged, which killed the father.

There were five witnesses called on the part of the prosecution, but none of them could prove how the act was committed; but it was admitted that Hyndes had died of the wounds he had received at the hands of the prisoner. The only material evidence was the assertion of the deceased, from the time of his having been shot until he died, in which he varied very materially. After he had received the wound, he in rage and agony accused the prisoner of having committed premeditated murder, by pointed expressions, such as "You have killed the best of fathers."—"You pulled the fatal trigger," &c. It however appeared, that in the moments when death was fast approaching, the deceased imputed the shocking catastrophe to accident, as was stated by a material witness, Mr. Clark, of Tooley-street. This witness proved, that Hyndes had died of his wound, and that on questioning him if the pistol had gone off in a struggle, he first said that the prisoner had pulled the trigger, and afterwards that it was an accident, as his son did not mean to kill him, he never had such an intention. It was proved on all hands, that the prisoner was much inebriated, and that his father and him lived on the most affectionate terms. It was evident that the deceased, who had been using persuasive arguments to get the prisoner home, attempted in a struggle to get the pistol he held in his hand from him, and also that from his pocket, and thus happened the fatal event. The prisoner made a very artless defence in a way so truly penitent and distressing, that tears of sympathy were flowing in every part of the Court. He protested his wretchedness, and the sincere love he bore his father, whom he had for a length of time maintained, and never once excited his anger. Had the pistol discharged

its contents in his own body, it would have been desirable to a being so wretched as himself. The prisoner was so truly overwhelmed with grief, that he was unable to proceed. After a humane charge from the Lord Chief Baron, the Jury returned a verdict of *Manslaughter*. The Judge passed sentence on the prisoner in a feeling manner; He observed that his situation was truly pitiable, and he hoped that the tears of sympathy shed in the Court for his situation would prevent men from carrying fire arms about them, and particularly men given to drunkenness and dissolute habits. Public justice required that the extent of punishment for Manslaughter should be inflicted in this instance, as the idea of carrying loaded pistols was monstrous, and the most dangerous thing to society. The prisoner was sentenced to be imprisoned twelve months.

Died.] At her house at Epsom, Mrs. Hodgson, relict of the late Robert Hodgson, Esq. formerly a Captain in the 1st Regt. Dragoon Guards. Capt. H. was at the battle of Minden with Lord George Sackville. Mrs. Hodgson was first married to Thos. Winteringham, Esq. descended from the same ancestor, in the reign of Elizabeth, with the late Sir Clifton W. She was of the respectable family of the Halls of Colchester, and nearly related to the late Rev. John Halls. The bulk of her fortune she bequeathed to Mr. Brown, a near kinsman of her first husband.

SUSSEX.

Lewes, August 22d.

The whole of last week was highly favourable to the wheat harvest, which the number of stacks that are to be seen in the neighbourhood of the South Downs sufficiently evince. The produce is every where abundant, and in some situations exuberant. At Offham, last week, Mr. Knight carried from thirteen acres of land, fifty-two large loads of sheaves.

Died.] Suddenly, at his house on the West Cliffe, Brighton, after taking a ride to the Devil's Dyke, about four o'clock on Wednesday, August 24, Sir George Pauncefort, Bart. of Russell-square, London, aged 56 years. The body of the deceased was opened by Mr. Barret, in the presence of Dr.

Hunter, when the cause of his dissolution became apparent in a cancer which had destroyed a part of his stomach. The late Lord Gage, died of the same complaint. The Baronet's title and estates devolve to Captain Bloomfield, of the Royal Navy.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

A superb silver vase, upon a magnificent scale, and most elegantly finished, has been presented by his constituents to Wm. Gordon, Esq. one of the representatives in Parliament for the city of Worcester.

YORKSHIRE.

At the sale and exhibition of the cattle stock of the late Sir George Strickland, of Boynton, for pasture, all the great breeders attended.—One cow (Nonpareil) sold for 106 guineas. Two or three bull calves reached 50 and 60 guineas each; and the amount of the two days sale is computed at 2200 guineas. After the sale, a bull belonging to Mr. G. Coates, of Driffield, whose reputation as a breeder of stock is well known, was sold for the enormous sum of 500 guineas!

On Sunday, the 31st of July, as the Rev. C. Cooke (tutor to the two sons of the Hon. H. Vernon, of Wentworth-house, Yorkshire) was riding an high-spirited hunter in the park, some of the deer crossed him, and caused the horse to run away with him. In vain his rider endeavoured to stop him; the beast ran at his fullest speed at the park (an iron) gate, which is 7 ft. 9 in. high, and with very large spikes on the top; above the gate is a fine arch of Portland stone, and about 3 feet above the top of the spikes. The horse nevertheless endeavoured to cover the gate; but in the exertion broke the two cross bars of heavy massy iron, and by the shock wrenched the lower hinge from the post; by this means the gate hung obliquely; when, frantic with the pain, to the surprise of every beholder, he directly stooped and leaped the gate, and carried his rider over perfectly safe, who had some difficulty to stop him afterwards from running away. So great was the concussion that the bone, from the forehead to the nose, was fractured completely into two parts. The horse struck his rider a most violent blow in his right eye, immediately before covering his leap, which has nearly

deprived him of the sight of it.—The horse is expected to recover.

At York sessions, an appeal came on to be heard, wherein the trustees of the Methodist Chapel in that city were appellants, and the inhabitants of the parish of St. Martin, Coney-street, in the same city, respondents, in order to try whether the appellants were liable to be assessed for and pay the poor rates for the said chapel; and, on the hearing thereof, it was determined by the court, that they were liable to pay the rate, as they made profit of the pews and seats in the chapel, by letting them.

Vegetable Antiquity.—There are now growing within 300 yards of the old Gothic ruins of Fountains' Abbey, three miles from Rippon, seven very large yew trees, generally called the Seven Sisters, whose exact ages cannot be accurately learned, though it has been handed down from father to son that these seven yews were standing in the year 1088. And it is said, that when the Great Fountains' Abbey was building, which is 700 feet long, and was finished in 1283, the masons used to work their stones, during the heat of summer, under the shade of these trees. The circumference of the Seven Sisters, when measured by a curious traveller, were of the following sizes:—The smallest tree, round its body, 5 yards 12 inches; four others are from 5 yards and a half to 7 yards and a half; the sixth is 9 yards and a half; and the seventh is 11 yards 19 inches in circumference, being 2 yards 10 inches larger than the great yew-tree now growing in the church-yard at Grasford, in North Wales, which is 9 yards 9 inches.—These trees are the largest and oldest growing in the British dominions.

Died. At the Trinity House, at Hull, aged 76, Mrs. Gunhouse, widow of the late Capt. Richard Gunhouse, of the Olive Branch, of Liverpool. A few days previous, when eating an crab, a piece of the shell ran into her thumb; her arm soon after began to swell, and a mortification ensued, which occasioned her death.

Lately, at Tattershall, aged 30, Mr. Samuel Butters, grandson to the late Rev. O. Royce, who was 62 years the Baptist Minister at Coningsby. The corpse was taken for interment to the

burial ground belonging to the General Baptists in Coningsby, but being refused the boon of "a little earth" by the minister and congregation of the Old Chapel there, was conveyed back to Tattershall, the clergyman of which parish kindly consigned the bones to the narrow house of those at rest.

WALES.

Dr. Burgess, the Bishop of St. David's, has declined a translation from that see, on the ground that such removals are inconsistent with a due discharge of the episcopal duties. He has established a kind of Provincial College for the education of youth, to qualify them better for ministering in the Welsh Church. His Lordship has also apportioned the tenth part of his revenues during life, and all his beneficed clergy have added their contributions, in support of this useful and meritorious institution.

SCOTLAND.

Renovation of Sight.—Lately died in the village of Aberfeldie, Perthshire, Margaret Robertson, at the advanced age of 96 years. The history of this woman, in regard to the recovery of her sight, is somewhat remarkable, and not unworthy of record. About the period that this woman, who was a farmer's wife, attained to the age of 63, she became totally blind, not suddenly or by any particular cause, but by a gradual decay of sight. In this state she remained for 15 years. In her 78th year, she recovered her sight so well, that, with the assistance of glasses, she was able to thread a needle, and to read her bible; in the course of the next year, she found it so strong and clear, that she laid aside her glasses altogether; from her 79th to her 87th year, she enjoyed her sight with as much clearness as she did at any period of her life; it then began to fail again, but was not totally lost at the time of her death. It is observable, that she always retained all her faculties with undiminished vigour to the last.

Astonishing Produce.—A part of Tweedmouth common, containing about 28 acres, the property of James Foster, Esq. post-master of Berwick, was bought a few years ago for 400l. four acres of which have this season produced the amazing quantity of 1500

stones of hay. It stood so thick in the field, that the mowers would not cut it at the common price.

Died.] At Edinburgh, in his 56th year, H. W. Tytler, M. D. author of the Translation of Callimachus, and other literary works.

IRELAND.

At the late Armagh Assizes, the trial which excited the greatest interest was that of Major A. Campbell, for the wilful murder of Captain A. Boyd, at Newry, by shooting him with a pistol. In the course of the trial a contrariety of evidence appearing respecting the words of the deceased, whether those words were spoken at a time when the deceased conceived he was mortally wounded and dying, or not—the Judge, in this case, thought fit to direct a separate issue to be sent up to the Grand Jury, to try the fact, who, after a short deliberation, returned a verdict, finding “that the words alluded to were spoken by the deceased in contemplation of death, or at a time when he considered himself dying.” After a long and patient hearing, he was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged on Monday the 8th inst.; but, on account of the excellent character given of him by many officers of the first respectability, he was recommended to mercy, and the execution postponed till the 18th instant.

The Grand Jury who found the Bill, and the Petty Jury before whom he was tried, have each petitioned the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland to extend mercy to the unfortunate, though not wholly excusable man.

The lady of the unfortunate Major Campbell has displayed an energy and activity in the cause of her husband highly honourable to the sex.—She no sooner was informed of the verdict of the Jury at the Armagh Assizes, than she set out unattended in a post-chaise for Dublin. On her arrival, the packet had just sailed. Fearless, however, of danger, she hired an open boat, and a couple of undaunted Irish watermen gallantly rowed her across the Irish Channel, and safely landed her at Holyhead, after a tedious and dangerous voyage, from whence she proceeded with all possible dispatch, and without taking any rest, arrived

in London. She went immediately to Windsor, where she presented a memorial to her Majesty imploring her intercession with the King in behalf of the unfortunate Major, now under the awful sentence of death; at the same time stated the nature of the duel, and a detail of her husband's meritorious services in the army for near 20 years.

Mrs. Campbell has been incessant in her applications to obtain the royal mercy, in behalf of her unfortunate husband. She has, on her knees, solicited in the most pathetic terms the intercession not only of her Majesty, but of all the Princesses. She also went to Brighton, to wait on his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who immediately wrote a note to the Duke of Portland, which Mrs. Campbell presented to his Grace; but no hopes were given that her application would be attended with success; and her unfortunate husband (who is first cousin to the Earl of Breadalbane) has suffered the awful sentence of the law. This event took place on the 24th of August.

A most extraordinary and mysterious circumstance took place near Dublin within these few days. A gentleman who resides about four miles from town, in the neighbourhood of Merrion, received an anonymous communication on Tuesday last, that his life was to be attempted that night by poison, administered by the hands of a female domestic, and that the house was to be attacked from without, by a band of ruffians, for the purpose of plunder. Alarmed at the disclosure of this dreadful secret, the gentleman had the girl secured, and, in the search, discovered on her person a bottle of arsenic! On her being detected she confessed the entire, but insisted that the poison was intended for a dog in the yard, to prevent his giving an alarm at the time the ruffians were to make their attempt. She was taken into custody, and is making such farther confessions, as will lead to the developement of this dreadful business; and the punishment of its abominable agents.

Married] At Dublin, Lord Lismore, to Lady Eleanor Butler, sister to the Earl of Ormond.

The Rev. J. Leslie, Dean of Cork,
2 A 2

to Miss Lawrence, second daughter of the Bishop of Cork and Ross.

Died.] In Dublin, after a long and painful illness, the Right Hon. John Thomas Earl of Clanricarde, General in the Army, Colonel of the 66th regiment, Governor of Hull, and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Galway. The first Marquis of Clanricarde, in the reigns of Charles I. and II. was perhaps as able and distinguished a loyalist and patriot as that era produced. His Lordship had nearly attained his 64th year. He married Eliza, daughter of Sir Thomas Burke, Bart. of Marble-Hill, county of Galway, Ireland. His Lordship is succeeded in his titles and estates by his son Ulick John Lord Dunkellin, now in his seventh year. He has also left two daughters; and in the year 1800, his Majesty was most graciously pleased to grant that, in default of male issue, the Earl's eldest daughters should inherit the title, and be a Countess in her own right.

At Roseyards, near Ballymoney, the Rev. J. Tenant, aged 82. He was more than 57 years' pastor of the seceding congregation there; during which time he never disappointed them of a sermon, nor was prevented from preaching, through sickness, a single sabbath.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Alexandria, America, Mrs. Warren, wife of Mr. Warren, one of the managers of the Philadelphia and Baltimore theatres, formerly Miss Brunton, sister to the Countess of Craven.—The following tribute of respect to the memory of this Lady is copied from an American Paper:—

"Could the writer so command his feelings upon the present melancholy occasion, as to enable him to enter into a detail of the excellencies of Mrs. Warren's theatrical characters, it would be superfluous, her celebrity having long since diffused itself over both her native and this her adopted country.

"In her the American stage has been deprived of its brightest ornament, not more conspicuous from her unrivalled excellence in her profession, than from her having uniformly preserved a spotless and unquailed fame; proving by her fair example, that an unblemished reputation is by

no means incompatible with a theatrical life.

"In the circle of her intimate friends her loss will be most poignantly felt; for to them the many virtues and accomplishments which adorned her private life were best known. To a warm, feeling, and affectionate heart, were added that fascinating ease and grace in conversation, which, regulated by an excellent understanding, delighted, at the same time that it improved.

"But, alas! that eye is now dim and closed for ever, which has so often communicated its magic influence to the heart; and mute is that tongue whose flexible and silver tone so sympathetically vibrated upon the ear of an enraptured audience.—Never could the observation of a celebrated moralist upon a similar occasion be more applicable than upon the present: "Death has eclipsed the gaiety of nations, and diminished the public stock of harmless pleasure."

At Vienna, the Hon. John Theophilus Rawdon, brother to the Earl of Moira.

At Rio de Janeiro, whither he had accompanied the Royal Family and Government of Portugal, his Excellency General John Forbes, of Skelator, in the county of Aberdeen, in the 76th year of his age. He was the senior General Officer in the Portuguese army, General and Governor of Rio de Janeiro, a Councillor of War, General of Cavalry, and Knight Grand Croix of the illustrious Orders of Avis in Portugal, and Carlos III. in Spain. He died on the 8th of April.

This much respected veteran was a Lieutenant at the siege of Maestricht in 1748; he served all those campaigns, as well as the seven years' war, at the conclusion of which he entered into the service of Portugal, where he contributed much to the establishing the tactics of Frederic the Great (then introduced into most of the armies of Europe) into the Portuguese army, under the immediate protection and friendship of Marshal Count La Lippe. During a period of near fifty years he distinguished himself in that country by his activity, his zeal, and his incorruptible integrity, to which last circumstance it was perhaps owing that he enjoyed, uninterruptedly, the

favour of four succeeding Sovereigns. The tears and unfeigned sorrow of the reigning Prince were the most affecting testimonial of his attachment to the General, as the public and sincere regrets of the people were of his real worth. He was indeed a virtuous and an honourable man: and as a soldier, possessed undaunted courage, indefatigable activity, promptitude, and decision.—He commanded with reputation the Portuguese army in Roussillon, at the commencement of the revolutionary war.

At Petersburg, Mr. J. D. Burke, a native of Ireland. While dining at a tavern, the present politics of France becoming the subject of discourse, he said the French were all a pack of rascals. A Frenchman, named Co-

quebert, who happened to be dining there at the time, took the matter as an insult offered to him; a challenge and a duel was the consequence. On the second fire, M. Coquebert's ball passed through the heart of his antagonist, who expired without a groan. Mr. Burke was buried with military honours; and, in consequence of a request in his will, without any religious ceremony.

At Serioapatam, General Sir William Clarke, Bart. commander of that district, and an officer of great talent and experience, in the 45th year of his age.

At Antigua, Dr. Ralph Cuming, surgeon of the Naval Hospital at that island, late of Romsey, in Hampshire. Also, his wife and child, who died on the following day.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

JULY 23, to AUGUST 20, 1808, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

BLAZE J. Blades, Manchester, dealer, (Harrison, Craven-street). Barley W. Dorby, mercer, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn). Banks R. Eltham, victualler, (Debarry and Co. Taunfield-court, Temple). Brindle R. Leyland, bleacher, (Holborn-court). Beckwith T. Commercial-road, coach-maker, (Smith and Co. Leman-street). Biggs T. Seend, Wilts, cheese-dealer, (Sandys and Co. Crane-court). Bed R. and Hedley R. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, woollen-draper, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane). Brown S. and Tildesley W. Bloxwich, Stafford, rope-makers, (Webb and Co. Birmingham). Bissix W. Sloper R. and Bissix C. Bristol, vinegar-makers, (Meredith, Lincoln's-Inn).

Cheek W. H. Manchester, scrivener, (Bousfield, Bouverie street). Chowles J. T. Finch-lane, painter, (Dawne, Henrietta-street). Chambers H. Warwick, inn-keeper, (Smart and Co. Staple-inn). Craike J. and Schwedersky J. F. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants, (Bell and Co. Bow-lane). Crumbleholme J. Preston, grocer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

Eyre W. St. Columb Major, Cornwall, merchant, (Sandys and Co. Crane-court). Emmet S. Birkenshaw, Birstall, York, carpet-manufacturer, (Wigglesworth, Gray's-Inn). Elliot T. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, tailor, (Pike, Air-street).

Foxall J. Marlborough-court, victualler, (Sherrywood, Cushion-court).

Gear I. Old Gravel-lane, victualler, (Clement, Ratcliffe-highway). Gardner T. Shoreditch, haberdasher, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Gray W. St. John-street, shoe-maker, (Selby, Charles-street).

Halford E. Bristol, baker, (Whitcombe and Co. Serjeant's-Inn). Hale J. Chester, butcher, (Milne and Co. Temple). Henderson R. W. George-street, broker, (Collins and Co. Spital-square). Harrison G. and Watson J. Noble-street, hosiers, (Wigglesworth, Gray's-Inn). Harrison B. Calbeck, Cumberland, dyer, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walks). Hill W. Middle-row, carpenter, (Langley, Plumtree street).

James W. Swansea, shopkeeper, (Heelis, Staple-Inn). Jones W. A. Aldermanbury, haberdasher, (Berridge, Hatton-garden). Jeffery A. Thornford, Dorset, jobber, (Warry, New-Inn). Johnson E. Bleeding-Heart-Yard, cabinet-maker, (Willoughby, Clifford's-Inn).

Kay J. Manchester, leather seller, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-Buildings). Knott J. Oldham, grocer, (J. and R. Willis, Warrford-court). Kidd D. Berwick-upon-Tweed, linen-draper, (Ellis, Cunsitor-street). Kennedy T. Woolwich, tavern-keeper, (A. and J. Weston, Fenchurch-street).

Lindill W. Leeds, spirit-merchant, (Haynes, Fenchurch-street). Lawten J. sen. Lawten J. Lawten J. jun. and Lawten J. Ashton-under-Line, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturers, (J. and R. Willis, Warrford-court). Lovell T. Shoreditch,

Baker, (Collins and Co. Spital-square). Lilley W. St. John-street, linen-draper, (Bourdillon and Co. 1, tile Friday-street). Lellman L. J. New-street, Bishopsgate-street, merchant, (Jones, Basinghall-street).

Mendez D. Harrow-street, Gravel-lane, army accoutrement-maker, (Isacs, George-street). Morgan A and Morgan E. Bulth, Brecknock, tanners, (Highmoor, Bush-lane). Metcalfe J. Skipton, threadmaker, (Swale, Great Ormond-street). Mears C. Stockport, cheesemonger, (Huxley, Temple). Moore D. Benham, Kent, late purchaser of the Sir Stephen Lushington East-Indian, (Palmer and Co. Copthall-court).

Oldham J. Melton, draper, (Berry and Co. Bucklebury). Ollivant W. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer, (Ellis, Curator-street). Olivant T. Manchester, silversmith, (Ellis Curator-street).

Pepper J. Romford, victualler, (Cutting, Bartlett's-buildings). Parr J. O and Patrick T. C. Suffolk-lane, insurance-brokers, (Dennetts and Co. King's Arms-yard). Pearce J. Paternoster-row, money-scriver, (Wharton and Co. Lamb's buildings). Pater T. Shadwell High street, surgeon, (Wilson, Devonshire-street). Powell J. and Ormond W. D. Bristol, wine-merchants, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Powley W. Penrith, ironmonger, (Ireland, Staple-Inn).

Russell W. M. Vauxhall, maltster, (Alcock and Co. York street). Robinson N. E. Bond-court, merchant, (Alcock and Co. York-street).

Smith J. S. Liverpool, shoe-maker, (Spottiswoode, Austin-frirs). Straw G.

Lincoln, merchant, (Macdougall and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Smallridge T. Stoke newhead, Devon, butcher, (Fowell, Finch-lane). Seagoe J. Duke-street, St. James's, tailor, (A. Beckett, Bread street). Stokes T. Tooley-street, cabinet-maker, (Speck, St. John's, Southwark). Smith J. Little Pulteney-street, tallow-chandler, (Hughes, Bear-yard). Sharpe J. Market Deeping, Lincoln, linen-draper, (Wilde, jun. Castle-street).

Treloar T. jun. Penryn, Cornwall, brewer, (Shepherd and Co. Bedford-row). Thackray R. Burton-leonard, York, flax-dresser, (Godmond, New Bridge street). Turner T. Liverpool, cheesemonger, (Windle, John-street). Thompson J. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer, (Kay and Co. Manchester). Tempest M. Derby, mercer (Lowten, Temple). Tennant J. Manchester, butcher, (Edge, King-street, Manchester). Tupper G. Linton, Kent, shop-keeper, (Aubrey, Took's-court). Troughton T. Liverpool, stationer, (Bigg, Hatton-garden).

Wilkes W. Birmingham, factor, (Chilton, Exchequer-Office). Wyatt H. Jones R. S. Shephard C. and Top N. P. Duke-street, painters, (Bousfield, Bouvener-st.). Wray J. Wakefield, corn-dealer, (Battaye, Chancery-lane). Wm J. Stamford, Lincoln, victualler, (Smart and Co. Staple-Inn). Wicks M. Minchinhampton, Gloucester, miller, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Whitehead W. Saddleworth, York, woollen-manufacturer, (Batiye, Chancery-lane).

Young J. Manchester, cotton-manufacturer, (Edge, King's-Bench-Walks).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.

August 22, 1868.

London Dock Stock, 146½ per Cent.

East-India ditto, 121½ ditto.

West-India ditto, 157½ ditto.

Commercial Dock Shares, 127½ ditto.

Grand Junction Canal, 190½ per share.

Grand Surrey ditto, 60½ ditto.

Imperial Fire Insurance, 8½ per cent prem.

Globe Fire and Life ditto, 115½ per cent.

Albion ditto ditto, 2½ per cent prem.

Hope ditto ditto, 2½ per share prem.

Rock Life Assurance, 5½ ditto

East London Water works, 50½ prem.

West Middlesex ditto, 50½ ditto

South London ditto, 45½ ditto

Golden-Lane Brewery, 80½ per share

London Institution, 64½ per share

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE late storms and hurricanes, particularly in the west, have laid several fields of wheat and some barleys. In some counties, particularly the midland, the wheat and barley has not suffered so considerably as in the distant counties. In the southern districts, there are complaints of the smut. Since the harvest has become general, barley affords a better appearance, and is so generally good as to be esteemed a fair crop. Oats are also good in most places. Beans are generally well podded, but like

some other crops, are in some places deficient; those, however, sown late in the season have profited much by the late rains.

Most of the Kentish hops present so luxuriant an appearance, that in the opinion of many planters, the produce will be so very large as not to be worth the expense of picking; some casualties however may yet affect them.

The barley and oat harvest has begun in Scotland as well as in England, and in the north the crops are said to be most abundant. The turneps have been considerably revived by the late rains.

Sir John Sinclair, in closing his address to the Board of Agriculture, says, that it is discovered, that cutting off the blossom on the tops of the potatoes much increases the crop at the bottom. It is now the time for performing this operation.

Lean stock hold their prices, while the fat have rather declined on account of shortness of keep, and the late heat of the weather.

Beef, in Smithfield market, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 4d.; mutton, 4s. to 4s. 8d.; veal, 4s. 8d. to 6s.; pork, 4s. 8d. to 6s.; lamb, 4s. 6d. to 4s. 8d.

Middlesex, August 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Aug. 20, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.					MARITIME COUNTIES.				
	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats		Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Middsx.	84 10	49 10	46 2	43 11	Essex	80 0	45 6	46 6	44 3
Surrey	84 6	50 6	47 6	43 9	Kent	82 0		48 0	44 3
Hertford	75 10	43 0	45 9	38 8	Sussex	75 10			44 6
Bedford	75 11			45 6	Suffolk	77 2		42 2	40 5
Huntin	77 8		46 6	41 8	Cambridge	76 8	44 0	44 0	31 9
Northa.	76 1	46 0	43 0	40 0	Norfolk	73 6		40 6	32 0
Rutland	84 0		48 0		Lincoln	83 1	61 0	45 6	38 1
Leicest.	80 8		41 0	40 0	York	84 6	69 4	44 3	37 10
Notting.	85 10	61 6	47 0	39 0	Durham	89 0			36 7
Derby	89 0			41 0	Northumberland	76 11	64 0	52 10	42 0
Stafford	82 4		50 4	36 10	Cumberland	86 10	62 0	46 11	40 4
Salop	86 3	60 6	52 8	37 10	Westmorland	95 6	69 0	42 10	38 8
Herefor	88 4	44 8	34 11	34 11	Lancaster	82 7		51 0	34 10
Wor'ist.	84 2		39 11	42 4	Chester	79 1			32 10
Warwic	84 0		46 8	42 9	Flint			44	23 10
Wilt	82 0		41 10	40 10	Denbigh	89 1		46 4	38 3
Berks	84 11	56 0	43 6	44 6	Anglesea			40 0	
Oxford	80 8		42 0	40 7	Carnarvon	85 4		43 0	30 8
Bucks	79 4		50 0	47 2	Merioneth	88 4		45 6	30 4
Brecon	80 0	54 4	41 7	23 8	Cardigan	81 2		44 0	
Montgo.	82 4			36 6	Pembroke	67 8		44 7	31 10
Radnor.	78 9		37 8	31 7	Carmarthen	81 4		44 10	
					Glamorgan	78 4		40 0	29 4
					Gloucester	85 4		38 11	38 11
					Somerset	80 5		42 8	37 7
					Monmouth	80 10			
					Devon	76 10		33 10	
					Cornwall	74 10		39 10	35 1
					Dorset	79 6			39 0
					Hants	77 4		41 6	41 9

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 81s. 3d.; Rye 55s. 0d.; Barley 44s. 0d.; Oats 38s. 3d.; Beans 64s. 7d.; Pease 70s. 11d.; Oatmeal 31s. 0d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from JULY 27, to AUGUST 23, 1808.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between	2 and 5 - 168		60 and 70 - 87	
Males 859	1639	Males 727	1379		5 and 10 - 39	70 and 80 - 69		
Females 780		Females 651			10 and 20 - 45	80 and 90 - 26		
Whereof have died under two years old 306		20 and 30 - 56			90 and 100 - 4			
			30 and 40 - 118					
			40 and 50 - 126					
			50 and 60 - 104					

Peck Loaf, 4s. 1d.	4s. 1d.	4s. 1d.	4s. 2d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel,	4s. 1d.	4s. 2d.	

Peck Loaf, 4s. 1d. 4s. 1d. 4s. 1d. 4s. 2d.
Salt, 90s. per bushel, 4s. per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from JULY 26, 1896, to AUGUST 23, 1896, both inclusive.

Days 1896	Bank Stock.	3 p Cent Consols.	4 p Cent Reduc.	4 p Ct. Cons.	Navy 3 p Cent	N. S. p Ct.	Long Anns.	4 p Ct Scrp.	Imperial 3 p Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish Sp. C. Ann	Irish Stock.	S. S. Ann.	India Sto	Bonds	Exch. Bills.	Lottery Tickets	Cas. for Auct.
July																		
26	68 1/2	69	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	19	1-16th	2	6 1/2	1	98 1/2				6s. pm	3s. pm 22	668 1/2	
27	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2	19	1-16th	1 1/2		7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
28	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	98 1/2	98 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2					184 1/2	7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
29	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	19	1-16th	2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668 1/2	
30	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	19	1-16th	2	6 1/2						7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
Aug. 1	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	19	1-16th	2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
2	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	19	1-16th	2	6 1/2						7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
3	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
4	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
5	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
6	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
7	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
8	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
9	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
10	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
11	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
12	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
13	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
14	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
15	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
16	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
17	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
18	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
19	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
20	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
21	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
22	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
23	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
24	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
25	67 1/2	68 1/2	85 1/2	99 1/2	99 1/2	18 1/2	15-16ths	2 1/2	6 1/2	7 11-16th					7s. pm	7s. pm 22	668	
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[New Series.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth"—*DR. JOHNSON*

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On the *STYLES* of *ADDISON*, *JOHN-
SON*, and *GOLDSMITH*.

Sir,

OF things not to be compared, we often attempt the comparison, by forcing them into fanciful analogies; and, when the diversities are too repugnant to coalesce, we strive to establish an absolute superiority, where only a relative one can be maintained.

It is in this manner that superficial writers amuse themselves with comparisons between the styles of *Addison*, *Johnson*, and *Goldsmit*; but with what propriety, every one knows who has read those authors with critical discrimination.

I am not quite certain whether, what is called style, be not wholly modelled by the power of genius: whether every man, whose mind is comprehensive, and whose faculties of perception are original and acute, does not create to himself a peculiar style or mode of expression. As we find that the conversation of men differs according to the degrees of their intellectual power, so may their written language; and if this be true, it is idle to compare the diction of equally celebrated writers. It should be estimated abstractedly.

Perhaps one of the leading features of genius is the power of forming for itself its own language. No imitator is destined to celebrity. Let us recal the works of our truly great authors, and we shall find that they have all a manner distinct from each other.

He who thinks forcibly, will seek correspondent expressions: he, who wanders only upon the surface of thought, will be content with common language. A giant cannot move in the trammels of a dwarf: a lofty

imagination will never stoop beneath its height.

That peculiarity of diction which belongs to an original writer is the result of labour facilitated by habit. He was first conscious of his mode of thought, and then endeavoured to make his language correspondent. What he does always, every writer does, sometimes, when he rises above or sinks below the general tenor of his subject, and exalts or depresses his language accordingly.

Instead, therefore, of comparing the styles of three writers so individually different as *Addison*, *Johnson*, and *Goldsmit*, it would be more beneficial to critical knowledge to ascertain the respective qualities of each. Let me attempt it.

When *Addison* wrote, the prose language of this country had not received stability of form. *Dryden* indeed had written very elegantly in prose; yet not without such puerilities as would not now be found in a newspaper essay. The prose of *Temple* is often feeble; and that of *Shaftsbury* turgid. *Sprat*, whom *Johnson* praises with such profusion in his life of *Cowley*, was, notwithstanding, weak and prolix.

Addison therefore had not to ascend very high to outstrip his predecessors; and he seems indeed to have been contented with a slender pre-eminence. The term *elegant* has usually been applied to *Addison*, as expressive of his style; but a style merely elegant, without vigour, without a decided character, and without warmth, must be, generally, very inspid.

In the structure of his sentences, *Addison* is often negligent, as may be seen in the critical analysis which *Blair* has given of some of his papers,

We are told indeed by some of his biographers, that he wrote slowly, and corrected with great assiduity and anxiety; if he did, he probably refined the rough stamp of his first composition away, and left a weakly debilitated mass of artificial formation.

In reading the essays of Addison, I am never arrested by any sudden elevation, by any harmonious collocation of sentences, or by any happy application of words. He writes in one even tenor, and must therefore sometimes fail in preserving a necessary conformity between his style and his matter.

He is not scrupulous in his adoption of words. Such as were most readily obtained, he used; and it is not asserting too much to say, that not a paragraph of Addison's could be selected in which the language shall be unsusceptible of improvement. As far indeed as verbal accuracy is to be considered, he must be regarded as inferior to many present anonymous writers for a magazine or newspaper. Examples in support of this assertion I can produce, if to produce them be thought necessary.

The great excellence of Addison, as an essayist, is the propriety of his thoughts upon serious and elevated topics, and his wit and humour upon meaner ones. When he is gay and spritely, we have seldom reason to complain of his diction; it is then, and then only, that it possesses that due conformity to the subject, which is the perfection of writing. It seems to flow naturally from him: and when we consider how nearly allied some of his lighter lucubrations are to the common tenor of common conversation, we are surprised to learn that he was so inferior in colloquial excellence. This must have arisen from the slow combination of thought: in words he could scarcely be deficient; but he could not readily bring to immediate application the stores he possessed; and, as conversation is a state of quick and instantaneous interchange of ideas, the moment that is lost to reply, is lost for ever.

The transition from the style of Addison to that of Johnson, is like passing from the coldly elegant scenes

of *Racine* to the fiery eloquence of *Shakspeare*. Johnson impressed upon his language what, in my opinion, every writer of original genius must do, the qualities of his own mind.—As he thought with dignity, he wrote so.—As he felt confidence in his own powers, his language was bold, energetic, and decisive.—As his knowledge was desultory, his periods were. sententious.

For the purposes of moral inculcation the style of Johnson is excellent. He enforces his precepts in language which commands attention: he compresses his sentiments into short and weighty sentences, that assume the force of maxims. The expressions he adopts are those which best convey his meaning and at the same time stamp it on the mind of the reader.

As Addison could not ascend, so Johnson could not descend. He never trifles, or if he attempts it, he moves in fetters. The easy natural diction of common narrative, the spritely interchange of colloquial vivacity, or the adaptation of language to an assumed character, he could not attain. Whatever he wrote, bore the impress of his own mind. In *Rasselas*, Imlac and the waiting maid, the robber and the philosopher, all speak a kindred language.

But to provide mere amusement is an inferior effort of the mind. Johnson aspired higher, and attained to what he aspired. He left the subordinate offices of literature to subordinate claimants, and advanced himself to the important charge of a teacher of moral wisdom.

If it be allowed that where we would instruct, we must first excite attention, then it cannot be denied that the style of Johnson is admirably fitted to effect its purpose. No man can read him with a vagrant mind. As in society, we find that persons of a grave aspect, deliberate utterance, and forceful expression, obtain, and, as it were, force respect and attention even from the thoughtless and the dissipated, so the language of Johnson chains the mind down to its subject, and forbids it to trifle with its pages.

Such is the ordinary character of Johnson's style; but it can sometimes

ascend higher, and awaken in the mind passions of a higher cast. Though pathos was not his peculiar province, yet he is often highly pathetic; nor would it be impossible to select instances of sublimity from his writings.

Let me add that, as an essayist, I prefer *Johnson* to *Addison*.

I come now to speak of *Goldsmith*, who may boldly take his place by the side of those already mentioned, nor fear diminution by comparison. — *Goldsmith* was certainly formed upon the school of *Addison*; but he had all the excellencies without the defects of his master. In wit and humour he was nothing inferior, and in the power of occasional elevation he was much superior.

A judicious critic (*Cumberland*), speaking of the language of *Goldsmith*, says, "there is something in *Goldsmith's* prose that to my ear is uncommonly sweet and harmonious: it is clear, simple, easy to be understood; we never want to read his period twice over, except for the pleasure it bestows: obscurity never calls us back to a repetition of it."

Part of this praise may be given also to *Addison*; but part of it belongs exclusively to *Goldsmith*.

Here, also, is another instance of a man excelling in the charms of a plain and natural diction on paper, yet absolutely incompetent to carry on rational conversation. It was usual for *Goldsmith* to say of himself that he always argued best, and always got the victory when he argued alone. — No man, in fact, wrote more wisdom or talked more folly than poor *Oliver*.

I think *Goldsmith* excells all writers in our country in the power of giving appropriate language to fictitious personages. He embraced a wider sphere of literary exertion than *Addison*, and has afforded consequently greater proofs of the extent of his capacity. In his essays we find many narratives, the dramatic part of which is excellently supported. The character of *Mr. Tibbs* is finished with exquisite accuracy.

In the structure of his sentences he has greater harmony and greater variety than *Addison*: in his language he is more select. He does not offend

so often by colloquial phrases or obsolete combinations. His prose is not so feeble nor so coldly regular. In felicity of expression, when intended to convey a plain and simple idea, or a natural emotion of common minds, he is perhaps unequalled.

A very conspicuous merit of *Goldsmith's* prose is the lucid arrangement of his sentences. Every word, and every period, appears to be just where it ought to be. We have no evidence that he composed slowly, or that he laboured much to correct what he had once written; and such perspicuous arrangement is therefore the more remarkable in a man whose ideas in conversation were so perplexed and confused.

Harmony, simplicity, clearness, and propriety in relation to the matter, are the predominant qualities of *Goldsmith's* general style; but as he was also capable of elevation, we may add to the above, occasional dignity and energy of language. As a model to be studied, I should prefer it to *Addison's*, for it is more chaste.

In delivering these opinions, I am not ignorant that I oppose the general voice; and the cant of criticism has long been in favour of the elegant *Addison*, whom, on the score of language, it will be seen I estimate below both *Johnson* and *Goldsmith*. — With *Johnson* indeed he has no more right to be compared than *Milton* and *Shakspeare*; but with *Goldsmith* the propriety is defensible, for there is some analogy between them. The lapse of half a century, however, during which the English language had been gradually refining, afforded the latter opportunities for excellence which were denied to his predecessor. To a *Shakspeare* only it is given to anticipate the progress of time. In adverting to this, however, I only advert to the probable cause of *Goldsmith's* superiority, while the truth of that superiority remains unquestionable.

By inserting these observations, you will much oblige,

Sir, Your's, &c.

M.

London; Sept. 9, 1808.

SOURCE OF A POETICAL IMAGE,
IN GRAY.

Sir,

THAT Gray confessed many of his imitations, by quoting, in the form of notes, those passages from other poets of which he had copied either the very expression or the idea, is known to every reader of him; but that he also sometimes borrowed without any acknowledgement, is also known. This may have been unconsciously, for he who reads much will find the ideas of others imperceptibly mingle with his own, and he will often use the former with the persuasion of their being his own property. I know not, however, whether such was the case in the following instance, and indeed the expression copied by Gray is too highly figurative to suppose that it was.—Gray, in his “Ode to Spring,” has the following lines:

Lo! where the *rosy bosomed hours*,
Fair Venus’ train, appear,
Disclose the long expected flowers
And wake the purple year.

And Milton, in his “Comus,” the following, from which it is evident that Gray borrowed the most picturesque expression in the preceding:

Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund spring,
The graces and the *rosy bosom’d hours*
Thither all their bounties bring.

For my own part, indeed, I am even of opinion that the entire stanza of Gray was suggested by the above lines of Milton; for the same strain of imagery runs through both.

I remain, &c.

SCRUTATOR.

*Hampstead, Aug. 31, 1808.*LETTER XVI.—ON THE MANAGE-
MENT OF THE AFFAIRS OF THE
POOR.

WHEN a private individual attacks the prevailing abuses, and the corruptions, which too often accompany the expenditure of public money, he may expect that those who

are immediately interested in the practice, and those who are looking forward in hopes of partaking of the spoil, as well as those who either through incapacity or indifference have never given themselves any trouble on the subject, will, one and all, exclaim against what they call innovations.

It is certainly much easier to go on smoothly with the current opinion of the day, than to inquire attentively into the probability or improbability of success, or miscarriage, by adopting new schemes, or continuing obstinately in old ones.

To examine attentively the plans of speculative men; to discover whether they are calculated to correct old errors, or to prevent new evils; is attended with trouble: but the first rational step, towards a remedy, is to endeavour to discover the cause of the disease.

If that source of information contained in the returns of the parish officers to parliament had been carefully searched by our legislators, they might have found many strong symptoms of error and mismanagement, and perhaps of speculation; and a preventive might have been devised to check them. It is evident that parochial affairs are not always conducted with the soundest wisdom and prudence, by what I have mentioned in a preceding Letter, of the saving of eleven parishes in the county of Kent, since their uniting and building a house for the reception of their paupers.

In this I purpose to exhibit, in the following Table, a further proof, extracted from the returns of several parishes in the same county; which will place, in a striking point of view, the necessity of having some place for the reception of those who are too idle and worthless to endeavour to get their own living. This I shall do regardless of what may be said by many theoretic gentlemen, who have too hastily concluded that their *ipse dixit* could not be controverted with any probability of success, when they asserted that it was a loss of three shillings weekly to the public for every pauper sent to a workhouse.

THE TABLE.

NAMES OF PARISHES.	Sums advanced to Out-Poor.			Regular Pensioners in each Parish.	How much paid to each of them.		Occasional Pensioners.	The supposed Sums they receive.		Supposed Vagrants, at 2s. each.	Population of each Parish.	Paupers relieved in each Parish in proportion to the Population.
	<i>l.</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>		<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>			
Hoath	106	16	3 ⁴	12	4	5	41	0	6	..	971	1,5
Swalecliff	181	14	11	13	8	11	40	0	6	..	99	4,8
Westbeer	110	3	0 ¹	10	3	2	23	0	6	4	164	4
Nackington	179	17	3	14	3	7	25	0	6	..	194	3,1
Ashurst	112	4	1	18	2	3	5	0	6	..	102	4,4
Capel	549	18	8	20	3	0	127	1	0	4	314	1,9
Hawkhurst	1909	16	6 ⁴	238	2	10	79	1	0	6	1742	5,3
Appledore	260	0	10	15	6	8	4	1	0	2	384	18,7
Kenardington	178	8	10	21	3	0	7	1	0	1	171	5
Graveney	315	17	5	12	8	7	18	1	0	7	152	4,1
Shadoxhurst	217	0	0	11	6	8	10	1	0	1	188	8,5
Hearnhill	313	12	3	21	5	2	8	1	0	3	359	3
Little Chart	285	16	9 ⁴	13	4	0	22	1	0	..	217	4
Great Chart	217	1	4 ¹	43	1	7	10	1	0	5	544	9,3
Kennington	172	13	6	22	2	6	10	1	0	4	314	8,7
Hotbfield	298	16	4	14	6	5	25	1	0	56	355	3,4
Kingsnorth	456	0	0	48	3	1	24	1	0	10	456	3,5
Seyington	145	10	1 ¹	22	1	4	24	1	0	..	445	8,7
Hartlip	327	1	4	12	10	8	10	1	0	2	121	13,5
Milstead	121	4	0	12	3	6	4	1	0	1	189	14,1
Tong	377	14	10	27	4	1	23	1	0	..	164	5,4
Fairfield	274	13	6	8	11	2	16	1	0	5	34	1,1
Allington	569	7	10	17	7	4	16	1	0	5	504	13,2
Orleston	155	12	9	16	3	5	5	1	0	1	209	6
Snargate	160	0	0	11	5	3	2	1	0	36	71	1,6
Bilington	274	6	7	17	4	6	29	1	0	1	213	4,5
Newchurch	263	7	6	9	11	4	3	1	0	4	811	54,5
Ruckings	619	0	0	15	14	8	17	1	0	4	136	4,3
Ebony	300	1	7	18	6	0	6	1	0	..	301	12,5
Silling	264	14	10	17	5	1	13	1	0	38	361	6,4
Ash near Ridley	256	15	9	21	3	2	32	1	0	1	472	10,5
Wilmington	259	3	11	32	2	1	29	1	0	19	520	6,5
Charlton, near Woolwich	267	18	4	10	9	7	6	1	0	15	747	24
Leo	234	9	0	130	0	8	3	0	3	6	379	2,6
Mottingham	140	9	0	13	3	1	14	1	0	1	75	2,6
Kemping	274	14	0	19	5	3	6	1	0	12	326	8,7

This Table shews, at sight, the sums expended in each parish for the support of the out-poor of each denomination, as mentioned at the head of the columns; and how much each pauper receives weekly from the public purse. I have supposed that the average amount which the occasional poor received, might, with some few exceptions I have mentioned, be one shilling a week; and the non-pensioners only two shillings each person. The population of each parish is

also shewn, and the proportion of the paupers to the whole number of the inhabitants, including children and adults, male and female. The table contains most of the principal parishes in the county, which have not any house for the reception of their poor; it cannot therefore be said that they have been selected to place them in an unfavourable light. By averaging the sums paid weekly to the regular pensioners, it will appear that they received weekly about four shillings and three-pence each person. The sums paid to the regular pensioners amount to more than it costs for provision and clothing (besides the loss of labour) for a pauper in any well-regulated workhouse in the kingdom. This fact will speak for itself; and if there be any truth in the returns made to parliament, it will be in vain for speculative men to controvert it.

Writers on political economy ought to beware how they advance their surmises on idle conjectures; and above all, our legislators ought to take care, lest they should be deceived by building on their baseless opinions, for it is plainly seen by the table, that there is but little prospect of success in easing the public burdens by abolishing workhouses, but it will be an infallible method of increasing it.

When we find parishes relieving one person in two, one in three, one in four, and upwards; of their whole population, and many of them constantly receiving from three to ten, and some even fourteen shillings weekly; is it not a convincing proof that parochial business hath been badly managed?

I have heard a great deal said by men whose abilities and knowledge I respect, that the best feelings in the human breast are benumbed and destroyed by sending persons to a workhouse; and I have known, by what I have seen, that all those tender sensations are dead before they are sent there.

This is not the only mistaken notion which hath been propagated; for it hath lately been said of the house at Shrewsbury, "That though there be visible signs of good living, by the number of sheep and oxen slain for the inhabitants; yet they bring up a

puny race of children, neither fit for the plough, the helm, or the musket." If children well fed in a workhouse are compared with those who are half famished in a cottage, we may judge by the plump, ruddy, and cheerful countenance of him who hath a sufficient quantity of food in his youth, that he will make a more robust man, than one who is shrivelled, pale faced, and stunted for want of nourishment.

There is one fact in the table so evident that it is almost needless to mention it; which is, that parochial business hath long been placed in improper hands, or there never could have been so great a disproportion in the relief granted to paupers in different parishes, where the price of provisions must have been nearly the same. If there were no extraordinary cases of sickness, the sums given were beyond all proportion, and more especially when they were general throughout a whole parish. If a magistrate orders such relief, it is known that he must be obeyed; and if an overseer thinks proper to allow it, who can controul him? for as business is conducted, it will not appear in his accounts: we may rest assured that abuse and corruption will follow close in the footsteps of unlimited power. If a parochial officer be qualified to discharge the duties of his station, he must frequently submit to the absolute fiat of a justice in a corporate town, who is a retailer of many articles in constant use, and in case he makes any resistance to an illegal order, means will soon be devised to make him quit his station in disgust. It is impossible that any one can reflect on the consequences, when they place unlimited power in such hands.

When cities and towns first received charters of liberties, and emancipation from slavery (for they were coeval with each other), and had *sacha et socha* granted to them, they were then empowered to try their own criminals, to compel every freeman to pay his part towards discharging that species of feudal service they had stipulated to perform, and to keep the peace in their own franchises. In their charters, their power was limited, but for many years past it hath been extended, by statute

succeeding statute, till there is no appeal from their decisions in many cases.

If we consider the present state of society, and how public business is frequently conducted, we cannot be surprised that, if between interest on the one hand, and indifference on the other, taxation should be so rapidly increasing upon us. It cannot be otherwise; and if we are expecting any melioration, we are hoping against hope.

When we see both the letter and the spirit of the poor laws enacted in the reign of Elizabeth perverted, by granting pensions to idle, drunken, and disorderly persons, able to work and maintain themselves, there is nothing more to be expected than what hath already happened, and that will follow as a natural consequence.

They who see the evils, and how widely they are extending, they are for laying the axe to the root of them, by gradually abolishing the whole code of the poor laws; and they seem to despair of any remedy without it. If we are placed in this situation—*Incidit in Scyllam cupiens vitare Charybdim*, our case must be dreadful indeed.

If we totally abolish parochial taxation, by repealing the statutes, can we insert a clause to divest us of our feelings? or of our humanity? which have long been the boast of Englishmen. How long will it be before we can bear, like a Neapolitan, to behold, with indifference, the worn-out traveller of life, the sick, and the lame, dying, and dead in our streets? How long will it be before we can harden ourselves to pass, with unconcern, an affectionate mother, with her half-famished infant, soliciting, for the sake of God and the love of Christ, a morsel of bread to save the helpless innocent from perishing in her arms? An habitation in the desert would be preferable to society, if we could not move without having our sensibility assailed with such deplorable sights. It will then be in vain to boast of our hospitals for lying-in women, and our asylums for orphans and foundlings, if we have no provision to prevent thousands

from perishing for want of food and shelter. It hath been considered that six, or at most twelve months, are sufficient to warn all young persons,—That children, born either within or without the pale of matrimony, after the notice given, should not be provided for by the public.

If this scheme should ever be adopted by the legislature in the present state of morals, it will certainly check population, by more ways than one; and if it does not prevent children coming into the world, it will hasten them out of it.

As a further preventive to marriage, it hath been proposed, that the clergyman should be obliged to give a young and a loving couple a lecture on prudence; and to point out to them the probability of their involving themselves and their offspring in poverty, when they come to be married; as it may prevent them from taking such a precipitate step.

They who think that a cold lecture, pointing out distant evils, which may never happen, will kill the ardour of an affectionate couple at such a moment, they have surely outlived the remembrance of passed times, or they never would have advised such a paltry expedient to check population, and ease the public burden.

To suppose that parochial assessments may be abolished in England, because they have none in Scotland, is equally weak. A people trained up from their infancy to feed on rye and oaten cakes, and to quench their thirst at the flowing stream, they may be satisfied with their cheap and homely diet, as they have never been accustomed to the modes of living which are now become habitual to the labouring class of people in South Britain.

When their regiments of militia return to the North, after feeding in England on the best wheaten bread and beef to the full, and after having tasted freely of the produce of the brewery and the still, it will then be seen whether their education will controul their appetites, and whether they will return to their former habits, to maintain a family without any help.

If speculative men cannot agree in devising new expedients to ease our parochial burdens, is this any reason why our legislators should not endeavour to prevent abuses, by appointing proper persons to superintend the expenditure of the public fund, to correct evils, and to be amenable to a higher authority for any wilful neglect of duty? They might with safety advance further, and enact that there should be a marked distinction between the treatment of the idle and the worthless, and the sober and the industrious; for it never was intended that such persons should live upon the sweat of others, by any law; though custom hath now familiarized it to us.

We may drive off the evil day a little longer, or till those who can no longer subsist upon the scanty pittance which is left them after their taxes are paid; for they will soon be compelled to seek for relief, and sink into the mass of paupers; and then the esquire of the parish and the farmer must bear the whole of the village burden.

It appears by the foregoing table that this period is already nearly arrived in some parishes in Kent; and if an inquiry be made, it will probably be found so in many others; and admitting that we have much wealth, we have great poverty ready to devour it.

Mr. G. CRABBE on a PLAN for editing an ENGLISH DICTIONARY under the Direction of a Society.

SIR,

HAVING observed of late proposals from different quarters for publishing an improved Dictionary of the English Language, I feel myself induced to offer my sentiments on this subject, which I request the favour of communicating to the public through the medium of your highly-esteemed miscellany. It must be acknowledged by all, that a work of this nature is, in a peculiar manner, a national concern; that it ought to be at once the repository and standard for the literature of a people; that it derives its whole importance from the

extent and degree of confidence which it enjoys from the public; and that it should not be undertaken by any one from light and frivolous motives.

Instead, therefore, of multiplying the rash attempts of individuals, to effect what surpasses the powers of any one man, and thus crowding on the world several ponderous works of the same kind, no one of which is complete; I cannot help thinking, that if those who have directed their attention to philological pursuits would unite themselves into a society, similar to the French Academy, the labours and opinions of many might be so combined as to give solidity, consistency, and authority to the whole. In this case, I should recommend that one or two at most should be the principal labourers; that the rest should be contributors, revisers, and correctors; that a certain portion, when prepared, should be revised, at stated periods, by the society, once, twice, or oftener, as might be found necessary; and that nothing be admitted for publication unless sanctioned by the majority.

As this is at present only a general proposition, I have only to add, that, as soon as I have published the third part of the "Preceptor and his Pupils" (which will be a preparatory work on the force and signification of English words, for the use of schools,) I intend to offer a specimen of what I conceive to be a proper analysis of words for the purpose of a Dictionary; and should my views meet the approbation of the public, I shall willingly submit the result of my labours to the decision of such a literary tribunal.

Your's, &c.

GEORGE CRABBE,

Letter from F—C G—N, to
H. R. W—N—Y, Esq. Bengal,
Jan. 14, 1801.

SIR,

THE following letter was written by a young gentleman, a student at Oxford, to his friend and relation in the East Indies, who held there a high and responsible situation. It was the first of a projected correspon-

dence of "no common nature;" and unhappily it was the last, for the lamented author of it sunk into an early grave. It was shewn to me some years ago by the person to whom it was addressed, and I was permitted to make a copy of it. I know also, that in now making it public, I shall not violate any wish of its possessor; and when it is considered that the writer was in his ninetieth year, perhaps you will not think it unworthy a place in your Magazine.

I remain, &c.

London, Sept. 4.

AMICUS.

THE balm of friendship is conversation. It expands the mind, rectifies the passions, and enlarges the heart. When friends meet, they feel a new life, an ideal existence, which exalts them to a higher sphere. In shaking off the trammels which custom and society have imposed upon them, they breathe a spirit of liberty, not to say enthusiasm, which dignifies and enobles the objects of their discourse. Unbiassed by the dread of criticism, unrestrained by the fantastic apprehension of verbal inaccuracies, or phraseological inelegancies, the rich stream of genuine thought pours along, and embraces in its vivid association of things, all that can interest the passions or correct the heart.

If then, my dear —, such are the supreme pleasures of conversation, independently of the advantages which must result from the collision of refined intellect, how is it that cruel fate has thrown such an irre-movable bar between us? Years must glide away, heroes perish, and kings themselves be no more, ere fortune again will give you to my arms. I too may be numbered with those who sleep in eternity ere that day shall arrive. Yet, let not the dread of what may happen, enervate our minds; let us, while we can, enjoy life, and think of death only as an inevitable fate, but with a mind prepared to meet its summons at any hour.

I remember, when last we parted, the ardent wish you expressed, that an epistolary correspondence, of no common nature, should be maintained between us. Well do I recall

to mind your words:—"By this, my dear friends, may we see each other, though seas divide us; by this may we dive into the secrets of each other's heart, and read its inmost thoughts; dwell with admiration on its virtues, with sorrow on its woes; shed tears for dangers escaped, breathe sigh for sigh at losses unforeseen;"

Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole
Pora."

Yes, my —, I now sit down to commence that correspondence, to enjoy intellectually thy valued conversation, to profit by thy advice, and to be enlightened by thy wisdom; that wisdom which offends not by its pedantry, but which seeks only to make men wiser and more virtuous. Suspect not my pen of adulation. I reverence your genius, and esteem the qualities of your heart. I would not by injudicious commendation swell you into vanity, could I for a moment suppose your mind so weak, or your pride so excessive, as to make you the dupe of your own merit. I will not affect to say that you are indifferent to praise; to be so, you must be more or less than man; the most noble or philanthropic actions, which have dignified history or embellished poetry, yet gave an additional gratification to those who performed them, when accompanied with the applauses of mankind. You must, however, allow me the pleasure of telling you, that in your mind praise is a subordinate consideration; and is pleasing only when it follows an act of virtue and utility.

After this compliment to your understanding, I think I may with safety conclude. You will not say I am jealous of the high reputation you enjoy, when even my pen unites its humble endeavours to convince you of your excellence. To some how easy would be the task! Indeed, the only difficulty would be to persuade them that they are really men. But here let me stop, lest my subject involuntarily lead me to a greater offence. Adieu.

Believe me to be,

Unfeignedly your's,

Oxford, Jan. 14,

1801.

2 C

PROPOSED EMENDATION of a PASSAGE IN HAMLET.

indeed it is still retained in catholic countries.

Sir,

I AM much pleased with those light disquisitions on subjects of polite literature, which occasionally appear in the pages of your Magazine. Being short, they are soon dispatched, and being upon familiar topics, they have a general interest.

Perhaps, however, I should have offered with reluctance a new reading in Shakspeare, were it not that I perceive you monthly present a quantum of *Annotations*, in which, at least, parallel passages are often happily produced. Shakspeare has suffered and has been benefited by his commentators: and, though they have done much in the way of explanation, yet they have not done all, as I hope to prove in the following remarks.

When *Ophelia* is being buried, *Laertes* asks, "What ceremony else?" To this the priest replies,

"Her obsequies have been as far enlarged
As we have warranty: her death was doubtful:
And, but that great command o'ersways the order,
She should in ground unsanctified have lodged
Till the last trumpet: for charitable pray'rs
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her;
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants,
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial."

Upon the word *crants* in the above, the commentators observe it is corrupted from *chants*, which is the true word.

With all the deference of speculative criticism, I would suggest whether *crants* be not the proper word, and which word is derived from the Teutonic or German *kranz*, which signifies a *garland* or *wreath*. If so, and my own opinion is decidedly in favour of it, the meaning of the priest will then be, that instead of shards, flints, pebbles, &c. she is now allowed her maiden strewments, her virgin *crants*, i. e. the *flowers* or *wreaths*, which it was formerly the custom to scatter over the grave of a virgin. I believe

I do not consider this as a fanciful emendation, but one in which the text seems to me to bear me out: and if you are of the same opinion, you will greatly oblige me by inserting it in your Magazine; and

Coventry,
Sept. 5, 1808.

I remain, &c.

X. Y.

On the INSTINCT of DOGS, and an ACCOUNT of a REMARKABLE DOG.
(Translated from a foreign work.)

For the Universal Magazine.

SUCH is the depravation of the human species that it is often compelled to seek, beyond its own limits, as well the example as the habitual practice of the most necessary virtues. Would we possess an incorruptible guardian, a faithful and disinterested companion, a friend whom adversity cannot alienate, we must not turn to man, for if we do, we shall only excite useless regret: regret to think that we must efface these estimable virtues from the history of society, or at most be content to recal peculiar instances, and admire them as something extraordinary, without however attempting to render them less rare.

But, on the contrary, a numerous species of animals present themselves, rich in the requisite gifts of sentiment, and happy in preserving them, without reserve, for the use of man, who too often only abuses them, and seldom ennobles them by appropriating them to himself. The proof which we have daily of the intelligence of dogs is, to every reflecting mind, a subject of astonishment and admiration; and no feeling heart can be insensible to the marks of constancy and attachment which they unceasingly lavish on us.

"I have seen," says Montaigne, in his naïf but philosophic language, "a dog, conducting a blind man by the side of a ditch in the city, leave a plain and even path and take a worse, in order to remove his master from the ditch. How could this dog conceive that it was his office to watch only for the safety of his master, and despise his own convenience? And

how could he know that the path, which was broad enough for himself, was yet too narrow for a blind man? How could he comprehend all this without ratiocination?"—(*Essais; liv. ii. ch. 12.*)

What attachment can be compared to that of the dog, seen by all Paris in 1660, who remained during many years upon the tomb of his master in the cemetery of the *Innocents*? In vain caresses were employed to induce him to quit the loved remains; nothing could remove him from his post of fidelity and affliction. Several times he was removed by force, and shut up at the extremity of the city: but as soon as they loosened him, he returned to the spot which his constant affection had assigned to him, and where, exposed to the elements, he braved the rigour of the most severe winters. The inhabitants, who resided near the spot, touched with the perseverance of this interesting animal, supplied him with food, which he seemed to receive only as the means of prolonging his grief, and the example of a fidelity truly *heroical*.

More recently, Valenciennes was the witness of a similar event. An inhabitant of the city died: his dog followed him to the churchyard, and lay upon his tomb: food was carried to him, which he refused to touch for three days. After having tried his fidelity by every means of enticement, a dog-house was built for him on the tomb, and he remained there for nine years without ever absenting himself more than twelve or fifteen paces from the spot, and he died then of old age and grief.—(*See Cours d'histoire naturelle, ou tableau de la Nature; Paris 1770, tom. II. p. 103.*)

But it is not only with regard to its master that the dog develops all the superiority of its instinct. There are some to whom every human being is equally the object of his solicitude. There exists, for example, upon the high mountains of the Alps a particular race of dogs, the sole destination of which is to seek for travellers who may have been involved in the snow, lost in the midst of the thick fogs which prevail there, or bewildered in impassable paths during the tempests of winter. The monks of

Mount St. Bernard, hospitable inhabitants of these frozen and almost inaccessible heights, never fail to send, every day in winter, a confidential servant, accompanied by two dogs, for the purpose of meeting with travellers on the side of the Valais as far as St. Pierre. The dogs follow the steps of the person (if any) who has lost his way, overtake him, bring him back, and thus snatch him from inevitable death.

The hair of this sort of dogs is white with black spots round the ears, and others, which are smaller and of a fawn colour, near the eyes.

It is about the size of a mastiff. Its long hair, its pointed snout, and almost all the qualities of its body approximate it to the species of the shepherd dog, from which it probably proceeded by an intermixture, not very ancient, with the mastiff.

This race is also estimable as a watch-dog; so that it unites the good qualities of its original stock, the intelligence of the shepherd dog, and the vigilance of our yard dogs.

In the species of animals which man has domesticated, or rather reduced to a state of servitude, nature often produces monsters, either by excess or defect. Of the latter sort I will here cite an example as a new proof of the perfection of instinct in the dog, and of the resources of nature. It was first communicated to the public by M. Peret, jun. in the *Journal du Physique*, for the month of August 1770.

In the month of July 1768, a black spaniel bitch, with red spots, littered eight young ones: she was only allowed to keep four, and of these four it was discovered in a few days that one of them was deprived of the two front paws. It was thought it would not live: but this defect of conformation did not prevent it from growing equally as fast and as strong as the others; and it was two years old when the following description of it was drawn up.

Two-legs (for so she was called) had a considerable resemblance to the wolf-dog, but the body was more elongated. Her hair was long, rather rough, and of a brown colour: she often carried her ears erect: her tail was a good deal like that of the

test, not only in its forth, but also in the manner in which she carried it.

She would caress very freely, and approached towards persons whom she knew, upon her two hind legs, which she held wide apart, and the toes very open. If she wished to advance quickly, she used the under part of her neck as a third leg to support herself with: she then proceeded with considerable velocity by successive leaps and springs: but this constrained progression fatigued her very much; her respiration seemed to be interrupted each time her neck touched the ground, and to save her head and nose from the blows which they were likely to receive, the muscles of the neck were always in a state of contraction, in order that the head might constantly be erect.

If *Two-legs* heard any noise she immediately sat upright, even for a considerable time. If she wished to go up stairs, she effected it pretty easily by means of her neck; but to descend was absolutely impossible. In 1769, this extraordinary creature had six young ones, none of which were in any manner deformed.

H. F. G.

NEWSPAPER AUTHENTICITY, &c.

Sir,

GIVE me leave, who have long been in the secret of some of these oracles, to amuse a few of your readers with a recent relation, upon the veracity of which they may depend.

Among the legions we employ, from the parliamentary reporter down to the detailer of a midnight broil, a drunken affray, or a street robbery, we have some who, whether the record of occurrences entitle them or not, will eat if possible; hence, when real events are wanting, they feel little or no indisposition to feign and fabricate them. It is true, they are often suspected even by their employers, but to detect is not always so easy as may be imagined. However, a few months ago, a person in the habit of taking the reports of boxing-matches, coroners' juries, &c. feeling an inclination to swell his

weekly bill, he being one of the gentlemen paid upon the principle of the *quantum meruit*, with the help of imagination as he thought, had fabricated a whole, without the least foundation in fact, that was not easy to call in question. It was in appearance a circumstantial detail of a coroner's jury, with the necessary appendage of subject, time, place, &c. Conscious of the beauty of this creation, the author thought he was sure of his object, and went to take a cup by way of self-congratulation. Unfortunately, during his absence, his dwelling was visited by a brother scribe, who, throwing his keen eye over the fair page as it lay upon the table, imbibed the contents, and without waiting for his friend withdrew, committed it to writing in his own way, with a few variations, and, as soon as possible, transmitted it to the very same newspaper-office for which the other was designed.

As may be supposed, it was not long before the writer first mentioned returned, and as his friend had made so short a stay he was under no apprehension. He was not so hasty as he might have been in transmitting his detail. He had reasons for taking it himself, when the following dialogue occurred between him and the editor:—

Editor. I am sorry you have given yourself the trouble to write this account. I have every word of it already.

Writer. Sir, that is impossible, as there was no other reporter present but myself.

Editor. I suspect, Sir, this is not the first time you have imposed upon us. There, Sir, [handing him his friend's transcript] read that.

It is scarcely necessary to add, that to this kind of evidence there was no reply. The fabricator's apology was awkward: he had not sufficient sagacity to recollect that his copy might have been seen by his brother scribe during his short visit, but positively for a while persuaded himself, that possibly, as he said of his own story, there might be some truth in it!

AN OBSERVER.

Dr. TOULMIN to the EDITOR.

Sir,

WHEN I was a youth, I frequently heard of Job, the African, as a character which, some years before, had attracted notice. I have been since in possession of his history, drawn up by a gentleman who was intimately acquainted with him, Mr. Thomas Bluett. It is, in my opinion, too interesting and curious to be permitted to sink into oblivion; and, if I mistake not, it will prove instructive and entertaining to your numerous readers. With these views I offer it for a place in your Miscellany, recomposed from Mr. Bluett's narrative, and differently arranged. This communication presents you the tale itself: the next proposes to give you, with some notes, the character of Job, and a short account of the manners and opinions of his countrymen. It will appear that he was himself a very respectable person: and his history, if it were necessary, might serve to rekindle the joy, which rectitude and philanthropy have felt on the abolition of an inhumane and iniquitous traffic.

I am, Sir,

Your's, respectfully,

Birmingham, JOSHUA TOULMIN.
7th Sept. 1808.

*A MEMOIR of JOB, an AFRICAN
HIGH-PRIEST.*

JOB's name, according to the custom of his country, in which the appellations that distinguished individuals, included their progenitors several degrees backwards, was Hyuba, Boon Salumena, Boon Hibrahama: i. e. Job, the son of Solomon, the son of Abraham. The surname of his family was Jallo. He was born, about the year 1702, at a town called Boonda, in the country of Galumbo, or, as in our maps, Catumbo, in the kingdom of Futa, in Africa; which lies on both sides the river Senegal, and on the south side reaches as far as the river Gambia. The town of Boonda had been founded, about twenty years before his birth, by Hibrahim, the grandfather of Job, in the reign of Bubaker, then king of

Futa, who was, by his permission, the lord and proprietor of it, and at the same time high-priest or Alpha; so that he had a power to make what laws he thought proper for the increase and good government of his new city. Sometime after the settlement of this town Hibrahim died; and as the priesthood was hereditary in that country, Salumen, his son, the father of Job, became high-priest. When Job was fifteen years old, he assisted his father, as Emaum, or sub-priest. About this time he married the daughter of the Alpha of Tombut; who was then only eleven years old. By her he had a son, when she was thirteen years old, called Abdollah; and after that two more sons, called Hibrahim and Sambo. About two years before his captivity, he married a second wife; daughter of the Alpha of Tourga, by whom he had a daughter named Fatima, after the daughter of their prophet Mahomet. Both these wives, with their children, were alive when he came from home.

In February 1730, Job's father, hearing of an English ship lying in Gambia river, sent him, with two servants as attendants, to sell two negroes, and to buy paper and some other necessities; but desired him not to venture over the river, because the Madingoes, the inhabitants of the country on the other side of the river, were in a state of hostility with the people of Futa. The ship was commanded by Captain Pike, in the service of Captain Henry Hunt, brother to Mr. William Hunt, a merchant in Little Tower-street, London. Job, not agreeing with the captain, sent back the two servants to acquaint his father with it, and to inform him of his intentions to go farther. Accordingly, he engaged a man, named Loumein Yoal, who understood the Mandingoe language, to accompany him as his interpreter, crossed the river Gambia, and disposed of his negroes for some cows. On his return home, he stopped for some refreshment at the house of an old acquaintance; and the weather being hot, he hung up his arms in the house while he refreshed himself. The arms were valuable, consisting of a gold-hilted sword, a gold knife worn by the side,

and a rich quiver of arrows. A company of the Mandingoes, who live upon plunder, passing by, and observing Job unarmed, rushed in, to the number of seven or eight, at a back door, and pinioned him, together with his interpreter, before he could reach his arms. They then shaved their heads and beards, which Job and his man resented as the highest indignity, though the Mandingoes meant no more by it than to give them the appearance of slaves taken in war. On the 27th of February they were purchased by Captain Pike at Gambia, and on the 1st of March put on board.

Soon after, Job found means to acquaint Captain Pike, that he was the same person who had traded with him a few days before, and after what manner he had been taken. The captain permitted him to redeem himself and his attendant. Job sent to an acquaintance of his father's near Gambia, who promised to inform him of his son's situation, that he might adopt measures for his liberation. But the distance of this friend's residence from Job's father being a fortnight's journey, and the ship sailing about a week afterwards, he was carried with the other slaves to Annapolis, in Maryland, and delivered to Mr. Hunt's factor, Mr. Vachell Denton; by whom he was sold to Mr. Tolsey, in Kent Island, in Maryland.

His owner put him to work in making tobacco; but he soon perceived that Job had never been used to such labour. He every day shewed more and more uneasiness under this toil; and, unable to bear it, he grew sick, so that his master was obliged to find easier work for him, and employed him to tend the cattle.

Job would often leave the cattle, and withdraw into the woods to pray: but a white boy frequently watched him, and whilst he was at his devotion, would mock him, and throw dirt in his face. This treatment very much disturbed Job, and aggravated his misfortunes; all which were heightened by his ignorance of the English language, which prevented his complaining, or telling his case to any one near him. Grown in

some measure desperate, by his sufferings, he resolved to travel at a venture, in hope that possibly he might fall into the hands of a master who would use him better, or that by some happy incident his grief might be alleviated or removed. He travelled through the woods till he came to the country of Kent, upon Delaware Bay. Job, according to a law in force through Virginia, Pennsylvania, and Maryland, as far as to Boston in New England, not being able to give an account of himself, was cast into prison.

This happened in June 1731, when Mr. Thomas Bluett, a gentleman who was attending the courts in Maryland, having heard of Job, went with several gentlemen to the goaler's house, which was a tavern, and desired to see him. He was introduced to them; but as he could not speak one word of English, signs being made to him, he wrote a line or two before them; and when he had read it, pronounced the words *Allah* and *Mahomed*. By this, and his refusal of a glass of wine which was offered to him, it was discovered that he was a Mahometan. But they were perfectly at a loss to ascertain of what country he was, or how he came there. It was easy to perceive, from his affable deportment and the composure of his countenance, that he was not a common slave.

After Job had been confined for some time, an old negro man who lived in the neighbourhood, and could speak the Jallopp language, which Job also understood, went to see and converse with him. From this negro the goaler learnt to whom Job belonged, and the cause of leaving his master; to whom therefore he wrote, and who soon after fetched him home, and treated him with more attention and kindness than before, allowing him a place to which he might retire for his devotions, and affording him some other conveniences in order to make his slavery as easy as possible. But confinement and slavery, to which he had never been used, were by no means agreeable to him. In hope that some means of redeeming him might be found, he wrote a letter in Arabic to

his father, giving an account of his misfortunes. This letter he sent to Mr. Vachel Denton, desiring that it might be forwarded to Africa by Captain Pike. He being gone to England, Mr. Denton inclosed the letter in another to Mr. Hunt, to be committed to the care of Captain Pike. Previously to the receipt of it, he had sailed to Africa. Mr. Hunt therefore kept it in his own hands till a proper opportunity of transmitting it should offer. In the mean time the letter was seen by James Oglethorpe, Esq. who, according to his wonted goodness and generosity, moved with compassion for the situation of Job, gave his bond to Mr. Hunt for the payment of a certain sum on the delivery of him in England. On this Mr. Hunt wrote to Mr. Denton, who purchased him again for the same sum which he himself received for him of his master, who, finding him no ways fit for his business, was very willing to part with him.

The rivers of Maryland were then frozen up, so that no ship could sail for some time. In this interval, while Job resided with Mr. Denton, he ingratiated himself with many persons by his good nature and affability; and, in particular, became acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Henderson, a gentleman of great learning, minister of Annapolis, and commissary to the Bishop of London, who gave Job the character of a man of great piety and learning.

In March 1733, he set sail in the William, Captain George Uriel commander. Mr. Bluett, the gentleman mentioned before, happened to be a passenger in the same ship. He and the captain, from the character which they had received of him at Annapolis, were induced, as he could speak but few words, and those scarcely intelligibly, in English, to teach him as much as they could of the language. They applied themselves to this as soon as they were out at sea; and in about a fortnight's time he had learnt his letters, and to spell almost any single syllable, if distinctly pronounced to him; but he and Mr. Bluett falling sick, his progress was for that time impeded. When they arrived in England, the latter end of

April, he had learnt so much of the language, that he was able to understand most of what was said in common conversation; and they who were used to his manner of speaking, could tolerably understand him.

During the voyage, on no pretence, notwithstanding the weather, during all the time, was very tempestuous, would he ever omit his devotions. As he eat no flesh, unless he had killed the animal with his own hands, or knew that it had been killed by a Mussulman, he was often permitted to kill the fresh stock of the ship, that he might partake of it himself. He had no scruple about fish, but would not eat pork, as it was expressly forbidden by his religion. By his good nature and affability, he conciliated the good will of all the sailors, who, not to mention other kind services, shewed him all the way up the channel, the headlands, and remarkable places; the names of which he carefully wrote down, and the accounts that were given him about them.

On their arrival in England it was told them, that Mr. Oglethorpe was gone to Georgia, and that Mr. Hunt had provided a lodging for him at Limehouse. There Mr. Bluett, after he had paid a visit to his friends in the country, went to see him. He found him very sorrowful: for he had been informed that Mr. Hunt had been applied to by some persons to sell him, under the pretence of their intentions to send him home. This excited his fears, that they would either sell him again as a slave, or if they sent him home, would expect an unreasonable ransom for him. Mr. Bluett took him to London, and waited on Mr. Hunt to request his permission to carry him to Cheshunt, in Hertfordshire, which was granted. He owned that he had received such applications as Job suggested, but declared that he did not intend to part with him without his own consent; but as Mr. Oglethorpe was out of England, if any friends would advance the money, he would accept it, on condition, that they would engage to send him to his own country; and he also promised that he would not

dispose of him till he heard again from Mr. Bluet.

Job, during his abode at Cheshunt, had the honour of being invited to their houses by most of the gentry of that place. They were greatly pleased with his company, and concerned for his misfortunes. He received several handsome presents, and a subscription for the payment of the money to Mr. Hunt was proposed. The night before they sat off again for London, the footman of Samuel Holden, Esq. brought a letter directed to Sir Bigby Lake. This was delivered at the African house; upon which the house was pleased to order, that "Mr. Hunt should bring in a bill of the whole charges which he had been at about Job, and be there paid." This was done, and the sum amounted to 59*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* On the payment of this amount, Mr. Oglethorpe's bond was delivered up to the company. Job's fears of being sold again as a slave were now removed; but yet he could not be persuaded but that, when he got home, he must pay an extravagant sum for his ransom. Mr. Bluet, as the sum was great and Job's acquaintance in England was very limited, had also his doubts concerning the success of a subscription. He therefore, to give Job's mind ease, spoke to a gentleman who had been all along in a remarkable manner his friend. This gentleman, so far from discouraging the measure, began the subscription himself with a handsome sum, and promised his further assistance at a dead list. Several other friends, both in London and in the country, readily added their charitable contributions. Yet there was a deficiency of 20*l.*; but the worthy and generous gentleman who opened the subscription made up the defect, and the sum was completed.

Mr. Bluet, being desired, went to the African company, and stated the matter. When he had made his report, the orders of the house were shewn him. These were, "that Job should be accommodated, at the company's expense, till one of their ships should sail for Gambia, in which he should be sent back to his friends without any ransom." The company then asked Mr. Bluet, if they could

do any more to make Job easy; and upon his desire, they ordered "that Mr. Oglethorpe's bond should be cancelled," which was immediately done; "and that Job should have his freedom in form." This he received handsomely engrossed, with the company's seal affixed. After which, the full sum of the whole charges, viz. 59*l.* 6*s.* 11*d.* was paid into their clerk, as was before proposed.

Job's mind was now perfectly easy, and he cheerfully visited his friends in town and country. One day, at Sir Hans Sloane's, he expressed a great desire to see the royal family. Sir Hans promised to get him introduced when he was provided with a proper dress. Job knew how kind a friend he might apply to on the occasion; and he was soon furnished with a rich silk habit, made after the fashion of his country, and introduced to their majesties and the royal family. Her majesty was pleased to present him with a rich gold watch. On the same day he had the honour to dine with the Duke of Montague and others of the nobility, who, after dinner, made him handsome presents. His Grace, afterwards, often took Job into the country with him, and shewed him the tools necessary for tilling the grounds, both in fields and gardens; and directed his servants to teach him how they were used. He also furnished Job with all sorts of implements and other rich presents, which he ordered to be carefully packed up in chests, and put on board for his use. The favours which he received from the Duke and other noblemen and gentlemen were too many to be enumerated. They displayed a singular generosity; and the goods and articles, which he carried over with him from these donations, were worth upwards of 500*l.* Besides this he was liberally furnished with money to meet any accident, which should oblige him to go on shore, or occasion particular charges at sea. About the latter end of July, he embarked on board a ship of the African company bound for Gambia.

[To be continued.]

THE BÊE.—No. XI.

Floris ut apes in salubris omnia libant,
omnia nos. LUCRATIUS

RUFFHEAD'S 'LIFE OF POPE.

THIS is a well written and ingenious production, but the author often sacrifices his judgment to his zeal. Of this many instances might be adduced: the following is an example:

"Our poet's talents, however, ripening daily under the benign and fostering patronage of his noble and ingenious friends, he left scarce any species of poetical composition unattempted, and attempted none in which he did not excel."

If *excel* mean any thing here, it is to surpass; and surely no one will seriously affirm that Pope, in his *St. Cecilia's Day*, excelled the sublime lyric production of his master, Dryden. The bold irregularity, the glowing imagery, and the majestic language of the latter, are but faintly imitated by the cool, phlegmatic, and humble diction of the former.

COLLINS.

The warm and vivid imagination of this truly inspired writer sometimes betrayed him into verbal inaccuracies. He says,

"*Shrill* ~~the~~ the wind, and dreary was
the way" *Eclogue II.*

But surely the ideas excited by the words *shrill* and *roar* are far from being homogenous. While the one reminds us of a keen, piercing sound, the other suggests that of a tempest, or a furious multitude in full cry.

DRYDEN.

This writer did not often attend to the full euphony of his lines. He was rather bold than elegant, and expresses himself with more energy than harmony. Yet it would, perhaps, be difficult to produce a line of greater melody in the whole circle of English poetry than the following:

And left the circle of his golden crown.
Pal. and Ar.

MELIN DE ST. GELAIS.

Francis I. the father of letters in France, or rather the friend and patron of literary men, had granted permission to Melin de St. Gelais, his

librarian and almoner, to lay a bet with him, that whenever it pleased the king to speak to him in verse, he, St. Gelais, would answer him in verse that should rime with the preceding ones of his majesty. One day, therefore, the king putting his foot in the stirrup, and having looked at St. Gelais, thus apostrophised his horse:

Joli, gentil, petit cheval,
Bon à monter, bon à descendre;

To which St. Gelais immediately replied,

Sans que tu sois un Bucéphal
Tu portes plus grand qu'Alexandre.

CARDINAL MAZARIN.

When this great man was leaving France, he requested a confidential person from M. le Tellier, who sent Colbert to him, begging of the cardinal, that whenever he should receive from him (Tellier) any secret letters not to keep them himself, but to commit them to the custody of Colbert. One day, however, the cardinal wished to retain one himself; but Colbert resisted him, and kept the letter, notwithstanding the passion of the cardinal.

PURITANIC PIETY.

(Recommended to the attention of the
"Society for the Suppression of
Vice.")

At Oxford, much against my will,
Two knights I met, Dolbein and Hill:
And there I saw—Oh most profane one,
Each knight, who was a puritane one,
Hanging of his cat on Monday,
For killing a mouse on Sunday!!

O tempora! O mores!

DR. JOHNSON.

This writer was often betrayed into absurdities by the laboured concentration of his language. In his 39th Rambler, he has committed a blunder, so risible and so palpable, that it is matter of astonishment it should have escaped his perspicacity. He says, "women are placed, according to the proverb, between Scylla and Charybdis, with no other choice than of dangers equally formidable: and whether they embrace marriage, or determine upon a single life, are exposed, in consequence of their choice, to sickness, misery, and death."

Death is surely the consequence of

life: the inevitable fate of all who breathe. It certainly has no immediate connexion with marriage, nor can either that state or celibacy necessarily retard or accelerate its date.

ADDISON.

The daughter of this eminent writer passed the greater part of her time at her paternal seat near Rugby. To the last she continued in her early opinions of her father's Spectators, that she could not admire them!

ANNOTATIONS on the TEXT of
SHAKSPEARE.

No. V.

KING HENRY VIII.

Act II.—Sc. III.

*What friend of mine
That had to him derived your anger,
did I.*

Continue in my liking?

This word occurs with the same import in Ferrex and Porrex,

“The which your fathers, which have reign'd before,
Have with great fame deriv'd down to them.”

Act III.—Sc. II.

*My sovereign, I confess your royal
graces,
Shower'd on me daily, have been more
than could*

*My studied purposes requite, which went
Beyond all man's endeavours.*

Mr. Heath and Dr. Johnson concur in the opinion, that Wolsey intends to exalt his own endeavours above those of any other man. I think it plain, although the grammar is loose, that he means to apply this praise to the “graces” of his master; which could not be adequately returned by any services, however meritorious.

CORIOLANUS.

Act I.

*Please you to march;
And four shall quickly draw out my
command,
Which way are best inclin'd.*

This is nonsense, and the commentators have not been able to explain it. *Forth I'll*, if negligently written, might be readily corrupted into *Forth shall*. “*I will draw forth*,” the most

courageous of my men, would be intelligible.

Act II.—Sc. I.

*Clambring the walls to eye him; stalls,
bulks, windows,
Are smother'd up.*

The whole of this description is very similar to a passage in Pliny's Panegyric:

*Videres referta tecta, ac laborantia,
ac ne eum quidem vacantem locum, qui
non nisi suspensum et instabile vesti-
gium caperet; oppletus undique rias,
angustum que transtem relictum.*—Ad Trajanum, xxii.

My gracious silence, hail!

Un atto che parla per silenzio.—
Petrarch. Sonn. 179.

Sc. III.

*Battles thrice six
I've seen and heard of.*

That is, the reputation of all in which he has been engaged, is not unknown to him. The Latin *audito* is used to denote, in one of its senses, what is spoken of a man by others.

Act IV.—Sc. V.

*To see thee here,
Thou noble thing, more dances my rapt
heart, &c.*

The last expression is bold, but I doubt whether the following be not even stronger. *Ridea di gioia il cor nel petto.* L'Amadigi, B. Tasso, C. 3, St. 14.

Thing had a double sense, of praise and contempt. *Fellow* and *creature* are with us abusive terms: yet we hear of a *noble fellow*, and, in amatory converse, of a charming creature.

Act IV.—Sc. VII.

*But one of these,
As he hath spices of them all, not all,
For so far I dare free him, made him
fear'd
So hated and so banish'd.*

Aufidius here alludes to three disagreeable qualities: pride, sternness of manners, and defect of judgment. He acquits him of displaying either to an excess, but says, that his character partakes in some degree of each, so as to render it, altogether, unpleasing.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Mrs. Montagu intimates, in her well-known Essay, (p. 253), that "the poet might have in his eye some person of eminence in his days who was distinguished by the manners of Cæsar." To this I assent; and think that the character of Sir John Perrot, the *Sir Satyrane* of Spenser, might be aimed at. Some curious anecdotes of this gentleman are in a small tract, Sir Robert Naunton's *Fragmenta Regalia*.

Act IV.—Sc. III.

You wrong me every way: you wrong me, Brutus.

I am convinced that Shakspeare meant this line to be spoken as follows:

You wrong me; every way you wrong me, Brutus.

There are two verses of Tibullus, (3, 7, 23) which are spoiled in the same manner, and should be read thus:

Perfida, nec mérito nobis inimica;
ne tristi

Perfida, sed quamvis perfida, cara ta-
men.

Abler than yourself

To make conditions.

To place officers in stations that suit their abilities; or, otherwise, to keep on terms with them.

Oh Morphëus!

Layst thou thy leaden club upon my
day?

Heaumont and Fletcher ridicule this thought in Act III. of the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*. I do not perceive it noticed by their editors. "I see the god of heavy sleep lays on his heavy mace upon your eyelids."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act I.—Sc. II.

Oh then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick winds lie still.

So, in Love's Labour Lost,
"But is there no quick recreation
granted?"

Sc. IV.

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
One great competitor.

One means any. A certain law,
reated versifier reads "our," which

he considers as "unanswered and unanswerable." In fact, the singular style of his comments on the commentators will render few persons willing to controvert the opinions of one, who appears to regard the attributes of a gentleman as beneath, or rather above his notice.

Act II.—Sc. V.

O that his fault should make ~~known~~ of
thee

That art not what thou art sure of!

The messenger was sure of having received the chastisement due to a knave; which Cleopatra at length confesses him to have not been.

If thou'ld yield him.

A passage, in the *Queen of Corinth*, has an idiom not unlike:

"It draws the grossness of the understanding,

And renders active and industrious spirits." Act 2. Sc. 4.

Again, in *Bonduca*,

"Labour in one hand, that propounds
us gods."

Sc. VI.

The wife of Antony

Should leave an army for an ashler, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her ap-
proach

This sentiment is agreeable to the words of Argia, bewailing the death of Polynices:

*Cernis, quo prædita culla,
Duo stipula manu, juxta tua mœnia pri-
mum*

Œdipodis magni venio nurus?

Stat. Theb. 12, 258.

Act IV.—Sc. II.

Sometime, we see a cloud that's dra-
gonish,

A vapour sometime, like a bear or lion;
A tow'rd citadel, a pendent rock,

A fork'd mountain or blue promontory,
With trees upon't, that nod unto the
world,

And mock our eyes with air.

Come quando la nebbia si dissipa,
Lo guardo a poco a poco raffigura

Cio che cela il vapor che l'aerè stipa.
Dante, C. 31, v. 34.

KING LEAR.

Act I.—Sc. III.

Now by my life,

Old fools are babes again; and must be
as

With *shells*, as FLATTERIES, when
they are seen ABUS'D.

"As infants are restrained when
vicious, and at other times treated
with *indulgence*, old men must be
kept in the same subjection, and
checked, when they appear mistaken,
or misled." His daughters suppose
that the old king's pride is encouraged
by the train of knights. The obscurity
arises from a clause being under-
stood to *flatteries*, but not expressed.

Act I.—Sc. IV.

Hear nature, dear Goddess, hear a fa-
ther!

Mr. Seymour ridicules Mr. Malone
(Vol. 2, p. 52) for extending *your* into
a dissyllable; but this elongation of
liquids was common, not only in
Shakspeare's time, but long after.

"And common profit of his count-r-y."

K. H. 6, Pt. 2, A. 1. Sc. 1.

Yes! when I have a king and count-r-y
That can deserve my love!

Dryden's *Cleomenés*.

Again, Swift in eight syllable verse,

"High sauce and curious meats
Are really but vulgar treats.

And Milton:

O heavens, that such resemblance of
the Highest
Should still remain, where faith and
really
Remain not!

With other examples that I sup-
press.

Th' untented woundings of a father's
curse

Pierce every sense about thee!

Wounds constant and incurable,
that cannot be probed or cured.

Act IV.—Sc. III.

Her smiles and tears
Were like a winter day.

Aaron Hill might probably remem-
ber this passage, Act I, Sc. 1, of the
Roman Revenge:

"Like a sun-beam, radiant through a
mist,
She smil'd away her anguish."

Act IV.—Sc. VI.

Down from the vault they are centaurs,
Through angels all above.

Mons. La Bruyère has a maxim,

which these words recall to me; but
it is hardly worth quoting.

To say *aye* and *no* to all I said!—
Aye and no too was no good divinity.

Whether they flattered my opi-
nions, by *affirming* or *denying* all
that was affirmed or denied by me,
either mode of assent betokened no
sincerity of affection and ought to
have rendered me cautious of entreas-
ting them too far. Too, after *no* is
discriminative from *aye*, not conjunc-
tive. An ingenious friend of Mr.
Pye would omit the point after *and*,
and read to for *too*. I think the pre-
sent punctuation better suited to the
speaker's emotion.

Act V.—Sc. III

About it; and write happy when thou
hast done.

Consider yourself happy. Thus,
in *Much Ado about Nothing*,

"Out on thy seeming! I will write
against it."

S'inscrire en faux.—Fr.

And thou no breath at all! Oh thou
wilt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!

Were it not for the taste and acute-
ness which Mr. Seymour has in many
instances displayed, we might be
tempted to imagine, that *he* is not
very susceptible of the pathetic.
Breaks are frequent in every poet to
express emotion, or to elicit a grand
effect; which has induced Mr. Up-
ton* to suppose, that several of Vir-
gil's lines might have been left pur-
posely unfinished. In order to have
the pleasure of reading ten syllables,
Mr. Seymour inserts *No* before the
first *Never*. He was probably think-
ing of the *Philoctetes*,

— Πάπας,

Πατᾶ, πατᾶ, πατᾶ, πατᾶ, πατᾶ,
παπας!! V. 743,

* Critical Observations, 2d Edit.
1748. Mr. Burke adduces an exam-
ple, (*Letter to a Noble Lord*) from the
description of the harpies, and hints
that the pause after

Squalida semper

Ora fume—

is admirably calculated to heighten
the disgusting picture.

This gentleman's anxiety for our author's versification is highly laudable, and often deserves attention; but his propensity to mince, passion into metre is astonishing.

[*To be continued.*]

ERRATA IN THE LAST.

Comments on K. H. 4th, *for Pigmy's body, read Pigmy body.*

For Dorylus, read Dorylas.

K. H. 6th, *for second fois, read seconde fois*

Erase the comma before Mat thew Gough

Richard 3d *for fatal to man, read fatal to many*

Mr. BURDON on the "SOCIETY for the SUPPRESSION of VICE."

SIR,

THE professions and intentions of your correspondent, Mr. Mudford, if they are carried into execution, even should they not be attended with success, deserve the gratitude of every true friend of impartial justice, and an equal administration of the laws; for any society or individual arrogating the right of censuring and punishing the conduct of others ought to be as free from blame, as the weakness of human nature will admit, at least ought to be free from those faults which they wish to amend in others. Living at a distance from the metropolis, I have not an opportunity of being acquainted with many of those oppressive acts which have been committed by the self-created Society for the Suppression of Vice; but I well know the inquisitorial spirit of some of its members, and I abhor all laws which are not impartially enacted and administered.

It is the boast of this country, that the law is open to all, and that the poor and the rich are equally protected; but when rigorous and obsolete laws are revived against the one and not against the other, that boasted protection ceases, and the law itself becomes the oppressor. While the exertions of the Society alluded to were employed solely in the suppression of indecent publications and immoral meetings, I rejoiced at their success in bringing the offenders to justice; but now that they affect an

overstrained piety, and prevent a poor man from doing that on a Sunday which a rich one may do with impunity, they are so far from doing good, that they sanction by their own example the most flagrant injustice, and teach the poor that their superiors consider them only as slaves, who must be subject to laws and punishments from which they by their more elevated rank are entitled to be exempt. In short, they plainly tell them, that they consider the rich and the poor as a different race of beings, and therefore not amenable to the same tribunal for similar transgressions. Sunday, say they, shall be a day of cessation from labour to the poor, that they may be enabled to labour the more through the rest of the week; but it shall not be a day of amusement or festivity—that privilege must be reserved for their superiors: but mark their gross partiality even here, for though a poor man is forbidden to buy a joint of meat, or drink a pot of ale with a friend on a Sunday, he is not forbidden to drive a post-chaise, to dress a dinner at a tavern, or to ride post after his master on a journey of interest or pleasure.

To such inconsistencies does this puritanical domineering spirit of false religion lead its concealed votaries. Jesus Christ told his disciples not to accuse others till they were convinced of their own integrity.—“Judge not that ye be not judged.” But these men are followers of the Pharisees and not of Jesus, and as such they are ever ready to condemn others without examining themselves. The example of the rich, and their conduct to their inferiors, will ever be of more avail, in promoting the practice of true morality among all ranks, than any strained and partial observance of mere positive precepts: for morality does not consist in making Sunday a day of gloomy austerity, nor even in making men go to church to hear a bad sermon, nor a tedious repetition of collects and prayers; morality consists in doing to others what we would they should do unto us, in keeping the hands from picking and stealing, the tongue from evil speaking, lying, and slandering, in purifying the heart

from all uncharitableness, in doing to others all the good in our power, and in shunning all deceit, guile, and malice.

Could the Society for the Suppression of Vice, by their interference, provide for the people every Sunday such good instruction and good example, they would perform a laudable service to the world: but while they merely employ themselves in searching for the venial transgressions of the poor, and forget the glaring iniquities of the rich, they may be truly said to "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel." That Mr. Mudford will not relax in his efforts to expose them to contempt is my earnest wish and desire.

Let me not forget to notice a gross mistake in two of your correspondents, who call the learned Dr. Conyers Middleton, Conway. Such ignorance is unaccountable, if they have ever seen his works with his name at full length.

My next will contain some further remarks on Gothic, or, as it ought to be called, English Architecture.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Sept. 6, 1808.

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS on the PRONUNCIATION of the LATIN LANGUAGE.*

Mr. Editor,

A LETTER, signed Αλλοτροπαλλος; in your last, obliges me to take up my pen, a second time, in defence of what I have before written respecting the hard sound of *c* and *g*. The author of that article begins by pointing out my mistake, in supposing Σημα alluded to our method of pro-

nouncing *lectiones*, &c. which arise from his not being sufficiently explicit. On the supposition then that the modern Italians have retained the true pronunciation of the Roman *c*, his deduction of the soft sound of *g* before *e* and *i* would be correct. That this, however, is not the case, will appear from the before quoted passage of Quintilian, which A. has most egregiously misunderstood and perverted.* In the first place, he translates *perferat* by *can exert*, whereas the sense evidently requires it should be rendered simply *exerts*, the subjunctive being here used for the indicative mood. He then endeavours to escape by insinuating that *omnes vocales* means not *all the vowels*, but only those preceded by *k*, which not being the case with *e* and *i*, they must, says he, necessarily be exceptions. A curious method this, truly, of squaring an author to one's own hypothesis; as if Quintilian would expressly make use of the term *omnes*, and at the same time intend nearly one-half the number to be excepted. The passage, I am well persuaded cannot be rationally explained in any other sense than that in which I have before taken it. And on this ground it is perfectly conclusive, with respect to the hard sound of *c*; that of *g* naturally follows by the mode of reasoning, laid down in my former letter on this subject. If then there cannot be offered, on the other side of the question, any authority of equal weight, this has surely a right to determine the controversy.

The example of *cetera* derived from καὶ ἑτέρα 'χαῖ ἑτέρα I take to be a misprint) is totally mistaken by your correspondent. He very justly observes, that in *sylva*, from ὕλη, the *s* takes the place of the aspirate, but in the above instance the *c* is put for the *u*: for the word is καὶ ἑτέρα καὶ ἑτέρα, and in Latin *cætera*, which is the

* We are requested to notice the following errata in the letter of last month, to which the above is a replication:—

For hard sounds of C and K, read C and G.

For says Mr. Poole, read says N. E. from Mr. Tooke.

For Cic. de Orat, read Cic. de Orat.

* The supposed error of \$7 for \$18 was in consequence of the extract being made out of Gesner's Quintilian, in which the sections are differently divided, a circumstance by no means uncommon in different editions of the same authors, and which A. appears to be ignorant of.

identical Greek word in Roman characters; so far then from its being pronounced soft, there is an additional reason for supposing it hard, inasmuch as its root is so. It is really astonishing he should have overlooked this, which is so very plain.

I can by no means discover the same analogy between *t* and *ts* as between the other letters he alludes to; for the corresponding sound to *ts* is *ds*, the same as that to the Italian *ci* is *gi*, the latter being in both cases the compression of the former. But A. should have continued his explanation, and informed us in what manner we are to melt *t* into *ts*, i. e. one letter into two.

The passage he produces from Horne Tooke, as a contradiction to the one on which my argument is founded, is not really so if properly understood. To be as concise as possible on this head, I shall merely observe that *ch* was originally pronounced hard, whence any one will readily perceive that our modern pronunciation of *speech, breach, church*, &c. is as improper and erroneous as that of *facere* and *regere*.

I have perused *Σημειωματα*'s former article, concerning the vowels, and agree with him, that the pronouncing them according to their due lengths would be found of considerable utility and importance, and would save much unnecessary trouble. Whether indeed such practice would ever obtain in our schools is what I much doubt, as the masters would be first under the necessity of reforming their own pronunciation.

I remain, Sir,

Your humble servant,

Sept. 10, 1808.

N. E.

REPLY to "REMARKS on an EXTRACT from Dr. ROBERTSON'S HISTORY of SCOTLAND."

SIR,

I MOST cordially agree with your correspondent J. C. p. 8. in your Number for July, that royal favour and protection is due only to inflexible integrity, eminent talents, and superior qualifications. That the favourites of James the Third, possessed not

these distinctions, history explicitly informs us; nor can I account for Dr. Robertson's silence respecting the real characters of these men; neither have I this author's History of Scotland at hand for reference. I annex, however, a quotation from an older writer that clears up the "darkness and uncertainty" in which Robertson appears to have involved this part of his justly-admired work.

"King James, the third of that name, a man of a great and high spirit and of a hasty nature, and prone to anger, and such a one as would not suffer patiently his own judgment to be contradicted, could not away with that freedom of speech which he found in his nobility; wherefore he made choice of such to be about him as would not correct but approve all his sayings, and who would not offend him by gainsaying, but did curry favour by soothing of him, and who with flattering admiration did extoll all that he said or did."

"He had gotten about him base men, both in place and worth, whom he had advanced to honours and nobilitated. Amongst these there was one Robert Coghlan, a mason by his trade, whom he made Earl of Mar. An English singing man, called William Rogers, whom he honoured with Knighthood; with divers others of mean rank and quality, whose chief commendation was that they were impudently wicked and villainous.—This Rogers is thought also to have been his pander, and an inticer of him to wronging his Queen. Among these loose men there was one gentleman of good birth, but he, seeing the King's inclination, had set himself fully to follow it in all things; wherefore he had given his daughter to Robert Coghlan in marriage as a bond of friendship and society; his name was Thomas Preston. There was also a young page, John Ranney, who was of the same combination. These were the King's minions, counsellors, and whole confidence. These were counsellors and executioners of

the murder of his younger brother John, and had caused him to commit his other brother Alexander to prison in the Castle, who had died likewise, if he had not found means to escape of James the Third, possessed not

his bed-clothes, and so got over the wall without resistance or tumult. Only John Ramsey fled to the King, and clasped his arms about his middle, and at the King's request was pardoned." The rest were led forth, and various accusations being preferred against them, "they were condemned to be hanged over the bridge of Lawder. That sentence pronounced was so acceptable to all that heard it, that they ran and brought their horse-halters to serve for ropes; the whole army and nobility concurring and assisting at their execution.

At length "the war began between Scotland and England. An army beloved to be raised, and for the raising thereof the nobility must be convened. Loath were these men to the work; they knew not what they might think when they were convened. But there was no remedy; their privy counselling could not sustain the wars. That was the part of the noblemen, and could not be done without them. So they are convened, and on to Lawder they go. The King only countenances, consults, advises, with his cabinet council; Neglects the nobility and distrusts them. It would have been strange if they had not resented it, and as strange if they had not remedied it. Now was the time or never. The force, power, and all, was in their hands. They appoint a meeting for advising of the form and particular manner how and what to do." After much deliberation, they conclude, "that these wicked counsellors and their accomplices, the courtiers of the same quality and stamp, should be brought to judgement, and punished according to their deserts. In the execution whereof their main case was, that no inconvenience should come to the King; which, because it might fall out in a tumult, they ordained that the army should lie quiet, and only the noblemen, with their household servants, should go to court and apprehend them as peaceably and calmly as they could. After the meeting was broken up, they encountered by the way with Robert Cochran, whom the King (informed of their meeting) had sent to know what the matter was. He had about his neck a gold chain of great weight, which the Earl of Angus took hold of, and straining it a little, This chain, says he, does not become a man of your rank; but I shall, ere long, give you one that will become you to wear far better; and so pulling the chain from his neck, he delivered him to one of his men to be kept sore. After that he went on to the King's lodging, where the guard and others that were present, astonished with the suddenness of his coming, gave place and shrunk away, so that the king were easily apprehended."

"The Earl of Angus, being the principal actor in this affair, the chief commendation thereof cannot be taken from him: the praise, I say, not only of wisdom in proposing and persuading, of courage and resolution in undertaking, but also of discreet moderation and dutiful regard to the King in performing of this action without tumult or uproar." Angus is said in another part of the work "to have so behaved himself as to gain so good an opinion of his wisdom and courage, that the whole burden of the estate of the country did lie upon him alone. And for that cause chiefly he is commonly called the great Earl of Angus."

"General History of Scotland, &c. written by Master David Hume, of Godscroft." Edinburgh (No date.)

I am, &c.

H.

Painswick, Sept. 2, 1808.

EXTRACTS from POLYÆNUS' STRATAGEMS. By Dr. TOULMIN.

[Continued from Vol. IX. p. 464.]

No. 40.—Mutius.

THE Tuscans waged war with the Romans. The king of the Tuscans was Porcenna. Publicola, a third time consul, was commander of the Romans. Mutius, a Roman, of superior skill in military affairs, desirous of taking off Porcenna, went to the Tuscan camp, clothed in a Tuscan habit, and speaking the Tuscan language. He advanced to the throne, but not knowing the person of Porcenna, he drew his sword and killed an attendant, who sat near him, and whom he supposed to be the king.

He was seized, and confessed who he was. Porsenna offered sacrifices for his preservation to the Gods. Mutius thrust his right hand into the fire on the altar, and, whilst it was burning, he stood and conversed with Porsenna, with an intrepid and cheerful countenance. Porsenna was astonished at his fortitude. Mutius said to him, "don't wonder at me; three hundred Romans of equal firmness are wandering through your camp, watching for an opportunity to kill you." Porsenna, giving credit to these words, and alarmed for his safety, put an end to his war with the Romans.

No. 41.—*Marcellus*.

Marcellus, being overpowered, in besieging Syracuse, by the machines of Archimedes, had not the resolution to persist in his attack on the walls, but left the event of the siege to time. At length he took a prisoner, Damippus, a Spartan, as he was sailing from Syracuse; and learnt from him, that a tower in the wall, capable of holding many men, was carelessly guarded, and that there the wall was very accessible. On this Marcellus procured scaling-ladders suited to the height; and, as the Syracusans were celebrating the feast of Diana, and giving themselves to sports and drinking, he gained the tower, fixed his arms all along the walls, and before sun-rising, having broken down their folded gates, he took the city. The soldiers, who had fought bravely, asked permission to plunder; but Marcellus would permit them only to seize the money and slaves, and commanded them to refrain from the persons of freemen and from the temples.

No. 42.—*Scipio*.

Scipio made an alliance with Syphax, the king of the Masæsilians, and passed over to Sicily. Asdrubal had a daughter, exceedingly beautiful, whom he promised in marriage to Syphax, if he would break off his alliance with the Romans. He married the young lady, joined the Carthaginians, and immediately wrote to Scipio to forbid his coming to Lybia. Scipio, knowing that the Romans made great account of the

alliance with Syphax, and that, if they knew that he had joined the enemy they would not venture to pass over to Lybia, called a council, and gave an opposite turn to the letters of Syphax: as if he had invited the Romans to that country, and was surprised at their delay in coming; so that they ought not to relax the vigour of the alliance. By these representations he inspired the Romans with ardour and courage. They desired the day to be fixed, on which it would be proper to sail over.

No. 43.—*Scipio*.

The Roman law commanded that the spies of the enemies should be put to death: but Scipio, when three Carthaginian spies had been apprehended, declined executing the law. He commanded them to be conducted round through the army. When they had viewed the Roman soldiers variously employed; some hurling their missile weapons, others shooting with the arrow; some engaged in leaping matches; others burnishing their arms; and many sharpening their swords; they were led back again to Scipio. He invited them to a dinner, and said to them, "relate what ye have seen to him who sent you." They went back and reported these things to Hannibal and the other Carthaginian officers; who were astonished at the active preparations of the Romans, and Scipio's greatness of soul.

No. 44.—*Cæsar*.

Cæsar, as he was on his voyage to Nicomedes, the king of Bithynia, was captured by the Cilician pirates. They demanded a great price for his ransom: he promised to double it. They continued their course to Miletus, and drew up without the walls.—Cæsar sent to the Milesians a servant, Epicrates, a Milesian, to request the loan of the money. They immediately sent it. Epicrates, at the direction of Cæsar, brought provisions for a banquet, a cask full of swords, and wine mixed with mandrake. Cæsar counted down to the pirates double the ransom-money, and placed the banquet before them. Elated with joy at the large sum, they indulged

themselves at the feast and drank freely of the stupifying wine, till they fell into a deep sleep; in which, at the command of Cæsar, they were slain; and the money was immediately restored to the Milesians.

No. 45.—*Cæsar.*

Cæsar endeavoured to pass over a wide river in Britain. Cassivellaunus, the British king, prevented him by his numerous chariots and horses.—A large elephant, an animal never seen in Britain, followed Cæsar. He fortified it with iron scales, and built on it a high tower, which he filled with archers and slingers; he then commanded it to be led into the river. The Britons, entirely unaccustomed to the sight of so huge a beast, were terrified: as to their horses, we may be silent; for among the Grecians even, the horses, at the sight of an elephant, though unaccoutred, flee; but they can by no means stand before one on which a tower is erected, from whence arrows and stones are thrown. The Britons, with their horses and chariots, were put to flight. The Romans, unmolested, crossed the river; while the enemy was frightened by one animal.

No. 46.—*Cæsar.*

Cæsar, when he was about to engage with Pompey, in the plains of Pharsalia, perceived among the enemy a great number of very handsome young men, who thought much of their beauty and were proud of it. He commanded his soldiers to aim with their spears and darts, not at the bodies, but at the faces of the enemy. They, fearing an injury to their beauty, turned their backs and fled.

[*To be continued.*]

REPLY TO THE QUERY OF
SOPHOS.

Sir,

I COULD not help being much surprised at observing, in your last Number, a very singular question, from Cambridge too, ay, and from *Sophos*; viz. "Are men happier from the pleasures and gratifications of sense, than from the strict

practice of virtue." Is this a subject of dispute, or who does dispute it? Is it a question which can be debated? In the first place, it is asked, which of the two render man most happy? This of course implies that they severally render him happy to a certain degree. But who is it who has lifted up his voice and said that the pleasures of sense render a man happy? Who ever dared maintain it?—Who but the glutton, the drunkard, or the debauchee; and is their voice to be regarded? No; let us consider them as under temporary insanity; and therefore not as fit members of society. Divested of these licentious members, let *Sophos* inform me who maintains, or ever did maintain, from the creation to this time, that the pleasures of sense rendered men happy. If, on the contrary, it has and is still maintained that the practice of virtue will make men happy, there is no subject for discussion. *Sophos* may make his lucubrations public, but what will they tend to prove? What a thousand sermons, a thousand publications on morality have proved long since, that 'Virtue alone is happiness below.' I can as easily anticipate, and with as much certainty of being correct, that the fifth act of a new comedy will conclude with one or more marriages, as that the result of the arguments of *Sophos* will be in favour of virtue.

Sophos pleads for fair argument, but how can he expect it if he has not given a subject to produce it. If he had put the question, "Wherein does happiness consist," we might have been able to have given him an answer with ease; for if it had been proved to have been seated in the mind, of course it is not to be found in the pleasures of sense: if it had been proved to have been experienced alone in the practice of virtue, it is evident it could not be experienced in sensual gratifications. The question may be defined to the following:—

Whether is a man who levels himself with the beasts, or one who maintains his intellectual dignity, most happy? It may be told me, that the beasts are happy; but I will answer, that the beasts are not endued with human reason.

Two things, diametrically opposite to each other in effect, whether substances or principles, will never produce the same end, but will always remain distinct and irreconcilable. Thus it is with virtue and the gratification of sense. They are as much at war with each other in tendency as are alkaline salts and acids. If I were here to take a future retribution into consideration, the question is at once decided; but that would be assuming an advantage absolutely unnecessary. We have a word which in itself comprehends all the inclusions of the pleasures and gratifications of sense, and that is Vice. The question is, then, Whether is virtue or vice to be pursued, to render man happy in his present state of existence? Does this require an answer? Does Sophos think it must be proved?

There is no credit to be obtained by dedicating our time to the demonstration of palpable facts and evident conclusions. The man who would occupy an hour in proving the truth of an axiom, would be deservedly laughed at. Snow is white; the sun gives light and heat; all things prove the existence of a God; I know that I am. There requires no philosopher to tell me these things are; and yet, for the sake of argument and disputation, some philosophers have asserted, and voluminously endeavoured to prove the truth of these facts, while others have as industriously taken up their pens to assert that snow is black; that the sun is ice; that there is no God; and that we do not exist; but that all is a chimera. To crown these absurdities, it only remains to be proved that a man will walk with more safety with his eyes shut than if they were open. Are Nero, Caligula, and the rest of those sanguinary and sensual men to be held up as a pattern to mankind.—Who are more deserving of the veneration and emulation of posterity Rochester, Lyttleton, and many others that may be named, or Boyle, Newton, Hale, Jones, Cowper, and a thousand more.

But to come to an end, I would ask Sophos if he has ever considered this subject; if he has ever bestowed a moment's thought upon it? He

may say this inquiry is irrelevant to the subject, but I maintain it is to the point; for if he has not considered it it is now full time he did, and that minutely too; and if he has, it is a mighty pity that he shews he has done it to such little purpose. Take the Bible in this instance, merely as a system of morality, divested of its claim to revelation, and is not the subject there demonstrated to the most deficient capacity beyond a doubt? If we refer to ancient authors, are Seneca and Plato not evidence sufficient in my favor. But there are authors beyond number who have spent the greatest part of their lives, not in proving, for it requires no proof, but in enforcing the practice of virtue, as the only source of peace and happiness here, and the only chance for it hereafter; while they have employed all their rhetoric, used every exertion and endeavour to caution mankind against the captivating solicitations of the senses, the indulgence of which they have ever regarded as a source of the greatest calamity, misery, and degradation that could befall them.

Next to admitting the belief of the existence of a Deity, I consider in its consequence the full admission and acceptance of the necessity and propriety of virtuous conduct. I trust that Sophos has proposed the above question merely for the sake of starting a subject, though I cannot congratulate him on his business. 'He will not do our ears that violence to make us trusters of his own report against himself.' I am not inclined to harbour an opinion so debasing to his intellectual capacity, as to suppose that he wavers upon a subject of such importance, upon which his mind must have been long since established. Notwithstanding, if what I have said proves unsatisfactory to him, and he will undertake to assert and maintain the dignity and priority of the pleasures of sense, I will, with attention, but regret, peruse his remarks, and will consider myself bound to make reply thereto.

P. M. W.

Finsbury, Sept. 8, 1808.

On the LENGTH of the LIVES of the
most eminent ENGLISH POETS.

By Mr. FLETCHER.

SIR,

CURIOS to observe the effect of literary pursuits and studious habits, frequent solitude, and still more frequent poverty, on the life of man; as far as the same might be collected from the biography of those whose genius stands the most conspicuous in the records of literature; I sat down lately to the melancholy but not unpleasing task of making an estimate of the time which the most celebrated of our poets passed in this transitory, and, to them, unhappy world. The splendid abilities, and the motley lives, of those whose names are below, have been already appreciated and described by elegant and feeling minds. My business is of an humble nature; the work only of calculation. It may, however, afford to the contemplative and the studious, as it has done to me, matter for amusement and speculation; and I particularly exult in the opportunity which it gives me of asserting that the literature of no country, ancient or modern, can present an equal collection of names so marked by the inspiration of genius and the disinterested love of letters.

The following is a list of the poets of Great Britain most generally esteemed. Several, however, are omitted whose ages were very doubtful, or, who perishing by the axe, could not properly be included here, or, who being noblemen, wrote for pleasure only.* Of these latter, without

* I have left, however, such names among the nobility of whom Johnson has given lives, together with one whom he does not mention, viz. Villiers Duke of Buckingham, the witty author of the *Rehearsal*, whose lively genius and miserable death are so well recorded by Pope. "*In the worst inn's worst room, &c.*"

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset, died in 1708, at the age of 68. Pope says of him,

detracting in the least from their merit, I may say, that their elevated situation, while it secured to them more than the common fame, protected them from the common adversities attendant upon genius. And of them too, it is remarkable, that not one is at this day considered as eminent, notwithstanding all the advantages they possessed of education, leisure, and independence.

Dorset, the grace of courts, the Muses' pride,
Patron of arts, and judge of nature, died,"
&c.

The Earl of Surrey, Sir Thomas More, and Sir Walter Raleigh, fell by the axe. Sir Philip Sydney was killed in battle, Sir Thomas Overbury was poisoned in the tower, Marlow was killed in a fray, and Creech hanged himself. Fletcher died of the plague. Chatterton poisoned himself before he was 19. Falconer was lost at sea.

Thomas Sackville, Earl of Dorset, distinguished for his poetical talents, died in 1608, between 60 and 70.

Greville, Lord Brooke, esteemed as a poet in Elizabeth's reign, was assassinated by his servant in 1628.

Lord Viscount Falkland, in whose praise Clarendon is so profuse, fell, in his 34th year, in the battle of Newbery, 1643. His poems are now little known.

I have not been able to ascertain the age of the Earl of Stirling, who died in 1640. He was a writer of considerable merit.

The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle, both known in the republic of letters, died, the former in 1676, at the age of 84; the latter in 1673, being, I should suppose, near 60.

Boyle, Earl of Orrery, of no mean rank as a poet, died in 1679, aged 58.

In this brief notice, into which I have been led, of noble poets, I must not omit the Duke of Wharton, whose character by Pope is so well known. He died before he was 35, worn out by dissipation, in a Bernardine convent in Spain. His life is the most curious and interesting of any I ever read. It exhibits the most complete union of splendid and versatile abilities, with thoughtless and extravagant conduct that ever marked a literary character.

POETS OF GREAT BRITAIN—DIED BETWEEN

20 and 30	30 and 40	40 and 50	50 and 60	60 and 70	70 and 80	80 and 90
Beaumont Randolph Nat. Lee Farquhar R. West Dermody	Sir T. Wyatt Rochester Granville Pomfret Otway J. Phillips Hammond Collins Moore Churchill	Spenser Habington Cowley Fletcher Roscommon King Stepney Walsh Hughes Addison Rowe Creech E. Smith Parrell Fenton Somerville Gay Pitt Green Savage Thomson Shenstone Akenaide Cunning- ham Falconer Goldsmith Mrs Robin- son Sir William Jones	Lydgate Shakspeare Daniel Donne Fanshawe Denham Marvel Prior Congreve Hallifax Garth Tickell Pope Broome J. Dyer G. West Gray	Ben Jonson Sir W. Da- venant Milton Butler Dryden Duke Yalden Mrs. Rowe Young Lyttleton Mallet Cowper Beattie	Chaucer Wotton Drummond Bishop Hall Villiers, D of Buck- ingham Sheffield, D. of Buck- ingham Shirley Spratt Watts D'Urfey Blackmore Swift Glover A. Phillips Armstrong Johnson Darwin	Waller Jenyns Home
6	10 6 — 16	28 16 — 44	17 44 — 61	13 61 — 74	17 74 — 91	3 91 — 94
Total 94.						

I am aware that the above list contains the names of many persons whose writings are now of little esteem; and likewise that it might have been much increased by the addition of many more such. But I consider that, whatever were the merits of these respective writers, their habits were in general similar; and that they were all marked by their love of, and devotion to, letters. And ninety-four is a sufficient number to mark the proportion which each column bears to the others; and I apprehend that that relative proportion would not be altered if the number were increased.

Upon comparing this estimate with the general bills of mortality, (making allowances for the advanced period of life at which it begins, and for the circumstance of there being but two women in it) I do not hesitate to say that it will be found to have considerably the advantage. For though, as in other cases, death has been most destructive between the ages of 40 and 50, yet it has in this instance permitted a greater proportion to reach the full period of existence (70), than can be calculated upon out of ninety-four persons (above 20 years old) to be taken indiscriminately from the mass of population.

I pretend, however, to offer but few observations on the subject. I leave it to those who feel interested in literary pursuits to make their own calculations, which I think will, on the whole, be found in favour of a devotion to polite literature.

In the lives of the poets, I have almost every where met with adversity. I have seen genius, proudly conscious of its own unrivalled eminence, constantly depressed by disappointment, and overwhelmed with sorrow. Rich only in mental powers, it has had all the severities of poverty to contend with, while education has too frequently laid the foundation for expensive habits, of which the conscious superiority of the enlightened soul has as frequently facilitated the indulgence. And when it is recollected, that Poverty assails the bosom of sensibility with multiplied tortures, and not unfrequently prostrates the splendid energies of the mental man by its inroads on his outward frame and appearance, it will be found that the poet dearly purchases his posthumous reputation.

I shall, in a future number, present you with a table or scale, which I am preparing, wherein the pecuniary circumstances, habits, talents, reputation, and fate of the above poets will be classed and compared.

I am, Sir, your's, &c.

HENRY FLETCHER.

15th Sept. 1808.

A POETICAL RECIPE FOR THE ASTHMA.

Sir,

GOUT and **Rheumatism** have found shelter in your pages, and perhaps many may be now deriving ease and benefit from the remedies you have promulgated. Then why not **Asthma**, a disease (and I speak from experience) as afflictive as either of the above? To be sure my recipe has not such a grave appearance as my predecessors; but Apollo is the god of physick and of poetry too; and why may not his disciples use both when they can? That the remedies and pre-

cautions contained in the following are *practically good*, I myself know: and it is something novel to have a poetical recipe.

I remain, &c.

SHORTBREATH.

Come, old friend, accept of me
The following rules, without a fee.
An asthma is your Case, I think;
So you must neither eat nor drink:
I mean of meats preserved in salt,
Nor any liquors made from malt;
From season'd sauce avert your eyes,
From hams and tongues and pigeon pies:
If venison pasty's set before ye,
Each bit you eat—*memento mori*.
Your supper, nothing if you please,
But above all, no toasted cheese.
'Tis likely you will now observe,
What I prescribe will make you starve:
No; I allow you at a meal,
Part of a neck, loin, or leg of veal;
Young turkeys too, I'll let you eat;
Partridges and pullets, by way of treat:
House-lamb boiled, I suffer too—
The devil's in't if that won't do.

Now, as to liquor, why, indeed,
Might I advise, it should be mead;
Glasses of wine, to extinguish drought—
Drink two with water, three without.
Let constant exercise be try'd,
And sometimes walk, and sometimes ride.
Health's oftner found on Highgate-hill
Than in the doctor's nauseous pill.
Be not in haste, nor think to do
Your business with a purge or two;
Some, if they are not well at once,
Proclaim the doctor for a dunce:
Restless from quack to quack they range,
When 'tis themselves they ought to change.
Nature hates violence and force,
By method led and gentle course:
Rules and restraints you must endure—
Ills brought by time, 'tis time must cure.
The use of vegetables try,
And prize Pomona in a pye:
Young Bacchus' rites you must avoid,
And leave fair Venus unenjoy'd.
Whate'er you take put something good in,
And worship Ceres in a pudding.
For breakfast, it is my advice,
Eat gruel, sago, barley, rice;
Take burdock roots, and by my truth,
I'd mingle daisies in the broth.

Thus you with ease may draw your
breath,
Deluding what you dread not—death:
Laugh with your friends, be gay, and thrive,
Larich'd by those whom you survive.

AN HISTORIC VISION.

Sir,

THOUGH "dreamers of dreams" have long slumbered through the countless variety of periodical publications; and though, after so many trials of patience, the very idea of a dream may be supposed sufficient to set the reader to sleep; yet have I been subject to a vision of so peculiar a nature, that I cannot refrain, in spite of every prudential apprehension, from communicating it to the world.

Methought (I use that expression as one of a quite visionary quality) that I had passed the dreary boundaries of the grave. I have been, Mr. Editor, from my youth, a patient student of the history of my native country, which I am very happy to say is England. Possibly from the frequent recurrence of ideas on this subject, or possibly—but away with conjectures on the cause; suffice it that I did dream I was introduced in that world whence very few travellers return, to the society of the chief of those personages with whose biography I was familiar. I remarked it as singular, that these illustrious characters exclusively occupied, in their own community, one division of the celestial residence to which I had, "an unbidden guest," gained entrance: a circumstance, as it strikes me, to be accounted for in two ways only.—First, that they adhered to each other in preference to ghosts of other descriptions, by choice, (which predilection would assuredly prove them deplorably deficient in taste), or secondly, that they were judged only fit company for each other. Which of these suppositions may be the more correct, I leave to the decision of the inquisitive.

Though confined, by coercion or preference, to one compartment of the celestial tenements, they still affected separate groupings; and reposed in recesses suited to their various propensities. The first party which I addressed (for I bore in my hand a large and awful goose quill, which, from time out of mind, has been considered a letter-patent for familiarity with departed greatness) consisted of Oliver Cromwell, Ireton, and Lord

Fairfax. The once-great protector was sitting, in a dejected attitude, over a certain fanatical work of the independents of his period, which I could not but observe he had torn in anger. An imperial diadem was on the table before him, which he had fancifully decked with black cloth, and, as I approached, he exclaimed fretfully, "Curs't fanaticism! must ambition ever be thy object?" I could not behold this lamentable depression of a great man (for such, in spite of his faults, I must ever consider Cromwell) without concern; and, therefore, to comfort him, I observed, that whatever disasters might have been occasioned to his native island by the unhappy bias of his own enthusiastic notions, matters wore an infinitely better aspect in the nether world at this time. That an equitable law of toleration permitted freedom of sentiment to all, while a pure and enlightened church-establishment secured the safety of the government with which it was connected, by a judicious unison of caution, charity, and mildness.

"Ah!" said Cromwell, shaking his head mournfully, "is not a society even now creeping into the vitals of the commonweal, which seeketh to uphold your magistrates to scorn, by assuming the function of dragging forth those petty offenders, whom the law in its wisdom looketh over?" Thinking that he might allude to that most amiable institution the Society for the Suppression of Vice, and finding that he so deeply repented the calamities he had once brought on my country by a junction of ambition and bigotry, I said, "The persons to whom your excellency alludes are the most eminently-pious subjects of the realm, and the most fervent supporters in the whole empire of church and king."—"Pish!" cried he angrily; and, rising, he gave me so violent a kick on that part which no man of honour can suffer to be touched with impunity, that, if he had not been a ghost, I should certainly have knocked him down for his presumption.

Disgusted with this treatment, (which all must allow rude, even from a protector) I advanced to a very well-made, good-looking gen-

tleman, who was sitting at table with two ladies and two little boys. He was helping the elder of these ladies to some perfumed viand of a costly nature; and he said, in a pleasing voice, as he handed the salver to the fair female, "Anne, my wife, have I sorted what suits thy relish?" The lady laughed as she took the salver, and answered, "Ah, Richard! it would be hard to persuade the deluded descendants of our people, that thou would'st tender to me aught which thy anointed hand had forborne to mingle poison with!" By these speeches I found that I was in company with Richard the Third, and Anne his Queen. The king looked grave, and shook his head thrice. "Shall Englishmen, my ever-dear wife!" exclaimed he, "pretend to any semblance of critical ability, while they sit down contented to receive the legends of the House of Lancaster, as probably just recitals of deeds enacted by the House of York?"—At this, Queen Anne could not avoid an interjection of contempt! But there are men," continued Richard; "there are writers——" He lowered his voice, but I thought I heard the names of Buck and Walpole; at which the other lady (who was no other than Elizabeth, wife of Henry the Seventh, but who dined with this party from preference) drew back in confusion, and whispered to the elder of the boys,—"Those fellows, (meaning the historians before noted) are perfect scandalizers! they pretend to assert that I liked your uncle better than my pretended lord—who, God bless him! was as sober and staid a man as you shall see!—But, I am sure, my dears!" added she, (casting an affectionate look on King Richard as she spoke) that you do not believe them—do you?"

"Certainly not!" replied the children in a breath; "for have not Hollingshed and Polydore Virgil told such abominable stories of our being murdered, and heaven knows what! that no historian can be believed thereafter?"

Much entertained (and indeed instructed) by this scene, I was just starting to seek fresh company, for I really felt ashamed to sit with a man so deeply injured as King Richard,

when Queen Elizabeth interrupted my progress. She was attended by numerous men at arms; and ladies gorgeously attired (though the chief seemed chosen for homeliness of aspect) graced, in long array, the pomp and dignity of her train. At a reverential distance, on the left hand of her majesty, walked my lord of Essex, who, though he had many coxcombal airs, never ventured to approach within a due length of his imperious monarch. As the queen nodded graciously on me, I ventured to draw near. Reflecting that I was in the presence of that *rara avis*, a virgin-queen, I endeavoured to ingratiate myself into the good graces of her majesty, by deploring very pathetically the extreme indelicacy of the modern press, in regard to the liberties taken with female characters, whom the purlieu of a court should certainly render exempt from vulgar derision.

"P'sha!" exclaimed she, in a voice that made me start, "Can any scandal which alludes to thy effeminate age equal the base and unmanly insinuations cast on my fair fame?—Let the chroniclers of thy boldest suspicions out-pen the catiff who first dared stain my name with the weakness and criminality of an illicit connection, and then, by G—d!—" The impending threat was too terrific; and, in attempting to hurry away, I ran full against Edward the Black Prince, who was clad in complete mail, though, to my great surprise, his armour was of bright steel; and, on looking in his face, I soon found, that from an atrabilious complexion, and not from a sable character of dress, it was that his title had been derived. He was a knight of very courtly manners, and bowed with a species of humility quite unusual to princes, on my addressing him. He complained, with much feeling, of the injury done to him by Dr. Smollett, who has not scrupled, in his English history, to call this illustrious chieftain "a ruffian, with no quality but personal courage to recommend him."

I shortly after saw Cardinal Wolsey, who assured me, upon his honour, that he was much wronged by those writers who asserted that his

father was a butcher; for that he was, as yet, the son of a private gentleman at Ipswich. I likewise had a short conversation with Henry the Seventh, who smiled disdainfully on my noticing to him the severity with which Dr. Henry has handled him, in regard to the avarice so generally ascribed to this monarch as his ruling passion. "My good Sir!" said he, (that was his very term, and indeed I remarked that all the sovereigns connected with chivalrous periods possessed a suavity of manner by no means discoverable in those who had flourished in the more mercantile ages, however polished those ages may be esteemed by the mercantile people themselves) "My good Sir!" said Henry the Seventh, "was it prejudice, or a temporary absence of all reflective talent, that induced the learned Doctor to brand my memory with so pitiless and unqualified a censure?—Make my compliments to him, if you should ever meet, and remind him that I lived in the precise point and period when political power vibrated between two characters,—baronial hardihood of courage, and the more subtle and all-pervading influence of gold. Foreign commerce was just expanding in the bud. Home manufactures, by a re-acting principle, were successfully calling forth the infant arts of agriculture. I perceived that a new species of supremacy was in my grasp. While a mere contention at arms determined superiority, each baron was a monarch, and internal warfare the fatal bequest of every successive sovereign to his harassed people. Money, the great feeding principle of those energies now first appearing in the commonwealth, I treasured as a counterbalance to the ambition and ferocity of the barons. Acting on a deliberate conviction, I was steady in my purpose, and attained a permanent triumph for my successors over the turbulent assumption of the lords. Domestic tranquillity was the fruit of my efforts.—Is it not then cruelty, the most blind and injurious, to load me with the opprobrium of practising tyranny for the gratification of personal avarice?"

But the group which struck me as peculiarly deserving of notice, con-

sisted of the English Queen Mary, Bishop Gardiner, and Fox the martyrologist. The queen was sitting in an attitude of ardent contemplation, with a book open before her, which I found, with some surprise, to be no other than an English translation of the Bible. Gardiner addressed some words to her in an imperious tone, though their particular purport has escaped my memory, but the queen turned with appalling disgust from his glance.—"Begone!" said she, with mournful indignation, "through too fatal a period of mistaken severity was I the blind servitor of your oppressive wishes. Quit me! if all my arguments are indeed unable to soften thy asperity, and take this for thy consolation—the memorialists who note the transactions of our calamitous day, have not courage to fix the stigma of thy austere deeds on a person capable of masculine retaliation! Go thy ways: thou art safe: they will lightly glance over the imperious churchman, whose frown no cowardices can endure, to heap, with thrice-told-treble rancour, their vengeance on the sprinkling and affrighted head of a defenceless woman!"

After saying this, her majesty turned to poor Fox, who truly seemed in a very moving and sorrowful plight: he was kneeling at the feet of the queen, and in the act of tearing a considerable number of pages from his work, which he scattered in the passing wind; and (weeping most plentifully the while) exclaimed,—
"Forgive me, much injured princess!" I do confess that I basely calumniated thee, from an unjustifiable fervour of party-spirit, and because I was sure no person would dare to answer me! I do confess, that, in the book I now hold, (which is a very good book, notwithstanding, in many places) I have martyred a great number of thy loving subjects, who were alive and laughing after my work came from the press! I do confess that I have acted like a puppet-show man, or stage-manager, in my artful introduction of fire, faggot, and double interments by way of side scenery! I do confess——" Much more he would have added, but the spirit of a princess took fire at the subject cast of his contrition, and she

bade him rise, and retire, with the all virtue, than upon a conduct of denizen of her compassion; then which virtue is the basis. And here turning to me, she was graciously the question is lost. For surely no pleased to say, "Ah, Sir! since I one will hesitate to say, that a greater have read in my native tongue this portion of happiness must belong to precious volume," (touching the the man whose practice is that of book on the table) "and discarded virtue, than to him to whom virtue is from my councils that bigotted unknown; seeing, that, without neg- churchman whom you lately saw lecting a moral or a religious duty, quit my presence, I view the great man may indulge all his senses to the interests of the christian church in a utmost. light quite different from that in which they formerly met my regard. By abandoning the path of honesty, a man can create no new sense to which my best respects to the protestants of he was before a stranger, or which your period, and assure them that I he might not before have lawfully in- feel sincerely for their credit and dulgued. He may indeed stimulate to welfare. Tell them how severely I corrupt and enormous excesses the repent that persecuting spirit for jaded appetites of sensuality: but they which my name was once unhappily perish in the new created fires; and tortured as a sanction. Tell them, if at the moment when rapture is anticipated, exhaustion supervenes. Vain I lived in your bright and philanthro- are the speculations of sensual avarice! pic day, that I would grant the blessing of toleration to all; and fervently To a pitch of extreme pleasure all the request, as they love the christian senses may, without offence, be indulged: but for him whose depraved charity which they affirm I, alas! and unsatisfied mind would grasp at wanted, that they will not, in their more, there is nothing but an immediate reverse of pain. own persons, fall into the very error which they so pointedly condemn in me."

I obtained considerable favour from other characters, chiefly of a more modern date, with which I may, perhaps, at a future period, trouble your readers, if I find that the portions of my dream already narrated have failed to set them to sleep;

And am, Sir, your's, &c.

TIM. SLEEPWELL.

Mr. FLETCHER to the EDITOR.

SIR,

SOPHOS, a correspondent in your last number, (p. 101) proposes, for the consideration of your readers, a question concerning the happiness of man, as derived from the gratification of his senses, and from the strict practice of virtue.

Before I any way consider the question, I must premise, that, as it is possible for man to gratify all his senses, to the utmost extent of the pleasure of which they are susceptible, without any way interfering with his habitual practice of moral and religious duties, it ought rather to be enquired, whether happiness depends more upon the indulgence of the senses, or, supposing an absence of

I think the question is answered as far as relates to *individual* happiness. — But if your correspondent would enquire whether happiness among men is derived chiefly from one of the two sources he has pointed out, I should answer immediately that the scale of sensuality greatly preponderates. The pleasure resulting from virtue has no existence but in the mind: and how few are the minds among the countless inhabitants of earth, capable of sublime and independent enjoyment, in comparison with those whose only pleasure is derived from the daily gratification of his senses.

Thus it appears to me, that though the virtuous man must incontestibly be pronounced *happier* than him who is merely sensual; still there is in the world a *majority* whose happiness is the result of sensuality.

This is not an opinion which can derive much support from argument. It is rather a matter of calculation. The moralist may wish that it were otherwise; but he must disbelieve the evidence of his eyesight if he thinks it is so.

Your correspondent talks of prejudice and fanaticism, as if they might

interfere with the question, which they in no way can; and then desires that present may not be confounded with future happiness. There was no necessity for this: he does not surely suppose that any one, but a Mahometan or a savage, would sit down to prove that future happiness is to depend either on all, or any of, the senses.

7th Sept. 1808.

H. F.

P. S. It was my intention to have added a few words, in answer to Mr. Benson, (id.) who seems inclined to cavil with a passage in Locke. That author's essay concerning human understanding is divided into four books: those books consist, each, of many chapters, and those chapters are subdivided into sections. It was my intention to have assisted myself, in removing Mr. Benson's objections, with the context. But that gentleman referring only to "the ninth section," I shall defer my communication, till he mentions the book and the chapter.

THE CONTEMPLATIST.

No. XI.

Voulez-vous prévenir les abus et faire d'heureux mariages? cloûtez les préjugés, oubliez les institutions humaines, et consultez la nature.—ROUSSEAU.

THERE is no condition of life which so extensively operates upon its joys and miseries, as the human institution of marriage. It is a state into which some fly from choice, and some are driven by necessity: some adopt it from example, and some from convenience: while others embrace it without any distinct view of its nature, merely because they have been accustomed to regard it as something inevitable.

Of a situation so universal it might be expected that felicity would be a distinguishing character, for what all men do, must be done from some general anticipation of happiness. Yet I believe the voice of discontent is more frequently heard than of pleasure: and those who can number marriage among the blessings of their existence are to be envied for their good fortune, or for their apathy.

That marriages are often contracted with an imprudent disregard of mu-

tual circumstances; that disparity of habit, temper, and character produces wretchedness in those who are compelled hourly to endure the collision of this disparity: that men are unreasonable, and women negligent: and that more than human perfection is expected from less than human virtue, are complaints of conjugal misery, too common and too true to need illustration from my pen. Neither do I propose to examine in my present paper the various other causes of matrimonial infelicity; but there is one prominent circumstance which will explain a great deal of this unhappiness, and which I do not remember to have seen noticed by any moralist.

The feelings of preference towards the opposite sexes, which nature has implanted in every bosom are so intimately inwoven with almost every incident of life, form so distinguishing a portion of human felicity, and are, in their unbridled tendencies so likely to produce error, that one great business of morality has ever been the sober and discreet direction of them. We all acknowledge their potency, either in our thoughts or actions; and the institutions of civil society have tended rather to acuminate than blunt their poignancy. By the frequency of intercourse, and by the arts of polished life, they are divested of their grosser particles, give a wider and more liberal range, and elevated to the rank of social enjoyment.

These feelings, directed towards one object and influenced by motives of convenience, choice, or necessity, produce marriage; which, simply considered, is but a contract by which mutual advantages are to be gained, and the form instituted by the church, a formal ratification of that contract.

I do not believe that language has any terms adequate to express the vast difference of feeling which arises in the heart, according as it is filled with gratified or ungratified desire. The fervour of the latter, and the frigid complacency of the former, have no more affinity than heat and cold. We awake as from a dream, when we wake from the full satiety of marriage: we look, but look in vain for, the enchanting prospect that before dazzled our sight:

we reflect with astonishment upon the amazing change. That this is so, the solemn dictates of every breast would declare, were they suffered to speak out; but it is a truth so unwelcome, that we strive to hide it from ourselves; and we strive to hide it from the world by a conduct which is the mixed offspring of humanity, respect, and esteem. Fiction and poetry indeed have sometimes given to wedlock the attributes of a single state: and weak minds have fancied that they saw or felt no change: but the former is known to be falsehood; and the latter, when they are to be found, should, in mercies be left in the undisturbed possession of their ignorance.

What marriage is capable of giving, I believe to be this: a tender and affectionate friendship for each other, ripened by the lapse of years into such a mutual necessity, that the separation by death becomes a painful and dreaded event. It is, however, possible to ascend higher than this, and very possible to fall lower. So much deception is practised on both sides before marriage, that its after days are too often but accumulated discoveries of vices, errors, and imperfections, the very existence of which were not suspected; and these discoveries are probably the first inlets to that settled and habitual indifference (I mean with a reference to the preceding state) which we never fail to discover in conjugal life. Marriage, therefore, may be regarded as the knell of those elevated joys which love inspires: love and marriage never can be united.

While I write this, I anticipate the exclamation of surprise with which my readers will peruse it. But before they condemn, let them understand; and to understand, they must have passed through both states. They who can identify the ardent, glowing, generous, and lofty emotions of unwedded love, with the tame, dull, satiated, and placid feelings of matrimonial union, may be excused for a happy obtuseness of mind, but can be admitted neither for power of discrimination nor firmness of truth. The very sense of mankind, indeed, seems to rise against the supposition. For what is more

generally ridiculed and despised than conjugal dotage? and it is ridiculed and despised because it must be either unnatural or false. No: we expect the discreet sobriety of decent esteem; but we are disgusted with the shadow of what has no longer the vital spirit to animate it.

Intellectual cultivation has a necessary and decided tendency to produce a susceptible character; or, in other words, while it creates additional capacities for pleasure, it also refines our sense of it; and there is no pleasure so perpetual or, perhaps, so intense, as that which results from the intercourse of the sexes. I speak of any intercourse but sensual. Hence, in the ascending scale of society, we find a corresponding elevation of this delight: and the more we remove from the merely animal creature, the more we shall find the intellectual one deriving pleasure from a source in which the senses have little or no share. At this point of ascension, the free communication between the sexes forms a leading character of human felicity. and as it is deprived of all grossness of expectation, it may be considered as one of the purest gratifications of which society is capable.

How is it then that it has been thought necessary to regard this pure and incorrupt intercourse between the sexes, as essentially hostile to, and incompatible with, the state of marriage?

Marriage has no power to root out the settled habits of nature: it has no power to quench the sympathy which links us to our kind, or to endow us with new senses. It leaves us as it found us, in full possession of all our natural and artificial desires: and while these desires reign within our bosoms, can happiness be compatible with their restriction?

The solid maxim, that they who are united in wedlock, must have neither hands, eyes, nor ears, for any other human being, has been, is, and ever will be, the fruitful source of conjugal misery. It converts the state of marriage into solitary and unfruitful banishment: it renders it a gloomy disunion from our fellow creatures: it places a solemn interdict upon the emanations of social love and kindness, and makes its vic-

tions sullen, suspicious, and discontented. They find themselves, by their own act, held a captive in the most pernicious and hateful thralldom: they find that they have shaped agunder the link that held them to the world they moved in: they are no longer one of its members: they have drawn a magic circle round themselves, which they must not overleap: they sit down in pining misery within its narrow bounds, and waste their days in self-consuming anguish. All those fond delights which flow from unrestrained, yet pure, intercourse, are denied them: they have become a property: they are sold; converted into private possession: a purchased slave to the will and uses of another: their actions are misinterpreted: their intentions are misconceived: their very virtues made into vices: and the stainless purity of an angel soiled with the rank spots of diseased malice and slanderous imputation. Millions submit to this, and submitting are miserable. Some spurn at the ignoble and debasing bondage: rise superior to the petty trammels of corrupt minds: disdain every tribunal but their own conscience: and feel and act as become those who have reared the shrine of virtue in their hearts, and are not the blind worshippers of a false idol, erected by prejudice and adored by weakness.

The ceaseless love of variety, which no human being is without, and which indeed forms the basis of our moral and political advancement in society, this love of variety, for ever operating upon our feelings, propels us in search of new objects of delight. Nothing pleases in perpetuity, and why then human nature? Besides, in marriage, it too often happens, that the very conduct which endeared the parties to each other, prior to the nuptial ceremony, is forthwith laid aside; and when, in fact, additional reasons arise for every effort being made to retain, we carelessly throw away. But were it not as, the zest of novelty must decay, and what has already sickened with repetition, comes with no relish to our senses. Satire produces indifference; and indifference, tied down to its object, generates abhorrent loathing

and disgust. The art of pleasure is understood by few: the art of leaving, that return may be more sweet and grateful. The same vices, the same books, the same sports, the same occupations, however exquisite they may be in themselves, yet displease by constant repetition. The happiness of life consists in contrast: when wearied with the bustle of an active life, we fly to solitude: when sick of inactivity, we rush into the vortex of society and dissipation. We are, in every thing, hunting after change? and why then should we be confined to one gloomy scene of domestic existence?

Temporary absence from what is dear to us enhances the value of the treasure. We return to it with new fondness, and contemplate it with new delight. The placid comforts of home are felt with increased poignancy when occasionally relieved by the turbulence of public life, or the variety of mixed society. We may enchain the body, but who can forge fetters for the mind? We may remain, by compulsion, real or imaginary, by our fire side, but our thoughts are wandering through other scenes, and our imaginations tasting fancied happiness. The sense of what we ought to be, compared with what we are, makes us irritable: we revolt from the stale joys that once delighted, and might again, if not forced upon us, we become sullen, and banish from our hearts every feeling that would lead us to extract happiness from the circle of domestic life.

This is the consequence of that narrow prejudice, which supposes that marriage is to fasten its victim down to one object; to render it insensible to, ought else besides, and to make it criminal to draw pleasure from a pure and innocent intercourse between the sexes. Were there any power by which the hearts of mankind might be read: were there some talisman that could, by its magic influence, give to every woe of human life its true origin, I do believe, that an awful proportion of the miseries of existence would be found to flow from the state of wedlock as it is now constituted. Jealousies, suspicions, reproaches, heart burnings, taunts, sullenness, malice, revenge, is the

black catalogue of vices that walk in its train; and these hateful passions are all conjured up by the interdiction of the natural emotions of the human heart, which, denied their legitimate objects, turn back upon themselves, stagnate into feculencies, and corrupt the very sources of worldly felicity. The mind rankles with the galling consciousness of the servitude it endures: nothing vigorous or beautiful possesses it; all its feelings are embittered, and a pining anxiety preys upon its energies.

Some indeed, as I have already observed, disdain a thralldom so odious and so contemptible, and boldly marking out the path of their own conduct, condemn the railings of rancour, the insinuations of envy, or the allegations of malice, and satisfied in the conscious integrity of their own hearts, do not appeal beyond it. They cannot accommodate the tenor of their lives to the circumscribed notions of the vulgar, the illiterate, and the prejudiced: they are satisfied that their intentions are pure, and that no evil, directly or indirectly, flows from their proceedings: in the confidence of this certainty they have all the meed that virtue asks, and they can endure all the insults that virtue suffers. To be ranked among these is the proudest character of man. They who have not learned to respect themselves, must never aspire to the dignity of virtue: but they who have acquired that greatest lesson of our moral nature, have fortified themselves with an armour of adamant: they fear to do wrong, because they fear themselves: their breast is the volume and register of their deeds when they turn to read them: it is not open to the inspection of the world, for the world can read only its own language: in the pursuit of honest pleasure they are not to be turned aside by the finger of scorn or the tongue of slander: they feel that they are right, and, feeling so, bid their actions avouch their principles.

But there is another circumstance attached to this debasing notion of the sole property of married persons: a circumstance which, alone, ought to operate against its continuance: I mean the implied degeneracy of human nature.

I presume the strongest advocates for matrimonial possession will allow that the eyes and tongue are free, and that while personal dereliction is avoided, that is avoided which is most suspected. Surely there is no abridgment of conjugal rights and privileges, if words and looks wander from one point: there is no attack upon domestic peace, no violation of domestic claims, when that is given to others which was never meant by God or man to be appropriated to one. Yet who can deny that the jealousy of connubial tyranny too often attempts to limit even these?

It would not be easy to imagine any principle more illiberal than this. It supposes so much inherent depravity in human nature, generally and individually: it establishes such a sensual object as the aim and end of sexual intercourse: and it destroys so captivating and so endearing a source of social happiness, that I am lost in wonder when I reflect upon the extent to which it is pursued.

I will conclude by observing, that while I assert the freedom of intercourse between the sexes, I reject all ideas but those of purity, virtue, and honour: that intercourse must be without a spot, or it is criminal; and I think well enough of human nature to believe that this is abundantly possible.

A BRIEF INQUIRY into the COMPARATIVE MERIT of ANCIENT and MODERN ELOQUENCE.

Sir,

THAT mental attainments are equal in every age, I will not undertake to maintain; but we may rationally infer, that, with the same causes of exertion, our faculties are at all periods able to produce the same effects. The superiority of the ancients in eloquence, chiefly directed to political purposes, is universally acknowledged; and it is my present object to inquire into a few of the circumstances which we may imagine to have operated in endowing their oratory with an influence so far exceeding that of modern times.

The question so often agitated, on the divine or human origin, of language, will naturally precede and conduct me to the subject now discussed,

It is not easy to conceive, that any organs of speech were imparted to mankind without end or purpose by the Deity: yet this imputation will arise from the supposition of a divine communication. We must suppose that the primitive language would embrace every system of sound that human organs were adapted to utter: but, as there are many tongues whose peculiar conformations are unattainable to one that has been educated from infancy in a different country, it is evident, after the introduction of various modes of speech, that the instruments of utterance would be no longer susceptible of their former extent of powers. The organs of aboriginal savages would be as pliant as those of infants at the present æra; and would be capable of articulating any sounds that instinct might suggest; as the latter can be now taught any individual language, whether natives of Great Britain or Otaheite, before inveterate habit has confirmed the acquiescence of their speech with the general dialect of the nation to which birth attaches them. That "*savages could bend their limbs into any postures agreed upon as the signs of ideas*,"* is almost too ludicrous for reply; since even civilised nations are only acquainted with the signification of these signs, by supplying the intermediate ideas with which the progress of language has rendered them familiar. The received axiom that each country reflects its character in the vernacular tongue, agrees with the theory of human invention, and the varying beauties and imperfections of different languages: but to the other opinion, it seems not equally accordant. The characteristics of the different systems of expression employed by mankind, will effect those of their oratory in a considerable degree.

The ære of mythology and that of chivalry† were both eminently favourable to poetry and imagination. Through the medium of the former was transmitted all the enjoyment which their bards were able to give; and it would render them impervious

to disgust, from the very figures of speech that at present appear hyperbolic. The people who had been habituated to listen with complacency to the metamorphosis of their own species into stone, and similar fables, would scarcely feel surprised, if one orator invoked the *manes* of his fallen countrymen, as actually present; or, when informed by another, that the horror of a criminal action might confer life upon rocks and the inanimate scenes of nature. We must not therefore, with Mr. Hume, appreciate by the standard of our present taste, the blaze of eloquence, that was requisite for these feelings to make an impression upon their spectators, in the harangues of Pericles, Demosthenes, and Tullius.

As the learned languages were regulated by the quantity of syllables, for rhyme was not employed either in poetry or prose, the astonishing number of their different kinds of verse would frequently give to the rhythm of their prose an appearance of poetical metre, which would produce the same effect, in comparison with regular poetry, as the most animated blank verse of Milton, Akenside, or Thomson upon an English ear.*

Nor can I think that the collocation of words was ineffectual. They are disposed in modern tongues according to the orderly succession of ideas; but were often anciently arranged, according to their comparative importance and connexion. When Demosthenes exclaims, while exciting the spirit of his countrymen,† *Μη παρὰ χαρῆν τῆς τάξεως τοῦ οἱ πρόγονοι τῆς ἀρίτης μέγα πολλῶν καὶ καλῶν κινδύνων κηρώμενοι καλῶντες*, it is impossible not to observe and to admire the immediate succession of the ideas, *ancestors, valour, arduous dangers*; but the same exact order of words would, in the English language, seem absurd, although we are irresistibly impelled in the original by the orator's rebe-

The ære of mythology and that of chivalry† were both eminently favourable to poetry and imagination. Through the medium of the former was transmitted all the enjoyment which their bards were able to give; and it would render them impervious

* Preface to Fry's *Pantographia*.

† Warton's *History of English Poetry*. Pref. Diss. 2.

* * Κραδίῃς δυνάμει ποιῶμεν ἡ καὶ μέλῳ τοῦ Δημοσθένους λόγος. — Dionysius Halicarnass. *Περὶ Εὐκλ. Τονικ.* xi, p. 224.

This subject alone would require a separate essay.

† *Ein. Olynth. B.*

means of patriotism. The former method is allied to synthesis; and analysis is more agreeable to the latter.

In all the graces of gesture, a superior proficiency would be promoted by a greater progress in the liberal arts of sculpture and painting, and the general practice of gymnastic exercises. The universal study of eloquence, as the self means of attaining honourable offices, combined with the freedom of manners arising from the form of government, subjected every question to the decisions of a vast assembly; whose presence alone was more conducive to animation than the limited number of modern spectators, among whom are perhaps many ignorant and uninformed individuals. That judgment and sincere, unbiassed attachment to the interests of our native country, which is now a rarity,

was then the general character; and undoubtedly far preferable, notwithstanding all the occasional commotions which this independence caused.

Thus the diffusion of those enlightened sentiments, among a large concourse of people, which are now confined to few, gave the ancient orators a considerable advantage of which the modern are entirely deprived; and it has been long admitted, that more patriots occur in the Grecian and Roman history than in the later annals of Europe, where courtly intrigue* maintains its sway against the investigations of reason.

Sept. 7, 1808.

* * *

* *J'art de la politique*, fait il notre Histoire plus belle que celle des Grecs et des Romains? Montesquieu. *Pensées Diverses*.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam"

THE POETICAL WORKS of the late CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY, Esq. with some Account of the Life and Writings of the Author. By his Son, JOHN ANSTEY, Esq. 4to. 1808.

WE suppose there is scarcely one of our readers to whom "The New Bath Guide" is not familiar. Nearly half a century has elapsed since its first publication; and though its popularity has necessarily declined, it has yet found at all times a willing pleasure in perusal. The wit and humour, as they were general, were exempt from the perishable celebrity of personal satire; and the singularity of the metre concurred with the novelty of the plan and incidents to bestow upon it claims to posterity.

We shall not, however, proceed farther with our remarks, but proceed to abstract a biographical notice of the author, from such materials as his son has offered us.

Christopher Anstey was born on the 21st of October, 1724. He was the son of the Rev. Christopher Anstey, D.D. who was afflicted with such a deafness as never to hear the voice of his son: a circumstance which, it may be presumed, deprived

him of many advantages in his infancy, and of many lessons of instruction.

Our author was sent, when very young, to school at Bury St. Edmunds, under the tuition of the Rev. Arthur Kinsman; and from thence removed to Eton, and placed in the fourth form as an oppidan, and afterwards on the foundation. He finished his studies at Eton under Dr. George, with a character highly creditable to him as a scholar, and went captain to the *Montem* in the year 1741. In the year 1742, he succeeded to a scholarship of King's College, and added to his reputation as a classical scholar. He was admitted fellow of King's in the early part of 1745, and in 1746 took his bachelor's degree in the University. After this period he chiefly resided at college, and had nearly completed the term of his qualification for the degree of master of arts, when, engaging in some popular opposition against an innovation attempted to be introduced into the college, he was refused his master of arts degree in 1749.

He continued a fellow of King's, and occasionally resided at college,

till his mother's death, in the year 1764, when he succeeded to the family estates and resigned his fellowship.

In the year 1756, he married Ann, third daughter of Felix Calvert, Esq. of Albury-hall, in Hertfordshire. By this lady, who is still living, he had thirteen children, of whom eight survived him.

The first fourteen years after his marriage he passed at his seat in Cambridgeshire, dividing his time chiefly between the attractions of his own residence, which he had greatly improved, and the society of his particular friends, whom he occasionally visited in the country. His situation he thus describes, himself:—

“ From wealth, from honours, and from
courts remov'd,
I've kept the silent path my genius lov'd,
And pitied those whom fortune oft beguiles
With flattering hopes from false ambition's
smiles,
Hence far from me the prostituted hour
Of adulation base on pride or pow'r,
Hence (thanks to Heaven!) I ne'er was
decoy'd to know
What bitter streams from disappointment
flow,
Oh! bane of life's sweet cup!”

These cheerful scenes of innocent gratification were suddenly darkened by the death of an amiable sister, whom he tenderly loved. She was a lady (according to her nephew's account) of extraordinary endowments, and the particular friend of the late Mrs. Montague (then Miss Robinson) with whom she corresponded upon many subjects of criticism and morality.

Many years elapsed before Mr. Anstey so far recovered from this heavy loss as to be able to bear the mention of it, with even tolerable composure. His health declined and a bilious fever ensued, for the cure of which he was advised to try the Bath waters, and which recovered him.

Among the acquaintance which he formed while residing upon his estate in the country, were Soame Jennings, who lived at Bottisham in Cambridgeshire, and Gray, the poet. It is well known to every reader of Mason's *Life of Gray*, that Mr. Anstey and Mr. Roberts translated the “Elegy in a Country Church-yard” into Latin

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verse. The following letter of Gray to Mr. Anstey, upon this subject, is an interesting relic: after regretting that gentlemen who can express their own thoughts so well in Latin verse, should confine themselves within the limits of translation, he adds, “every language has its idiom, not only of words and phrases, but of customs and manners, which cannot be represented in the tongue of another nation, especially of a nation so distant in time and place, without constraint and difficulty; of this sort, in the present instance, are the curfew-bell, the Gothic church, with its monuments, organs, and anthems, the texts of scripture, &c. There are certain images, which, though drawn from common nature, and every where obvious, yet strike us as foreign to the turn and genius of Latin verse; the beetle that flies in the evening, to a Roman, I guess, would have appeared too mean an object for poetry, “that leaves the world to darkness and to me,” is good English, but has not the turn of a Latin phrase, and therefore, I believe, you were in the right to drop it.” After some verbal criticisms on particular passages, which were afterwards altered, he goes on to say, “might not the English characters here be romanized? Virgil is just as good as Milton, and Cæsar as Cromwell, but who shall be Hampden?”

The first publication of our author in English poetry was *The New Bath Guide*. It was composed at Trumpington, and printed at Cambridge in a 4to volume, in 1766. It was thus published anonymously, by a country bookseller, and at a distance from the spot which was the scene of the poem.

Although this poem obtained a high reputation for the author; it did not produce him very extensive profit. He sold the copyright to Dodsley, soon after the publication of the second edition, for 200*l.* and he gave the balance of his account with his bookseller at Bath to the benefit of the General Hospital in that city. Dodsley very candidly confessed, about ten years after he had purchased the *Bath Guide*, that his profits of the sale of it were greater than he had ever made by any other book, during the like period; and for this

reason generously gave back the copy-right to the author in the year 1777.

In 1767, he produced his "Elegy on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock, and the "Patriot," a Pindaric epistle, addressed to the noted Buck-horse, and the satire of which, as it is directed against pugilists, is too applicable at the present day. Buck-horse was a celebrated bruiser of his time, and actually sat for his picture, and a vignette of him is given in the present volume: he is *literally*

Manstrum horridum, cui lumen ademptum.

Sir William Draper, the well-known antagonist of Junius, was one of the friends that Mr. Anstey possessed in his retirement. To him he addressed two sportive epistles, one with a copy of the *Patriot*, and a present of Cottenham Cheese; the other with a collar of brawn. To these Sir William returned a poetical answer; and it will not perhaps be uninteresting to our readers to see him in his riming character.

"So much, my Friend, your poem pleases,
I scarce have time to taste your cheeses.
Much I admire the infant's cradle,
Who for a pay-spoon grasp'd the ladle,
Split Leona's marrow-bones with cleaver,
And suck'd their essence for his beaver—
All would I praise, but deaf Apollo
My invocation will not follow;
He, thy luxuriant vein still blesses,
Adorns with fancy's richest dresses;
But what the God in thee supplies
Nature perverse to me denies.
Hard as the ice of this day's frost,
My head to fancy's beam is lost;
But tho' the God no hopes will give,
Nor learned GLEN, that this may live,
Spill in thy verse, O let my name,
Scar'd with thy more lasting fame,
To future times convey'd, pretend
Thou wert my earliest, dearest friend,
And still that name the more to grace,
Let me assume the patron's place.
Alas! I send you cups of wine;
Let Bacchus with your fingers dine,
While Bacchus let the Muses drink;
And on the tender sigh to think.
Accept of these joyous claret,
A draught to the rhythm's sweet;
Which though an echo to frosty tale,
Is as the sunbeams on the raiment pale.
Something to drink, I'd have you know it;
I have not present time to show it.

May what my cellars can afford
Add to the dainties of your board;
And if it can amusement give,
Hear how your friend has learn'd to live:
His sword (its barbarous use forgot)
Becomes the cook-maid's harmless lot,
To toast your cheese, and scrape the paring,
Is all the merit it can share in
Manilla's ransom quite forgetting,
It asks no more another whetting.
By downy peace and rest undone,
"Othello's occupation's gone;"
The squeaking fife, and noisy drum
No more shall drag him from his home,
Nor circumstance of glorious war
Tempt him to mount Bellona's car;
His gentle spirit-lulling wife
Comforts his mild decline of life,
Aside the dazzling helmet lays,
But no Astyanax round him plays
Farewell! farewell! may Jove encrust
On guns and pikes perpetual rust.
For time, alas! begins to spread
His thin grey mantle o'er my head,
And with his much too serious pay
Steals beauty, manhood, wit, away.
My breast thus sober reason enters,
Forbids to roam for fresh adventures,
Breathes her kind whisper in my ear,
"No more on false ambition leer;
"Be it thy only wish to find,
"And heal the woes of human kind."
But as I ge'er humanely lent
A friend my cash—at cent per-cent.
And am not quite so rich as those,
Who pull your Nabobs by the nose,
From no great source my bounty flows.
Why did I not, from zeal to pay,
The nation's debt, some Rajah pay,
The great Mogul's own throne assail,
And catch his Peacock by the tail,
Which, Argus like, with hundred eyes
Of diamonds bright, is rapine's prize?
But to your friend much kinder heaven
Blest mediocrity has given:
Contentment, peace, conjun'd to health,
Supply the place of wretched wealth,
Hence more true joy my bosom warms
Than e'er was felt from conquest's charms,
More than great Amason's son could feel,
With vanquish'd monarchs at his heel;
More than to mine gold e'er gave
Vain man's alternate lord and slave;
More than stern Philip ever drew
From tortur'd Incas and Peru:
More than thy Cestus, Venus, gives,
More than in Phœbian laurel lives.
Sweet, Lippinot! you more can know,
Whose heart with goodness taught to glow
Sighs for occasions to bestow
Fair fortune's smiles; of human kind
The friend, to merit never blind,
Tho' mainly, melts with pang of grief
When modest want abroad relief;

Scarcely more than thee, my Anstey, blessed
 From wife's and children's dear caresses.
 Long may you all unparted prove
 The union of domestic love;
 But as I can no longer hope
 From you, from Horace, Shakspeare, Pope,
 Both thought and language thus to take,
 And what they wrote my own to make,
 And undetected steal your metre,
 Known at St. Paul's, or fam'd St. Peter,
 With borrow'd lines no more I'll tease you,
 But strive in honest prose to please you."

"*Manilla Hall, Jan. 9th, 1768.*

"DEAR ANSTEY,

"In return for your very kind present, and pretty verses, I send you some very bad ones. I had a mind to try, if, after 24 years interruption, I could again put my thoughts into metre; therefore you will not wonder so much at their mediocrity, as that I could write at all. Since which I have hammered out a few others for your perusal. To atone for which, I beg your acceptance of some claret, not to bribe your approbation, but as a kind remembrance of my friendship towards you and yours; as I can assure you, with much truth and sincerity, there is no man living, that I love and honour more than yourself. Your poetical talents are now so much known and admired, that, besides my private satisfaction, I have a public vanity in boasting that the Author of the Bath Guide is my particular friend; that he has composed under my roof. Let me not despair of enjoying that happiness again. I do not request it immediately; the season makes it impossible; but the spring will return as usual; then let me see you, *cum zephyris, si concedes, et hirundine primâ*—Mrs. Anstey is so interwoven with your happiness, and so deservedly makes the chief part of it, that to desire your company, is requesting her's of course. Caroline joins with me in this request: her house is now very pretty, but she cannot think it completely ornamented, until you promise to grace it once more with your companies. By the 20th I shall be at General Peirson's, in Hill-street; it will add to my pleasure to find your family in town.

"Adieu;

"Your affectionate Friend,

"WILLIAM DRAKE."

From the period of publishing the "Patriot" in 1768, the increasing cares and concerns of his numerous family occupied all his time and attention, and he now devoted himself to the task of preparing them for Eton. The period thus occupied in instruction, was about two years and a half; and during that time he abandoned all thoughts of poetry.

In the year 1770, he removed from Cambridgeshire, and took up his residence at Bath. He accordingly purchased a house in the Crescent, and became one of its first inhabitants. A short time after his arrival was published the "Heroic Epistle to Sir Wm. Chambers, Knt." and which was generally attributed to his pen.

In the year 1776, he produced the poem called an "Election Ball," suggested by a subject given out at Mrs. Miller's poetical coterie at Bath-easton*, and supposed to be letters from an honest haberdasher and freeman of Bath, written in the Somersetshire dialect, and giving an account of the election in that city to his wife at Gloucester. This was afterwards published and divested of its provincial idiom. This was followed by other poetical trifles, not worthy a distinct enumeration. In the 79th year of his age (1803), he wrote an Alcaic Ode to Dr. Jenner, in consequence of his very important discovery of the vaccine inoculation.

"In the early part of the year 1805, for the first time, in the memory of his children, he became seriously and alarmingly indisposed, but without any distinct malady, which he could

* "This poetical Coterie, as it was called, was an elegant morning assembly, instituted by Mrs. Miller, at her beautiful villa at Bath-easton, after the model of the French Coteries, at that time so much in vogue at Paris. The declared object of it was to encourage a taste for polite literature, by cultivating the art of poetry, as a rational amusement for people of fashion resorting to Bath, or probably for the more obvious purpose of assembling, and entertaining in the most respectable manner, all the beauty, rank, and fashion of the place. In this latter object, it was eminently successful."

accurately describe, or for which a remedy could be effectually recommended; his appetite failed him, his spirits became proportionably depressed, and his bodily strength correspondently impaired and exhausted. Dr. Haygarth was requested to attend him; he received him as a physician, in compliance with the wishes of his family, and for their satisfaction; and he welcomed him as a friend, whom he respected, and to whose superior skill, under Providence, he considered himself indebted for the preservation, and continuation of an inestimable blessing to the family, in the recovery of my mother's health; but without confidence, in his own particular case, or the smallest hopes, that it was in the power of medicine, or as he frequently expressed it, of the whole College of Physicians, to do him any service. With some experience of his own constitution, in favour of a decided opinion against the use of medicine, it must be confessed, that he had too little medical faith in general, though not the less esteem and respect for many gentlemen of great learning, and eminence in that profession. He was, however, not without expectation of a temporary relief from change of air, and he accordingly removed from Bath, to the residence of his son-in-law, H. Bosanquet, Esq. at Harnish House, Wiltshire. Although he might be said to have revived in some degree, upon his first coming into the country, he as suddenly relapsed, and gradually declined, and after several days confinement to his bed, calmly expired, in the 81st year of his age, without any apparent pain, in the midst of his surrounding family, and in the possession of his admirable faculties to the last.

"His funeral, by the appointments of his will, was conducted with that peculiar regard to decency, without ostentation, which had marked his conduct through life. His remains were deposited in the parish church of Walcot, in the city of Bath, and in the same vault with those of his fourth daughter, Sarah, the wife of Rear-Admiral Sotheby, and her two infant children."

The son has, however, told us neither the month nor the day of his

father's death; but such is the biographical information which this volume affords relative to its author. Let us now pass to a consideration of its poetical contents.

We do not think it necessary to examine, critically, the *New Bath Guide*; for it has already gathered the suffrages of public opinion. The wit, humour, and metre, were new, and of course they attracted imitators, who, as all imitators must, fell beneath their original. Of this poem, however, it cannot be denied that it has occasional passages of indelicacy and indecency, which must ever remain a blot upon its general excellence, and a reproach to its author.

The next piece in the volume is an Elegy on the Death of the Marquis of Tavistock, the father of the late and the present Duke of Bedford, both of whom were then infants under two years of age. Our author's son, in speaking of this, says, "there is something in the manner and turn of the expression in these *beautiful lines* which distinguish them from the ordinary style of elegy. The abrupt apostrophe with which the poem commences, appears to be the natural and almost unpremeditated effect of the first emotions of pity in a benevolent mind; *it is the language of sympathy enlivened with the spirit of poetry*."—Pardon to the errors of filial affection, if it be such! but if imbecility of judgement, we arraign it with all the severity of criticism. Let our readers peruse these initial lines, and decide whether they be elegiac or ludicrous:—

—————"Virtuous youth!
Thank Heaven I knew thee not."

The "apostrophe" is "abrupt" enough, truly, and the rest of the elegy has precisely as much merit as can be discovered in the above two lines.

We do not think it possible for a son conscientiously to sit in judgement upon the writings of a deceased parent. Nature holds the balance, and with an unsteady hand: it vibrates between truth and falsehood, and as the latter preponderates, she sanctifies the ascendant scale.

Of the "Pindaric Epistle to Lord Buckhorse," we willingly praise the

design; but the execution is sometimes unequal: some words are also introduced, for which we suppose Buckhorse himself is the only authority. The following is the best part of the poem; and its humour will doubtless be relished by the liberal admirers of pugilism.

" 'Twas at the Westminster election,
When factious chiefs brew'd insurrection,
A boisterous independent wight,
Confiding in his giant might,
Provok'd thee to th' athletic fight;
Arraign'd thy free, thy British spirit,
And set at nought thy patriot merit;
With look malign, and taunt severe,
Swore that your Lordship's fate was near,
And whisper'd Tyburn in thine ear.
I heard the wretch thy mother curse,
With language vile, invective worse
Than reigns at Billingsgate, or even
At the lam'd chapel of St. St—*PH—N*;
While you serene, with conscious virtue,
Pull'd off your waistcoat, and your shirt too,
And manv a bang, and many a cuff,
Undauntedly sustain'd in buff.
But what I deem your Lordship's fort, is,
You lay collected like a tortoise,
Suffered the catiff to bestride
And bruise thy unrelenting hide,
'Till, prodigal of strength, the foe
Such toil no more could undergo,
And, quite exhausted, sat him down,
Thinking the laurels all his own:
But you, who found you'd got no harm yet,
First peep'd from underneath your armpit,
Then, to the joy of all beholders,
Rais'd up your head above your shoulders,
Pull'd up your breeches, scratch'd your
head,
Spit in your hands, and roll'd your quid;
And then, like some great rhetorician,
Of Greek and Roman erudition,
In senates us'd to wield with ease
The thunder of DEMOSTHENES,
Open'd your budget to harangue him,
Before you undertook to bang him,
Thinking the hero well might bear
One short philippic in his ear.

" Dost thou traduce the BUCKHORSE
name,

" And taint my virtuous mother's fame;
" Thou miscreant base! dost thou presume
" At Tyburn to announce my doom?
" Think'st thou, by devils hatch'd, to quell
" My patriotic principle?
" Famine, dismay, and foul disgrace,
" And pillory seize thy ruthless face,
" Ugly as Newgate steps —
" Witness ye pure, ye virtuous tribes,
" Unmov'd by pensions and by bribes,
" If e'er I pouch'd one single farthing,

" Since by G—d's grace I've known the
Garden;

" E'er taken one unbritish measure,
" To stain my hands with public treachure:
" Say, have I tamper'd with the stocks?

" (Behold this brass tobacco-box,
" Fair Freedom's boon) have I play'd
booby?—

" At Toth'nham-Court I've done my duty.—

" Ask of you stage, where late I fought,

" Ask BROUGHTON's self, if e'er I sought

" One dirty job—ambition's taught

" But GILES's welfare! —

" Yet still if gentlemen concur,

" My post of honour to transfer,

" In abler hands my office fix,

" I'm ready to resign my sticks.

" Still shall I live to hear you peach,

" And chaunt your own last dying-speech;

" But comé, thou sneaking varlet, now is

" The time to shew thy strength and pro-

cess:

" Gird well thy loins, for I this day

" With interest thy blows will pay."

You spoke—and put a look sedate on,
Bold as when MICHAEL frown'd on SA-

TAN.

Then, with the rapid lightning's speed,

Drove, like a batt'ring ram, thine head,

Plump in his paunch; the chief astound-

ed,

Back like a culverin rebounded.

As when some man of taste thinks proper

To cover o'er his house with copper,

If chance descends a t'urnal JOVE

In storms of hailstones from above,

The garreteer, with wild affright,

Starts from the balmy blessings of the night,

Through all the live-long hours condemn'd

to hear

The echoing dome re-bellow to his ear;

Thus was the valiant wight confounded,

His clat'ring cheeks and temples sound-

ed;

While you with frequent fist assail'd

him, [him,

With chuckers in the mazzard nail'd

And clicks upon the muns regal'd him;

Nor didst thou not amuse with leggers,

Cross buttocks, flying mare, and peggers,

Fall with your elbows in the bellows,

Scatter the grinders, close the smellers,

Darken the day-lights! — Muse, be

brief —

You saw the store-room of the chief

Surrender its election beef,

Reluctant dumpling, beer, and gravy,

And heard each groaning bowel cry —

peccavi.

From a classical scholar, however,
we should scarcely have expected such
discords as the following:—

"When you and she at once espouse
Her sacred cause in both their houses.

p. 161.

and

We ne'er have seen, or e'er shall see
A patriot so renown'd as *she*. p. 144.

The "Appendix" to this Pindaric Epistle is written in the *manner* of the "New Bath Guide," and with a full portion of its grossness and indelicacy.

The "Election Ball" may almost be considered as a second part of the "New Bath Guide," for we meet in it with the same metre, the same mode of illustration, and the same playful humour. Such things, however, are necessarily bepeath serious criticism, and we shall therefore rather extract a portion for the amusement of our readers.

"Meanwhile pretty brisk, and uncommon-
ly strong,

I tott'ring on two sticks went hobbling a-
long;

Tho' I very much fear that she thought me
a fogram,

All stuck out in satins, and I in my grogam;
Yet I'd have her to know, in my Sunday
surtout,

Silk hose—new peruke—frill—and ruffles
to boot,

I claim'd such respect, did such favours
receive,

I ne'er shall forget them as long as I live;
For thou know'st, my dear wife, I esteem
it delicious

To appear in high life, and am vastly am-
bitious

To be squeaz'd, as I was, by my Lord PER-
RYWINKLE,

With—"your servant, good sir,"—how
d'y'do, Mr. INKLE,

"What joy, my dear friend, all the world
are you giving,

"To see you once more in the land of the
living"

"So cheerful and brisk, too, I'd venture a
million

"If you had down your cane, you could
dance a cotillon—

"Your Lady looks charming, I burn to ac-
cost her,

My dear Lord, says I,—Mrs. INKLE's at
Gloucester—

"Lack-a-day," he replies, "then 'twas Lady
KILLWINKLE,

"Who, I think, is exceedingly like Mrs.
INKLE;—

"Mrs. INKLE not here! this is no ball
without her—

"She has carried away all the Graces a-
bout her—

"Your Lady at Gloucester!—and pray do
you hear,

"Mr INKLE, how matters are jogging on
there"

"I've a friend, my dear sir, at th' ensuing
Election,

"Who wants to receive your advice and
protection—

"I wish you'd"—says I, "my dear Lord,
say no more,

"Your wish is enough, your commands
I adore,

"And I'm sure Mrs. INKLE will think it
an honour

"If your Lordship will lay your kind or-
ders upon her,

"'Tis true I've no vote—but I'll use my
endeavour,

"I've interest much at your service how-
ever.

"For I'm promis'd, my Lord—but (I beg
and desire,

"I beseech as an alms, you won't let it
transpire)

"Give me leave just to whisper a word in
your ear,—

"Let us step to the card-room—there's
nobody there,—

—"I am promis'd, my Lord, by old HUM-
PHRY PORTWINKLE—

"The votes of three taylor—two smiths—
and a cobbler,—

"At this quite transported, one hand did
he put on

"My shoulder, with t'other caught hold of
my button,

"Mr. INKLE, says he, (and he shook it a
little)

"I profess you have hit this affair to a tittle,
"And since with such kindness, such friend-
ship you meant it,

"Depend upon't, Sir, you shall never re-
pent it"—

I thought this account, my dear DINAM,
would please ye,

(And the *hash* Establishment now is so
easy)

The least I expect if things properly fadge,
is a pension for me—and a husband for
MADGE;—

Thus with nods, winks, and simpers, each
other delighting,

And poking our heads out, like game cocks
a fighting,

We stuck out our rumps with respect most
profound,

And parted like cart-whips bent down to
the ground.

The lighter pieces in this volume
have nothing in them beyond what is
common to every trifle from an in-
genious pen; they are not absolutely
intolerable, and yet they are not

worth reading. "The Farmer's Daughter, a poetical Tale," is very rapidly told. The volume concludes with some original Latin compositions, and a translation of several of Gay's Fables into the Latin language, which shew that the author had acquired no ordinary acquaintance with that tongue.

The volume is embellished with several excellent plates, illustrative of some of the most humorous incidents in the "New Bath Guide," and there are also two portraits of the author, one in his 31st and the other in his 52d year; but so utterly unlike each other, that, if they were ever both correct, we suppose Mr. Anstey altered more in the course of nineteen years than ever an adult did before.

We do not think this posthumous volume was a necessary publication, for certainly much of its contents is unworthy of perusal. The *New Bath Guide* has a peculiar merit; indeed so peculiar, that whenever he departs from the manner of it, he loses all attention from the reader. Hence the "Election Ball," and the "Appendix to the Pindaric Epistle," are, after the *Bath Guide*, the best pieces in the volume. Mr. Anstey was, in fact, quite unfit for serious poetry, or even for comic poetry, unless moulded to the form of his first effort. In that we behold novelty of idea, humour, wit, and singularity of incident; but in his other pieces, we find nothing which may not be found in Magazines and Anthologies.

To the Editor of this volume we would observe, that there is no such word as *acquaintances* in the English language; (see p. xiv. and xlix.) and that the grammatical error in the following sentence would subject a school-boy to punishment:—

"There is something in the manner and turn of the expression in these beautiful lines which *distinguish* them," &c.—p. xxv.

A HISTORY of the early Part of the Reign of JAMES THE SECOND; with an introductory Chapter. By the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX. To which is added, an Appendix. London: 2 vol. 4to. 1808.

THERE is always difficulty in estimating the posthumous productions of a great man; and this difficulty is increased when expectation has been wrought up to a height, and panegyric lavished, in the confidence of superiority. The decision that is passed upon such a performance, if favourable, will be accused of partiality; if unfavourable, of malignity. It seems to be believed, that the human mind is confounded with the mightiness of its object, and that knowledge and discrimination, judgement and skill, are paralysed by the contemplation of something that must be extraordinary.

But, this is an infatuation which disappears in the lapse of time.—Whatever hazards contemporary opinion may undergo, that of posterity will be delivered from them; and however in some instances the power of a political name may operate upon the minds of a party, yet there is an after tribunal where the voice of calumny is not heard, nor the awe of greatness felt.

The opinion, indeed, that supposes it impossible to fix the boundaries of merit even to the highest efforts of lately-departed genius, is, if generally applied, erroneous. Inferior minds stand in reverential silence before them: what they cannot comprehend they imagine they may at least admire: and, with the imbecility of pupillage, they reverence what they think they have no right to dispute. Nor is it always possible for superior intellects to shake off the influence of prescriptive veneration: in them, however, it is a becoming modesty, which unwillingly doubts the general voice of mankind.

When we opened the volume now before us, we experienced something analogous to what we have above stated: we felt a sort of difficulty in divesting ourselves of what the author was, and in reducing our mind to that equitable condition which should enable us to estimate the merits of the work by the pure, abstracted rules of criticism. We have endeavoured, however, to silence the voice of custom, and to forget all that may impede the legitimate exercise of our judgment,

But before we pass to a consideration of the volume itself, there is an introductory chapter, by the noble editor (Lord Holland), which will be sufficient for our notice in the short space we can allot to the subject in the present number.

Mr. Fox did not live to complete his history, according to the outline he had marked out for himself. This, therefore, is, after all, but an historical fragment. The precise period at which he first formed the design of writing a history is not known, but so early as the year 1797, he announced publicly his intention of devoting "a greater portion of his time to his private pursuits;" (*Parl. Deb. May 26, 1797*) and he had even fostered the resolution of relinquishing parliamentary duties entirely.

"His philosophy," says Lord Holland, "had never rendered him insensible to the gratification which the hope of posthumous fame so often produces in great minds; and, though criticism might be more congenial to the habits and amusements of his retreat, an historical work seemed more of a piece with the tenour of his former life, and might prove of greater benefit to the publick, and to posterity. These motives, together with his intimate knowledge of the English constitution, naturally led him to prefer the history of his own country, and to select a period favourable to the illustration of the great general principles of freedom, on which it is founded; for his attachment to those principles, the result of practical observation, as well as philosophical reflection, far from having abated, had acquired new force and fresh vigour in his retirement.

"With these views, it was almost impossible that he should not fix on the Revolution of 1688. The event was cheering and animating. It was the most signal triumph of that cause to which his public life had been devoted; and, in a review of its progress, he could not fail to recognize those principles which had regulated his own political conduct. But the character of that period was recommended for yet higher consideration; the source of energy, from independence, the most glorious transaction of

our history; the opportunity of instructing his countrymen in the real nature of their constitution; and the hope of impressing on mankind those lessons applicable to all times, which are to be drawn from that memorable occurrence.

"The manner in which the most popular historians, and other writers of eminence, had treated the subject, was likely to stimulate him more strongly to such an undertaking. It could not escape the observation of Mr. Fox, that some, from the bias of their individual opinions, had given a false colour to the whole transaction; that others had wilfully distorted the facts to serve some temporary purpose; and that Bolingbroke, in particular, had confounded the distinct and even opposite views of the two leading parties, who, though they concurred in the measure, retained even in their union, all their respective tenets and fundamental distinctions.

"According to his first crude conceptions of the work, it would, as far as I recollect, have begun at the Revolution; but he altered his mind, after a careful perusal of the latter part of Hume's history. An apprehension of the false impressions which that great historian's partiality might have left on the mind of his reader, induced him to go back to the accession of King James the Second, and even to prefix an Introductory Chapter, on the character and leading events, of the times immediately preceding.

"From the moment his labour commenced, he generally spoke of his plan as extending no further than the settlement at the Revolution. His friends, however, were not without hopes, that the habit of composition might engage him more deeply in literary undertakings, or that the different views which the course of his enquiries would open, might ultimately assure him on further in the history of his country. Some casual expressions, both in conversation and correspondence, seemed to imply that the possibility of such a result was not entirely out of his own contemplation. He acknowledged that some papers which I had the good fortune to procure in Spain, though they did not

relate to his period exactly, might be very useful to him, and at all events entertaining; nay, possibly, that they might make him go on further than he intended.* As his work advanced, his allusions to various literary projects, such as an edition of Dryden, a Defence of Racine and the French Stage, Essay on the Beauties of Euripides, &c. &c. became more frequent, and were more confidently expressed. In a letter written to me in 1808, after observing, that a modern writer did not sufficiently admire Racine, he adds—'It puts me quite in a passion. *Je veux contre eux faire un jour un gros livre*, as Voltaire says. Even Dryden, who speaks with proper respect of Corneille, vilipends † Racine. If ever I publish my edition of his works, I will give it him for it, you may depend. Oh, how I wish that I could make up my mind to think it right, to devote all the remaining part of my life to such subjects, and such only! Indeed, I rather think I shall; and yet, if there were a chance of re-establishing a strong Whig party, (however composed,)

* Non adeo has exosa manus victoria fugit
Ut tantâ quicquam pro spe tentare recusem."

His love of polite literature never forsook him even in the most active periods of his political career: his letters to his intimate friends were filled with grateful mention of the pleasure he derived from Euripides and Virgil. The following will illustrate this:—

"DEAR GREY,

"In defence of my opinion about the nightingales, I find Chaucer, who of all poets seems to have been the fondest of the singing of birds, calls it a merry note; and though Theocritus mentions nightingales six or seven times, he never mentions their note as plaintive or melancholy. It is true, he does not call it any where merry, as Chaucer does; but by mentioning it with the song of the blackbird, and as answering it, he seems to imply, that it was a cheerful note. Sophocles is against us; but even he says, la-

menting *Ilys*, and the comparison of her to Electra, is rather as to perseverance day and night, than as to sorrow. At all events, a tragick poet is not half so good authority in this question, as Theocritus and Chaucer. I cannot light upon the passage in the *Odyssey*, where Penelope's restlessness is compared to the nightingale; but I am sure that it is only as to restlessness and watchfulness, that he makes the comparison. If you will read the last twelve books of the *Odyssey*, you will certainly find it, and I am sure you will be paid for your hunt, whether you find it or not. The passage in Chaucer is in the Flower and Leaf, p. 99. The one I particularly allude to in Theocritus, is in his Epigrams, I think in the fourth. Dryden has transferred the word *merry* to the goldfinch, in the Flower and the Leaf; in deference, may be, to the vulgar error; but pray read his description of the nightingale there: it is quite delightful. I am afraid I like these researches as much better than those that relate to Shaftesbury, Sunderland, &c. as I do those better than attending the House of Commons.

"Your's, affectionately,

"C. J. Fox."

We do not know that we can better gratify our readers than by the following account of the fate of the papers of James II. lodged in the Scotch college at Paris:

"One of the earliest and greatest difficulties that he encountered in the course of his labours, arose from the manner in which Mr. Macpherson and Sir J. Dalrymple had explained and conducted their respective publications, and which he always considered as unsatisfactory. His complaints of both these authors were frequent; and the more he examined and studied their books, the more he perceived the necessity of making some further researches. He was anxious, if possible, to consult the original documents from which their extracts were made; and he was at first apprehensive, that nothing short of an examination of all the manuscripts of the Scotch college at Paris, could enable him to determine the degree of credit due to the extracts of Macpherson. But he must very soon have despaired

* MS. Correspondence.

† Mr. Fox often used this word in ridicule of pedantic expressions.

of obtaining that satisfaction, for he had strong reasons to suspect, even before his journey to Paris in 1802, that the most valuable part, if not the whole of them, had been destroyed. Three important points however, might yet be ascertained:—1st, Of what the manuscripts, so long preserved in the Scotch College at Paris, actually consisted;—andly, To what part of them either Carte or Macpherson had access;—3dly, Whether any portion, copies or fragments, of the papers were still in existence. The result of his enquiries will be best given in his own words, though upon the first point he had ascertained* something more than appears from the following extract of his letter to Mr. Laing.

“With respect to Carte’s extract, I have no doubt but it is faithfully copied; but on this extract it is necessary to make an observation, which applies to all the rest, both of Carte’s and Macpherson’s, and which leads to the detection of an imposture of the latter, as impudent as Ossian itself. The extracts are evidently made, not from a journal, but from a narrative; and I have now ascertained *beyond all doubt*, that there were in the Scotch college two distinct manuscripts, one in James’s own hand, consisting of papers of different sizes bound up together, and the other a sort of historical narrative, compiled from the former. The narrative was *said* to have

been revised and corrected, as to style, by Dryden the poet, (meaning probably Charles Dryden, the great poet’s son) and it was not known in the college whether it was drawn up in James’s life, or by the direction of his son, the Pretender. I doubt whether Carte ever saw the original journal; but I learn, from undoubted authority, that Macpherson never did; and yet, to read his Preface, page 6 and 7, (which pray advert to) one would have supposed, not only that he had inspected it accurately, but that all his extracts at least, if not Carte’s also, were taken from it. Macpherson’s impudence in attempting such an imposition, at a time when almost any man could have detected him, would have been in another man, incredible, if the internal evidence of the extracts themselves against him were not corroborated by the testimony of the principal persons of the college. And this leads me to a point of more importance to me. Principal Gordon thought, when I saw him at Paris, in October 1802, that all the papers were lost. I now hear, from a well-informed person, that the most material, viz. those written in James’s own hand-writing, were indeed lost, and in the way mentioned by Gordon, but that the Narrative, from which only Macpherson made his extracts, is still existing, and that Mr. Alexander Cameron, Blackfriars Wynd, Edinburgh, either has it himself, or knows where it is to be found.”

* “Among Mr. Fox’s papers was found a list of ‘the works which were placed in the Scotch college at Paris, soon after the death of James the Second, and were there at the time of the French Revolution.’ It is as follows:

“Four volumes folio, six volumes quarto,—Memoirs in James the Second’s own hand writing, beginning from the time that he was sixteen years of age.

“Two thin quarto volumes,—containing letters from Charles the Second’s ministers to James the Second (then Duke of York); when he was at Brussels and in Scotland, &c.

“Two thin quarto volumes,—containing Letters from Charles the Second to his brother, James Duke of York, &c.”

“The above information was correct. There is strong presumptive evidence, that the manuscripts of King James the Second were destroyed, but the Narrative, as described, was then, and is now, in the hands of Dr. Cameron, Roman Catholic Bishop in Edinburgh. It could not be in possession of a person who is better qualified to judge of its merits, and on whose fidelity, should he be induced to print it, the public might more implicitly rely. I am indebted to

† “It is the opinion of the present possessor of the narrative, that it was compiled from the original documents by Thomas Innes, one of the superiors of the college, and author of a work entitled, *A Critical Essay on the ancient Inhabitants of Scotland*.”

his accuracy and friendship, for some additional information respecting the manner in which the manuscripts of the Scotch college were lost. As the facts are in themselves curious, I lay before the reader his succinct and interesting relation of them, contained in a letter to me, dated Edinburgh, March 2, 1808.

"Before Lord Gower, the British ambassador, left Paris, in the beginning of the French Revolution, he wrote to Principal Gordon, and offered to take charge of those valuable papers, (King James's Manuscripts, &c.) and deposit them in some place of safety in Britain. I know not what answer was returned, but nothing was done. Not long thereafter, the Principal came to England, and the care of every thing in the college devolved on Mr. Alexander Innes, the only British subject who remained in it. About the same time, Mr. Stapleton, then President of the English college of St. Omer, afterwards Bishop in England, went to Paris, previously to his retiring from France, and Mr. Innes, who had resolved not to abandon his post, consulted with him about the means of preserving the manuscripts. Mr. Stapleton thought, if he had them at St. Omer, he could, with small risk, convey them to England. It was therefore resolved, that they should be carefully packed up, addressed to a Frenchman, a confidential friend of Mr. Stapleton, and remitted by some publick carriage. Some other things were put up with the Manuscripts. The whole arrived without any accident, and was laid in a cellar. But the patriotism of the Frenchman becoming suspicious, perhaps upon account of his connection with the English college, he was put in prison; and his wife, apprehensive of the consequences of being found to have English manuscripts, richly bound and ornamented with Royal arms, in her house, cut off the boards, and destroyed them. The Manuscripts thus disfigured, and more easily huddled up in any sort of bundle, were secretly carried, with papers belonging to the Frenchman himself, to his country-house; and buried in the garden. They were not, however, permitted to remain long there; the lady's fears increased, and the Manu-

scripts were taken up and reduced to ashes.

"This is the substance of the account given to Mr. Innes, and reported by him to me in June, 1802, in Paris. I desired it might be authenticated by a *proces verbale*. A letter was therefore written to St. Omer, either by Mr. Innes, or by Mr. Cleghorn, a lay gentleman, who had resided in the English college of St. Omer, and was personally acquainted with the Frenchman, and happened to be at Paris at this time. The answer given to this letter was, that the good man, under the pressure of old age and other infirmities, was alarmed by the proposal of a discussion and investigation, which revived in his memory past sufferings, and might perhaps lead to a renewal of them. Any further correspondence upon the subject seemed useless, especially as I instructed Mr. Innes to go to St. Omer, and clear up every doubt, in a formal and legal manner, that some authentic document might be handed down to posterity concerning those valuable manuscripts. I did not foresee that war was to be kindled up anew, or that my friend Mr. Innes was to die so soon.

"Mr. Cleghorn, whom I mentioned above, is at present in the Catholic seminary of Old Hall Green, Puckeridge, Hertfordshire. He can probably name another gentleman who saw the manuscripts at St. Omer, and saved some small things, (but unconnected with the manuscripts) which he carried away in his pocket, and has still in his possession.

"I need not trouble your lordship with my reflections upon this relation; but I ought not to omit that I was told, sometimes, that all the manuscripts, as well as their boards, were consumed by fire in the cellar in which they had been deposited upon their arrival at St. Omer.

"The gentleman alluded to in the latter part of the above letter, is Mr. Mostyn, from whom Mr. Butler of Lincoln's Inn very kindly procured a statement of the particulars relating to this subject, in the year 1804, and transmitted it to Mr. Fox. It contained in substance, though with some additional circumstances, and slight variations, the same account as Mr. Came-

ron's, up to the period of the writer's leaving St. Omer, which was previous to the imprisonment of the Frenchman."

"Mr. Fox, in a letter to Mr. Laing, remarks, that, 'to know that a paper is lost, is next best to getting a sight of it, and in some instances nearly as good.' So many rumours have been circulated, and so many misapprehensions prevailed, respecting the contents and the fate of the manuscripts formerly deposited in the Scotch college at Paris, that it is hoped the above account, the result of the Historian's researches, will not be deemed out of its place in a Preface to a His-

tory of the times to which those manuscripts related."

These, however, were not the only objects of Mr. Fox's enquiries when at Paris in 1802. He had remarked that Sir John Dalrymple frequently "quotes, or rather refers to," documents in the *Dépt des Affaires Etrangères*, without printing the letter or extracting the passage from which his statements are taken, and his inferences drawn. This made him particularly desirous of examining the original letters of Barillon; and during the short space he was there, every facility was afforded him by the French government of satisfying his wishes: of the value of his discoveries he spoke in high terms; and, in a letter to Lord Holland, says, "that Barillon's letters were worth their weight in gold." Of these letters, a great proportion are published in an Appendix to the present volume.

[To be continued.]

* "Mr. Mostyn's letter to Mr. Butler was published in one of the Magazines, it would therefore be superfluous to reprint it. The name of the Frenchman was Mr. Charpentier, and his country-house was at St. Mommelin, near St. Omer.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

VIRTUE ITS OWN REWARD.

AN ODE.

By CLIO RICKMAN.

"Of all the grief that harrass the distress,
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the generous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart."
Dr Johnson.

YOU may labour and toil, wipe the sweat
from your brow,
See your children half starv'd and in rags;
You may dig in the mines, waste your
strength at the plough, [bags]
To enrich and fill insolent money'd men's
You may practise each virtue, each feeling
pursue,
Truth prompts, conscience dictates, and
honour approves;
You may have in your heart all that's noble
and true,
All that elegant taste and fine sentiment
loves:
While worldlings will tell you, with
scornful regard,
That VIRTUE — is *ever* its own sweet re-
ward.

While poverty presses you down to the
earth,
Adverse dictate of reason; and right, you
obey;

Lo' the children of vanity, vice, and of
mirth, [gar.]

Pass by you regardless, all flaunting and
Each duty of life, whilst you are pursuing,
Both day and night anxiously spending
in toil;

While nothing awaits you but famine and
ruin;

The rich, and the worthless, the pen-
sion'd, and vice, [hard,
Unheeding your sufferings, though ever so
Will assure you, that—VIRTUE'S its own
sweet reward.

See where yon proud equipage waits at the
gate,

Where each riot, and luxury, crowd the
domain;

There a bully, and wanton, in splendour
and state, [plain,

Lord it haughtily over the neighbouring
To support their extravagance, plunder'd
behold

Those whose sufferings unceasing, their
riches supply;

From whose labour and toil is wrung out
the gold,

These unprincipled minions and mis-
creants enjoy.

Such, with sneers, will the children of
VIRTUE discard,

Which hath ever, they'll say, its own sweet
reward.

On the public what paypers, on every side,
Bliss the means of the wise, the industri-
trious, and good;

Who, trod on by creatures of wealth; and
of pride,

Pine for health; and for liberty, raiment,
and food.

Great, great GOD OF NATURE! amidst all
this maze,

Say, 'who can the mode of thy govern-
ment scan?

Who trace out thy seemingly-retrograde
ways,

And justify evils, like these, unto man?
Who shall say, why the lot of this worthy
is hard,

And why, VIRTUE gets only *its own poor*
reward?

While the bard thus indignantly utters his
plaint,

Though wounded his feelings, his heart
remains true;

And though prompted this general picture
to paint,

To glorious exceptions, his tribute is due.
He knows there are some, and he hopes
there are more,

Who, blest with abundance, abundance
bestow;

Whose greatest delight is to take from their
store,

To lessen the burthens of want, and of
woe.

Who, the children of need, and oppression
regard;

Nor leave them to get—*only VIRTUE'S*
reward!

THE WISH.

O! LAY me where my Favorite sleeps,
Secure beneath the moist'ning sod;
Where pensive Contemplation weeps,
And sorrowing Love his vigil keeps,
A melancholy God.

And o'er the grave let Mem'ry place
Some simple stone to tell
The charms of Marianna's face,
Ere Death extinguish'd every grace,
And how, alas! she fell!

And when Sol's beamings fade away—
When Twilight courts the west,
Then Play! chaunt thy requiem-lay,
While Cynthia climbs her aerial way,
Adorn'd with spangled vest.

But ere the vital spark be fled
From its unholy sphere;
O! Faith attend me in my bed,
And o'er my soul thy blessings shed,
Soft whispering in mine ear—

That Blackshaw's spirit roams on high,
Thro' realms of sacred peace;
That mine on heavenly wings shall fly
To scenes of immortality,
Where all contentions cease!

Then will I turn to those around,
And bid a last farewell:
Stretch these poor limbs with joy profound,
And at the trump's seraphic sound,
Elude the grasp of Hell!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808.

J. G.

QUATORZAIN.—TO MELANCHOLY.

ONCE more, dear Guest! to thee I fond-
ly turn,

To shun the troubles of this tedious day;
For thou can't lead me to that sacred urn,
Where Blackshaw's relics silently decay!
To that lone spot will I spread the willows
wide,

Beside the streamlet—a religious shade;
Where late I saw, at midnight's solemn tide,
The wand'ring spirit of my lovely maid.

Let us together roam yon woodlands still,
When Cynthia rises, pensively and slow;
For there the murmuring, solitary rill
Responds the cadence of my ceaseless
woe!

Aye! we will seek for their profoundest
gloom,

'Till Marianna issues from the tomb!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808.

J. G.

SONNETS

By Mr. FLETCHER.

[See Universal Mag. Vol. ix. p. 226.]

VI.—INSCRIPTION.

STRANGER! before thy feet unlicensed
move,

These cool recesses idly to explore;
Say, hast thou learnt the melting verse
to pour,

True to the lyre, to beauty, and to love?
If not, thou hast profaned this hallowed

grove, [roar:
And soon around the sullen winds sha!]
But if thy soul some beauteous maid
adore,

In softest sighs shall breathing gales ap-
prove.

For here a spirit strays that once was known
The noblest youth, but, ah! the most
distrest!

Inspired by Heaven, he lived for love
alone,

And all who love not break his sacred rest.
Then, Stranger, pause;—and from these
shades return,

Unless, like his, thy soul with passion
burn.

VII.—INSCRIPTION.

IN this rude cave, deserted now and drear,
 A holy hermit passed his life away:
 From Earth to Heaven he travelled day
 by day,
 For all his worldly hopes were buried near.
 Where yon grey turrets 'mid the trees appear,
 Snatched from her lover's arms, his Laura
 lay;
 And, from her death, he sought this spot,
 they say,
 Where Love might shed, unseen, the
 tender tear.
 And oft at eventide, when all is still,
 'Tis said his spirit to these haunts returns,
 Visits each well-known mountain, dale,
 and rill,
 And still, as erst, with hopeless passion
 burns:—
 Then, at the grave where all his treasure
 lies,
 Descending slow, is lost to mortal eyes.

VIII.—INSCRIPTION.

O! YOU that wander in this secret shade,
 By contemplation, or by sorrow, led;
 Behold where slumbers in an earthly bed,
 Snatched in her blooming prime, a hea-
 ven-born maid.
 Scarce to reveal her blushing charms she
 staid;
 When envious Death his dart unerring
 sped,
 And grimly smiled as Love and Beauty
 bled,
 Pierced by one shaft, and by each other
 laid.
 Ah! what remained when Beauty died,
 and Love,
 To charm existence, plundered thus of
 joy?
 The lyre could only fill the echoing grove
 With useless plains, but could not grief
 destroy!
 Yet often from a lyre unseen arise,
 As you may hear anon, soft melodies.

IX.

LYRE, I have done;—thy tuneful strings
 no more
 Can tell my passion, or impart my grief:
 In vain I seek, as erst, a short relief
 From thy sad sounds, that only now de-
 plore
 A loss which dreams and dreams alone
 restore.
 O wretched life! be now its volume brief,
 For Death has marred its most impas-
 sioned leaf,
 From which I learned to love and to
 adore!

On Laura's tomb I place thee, friend be-
 loved,
 That when the night-breeze coldly sighs
 around,
 Thy faithful wires, in soft vibration moved,
 May Death reproach with ineffectual sound:
 While, like a blasted tree extended near,
 I feel thy power, and drop the attesting
 tear.

SONNET.

THE FEMALE CONVICT'S COMPLAINT.

A DIEU! for ever thou delightful Isle!
 Where I have squander'd youth's ro-
 mantic years,
 Unknown to secret misery and tears,
 And sought the blandishments of Fortune's
 smile.
 O! how shall I the threatening storm beguile
 That scowls upon me?—How elude the
 fears
 That shake the boldest of my bold com-
 peers?
 Or stretch these nerveless arms to Slavery's
 toil?
 My dearest friends now vainly plead for me,
 To power in vain are all my prayers pre-
 ferred!
 Loud roar the surges of the blustering sea,
 And in the gale what dying moans are
 heard!
 Extend thine arm, propitious Heaven!—
 and wrest,
 The vital spark from this tumultuous breast!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808.

J. G.

SONNET.

FROM Mirth's mad crew disgusted I retire,
 To enjoy the fragrance of the evening
 breeze,
 Within those woods, whose solemn shades
 inspire,
 Such meditations as the fancy please.
 There will I roam beneath the whispering
 trees;
 There strike the chords of my neglected
 lyre;
 And as Imagination's shapes I seize,
 Awake the numbers with Promethean fire!
 For O! how far superior are the joys,
 As lonely wand'ring through the woods,
 I feel
 To Folly's pleasure!—pleasure that destroys
 The scenes that meditation might reveal!
 How far below the contemplative man
 Are they who join the Bacchanalian clan!

Grafton-street, Sept. 1808.

J. G.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

THE intermission of our labours in this department of our work has elapsed, and we hasten to reassume our critical functions, guided by the same even impartiality, and the same steady adherence to truth as before.

COVENT GARDEN.

This Theatre opened on Monday, September 12th, with the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and the farce of *Raising the Wind*; and the attractions of Mr. Kemble and Mrs. Siddons produced an audience as numerous as in the very height of the season.

If our memory do not deceive us the *Macbeth* of the former was performed this evening with some improvements of conception, particularly in the early part of the play, and which shew the unceasing attention that Mr. Kemble thinks necessary to a due performance of Shakspeare. His delivery of the soliloquy, "Is this a dagger, &c." was excellent, especially the half-assured pleasure with which he uttered

" 'Tis no such thing,"

when the illusion no longer cheated his sight; and his acting in the subsequent scene, after the murder of the "gracious Duncan," was solemn and impressive. Nor must we forget the last scene, before he engages with *Macduff*. The glow of exultation, the look of mingled mockery, contempt, and confidence with which he exclaimed

"Let fall your force on vulnerable crests:
I bear a charmed life which must not yield
To one of woman born."

were such strokes of nature as would be difficult to find in any other actor.

Mrs. Siddons in *Lady Macbeth*, that monster of Shakspeare's own creation, was grand and forceful. In her instigations to her irresolution husband, her manner was combined with such a piercing contempt, such a disdainful reproaching, that the mind felt no surprise at the yielding of *Macbeth*. In the banquet scene she displayed her powers to great advantage, and with that scene ends all the importance of the character.

Of the other performers, nothing seems necessary to be remarked. In

the afterpiece Lewis, Emery, and Simmons, excited sufficient merriment.

Friday, Sept. 16. *Isabella—The Escapes; or, the Water-Carrier*. Here Mrs. Siddons appeared in a character which calls forth powers diametrically opposite to those required by *Lady Macbeth*. In the latter, dignity, firmness, a masculine contempt of danger, a ferocious disregard of crimes, a sanguinary ambition, are to be portrayed. In the former, meekness, sorrow, the fidelity of wedded love, the wailings of maternal sorrow, and the horror, despair, and madness of involuntary guilt, must be exhibited; and who that has seen Mrs. Siddons in *Isabella* will deny that all these passions are summoned forth by her magic controul, in the most impressive manner? We do not think it necessary to descant minutely on a character, the performance of which has for thirty years called forth the tears and admiration of thousands: suffice it to add, that time has robbed it of none of its graces, of none of its attractions.

We have always been of opinion, that the part of *Biron* is too unimportant for the powers of Kemble: yet, when we saw him in the dying scene, we scarcely wished it in the hands of any other. Mr. C. Kemble performed *Carlos* with much discrimination and effect, and Mr. Brunton was less frigid and monotonous in *Villeroi* than usual.

Monday, Sept. 19. *Pizarro—Portrait of Cervantes; or, The Plotting Lovers*. The Rolla of Kemble and the *Elvira* of Mrs. Siddons are scarcely susceptible of critical observation at this day: and the only novelty of this evening was the *Cora* of Mrs. H. Johnstone. This character, generally speaking, she performed with spirit and propriety: but there was too much bustle in her manner, too much action, too much skipping backwards and forwards, and too many constrained attitudes. It was her first appearance in the character, and should she perform it again, we hope to see her amend these things. We were certainly pleased with many parts of her performance, and we thought her conception of it accurate; but we occasionally noticed an affected and

pompous utterance of insignificant words and phrases, which to be sure did surprise a part of the audience into applause; but it was far removed from chaste and good acting. Her voice is weak and shrill, and should be managed with more skill than she at present does. He who lives in a glass house, must not be the first to throw stones: a performer with a weak voice must not indulge in ranting. When Cora is seeking for her child, in the fifth act, Mrs. H. Johnston excited only laughter, by her piercing, shrewish calling of *Fernando! Fernando!*

We were much delighted with Mr. Cresswell's performance of *Las Casas*. It was every thing which that gentleman's talents were capable of making it. It cannot, to be sure, be expected that a Spanish priest should be expert in the pronunciation of English, and therefore it was excusable to hear the good *Las Casas* call himself the servant of heaven, with some other novelties of orthoepy equally curious.

The afterpiece, which was produced for Mr. Munden's benefit at the close of the last season, went off with the usual accompaniment of laughter and applause, excited by the acting of Liston and Munden. It would be unnecessary to say any thing of the plot, for the town has had it (*mutato nomine*) at the Hay-market Theatre all the summer.

And thus abruptly must our account terminate. A few hours after we had quitted this theatre, delighted with the past, and anticipating future pleasure, it became a heap of smoking ruins! Not a vestige of its interior remained: not a spot, upon which the eye could fix, or which the mind could connect with local circumstance!—The raging flames, in their destructive fury, levelled this spacious and elegant structure to the ground in a space of time scarcely credible.

With the particulars of the melancholy catastrophe our readers are all well acquainted from the daily papers; or, if not, we refer them to the latter part of our Magazine, where they will find them minutely related. It has not yet, we believe, been ascertained by what fatal accident the event took place; only it seems very clear, that the flames had been long smothering

within the building, from the rapidity with which, when they had once got vent, they communicated to every part: and it seems equally certain, that had the watchman of the theatre, who was employed to guard against this special accident, been attentive and vigilant in his duty, its ravages might have been materially diminished. It is now, however, useless to lament the cause; but we do most sincerely sympathise with the managers, whose loss will be heavy, and with those numerous individuals, in menial capacities about the theatre, who will probably be thus suddenly deprived of subsistence. We are happy, indeed, to find that a subscription has been commenced for administering relief to the sufferers, and we hope it will meet with ample support: and that a British public will not be wanting in other respects, towards ameliorating the loss sustained by every one, connected with this dreadful calamity. It would indeed be an act worthy the wealth and character of the British capital, to restore, at the public cost, this national privation, and not to let private individuals bear the whole weight of the misfortune.—*Utinam id sit!*

We have only to add, that the company have obtained the use of the *King's Theatre*, in the *Hay-Market*; and that they re-commence their theatrical career on Monday, the 26th of September, with the tragedy of *Douglas*, and the afterpiece of *Rosina*.

DRURY-LANE.

This Theatre opened on Saturday, the 17th, with the play of the *Honey Moon*, and the afterpiece of *Rosina*; and, on Tuesday the 20th, Mr. Elliston enacted *Hamlet*! We hope it was not his free choice that led him to this, but his gallantry, which would not suffer him to deprive a *Lady*, from making her first appearance in *Ophelia*.—Who this lady is we have not heard; but we do not think she is likely to be any accession to the stage. She sang better than she acted; and, according to Dr. Johnson's scale of theatrical merit, she is therefore entitled to considerable praise, for she could at least do two things,—talk and sing. Now Garrick could only do one: it was thus the Doctor argued once, with James Boswell.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. EDWARD MOOR's, of Birmingham, for a new Method of making Carbonate of Lead, commonly called White Lead.

LEAD is taken by way of preference in thin plates, or small pieces. It is then placed in a vessel that has a small communication with the atmosphere; to this, says the Patentee, I add so much acetous acid, or vinegar, or a solution of acetite of lead, or of both, that the lead may not be wholly, but partly immersed in the liquor. I then transfer into the vessel a mixture of carbonic acid gas, or of carbonic acid and atmospheric air, or a mixture of all three. This mixture is to be often shook, in order to make the liquor pass over, and act upon the lead, so that the carbonate, when formed, may be removed from the surface of the metal, and a fresh surface exposed. Litharge, or an oxide of lead, may be taken instead of lead, in a metallic state, containing the proportion of oxygen suited to unite with acetous acid. To this, either acetous acid, or a solution of acetite of lead may be added, or both, taking care that the quantity of oxide of lead be sufficient at least to saturate the acid. Carbonic acid gas is then transmitted into, or upon the mixture, either in a state of purity, or mixed with atmospheric air, with oxygen gas, or any other that will not prejudice the process. Here it is still necessary to agitate the mixture to facilitate the union of the ingredients. Whatever may be the process, a white substance is produced, viz. the carbonate of lead, commonly called white lead or ceruse; but the degree of whiteness will depend upon the quality of the materials employed; upon the operation being well or imperfectly performed, and its being more or less free from mixture with other substances. When the carbonate is formed according to this process, it is to be separated from the mixture, and dried, if intended to be mixed with oil; and sometimes it is necessary to wash the carbonate with water, previously to its being dried.

Mr. HAWKE's, of Newport, in Salop, for Improvements in Musical-keyed Instruments of Twelve-fixed Tones.

THESE improvements are described as follows: viz. those in the organ are effected by a pedal under the key-board, and an extra slide to every stop in the sound board to correspond with the general slide. The above extra slide has a communication from the sound board to the extra pipes, namely, sharps and flats, which by depressing the pedal with the foot, brings on the sharp scale, and by elevating the pedal, brings on the flat scale; and as the flats go off, the sharps are brought on, and, inversely as the sharps go off, the flats are brought on by the action of the pedal upon the additional slide with double holes adapted to the additional pipes; namely, five pipes to each octave. The improvement in the piano forte is effected by adding seven diatonic and five flat tones to our present scale of twelve-fixed tones, which form two chromatic scales: the one termed a flat scale, the other a sharp, and is done by two sets of strings, of two unisons to each set, which are acted upon without the addition of a key, to the key-board, by a pedal, which causes the key-board to move backward and forward about one-fourth of an inch, the same hammers striking each set of strings both in the flat and sharp scale, and by depressing the pedal with the foot when the sharp scale is wanted, and elevating it on the contrary.

Mr. PHELPS's, of Cuper's Bridge, Lambeth, for certain Improvements in manufacturing Soap.

INSTEAD of constructing a vessel of the usual materials, form, and dimensions, for boiling and making soap, commonly called a soap-copper, with a fire-place beneath it, a vessel is constructed of any proper materials of much larger dimensions. Instead of raising the temperature of the goods, namely, the lye, and the fat, or oily component part of the soap, to

the boiling heat by the application of fire alone, the usual means of obtaining the steam are adopted; this is introduced at such a temperature as may be required, at or above the common boiling water, point, by subjecting the same if heedful, to pressure or suction, which is afforded by suffering the said steam to pass into the said goods, at the depth of about four feet below the surface. This is sufficient to cause the same to boil very speedily, and produce a perfect combination of the component parts throughout, in much less time, and a less expenditure of lees, than in the ordinary process of soap-making. By way of preference, the steam may escape into the goods at a distance, not exceeding one foot from the bottom of the vessel or boiler. Any rising of the goods from the vessel into the steam-boiler is to be prevented by interposing a cock or cocks, valve or valves, &c. into the pipes, passages, or convey-

ances between the steam-boiler and the other boiler in which the soap is to be made. To this improvement it is not requisite that the pipes, passages, or conveyances should be made of any precise dimension or magnitude in proportion. Practising upon a scale of considerable magnitude, it has been found that one pipe, having its aperture one inch in diameter, answers the intended purpose most effectually. And, as by the introduction of steam, as the strength of the lees is in some measure altered by the condensation of the steam, an allowance must be made by using an additional quantity of lees of such strength as may be necessary or proper. As to the steam-boilers, and the furnaces to be used with them, the best means of constructing and working them are to be adopted, according to the methods used for steam-engines and other works, wherein a supply of steam is or may be required.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES OF SCOTLAND.

Account of the Magnetic Mountain of Cannay. By George Dempster, Esq. of Duunichen.

CANNAY is an Island of ten or twelve miles in circumference, with an excellent harbour. There is a hill in it of some height, called Compass Hill, in which there is a little hole dug about a foot or two in depth. A compass placed in this hole is immediately disturbed, and in a short time veers about to the eastward, till at last the north point settles itself in a due southerly direction, and remains there. At a very little distance from this hole, perhaps on the very edge of it, the needle recovers its usual position: This singular circumstance was known when Martin wrote his account of the Island, and is noticed by him. He says then the compass settled at dug east, which is also curious. What increases the singularity of this alteration in the needle is a discovery lately made by Hector McNeil, Esq. tacksman of that Island. He mentioned the circumstance to us, and Lord Brougham,

Sir Adam Ferguson, Mr. Isaac Hawkins Browne, &c. went to examine the fact. The harbour on the north side is formed by a bold rock of basalt, which may be about half-a-mile below, and to the southward of the Compass Hill, of which this rock is a continuation. We rowed under the rock, and when the boat reached its centre, and almost close under it, the north point of our compass veered about, settled at due south, and remained there: this experiment was frequently repeated with the same success; but this effect was also confined to a very small part of the rock, which seemed to us directly south, from the hole on Compass Hill. At a little distance on either side, the needle recovered its usual position. His Lordship then directed the boat to row with great quickness past the rock, when, upon our crossing the place which had before affected the needle, it was again affected during the passage, though very quick, and recovered soon after passing this point. We could hardly venture to assign any cause for these appearances, but by supposing something magnetical in the rock extending the whole distance,

from the Compass Hill to the head-land at the mouth of the harbour: if this should prove to be the case, we have no scruple in pronouncing it to be the largest loadstone as yet discovered in the world. A part of the rock was broken off at the very spot where this affection of the needle was observed, and was applied to the compass when removed from the rock, but it seemed to produce no effect upon the needle whatever. The compass was also carried about the length of

the boat from the rock, and was likewise placed in the same line on the opposite side of the harbour, at about a quarter-of-a-mile's distance; but neither of these experiments produced any effects on the needle. In the island there are many columnar appearances, not unlike to Staffa, and several both straight and bent, and every way as regular, which seems also to have, like Staffa, escaped observation till very lately.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

WE announce the very advanced state of a most useful and elegant Anatomical Work, in folio, to be published in October 1808, entitled *Anatomico-Chirurgica Views of the Nose, Mouth, Larynx, and Fauces*, with appropriate explanations and references to the parts, by Mr. J. J. Watt, Surgeon; designed by the author to illustrate the anatomy of these organs as they appear in different sections of the head, and performed with the strictest attention to anatomical accuracy.—The engravings will be four in number, containing six views of the parts of their natural size, and accompanied with the same number of outline figures of reference; with an additional anatomical description of these organs, by Mr. W. Lawrence, Demonstrator of Anatomy, St. Bartholomew's Hospital.—The greater part of the principal professional gentlemen resident in London, have already become subscribers to this work.

Mr. Holloway, author of the *Peasant's Fate*, *Scenes of Youth*, &c. &c. has in the press, and will speedily publish, a volume of Poetical Pieces, chiefly familiar and descriptive, called the *Minor Minstrel*, with a beautiful frontispiece.

A Biographical Index to the House of Lords, compiled by the Editor of the Biographical Index to the House of Commons, is in the press. In addition to the descent of the Peers of England, in a form entirely new, it will contain an account of the present and late ones; their habits, pursuits,

and parliamentary conduct. The Scotch and Irish peers, with the Bench of Bishops, are introduced in alphabetical order; an arrangement never before attempted.

Mr. Williams, the Barrister, is preparing for the press, a new periodical work for the use of Justices of the Peace, and Parish Officers, to be continued annually, entitled "*The Magistrates Annual Assistant*," containing the Acts of Parliament and adjudged Cases, so far as they concern Magistrates, and relate to the Powers of Parish Officers.

Dr. J. F. Davis, of Bath, has in the press, "*An Inquiry into the Symptoms of Carditis, or the Inflammation of the Heart*," illustrated by Cases and Dissections. The Doctor's intention is to shew how far the faculty have mistaken the symptoms of this disease, and that it is of more frequent occurrence than has been supposed.

Mr. Stace intends to publish some *Original Anecdotes of Cromwell*, in which many curious and important incidents will be found.

Samuel Egerton Brydges, Esq. is preparing a new edition of *Colt's Peerage*. Few books more urgently demand revision and enlargement.

An account of the *Life and Writings of Mr. Joseph Strutt*, is in the press, with a correct likeness engraved by Mr. John Ogboine, from an original picture in crayons by Ozias Humphrey, Esq.

The *Remains of Hesiod the Ascraean*, translated from the Greek into English Verse, with a dissertation on

the poetry and mythology, the life and wife of Hesiod, and copious notes; embellished with a head of Hesiod, by Charles Abraham Elton, Esq. is in the press.

The History of India, during the administration of Marquis Wellesley, from 1797 to 1806, will appear in the ensuing spring, by Lawrence Dundas Campbell, Esq. comprising an explanation of his lordship's system of policy, both foreign and domestic, and a complete account of the actual state of the British provinces, in all their relations, under the operations of that system, &c. &c.: the whole composed from official records and other original documents, embellished with a map of India and a portrait of Marquis Wellesley, in two thick volumes quarto.

Mr. B. Boothroyd intends to publish a new edition of Bishop Newcome's justly admired version of the Minor Prophets, with additional notes from Blayney and Horseley, on the Prophet Hosea.

Dr. Forbes, of Edinburgh, is engaged on a Translation of Pliny's Natural History, to be accompanied with Notes, a Life of the Author, and a Preliminary Dissertation on the Origin of Natural History, its rise and progress to maturity. It will also be the object of the translator to accommodate Pliny's descriptions of plants, &c. to the nomenclature of the *Systema Naturæ* Linnæi.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The Bath Exhibition of Paintings has proved so successful, that not only the whole expences of the gallery were defrayed by the public admission, but a considerable dividend was left for distribution at the close of it. Last winter the President of the Royal Academy sent this infant institution two pictures painted in his best manner.

The fourth exhibition of the Norwich Artists, lately opened, when the number of pictures and drawings greatly exceeded those of the former year. More attempts at originality in every department of the art were exhibited than at any prior exhibition; and both extension and improvement were evident.

The Elgin Collection of Statues, &c. is nearly completed; that of Theseus, among the rest, is highly spoken of: it represents the hero, seated on a lion or tiger's skin; the large majestic form of the limbs indicates his elevated character; the neck rises from the trunk like a beautiful column; the chest, back, and thighs, all have the same large and massy shape; but so entire a correspondence of beautiful limbs is seldom found in real life. Some of the most famous pugilists have been invited by Lord Elgin to his gallery, for the purpose of comparing them with the forms of the Theseus. The body of Gregson is said to yield nothing to the Greek hero in strength or symmetry; but his legs are not of equal beauty. A fragment of the head of a horse, said to have belonged to the car of Minerva, is among the rarest examples of art in this collection.

Mr. R. Buchanan, of Glasgow, states, that Mr. R. Gillespie finds the effect of steam very excellent in copper-plate-calico printing, and for heating calenders at his works. For this, and to warm his warehouse and counting house, steam is conveyed ninety-three yards. Mr. Loundes, of Paisley, has for some time used the heat of steam for drying fine muslins; it is also used at the bleaching works at Aberdeen. At Glasgow, the pullicates never retained their colours in such perfection as since they have been bleached with steam. Mr. Buchanan recommends steam to be used for warming the bed rooms of large hotels, warehouses, shops, churches, and other large public buildings.

A new tinder box, or mode of obtaining fire by the mere compression of atmospheric air, has lately been produced in this country. It consists of a common syringe, about ten inches long, and not above five eighths in the bore. At the lower end, a cap serves as a chamber to receive the substance which is to be fired: this is attached to the instrument by a screw; or a common stop-cock may be used in its room; either of which being turned, a small piece of common tinder is placed in the chamber; and the cap then being screwed on again, if the piston of the instrument be depressed with as quick a

motion as possible, the condensation of the air is so active as to set the tinder on fire.

Mr. James Phoenix, of Liverpool, to ascertain the difference between electrical shocks from a Leyden phial filled in the common way, and those filled as follows, remarks that he stood on an insulated stool; he then laid one finger on the prime conductor, and filled the jar from the other, when on receiving the shocks, he found them so considerably augmented, that two taken in this manner incommoded him more than a dozen in the common method.

It is an extraordinary fact, and re-ounds highly to the credit of Mr. Lancaster's system of Education, that the whole disbursements of his School, from Midsummer 1806 to Midsummer 1807, were only 156l. 10s. with which sum he educated 900 boys and 250 girls; being an expence of rather less than 3s. each.

ENCLOSURES.—Mr. Arthur Young, in a letter lately published by him, informs us, that during the first forty years of his present Majesty's reign, above 1800 Enclosure Acts passed; operating upon between two and three millions of acres; which acts have given much additional security to the rights and tenures by which such lands were held. He says, that the importation of corn in the last seven years, amounting to 9,198,924 quarters, is an enormous evil, and imperiously calls for a general enclosure of waste lands. He produces some cases to shew that enclosing has already considerably increased the culture of corn. He recommends, that the law that gives the power of enclosure, should require every man, in proportion to the quantity of wastes broke up, to cultivate annually a certain quantity of potatoes; a measure which would do away every apprehension of an increasing culture, without a diminished importation. It is only by this root, he says, that effective steps can be taken against scarcity; and potatoes are the best first crop for a waste. He has seen 400 bushels per acre of potatoes gained, in October, from sands which, in February, were covered with heath, whins, and fern. As to the insufficient cultivation of old lands, long since enclosed, he says,

that cannot be connected with the expediency of new undertakings, because the proprietors will not turn out the old tenants, in order to make room for men of more skill and larger capitals. If certain old farms are badly cultivated, that is no reason why farmers having skill and capital but wanting business, should not be employed on waste. He thinks a better cultivation of old enclosed lands is greatly to be desired, but that must depend on the general policy of the kingdom; on a commutation of tythe; on leases being universally given to tenants manifesting a disposition or a power to improve; and raising the price of corn.

PRESERVATION OF WOOD.—Dr. Parry, of Bath, after much scientific investigation, and many experiments, found out the following cheap composition as an excellent preventative against the dry rot and decay in wood:—"Melt twelve ounces of rosin in an iron pot; add three gallons of train oil, and three or four rolls of brimstone; with a little bees wax; and when the whole are melted and become thin, add as much colour (of whatever sort you chuse) previously ground with some of the oil as will give the whole a shade of the same.—Then lay it on with a brush as hot as possible; some days after give the wood a second coat. It will preserve plank for ages; and keep the weather also from driving through brick work."

PROMOTION OF AGRICULTURE.—For the purpose of rendering a general knowledge of husbandry more easily accessible, the Board of Agriculture intend that a general Code of Agriculture shall be published. "Such a work, however," says the President, "cannot be drawn up, until a foundation be laid, by a careful examination of the agricultural practices of every district in the kingdom. As soon as that work is accomplished, the Code will be carried on with energy; a specimen of which has been printed and circulated on the subject of inclosures. It is proposed, when the work is undertaken, to give distinct heads or chapters, to those individuals, who are the most conversant in each department of husbandry"—On the importance of agricultural pur-

suits, he observed as follows:—"No country can have stronger inducements to attend to its agricultural interests, than Great Britain, at the present moment. Secluded from so large a proportion of the globe, and its commerce cramped in every direction, it must in a great measure rely on its own internal resources for its security and strength. Fortunately, in these resources it has a mine of wealth, which cannot be exhausted. We have only to pay the necessary attention to the improvement of our own soil, and we may despise the efforts of our enemies, however numerous or powerful. We are told, indeed, "that from the state of our foreign relations, and the consequent probability that our usual supply of grain from foreign countries may fail us, that measures of precaution are necessary, which may eventually ward off so great an evil, as a scarcity of provisions." But the best precaution is, to extend our agriculture, to increase the productions of our soil, to ameliorate the mode of its cultivation, and to remove every obstacle hostile to its improvement.—By these means, judiciously applied, instead of importing from foreign countries, we might soon again become an exporting country; and the commerce of grain, instead of being the means of impoverishment, would become a source of wealth."

NEW VOLCANO.

A Letter from John B. Dabney, Esq. Consul of the United States of America, to a Friend at St. Michael's.

"Fayal, (Azores), June 25, 1808.

"DEAR SIR—A phenomenon has occurred here not unusual in former ages, but of which there has been no example of late years; it was well calculated to inspire terror, and has been attended with the destruction of lives and property. On Sunday, the 1st of May, at one p.m. walking in the balcony of my house at St. Antonio, I heard noises like the report of heavy cannon at a distance, and concluded there was some sea engagement in the vicinity of the island. But soon after, casting my eye towards the island of St. George's, ten leagues distant, I perceived a dense column of smoke rising to an immense height; it was

soon judged that a volcano had burst out about the centre of that island, and this was rendered certain when night came on, the fire exhibiting an awful appearance. Being desirous of viewing this wonderful exertion of nature, I embarked on the 3d of May, accompanied by the British Consul, and ten other gentlemen, for St. George's; we ran over in five hours, and arrived at Vellas, the principal town, at eleven a.m. We found the poor inhabitants perfectly panic struck, and wholly given up to religious ceremonies and devotion. We learned that the fire of the 1st of May had broken out in a ditch, in the midst of fertile pastures, three leagues S.E. of Vellas, and had immediately formed a crater, in size about twenty-four acres. In two days it had thrown out cinders or small pumice stones, that a strong N.E. wind had propelled southerly; and which, independent of the mass accumulated round the crater, had covered the earth from one foot to four feet in depth, half a league in width, and three leagues in length; then passing the channel five leagues, had done some injury to the east point of Pico. The fire of this large crater had nearly subsided, but in the evening preceding our arrival, another small crater had opened, one league north of the large one, and only two leagues from Vellas. After taking some refreshment, we visited the second crater; the sulphureous smoke of which, driven southerly, rendered it impracticable to attempt approaching the large one. When we came within a mile of the crater, we found the earth rent in every direction, and, as we approached nearer, some of the chasms were six feet wide; by leaping over some of these chasms, and making windings to avoid the larger ones, we at length arrived within two hundred yards of the spot; and saw it, in the middle of a pasture, distinctly, at intervals, when the thick smoke which swept the earth lighted up a little. The mouth of it was only about fifty yards in circumference; the fire seemed struggling for vent; the force with which a pale blue flame issued forth, resembled a powerful steam engine, multiplied a hundred fold; the noise was deafening; the earth where we stood had a tremulous motion, the

whole island seemed convulsed, horrid bellowings were occasionally heard from the bowels of the earth, and earthquakes were frequent. After remaining here about ten minutes we returned to town; the inhabitants had mostly quitted their houses, and remained in the open air, or under tents. We passed the night at Vellas, and the next morning went by water to Ursulina, a small sea-port town, two leagues south of Vellas, and viewed that part of the country covered with the cinders before-mentioned, and which has turned the most valuable vineyards in the island into a frightful desert. On the same day, (the 4th of May,) we returned to Fayal, and on the 5th and succeeding days, from twelve to fifteen small volcanos broke out in the fields we had traversed on the 3d, from the chasms before described, and threw out a quantity of lava, which travelled on slowly towards Vellas. The fire of those small craters subsided, and the lava ceased running about the 11th of May; on which day the large volcano, that had lain dormant for nine days, burst forth again like a roaring lion, with horrid belchings, distinctly heard at twelve leagues distance, throwing up prodigious large stones, and an immense quantity of lava, illuminating at night the whole island. This continued with tremendous force, until the 5th of June, exhibiting the awful yet magnificent spectacle of a perfect river of fire, (distinctly seen from Fayal,) running into the sea. On that day, (the 5th,) we experienced that its force began to fail, and, in a few days after, it ceased entirely. The distance of the crater from the sea is about four miles, and its elevation about 3,500 feet.

The lava inundated and swept away the town of Ursulina, and country-houses and cottages adjacent, as well as the farm-houses, throughout its course. It, as usual, gave timely notice of its approach, and most of the inhabitants fled; some few, however, remained in the vicinity of it too long, endeavouring to save their furniture and effects, and were scalded by flashes of steam, which, without injuring their clothes, took off not only their skin but their flesh. About sixty persons were thus miserably scalded, some of whom died on the spot, or in

a few days after. Numbers of cattle shared the same fate. The Judge and principal inhabitants left the island very early. The consternation and anxiety were for some days so great among the people, that even their domestic concerns were abandoned, and, amidst plenty, they were in danger of starving. Supplies of ready-baked bread were sent from hence to their relief, and large boats were sent to bring away the inhabitants, who had lost their dwellings. In short, the island, heretofore rich in cattle, corn, and wine, is nearly ruined, and a scene of greater desolation and distress has seldom been witnessed in any country."

America.

Colonel George Gibbs, of Rhode Island, is the proprietor of the most valuable and extensive assortment of minerals probably existing in America. It consists of the cabinets possessed by the late M. Gigot D'Orsy, of Paris, and Count Razamowsky, a Russian nobleman, long resident in Switzerland, with additions by the present proprietor, both collected and purchased. The French collection is particularly rich in the productions of the mines, such as the phosphates, carbonates, and molybdates of lead; the iron ores of Bangory, Framont, and the Isle of Elba; the silver of St. Maria and D'Allamont; the mercury of Deux Ponts; a variety of marbles, calcedonies and agates, quartz, calcareous, and other spars from France, &c. Count Razamowsky's collection contains the minerals of the Russian empire. It is particularly rich in gold and copper ores, chromates of lead; the native iron of Pallas; beryl, jaspers, &c. The remainder are chiefly German and Swiss, with a complete collection of English and Italian specimens, with the ancient marbles, porphyries, &c.; the muriates and carbonates of copper from Chili: the spinel and oriental rubies, of which this is the third complete collection existing: also a large geological collection. The whole contains about twenty thousand specimens; and it is expected will soon be open to amateurs, as well as the part hitherto exposed.

Denmark.

A seam of coal, of good quality, has been discovered in the southern parts of Zealand. This discovery is the result of a premium of 4,720 dollars, offered by the patriotic Danes, upon the commencement of hostilities with this country.

France.

An improvement in the Newtonian reflecting telescope has been announced in the National Institute: it consists in placing the small plane mirror in the middle of the telescope, perpendicularly on its axis, and not obliquely, which diminishes by one-half the length of the reflector. The astronomer Schubert, being directed to examine it, reported that this very ingenious invention afforded a more simple method of constructing telescopes of larger dimensions than any hitherto made, and yet convenient for use; that it was astonishing no person had hit upon the method before; and that a reflector, constructed according to this mode, would not only have the advantage of diminished length over those of Newton and Herschel, but would likewise permit the observer to place himself in front of the object he is desirous of examining, and to take a convenient position which he has afterwards no occasion to change.

An interesting analysis of coffee has lately been made by M. Cadet, apothecary in ordinary to the French Imperial Household; from which it ap-

pears, that the berries contain mucilage in abundance, much gallic acid, a resin, a concrete essential oil, some albumen, and a volatile aromatic principle, with a portion of lime, potash, charcoal, iron, &c. Roasting develops the soluble principles. Mocha coffee is of all kinds most aromatic and resinous. M. Cadet advises that coffee be neither roasted nor infused till the day it be drank, and that the roasting should be moderate.

Spain.

Antonio Perez is the only Spanish writer who records the words of the celebrated oath of allegiance taken formerly by the Aragonese to their Sovereign — Antonio Perez is an authority of great weight, and sufficed to remove Robertson's doubts as to the authenticity of this extraordinary oath, though that profound historian denied that Zurita, Blanca, Arceusola, or Sayas, made any mention of it, or any of the Spanish writers consulted by him. The actual words prescribed by Antonio Perez, who was secretary to Philip II. are as follows — "*Nos, que tenemos tanto buenos como vos, os hacemos nuestro Rey y Señor, con tal que nos guardéis nuestros fueros, y libertades, y si no, no.*" Which has been thus rendered — "We, who are each of us as good as you are, are willing to acknowledge you for our Sovereign King, on the express condition that you maintain our rights and liberties; but if not, not."

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

MONSIEUR ANQUETIL PER-
RON, late member of the Academy of Inscriptions, Belles Lettres, History and Ancient Literature, at Paris, has received a most flattering character, and by no means undeservedly, from M. Dacier, which was read at the public sitting of the National Institute, July 1, 1808. M. Anquetil was born at Paris, in Dec. 1731. After finishing his studies at that university, where he found time to acquire an intimate acquaintance with the Hebrew language, he was placed by M. De Caylus, Bishop of Metz, at first in a seminary in his diocese, and afterwards in that of

Amersfort near Utrecht, where he attained the knowledge of Arabic and Persian. He returned to Paris with the view of dedicating all his time to the perusal of the best manuscripts in the King's library, to the study of languages, and to oriental literature, the latter of which proved to be his prevailing passion. The Abbe Saffier, who had the care of these manuscripts, and was one of the most distinguished members of the Academy of Belles Lettres, took such an interest in the affairs of young Anquetil, that he introduced him to the notice of Messrs. Malesherbes, Baillieul, &c. They first procured him an establishment

in the library, as a student in the oriental languages; though the salary was small, they knew it would be adequate to the wants of a man whose sole passion was study. This appointment seemed to complete his wishes, and left him nothing to desire.

As new ideas crowded into his mind, he formed the project of exploring every part of India, in hopes of discovering the sacred books of the ancient Persians, supposed to have been written by Zoroaster. In fine, he wished to unfold the archives of the human race, and study the history of man in his primitive state. Being determined to go out with an expedition fitting out at Port L'Orient for the East Indies, without consulting his relatives or any person about him, he offered his services to a recruiting officer, and soon afterwards in spite of remonstrances marched off with his comrades on the 7th of November 1754, with a knapsack on his back; his baggage consisting of a Hebrew bible, Montaigne, and Charron's works, a case of mathematical instruments, and a map of India.

As soon as the Abbe Barthelemy and his other friends heard of this extravagant step, they, by applying to the minister, got Anquetil to board at the captain's table during the voyage, and a salary when he arrived in India, to be left to the discretion of the French governor there. He disembarked at Pondicherry in August 1755, where a number of his more enterprising countrymen were astonished to find that his motive for coming to India, was not to amass wealth, but simply to discover the books of Zoroaster; a name many of them had never heard. In fact several refused to give credit to such a story; others considered him as a person sent out by government to be a spy upon their conduct, while others of a less suspicious cast, looked upon him as an eccentric character, whom his family had sent abroad to get rid of; all agreed, however, in neglecting and deserting him. This neglect he felt the least; he was busily employed in learning the modern Persian till he was able to converse in it with fluency. After this he resolved to quit Pondicherry, and penetrate into the interior of the country, to study the Malabar

language, visit the Brahmins, and learn the Sanscrit, near some Pagoda. Willing, however, to unite his means of improvement with some place, he was at length obliged to accept of one that was inferior to the lowest clerk in India. Anquetil was still contented; a stranger to the imaginary wants of most men, he knew how to accommodate his wants to his means; he thought little of any privations, as long as his great object was promoted. He was travelling to the mouth of the Ganges; and from the mountains of Gengy, which he was traversing, he was obliged to return to Pondicherry. This, however, did not discourage him; he embarked and arrived safe at Chandernagore, where he was a little mortified on hearing that the French Consul at Surat, had actually discovered the books of Zoroaster, particularly the Vendidas Zend and Pehlwi. He determined upon setting out for Surat, but met with fresh impediments, from the circumstance of the hostilities then commenced between the French and English.

Anquetil, in this dilemma, thinking it his first duty to serve his country, undertook the office of interpreter, and accordingly joined the French army destined for the defence of Bengal, but he soon heard of the fall of Chandernagore, and fearing lest the chances of war should defeat his object, he left the camp alone, almost destitute of money, to undertake a journey of near 400 leagues overland to Pondicherry. He escaped the English, and crossed a country overrun with tigers, though he had scarcely any weapon of defence; he at length joined the advanced guard of a caravan of 6000 Faquirs, going on a pilgrimage to the famous Pagoda of Jagrenunt, and who lived only by plunder. He presented himself to them with such an air of assurance, that they not only desisted from plundering him, but gave him a passport, that he might not be molested by their friends.

After an hundred days' journey across the burning sands of a country never attempted by any European, without ever failing to visit every Pagoda, and place worthy of attention, he at length reached Pondicherry, where the report of his death had been

received, and he forgot all his troubles and fatigues in the embraces of one of his brothers, just arrived there from Europe, to be employed in the Company's civil service. Both brothers, however, embarked together for the coast of Malabar; the vessel having put into Mahé, Anquetil resolved to visit the country, and proceeded to Cihour, Goa, and Aurengabad, as far as the Mahratta country. At length he arrived at Surat, where he found many difficulties to encounter before he could remove the scruples and prejudices of the priests, who looked upon the communication of their writings and doctrines to persons of a different religion, as nothing less than profanation. His zeal and perseverance however, surmounted every difficulty, and he even obtained admittance into the number of the disciples of Destours. By intense application he soon became sufficiently acquainted with the Zend and Pehlwi, to be able to translate several works from those languages.

In March 1759, he began with a Vocabulary of the Pehlwi, a work which no European before had even thought of undertaking, upon which the Governor of Pondicherry doubled his salary, which still did not exceed 3000 livres. This enabled him to defray the expenses of his journies, and purchase a number of manuscripts, with which he hoped to enrich his native country. He soon after began translating the *Vendidad* from the Zend and Pehlwi texts, under the immediate direction of Destours, and which he finished in little less than three months; this brought on so dangerous an illness, that he was obliged to relinquish all kind of study.

Soon after, being attacked in the streets of Surat by one of his countrymen, he had the misfortune to kill him in his own defence, after having himself received five wounds; these again laid him up several months. Having recovered, by the help of an Arabian interpreter, he undertook to translate several Zend and Pehlwi books, during which he acquired so competent a knowledge of the Persian, that he finished these books without his assistance. While at Surat, Anquetil, though at the risk of his life, had he been discovered, was introduced to

the sacred fire, kept in the most secret part of the temple; and he beheld the various rites, of which before he had only an imperfect idea. He next engaged in studying the language, the sacred antiquities, and the laws of the Hindoos. He had several Sanscrit vocabularies, and thought of going to Benares, to get instruction from the Brahmins; but the taking of Pondicherry by the English, destroyed all his hopes, and he thought of nothing more than returning to Europe. For this purpose, he was obliged to throw himself upon the protection of the English. Having got a passage in an English ship, he took with him 180 valuable manuscripts, in the different oriental languages, besides coins, medals, &c. which he had collected in India.

Arriving in England, he was treated as a prisoner of war, but representing his situation to the British government, he was soon set at liberty. However, before he returned to France, he visited Oxford, there to inspect the manuscripts of the *Vendidad*, which had originally suggested his enterprising voyage to the East. He collated the principal manuscripts which he brought over with these, and returned to Paris in March 1762, after an absence of nearly eight years, poorer than he left that city, having now lost his small pittance; and he would have remained long in this situation, had not the Abbe Barthelemy and other friends been more attentive to his interest than himself, by obtaining a pension for him, with the title and appointment of translator of the Oriental languages to the Royal Library, in which he deposited the books of Zoroaster and other curious manuscripts, some of which were unknown in Europe.

In 1763 he was nominated a member of the Academy of Belles Lettres, vacant by the death of M. Bourguenville. In 1771, he published a translation of the sacred books of Persia, under the title of the *Zend Avesta*. Two of the most valuable manuscripts were the *Vendidad* and the *Izeschne*, containing many passages from Zoroaster; as the whole of those pieces was not from his pen, though M. Anquetil endeavoured to prove the contrary. Besides some of his countrymen, Sir Wm. Jones

attacked Anquetil with considerable warmth; the latter felt that he had provoked these criticisms by some indiscreet pleasantries upon the literati of Oxford, and therefore had the good sense not to reply. To his translations, Anquetil annexed an account of his voyages, containing illustrations of the antiquities and geography of India, also the life of Zoroaster, an exposition of the dogmas, rites, and ceremonies of the Persians, with notes. With Montesquieu, he did not think the natives of the Indies mere slaves. In France, M. Anquetil was looked upon as the representative and literary agent of India, as such he received presents from different individuals, consisting of manuscripts, &c. for the Royal Library at Paris. At the commencement of the revolution, Anquetil published *La Dignité du Commerce, & de l'Etat du Commerçant*, a work which would have been well received at any other time, but which then was scarcely noted. Anquetil soon after this shut himself up in his library, and appeared no longer in the Academy, where he had been an assiduous member; and he dropped all correspondence, even with his most intimate friends.

Bereft of every kind of income, he was occasionally obliged to dispose of many of his books, to pay rent for the rest, and supply himself with the common necessities of life; but having for a length of time accustomed himself to abstemiousness, and even privation, he considered himself the only happy man at that time in France. In this manner he had traversed India, where being affected with the evils with which the cupidity of the Europeans had loaded that rich but unhappy country, he endeavoured in vain to persuade them, in a work which he published in 1793, under the title of *L'Inde en rapport avec L'Europe*, that it was their interest to build warehouses instead of batteries; to send out merchants instead of soldiers; to establish a connection cemented by confidence, and not authority founded in force, and maintained by injustice and tyranny.

The next work of M. Anquetil, who found himself prevented by the war from going to India to study the Sanscrit, was *Recueil des Oupnekhat*;

or *Upanischada*: viz. "*Secrets not to be revealed*." This work enables us to appreciate most of the philosophic and religious dogmas of the Brahmins. His translation was made in Latin, in order to adhere more closely to the Persian phrases, and mystic obscurity of the original. It is in reality very obscure, and not illustrated in many places, even by the notes of Anquetil, who seemed at length to have been carried away by the reveries of a recluse. In an epistle which he addressed to the Brahmins, he says, "Bread and cheese, to the value of four French sous, or the twelfth part of a rupee, and water from the well, form my daily food: I live without fire even in winter, I sleep without even a bed, or bed-clothes; neither do I change or wash my linen. I subsist upon the fruits of my literary works without income, revenue, or pension; I have neither wife, children, nor servants. Having no estates I have no tie in this world. Alone, but entirely free, I am in friendship with all mankind. In this simple state at warfare with my senses, I either triumph over worldly attractions, or I despise them. Looking up with veneration to that supreme and perfect being, drawing near my end, I wait with impatience for the dissolution of my body."

There does not appear to be the least exaggeration in the account he gives of himself; all his intimates give just the same description of his way of life. His passion for the most perfect independence accustomed him from his youth to an austere diet, which he ever after observed,—"Oh poverty too much despised," said he, in one of his remarks, "thou art the protector of soul and body, and the bulwark of morality and religion." He was too open to feign any virtue or sentiment. On the suppression of a Journal from which he received a pension, on his return from India, nothing could induce him to seek a recompense.

The Abbe Barthelemy was still his providence, and served him without his knowledge, in order not to offend him, so that Anquetil always considered the grant conferred on him by the minister, solely as an act of justice. It was found impossible to make him accept of a pension of 300 livres, to-

wards the end of the reign of Louis XVI. when one of his acquaintance undertook the task. After trying every method of persuasion in vain, he secretly put the money in one corner of the chimney, and hastily left the room, but the purse with the money found its way to the bottom of the stairs before him. In like manner, he refused a pension of 6000 livres from the Committee of Public Instruction. So familiar with poverty himself, he felt only for others, and was at a loss on whom to bestow the superfluous part of his moderate income. When he was admitted a member of the National Institute, he was then uneasy, lest he should be too rich. "Pray inform me, (said he to one of his friends) what honest family

is in need of relief. I know of none, and I receive at least 100 francs per month, which are totally useless to me, unless applied this way." Old age after all, and his seclusion from literary society did not change his sentiments; he was the same to the end, when the sudden failure of his senses convinced him that his end was fast approaching. He had five brothers who repaired to him as soon as he was known to be ill; and he at length consented to be taken to one of their houses, as his own lodging contained no kind of moveables whatever but books. He died on the 17th of Jan. 1805, in the arms of his brother, professing to the last the same sentiments and the same love of truth as he had all his life entertained.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

"IN the present political state of Europe, and indeed at all times, the propriety of England cultivating a close and friendly intercourse with Spain is, so apparent, that we cannot but feel surprised it should have been so long neglected. On enquiry, we find the causes of this to be various. Ancient wars; alliances between the two former monarchies of France and Spain; and the interests of the latter country and of England badly understood by both. Yet I affirm, that such are the dispositions of the Spaniards towards the English that, with a little care on the part of the government, the two countries might become indissolubly united. It is here that we ought to look for a great balance to the power of France. *It is in this country perhaps, unfavorable as appearances may now be, that the freedom of Europe is destined to consistence.*

"The highlanders of Britain may still rouse to arms in a kindred language their Celtic brethren in the mountains of Leon, Biscay, and Galicia; and even extend their enthusiasm over the plains to the centre of the country and the mountains of Aragon and Guadarrama. But the great events, likely soon to take place in this country, mock the vain spirit of prophecy. I did adieu to Spain, and should quit with regret its lofty mountains, its almost boundless plains,

its delightful climate, and the many monuments of its departed glories; but I have been always used to breathe the air of freedom, and around me I see nothing but slavery, stifled indignation, and misery. Its happy natural situation is overbalanced by political errors, and the blindness of despotic power: and whilst we regret that so fine a country should be almost abandoned to nature, we cannot but feel some small portion of contempt for the inhabitants who permit it."

These are the words of a late traveller into Spain, who published his travels in the beginning of the year 1807, and who was in Spain some little time before the battle of Trafalgar. The author, Mr. Semple, is an American by birth, but by principles and education an Englishman; and he views the countries through which he passes with the eye of a philosopher and lover of mankind. He saw the wretched state of Spain, witnessed its degradation by profligate princes, and cheating priests and monks. Yet, in this abject state, he could trace the outlines of a generous spirit, which circumstances might excite, and which subsequent events have proved to exist in the minds of numerous Spaniards.

Since our last report, the accounts from this country, notwithstanding

their folly about the mother of God, the saints, and the immaculate conception of the Virgin, evince great political wisdom and energy: the men who take the lead in Spain are at present alive to every sentiment of patriotism, and are well acquainted with the ancient political liberties of the country, of which they have been basely deprived by their preceding monarchs, particularly those of the house of Bourbon, and by the treachery and art of priestcraft. The courage of the nation has been tried in various actions with the French, whom they have compelled to retire to the north of Spain; and we cannot but feel some apprehensions that the French may receive reinforcements to enable them to retain some strong holds, and to renew the war with vigour.

All the country to the south of Madrid is completely cleared of the French: the Franco-Spanish king has retreated to Burgos, and to that place he is calling in all his forces. Bilbao has been taken by them: but we every day expect to hear the news of its surrender. Spanish troops are marching from the south, east, and west; and, if our accounts are true, they are sufficient in number to compel the French to retire: whether they can cut off their retreat, and compel the surrender of the enemy's army, we have not sufficient intelligence to determine. There is a great difference between cutting off detachments and the fighting of a battle on a grand scale, in which, it is evident that the French must have a great superiority in experience, in discipline, and in the skill of their Generals. We shall hope that they will not put any thing to so great a risk, but follow the advice of their Precautions; and, in the mean time, they must think of forming a regular army to meet the threatened attack of the French emperor.

Bonaparte is evidently collecting troops to subdue the spirit of Spain. In his communications, with his senate he treats the baffling of his hopes as a mere insurrection of the lower classes, instigated by the priests, the English, and the hopes of plunder. He is marching troops towards the Pyrenees, and sending his most experienced Generals to that quarter.

It is doubtful whether he means to join them, or whether he may not be called eastward by the affairs of Austria. At any rate he will not give up Spain easily: the conflict will be long and severe, but very different from that of the succession war, when the House of Bourbon was first set on the Spanish throne. At that time it was a mere dispute of courts, mere cabinet intrigues, supported by soldiers, and in which the people were reckoned as nothing. Now it is a war, in which the whole mass of the people are engaged, fighting for their liberties and independence against a nation which they never liked, and from which they have lately received the deepest injuries. Nothing can prevent their success but disunion among themselves, and against this the labours of the wisest men have been directed: how far their counsels will be attended to time must shew; but the annals of history have scarcely ever presented to the world so grand a subject for contemplation. When the Americans were fighting for their liberty and independence, principles were divulged and maintained which shook the throne of ancient prejudice; and with great bravery, and skill, and patriotism, they formed the excellent government which they now possess: but the circumstances of the people of America and Spain are very different, and modes of government are various. Spain may form an admirable government, totally different from that of America, or those now existing in Europe; and it should always be remembered, that the form is not of so much importance as the establishment of the civil rights of each individual, and particularly of that grand right, to which every man is entitled, and of which he cannot be deprived but by fraud or unjust force, that of worshipping his Master according to the dictates of his own conscience.

A grand step is now taken towards the formation of the government; and the Junta of Seville issued a most admirable paper upon the occasion: All the Juntas seemed to be impressed with the same principles, and the necessity of forming a central government for the immediate purposes of carrying on the war with France, corresponding with other countries, and

keeping up the connections with their colonies. In consequence of this mutual agreement, deputies have been elected, by the different Juntas, who are to meet at Ciudad Reale, in the district of La Mancha, there to take upon themselves the reins of government, and to provide every thing for the meeting of the Cortez. Much will depend upon the wisdom and patriotism of this delegated body; the happiness of the kingdom is in a great measure in their hands, and there is every reason to believe, that the fittest persons have been selected upon this occasion. In the first exercise of their authority, they will probably go upon the ancient principles of their free government; and war must be their chief concern. To the Cortez must be left the settling of the fixed principles of their future government; and it is to be hoped, that their king will be kept safely in France till the whole is arranged. As a constitution was provided for them at Bayonne by the French emperor, which, with all its defects, was far better than that by which they have ever yet been governed, it is to be presumed, that they will not present to Spain a worse system: they have the example of our own country before them, and therefore ought to avoid our errors. One single principle being established,—namely, that the Cortez shall meet every year, be elected annually, and every man be incapable of holding any place or pension under government, or any post whatever in the kingdom, will preserve them from infinite mischief. The kingdom can always present a sufficient number of such men, from whom to form a selection: and without this proviso, their country will present the usual contemptible instances of corruption, intrigue, and faction.

In Spain every thing looks well.—We turn our eyes towards Portugal:—every thing looked well in Portugal. An army of Englishmen, well appointed, meet the French, and beat them in two battles. The news arrives, and fills every heart with joy. This army receives reinforcements—outnumbers the French almost doubly. News does not arrive for some time.—The winds occasion a delay; but no doubt is entertained, that the British

colours wave over the walls of Lisbon, and the ships of Russia. At last an express reaches town;—the Park and Tower guns are fired:—the news is spread abroad, that the French have capitulated, and the Russian fleet has surrendered. We rejoice in the services rendered to the Portuguese; in that kingdom being rescued from French thralldom; and in so many French soldiers being rendered incapable of doing farther injury during the war.

How are all countenances changed on the next morning, when the Gazette appears with the dispatches from our general, a Sir Hew Dalrymple. It announces, that, after the second defeat of the French, an officer from their army arrives to propose a cessation of arms, with a view to a convention, and the evacuation of Portugal by the French. Sir Arthur Wellesley is appointed to meet this general, and to lay down the basis of this convention: he settles with the French general, or one would rather suppose, the French general dictates to the English general, that the basis of the convention should be the evacuation of Portugal, on condition that the French should be conveyed away to France, with arms, ammunition, and baggage; that Lisbon should be considered as a neutral port; and that the Russian fleet should not be attacked by the English, till after a certain time from its quitting the harbour.

What could induce Sir Arthur Wellesley to put his name to such conditions, no one in England can imagine: but, be this as it may, the conditions are not treated with the contempt they deserved at head quarters. A convention is actually drawn up, signed, and sealed, by which the French are indeed to leave Portugal, but we are to find transports for them: they are to carry away their arms; a certain quantity of ammunition, and their baggage, that is, all the plunder of our allies. The Russian fleet, however, has not the same terms. Our admiral interferes in this respect, and he will not suffer the fleet to leave the Tagus; but by a strange inconsistency permits the sailors to depart, or rather consents that they shall be carried back to Russia, and the ships are to be

restored to Russia at the end of six months from the signing of the treaty of peace.

Thus the forces of our common enemies, who were cooped up in Lisbon, and incapable of acting against our allies with effect, are on a sudden let loose, and in a manner which Bonaparte and the Emperor of Russia could never have expected. Whilst the French were in Lisbon, they were to all intents and purposes of no other use, than to keep the Portuguese in the environs of the metropolis in order; and there could be no doubt, that in a short time they must have submitted to the armies of the Portuguese, unaided by our forces. They could not get into Spain to Burgos, without being cut off by the Spaniards; and they were wanted by the French at the foot of the Pyrenees. Our generals have kindly consented, that they should be conveyed away in the earliest manner to Bonaparte's army, now preparing for the invasion of Spain. They are to be landed in France, and a few days will convey them from their landing-place, to take their station in the invading army, and to attack the Spaniards. Thus the Spaniards will have no small reason to cry out against this shameful treaty.

What is the condition of the Portuguese? It does not appear that they have been at all consulted upon this occasion. A French army has seized their country, committed numberless outrages, plundered it unmercifully, and we graciously came over to assist our allies, we beat, as we say, the enemy, and yet let him carry away the property of our friends. Surely the Portuguese might say,—you ought to have left us some chance of getting back the property unjustly taken from us.—We are not indeed so much injured as the Spaniards, as we do get rid of these robbers; but, when we go to the assistance of our neighbours, we shall have to fight them again, but without any chance of the restitution of our property.

The Russian fleet was perfectly useless in the Tagus. Five thousand sailors had nothing to do, and their country could not avail itself of their services. We send them back to Russia to recruit their fleet, and to enable them to combat the King of

Sweden in the Baltick. What will our ally of Sweden say to this? In fact, the treaty is injurious to Spain, Portugal, and Sweden. How does it tell with respect to ourselves? Our soldiers had fought bravely, had beaten the French, and had every reason to expect an unconditional submission, or at least that the French should become prisoners of war. The idea that they should be permitted to go again into actual service immediately seems so preposterous, that nothing scarcely can justify it. Again, both army and navy have been joined together in an expedition, and the naval force of the enemy would form, upon the usual terms, some prize-money. They have now had hard blows, and nothing in return to compensate them for their labours. In short, army and navy, the whole country, and all our allies, have reason to complain of this disgraceful business; and throughout England, not one approving voice has been heard upon this occasion.

It is natural now to ask, who were the generals that could thus dishonour the English name? The two first were scarcely known; the third, Sir Arthur Wellesley, had acted with great skill and bravery, both in Portugal and India. For some time it was reported, that the latter had left the army, and had protested against these proceedings; but his name appears in the preliminaries, giving his sanction to terms more disgraceful than those which were at last concluded. Many have been the attempts to remove the blame from his shoulders to those who are superior to him in command; but we cannot see how, if they are disgraced, he will escape from a much greater portion of ignominy. In short, the whole is a mystery, to be developed by a military enquiry: for at present we cannot account for it, but upon a supposition that will cover these generals with far more disgrace than could have even been attached to the conventions at Buenos Ayres and the Helder. Our soldiers fight bravely, what is the reason that Great Britain has so much reason to complain of her commanders in chief?

England does not complain of her naval commanders, and she has no reason, whilst they act with the spirit lately displayed in the Baltick. The

English and Russians have met together in a hostile manner on the seas. Only two of our ships were with the Swedes, and the Russians were retreating. The English advanced, and soon got away from the Swedish fleet, and nine Russian men of war were seen fleeing from two English ships of the line. Our vessels came up with the rear of the Russians, took one ship, which they were under the necessity of destroying, and compelled the rest, who came up to its assistance, to retreat. The admiral presented the Russian flag to the king of Sweden, who with the greatest gallantry desired that it might be sent to England as a proof of the bravery and skill of our naval forces. The Russian fleet escaped to Port Baltick, and may by this time be destroyed: for we doubt not that, if there is any possibility of attacking them, the opportunity will not be lost by our commanders. This success of the combined navies of Sweden and England will lead to the entire destruction of the Russian naval power in the Baltick, and by all accounts the arms of Sweden have been successful in Finland. It is certain, that the Russians have retreated, and their main body is said to be not above thirty or forty miles from Petersburg: but accounts from that quarter are little to be depended upon. Our naval assistance will be a great point in favour of the king of Sweden, and the circumstances that have taken place in the south of Europe may continue him for some time longer on the throne.

Denmark remains, as before, inactive as to the war about her. This country has, however, been distinguished by the gallant conduct of the Spaniards, who, by Bonaparte's treachery, had been marched so far from their homes. With great skill their commander contrived to march several regiments to the sea side, who, hearing of the revolution in their country, burned with impatience to assist in the cause of liberty. Measures had been concerted with the admiral of our ships on the coast, and the Spanish troops were conveyed away from Zealand to a small island, thence to Gottenburgh, and are now on the way to England to be conveyed to their own country. We flatter our-

selves that they will be landed in Biscay, before the French troops embarked at Lisbon can be marched to the Pyrenees.

What the plans of the Emperor of Russia may be, time alone can discover. Should the alliance between him and France be shaken by events in Spain, Austria will be safe: if not, the war may break out in that quarter, and Austria again be humbled. If she is, no compassion can be excited; for it does not appear, that the system of the court has been at all changed, nor that any thing has been done to make the people imitate the transactions in Spain.—Confusion is said to have taken place in Poland: the Poles, with justice, complaining that their liberty and independence were not restored. They will be brought to order by the ferocious Russians, the decided enemies of liberty, who, being slaves themselves, cannot enjoy the sight of happiness in any other country.

Turkey presents to us the usual symptoms of decaying empire. The last of the Ottomans is now upon the throne. His predecessor enjoyed it but a short time, and the young prince holds his seat on a very precarious tenure. The whole was done by the military. A commander enters the seraglio—deposes the reigning monarch—places a new one upon the throne—and makes himself vizier; that is, in other words, he is the ruler of the empire. These successive changes must weaken the state, and against so wretched a government the arms of civilized Europe might be turned with great benefit. To England might properly be assigned the islands in the Mediterranean, and the unhappy Greeks might be restored to the benefits of civilised life. The changes to take place in this part of the world cannot much longer be delayed; and the crescent of Mahomet will, it is to be hoped, soon share the same fate with the triple crown of popery.—His holiness the Pope is making sad lamentations: he cannot bear the loss of his temporalities. Whatever is to happen, we trust that Englishmen will never be so basely employed as in the restoration of his holiness, as he is called, to those dominions, which have been annexed to his see, to the

injury of his subjects and of all mankind. Indeed, much as we should rejoice at the suppression of the immense power of Bonaparte, it would be with great regret that we should see Italy restored to any of its former masters.

In France, Bonaparte has had a meeting of his senate; and before it have been laid all the papers relative to the abdication of the throne of Spain, the settling of a new constitution for it at Bayonne, and the appointment of a king. The language used on this occasion is exactly similar to that of the old courts of Europe, in which the court is every thing and the people nothing. Great appointments are made for the deposed king and prince, and the royal family of Spain; and it is taken for granted, that, when these unfortunate men had resigned their rights, which they certainly were at liberty to do, the appointment of a successor fell into the hands of him to whom they resigned them. This is upon the supposition, that a kingdom is something, to which a king has a right, independently of the people—a foolish and absurd notion! for a king cannot possess any right but by previous appointment; and we shall not find in the history of Spain, that, on the abdication of a king, the right of appointing a successor is vested in the sovereign who sits on the throne of France. However this may be, the French, lost to all the feelings of liberty, and actuated by the same wicked spirit as influenced the cabinets of Europe in the beginning of their revolution, are entering with vigour into the measures of their chief, and are fabricating manifestos similar to those of the Duke of Brunswick and the Prince of Cobourg, in which the Spaniards are to be treated as revolters, and the utmost severity of punishment is to be threatened to resistance.

The Americans still continue their embargo, and are determined to continue it as long as our orders in council are in force. They are equally embarrassed with both England and France. What effect the revolution in Spain will have upon them time must shew: but we trust that they will continue their wise plan to avoid a war, and not to be led away by those false notions of honour and glory,

which have hitherto misled the nations that delight in war—that disgrace to rational beings.

A singular circumstance has occurred in our colony in Botany Bay. The governor has been arrested, and sent home by the next in command. The circumstances relative to it are not sufficiently developed: but, it is said, that many illegal proceedings had taken place in the colony. That a governor may deserve this treatment, and the second in command be justified in superseding him, we cannot doubt; and nothing is more difficult than to keep governors of distant colonies to a true sense of their duty. In England, however, it has been seen, that punishment, though long delayed, follows atrocious acts; and the sentence and execution of Governor Wall are proof, that offenders, however high in office, are amenable to the laws of their country. It would be improper to enter in the particulars of the present situation of the colony, till the charges have been properly laid against the governor, and he has been heard in his own defence.

Two gentlemen of the name of Campbell have excited a great deal of interest; and their fate will, it is to be hoped, be a warning to every one who may be hurried by his passions into the danger of committing the same crimes. The one was a military officer, the other is a civil magistrate. The unfortunate military gentleman had a dispute with a brother officer at mess upon the modes of giving command at a review, and the language used upon the occasion was warm, but not such as, according to the most rigid notions of honour, could require a duel, and they might have passed even between two Irishmen without producing one. However, the major thought that his honour was wounded, and that it must be expiated by blood; and the going home to his wife and children to tea did not calm his feelings. He sent for his brother officer after tea to the mess-room, and what passed between them can no otherwise be known, than that an explosion was soon heard, and the major's comrade was found shot through the body. Of this wound he soon after expired, and before his death, declared only of the major that

he was a bad man. The major was tried, found guilty, and executed on the gallows. Great interest was made to preserve his life; but the circumstances did not admit of the interposition of mercy. Such an awful instance of the execution of justice cannot fail of having its effect upon duellists, and of preventing the fighting of a duel without witnesses. Whether duelling may be defended at all, is a question with many moralists; but certainly, if it can be connived at, the adherence to some general rules ought to be expected from every man who takes upon himself the office of judge, jury, and executioner in his own cause. The punishment will probably next be extended to the principals and seconds in all duels, where the cause is trifling, and where the dispute could easily have been made up by the seconds. In this manner the horrors of a savage custom will be often removed; and even Irishmen will learn in time, that it does them no honour to be so ready to take away the lives of their countrymen.

The punishment of the civil magistrate was not so great, though this Mr. Campbell, like his namesake, was the means of taking away the life of an Englishman. His sentence was three months imprisonment, and a fine to the crown: and if to this is added the poignant reflection of the censure of the law and of all our countrymen, unless perhaps we may except some members of the society for the suppression of vice, we trust that this will be sufficient to prevent similar wrong-headedness, and the dangerous interference of the members for the suppression of vice in the diversions of the people. A country feast or wake was held somewhere near Bath, with the usual country diversions, which the members of the vice society hold so much in abhorrence. Mr. Campbell chose to term the meet-

ing riotous, broke in among the people with one or two constables, and being rather pressed in return by them, shot with a pistol one of them dead. The laws of the land were sufficient for the seizure of the culprit, who was very properly brought to his trial, and after an excellent admonition from the judge, received the sentence of the law, and is now undergoing the punishment, which it awarded to his crime. On the unhappy man we would avoid saying anything to wound his feelings; on the contrary we rejoice at the good character which, from the testimony of his neighbours, he seems in general to have borne: but the circumstances in which this criminal placed himself, cannot fail of giving rise to serious reflections.—A disposition of late years has prevailed in this country of interfering, under the ideas of a specious morality, with all the amusements of the lower classes. Many gentlemen who have good houses, excellent dinners, and excellent wines, who can visit their friends when they please, and how they please, constitute themselves into judges of what ought to please their inferiors; and their inferiors are to move in a line or rule, according to the supposed more refined notions of those more moral and evangelical men. Let the criminal conduct of Mr. Campbell and his punishment bring such persons to better reflections, and lead their minds to a better train of thinking: we recommend to them a paper of Jovellanos on the interference of government in the amusements of Spain, which they will find at the end of Lord Holland's memoirs of Lopez de Vega. They will there see how the spirit of a people may be broken; and to this state would the people of England be brought, if the society for the suppression of vice was not daily sinking into contempt.

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Divine and moral Precepts for the Conduct of a Christian towards God and Man. By J. Hammond. 3s. 6d.

The Legislature alarmed and the Barrister unmasked; occasioned by Hints to the Public and the Legislature. By Vigil. Part II. 1s.

Sacred Elucidations; or, Sunday Evening Remarks. By Mrs. Pilkington. 12mo. 3s. 6d.

A Sermon against Witchcraft, preached in the Parish Church of Great Paxton, July 17, 1808. By the Rev. J. Nicholson, A.M. 1s. 6d.

Review of the Proceedings of the General Associate Synod in Reference to the Ministers who protested against the Imposition of a new Testimony. By A. Bruce. 8vo. 5s.

Sermons, by the late Rev. David Black, one of the Ministers of Edinburgh; with an Account of his Life. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

The Office of Reason in Religion. By John Clarke, D.D. Author of the Answer to the Question, Why are you a Christian? 3d.

APOLLONIAN CRITIC.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."

The Song of "Fitz Eustace." The poetry from "*Marmion*," a Tale of Flodden Field, as sung by Mrs. Ashe at the Senate House, Cambridge, and at Mr. Bartleman's concert, &c. &c. Composed by Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge. 2s. 6d.

WE feel great pleasure and satisfaction in reviewing the song before us; it is another excellent proof of the skill and scientific knowledge of Dr. Clarke as a composer, who (in our estimation) ranks as high in professional eminence as any English composer of the present day: he has been particularly successful in the introductory symphony of this song; the passage intended for the *Scottish Bag-Pipe* is well imagined and truly characteristic, as are also the bold melody and accompaniments to the words, "*Where thro' Groves deep and high,*" "*Sounds the far Billow,*" which is succeeded by a delightfully smooth and winning passage to the words, "*Where Violets die*" "*under the Willow.*" This with the chorus is a beautiful and elegant effusion of a well cultivated genius, and the concluding symphony makes "*le tout ensemble*" of this verse one of the happiest musical productions of the kind we have ever witnessed; the accompaniments to the other verses are equally entitled to our just praise. H.

The favourite Overture to the new pantomime, called "*Harlequin in his Element*," performed with universal applause at the Theatre Royal Covent-Garden. Composed by W. Ware. 2s.

THIS overture commences with a slow movement in the key of F, with four flats, and consists of eight bars, which are neither more nor less than a succession of discords calculated only to produce an unmeaning effect: by the number of pauses (six) which Mr. W. has introduced in this *eight bar trifle*, it appears to us that he was at a loss how to proceed in the grandeur of his *ideal* theoretical knowledge. We sincerely wish that he had made but one

pause, and that had been before he began to annoy the ears of the public with his *empty rattle*, which he calls *composition*; had the pause lasted for ever, we should not have regretted it, unless he could display more genius and theory in his compositions. The second movement of this overture is a redundancy of "*tum te tum*" and "*tweedle dee*." The first thirty-two bars of which consist of the harmony of F and C exclusively, Humph! the fertility of Mr. W.'s musical imagination is "*truly astonishing*." In short, an attempt to analyze Mr. W.'s composition in general would be Herculean labour. We can compare his industry and perseverance, as a composer, to nothing better than the "*hobbling gait of a man with a wooden-leg walking over a plow'd field*, whose exertions produce "*excessive fatigue, countless blunders, and hair breadth escapes*." H.

"*The Spanish Lady's Patriotic Farewell to her Lover.*" Composed by John Whitaker. Written and dedicated to Miss Martinez by Miss Betham. 1s. 6d.

THIS song is composed in the Spanish Fandango style; and upon the whole has a pleasing effect; but we can by no means rank it with Mr. Whitaker's happier productions. Had it however come from the pen of either Mr. Kelly, Braham, or Reeve, we should have thought that they had been remarkably successful. T.

"*Young Lochinvar.*" Lady Heron's song from the celebrated poem, entitled *Marmion*. Written by Walter Scott, Esq. Composed with an accompaniment for the piano-forte, and respectfully inscribed to Mrs. Liston. By John Whitaker. 1s. 6d.

IN setting "*Young Lochinvar*," Mr. Whitaker has manifested his usual ability and taste; every bar both in symphony and song, is effective; in how to proceed with the exception of "*Thine am I my faithful Fair*" and "*Silent Kisses*," we do not recollect any song

of Mr. Whitaker's that we have perceived with greater pleasure.

We cannot forbear again lamenting that the managers of our theatres are so blind to their own interest and so regardless of the gratification of the public, as to leave such men as Shield, Whitaker, and Davy, almost wholly unemployed, while every opera, and musical entertainment is given to one or other of those wretched drivellers Braham, Reeve, Kelly, or Ware. Why will they persist, when they have it in their power to provide us with repasts the most substantial and delicious, in drenching us with water gruel the most nauseous.

T.

"*Each has a Lover but me.*" A Ballad, sung with unbounded applause by Mrs. Liston at the Haymarket Theatre. Composed by John Whitaker. 1s. 6d.

THIS song of Mr. Whitaker's is of a lighter description than that reviewed in our last article, but possesses very considerable merit. The piano-forte accompaniment is very simple and tasteful. We never heard Mrs. Liston sing a ballad more bewitchingly than she did this at the Haymarket Theatre last season.

T.

"*B.C.Y.*" The favourite comic song, sung with unbounded applause by Mrs. C. Dibdin, in the pantomime of Harlequin's Lottery, at Sadler's Wells. Written by C. Dibdin, jun. Composed by Mr. Reeve. 1s.

Of all the disgusting, vulgar, stupid, trash that ever insulted the ears of any

audience, surely the words of this song are the most vile. How Messrs Dibdin and Reeve can unblushingly *publish* such stuff, we are utterly at a loss to conjecture.

Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. seems to think that the making use of orthography and grammar so motions that never proceeded even from the mouth of a Jew cloathsman, is *wit*; and if it be, most certainly Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. is one of the greatest wits of the age, not excepting even his own *pot boy*. T.

"*Toodle oodle oo.*" Sung with great applause by Mr. Smith in the White Witch, at Sadler's Wells. Written by C. Dibdin, jun. Music by Mr. Reeve. 1s.

"*TOODLE oodle oo*" is *half a degree* better than *B C Y*, and *only half a degree*. It possesses the same portion of stupidity and beastly vulgarity as *B C Y*, but not so much *witty* orthography and grammar. We cannot dismiss these two last articles without expressing our regret that music-sellers, so respectable as Messrs. Button and Whitaker, should suffer their names to be attached to such abominable rubbish in order to give it currency. And we would advise them, should Messrs Reeve and Dibdin offer them any more of such precious commodities, to refer those gentlemen to *Portland-street* or *Turnstile*, they being the proper channels for such songs as *B C Y* and "*Toodle oodle oo.*" T.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"Synephorus" is particularly requested to send his MS. less perplexed with erasures and transpositions.

The poetry transmitted by "J. F." has not general merit enough to entitle it to insertion in our Magazine.

The "effusions of the genius" of "W. A. S.," if we may judge from the specimen sent to us, had better be kept for private perusal.

We do not think the Query of "Non Nemo" of that dubious nature, to render it worthy of being submitted to our readers.

The "Admonitory Impromptu" by "D.S.L." is quite inadmissible.

To our constant Reader "E.," who has sent us an account of the birth, parentage, and education, of certain obscure periodical publications, intended as a supplement to a letter in our last number, we may observe, that we do not wish to convert the Universal Magazine into a bookseller's catalogue.

It would give us pleasure to comply with the request of "J. R. Thompson," if we thought that by so doing we should consult either his or our readers' advantage; but, upon mature consideration, he will perhaps thank us for declining his MS. which is left for him at our publishers.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

THE late BISHOP of ELY (see page 181 of our last) was the youngest and only surviving son of the Chancellor, who has been named the great Lord Hardwicke. In the very early days of the bishop, he was walking with his father at Wimple; happening to see Ely cathedral, he remarked it; the Chancellor with his usual foresight said, "James already looks to Ely." He was successively appointed to the deanery of Lincoln, and the bishopricks of St. David's, Gloucester, and Ely, the last of which sees he held for twenty-seven years; and after a life of no less uniform rectitude than those of his honoured parents and beloved brothers and sisters, he died at the advanced period of 78 years of age.

His lordship was affectionately loyal to his sovereign, politely attentive to his equals, and kindly interested for the welfare of his inferiors. It is almost unnecessary to mention among so many instances of his disinterested sense of duty, that the mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge, was offered to the late Dr. Paley, without solicitation; and that during his superintendence, by example and exhortation, to the clergy of the diocese, especially with respect to residence, the Isle of Ely had much improved in morals, in social order, and in general felicity.

His lordship has left a widow, whose affliction, it is hoped, will be mitigated by the recollection of having been a dutiful and affectionate companion during a long course of years, employed in the exercise of useful virtue and charitable piety. Numerous relatives and descendants, by whom he will ever be regretted, and a memory worthy of the dignified and sacred situation he was placed in. He lived to his latest hour with the consolations and the tranquillity of a patriarch.

The revenues of the see of Ely were considerably increased about thirty years ago, by the pulling down of the episcopal palace in Holborn, and the erection of Ely-place on its site. At

that time parliament granted a house in Dover-street for the town residence of the bishop, which is now called Ely-house.

—

Lady DACRE, (see page 181 of our last). It has been observed by a celebrated writer, that a good name, like the beams of the sun, will spread far and wide. The remark is applicable to the late Lady Dacre, who died most sincerely beloved, and regretted by all who knew her. Her benevolence was unlimited, and hundreds are now living to relate instances of her bounty. The most remarkable trait in her character was conjugal affection, for she evinced a most extraordinary attachment to the memory of her husband. During the life of Lord Dacre, it was well known to the family that Lady Dacre seldom quitted his presence; and since his death, which happened about thirteen years since, it was her invariable custom, in winter and summer, to visit his tomb in Lee church-yard every evening at nine o'clock. One hour was usually employed in meditation, and secluded from the busy eye of curiosity, she indulged in pleasing retrospection, while the tear of affection bedewed her husband's grave. During one nocturnal visit, she was attacked near the church-yard by a robber, who plundered her of several valuables; but as he did not use violence, she could not be prevailed on to punish him when he was discovered. After this interruption, she had a door made to open into the church-yard from the back of her house, and she continued her visits without meeting any other intruder. The monument of Lord Dacre, which is a very handsome pile of white marble, she enclosed with iron work, and entered the sacred spot by a door. She also employed a servant to keep it clean, and it exhibited, to the day of her ladyship's death, a neat appearance. Her dress and manners were rather eccentric, but her mind was amiable.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

DREADFUL CONFLAGRATION AT
COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE.

ON Tuesday morning, the 20th inst. one of the most tremendous conflagrations which this metropolis has witnessed for many years took place, and which ended in the total destruction of this noble theatre, together with a great number of the adjoining houses; but the circumstance which consummated the calamity is the melancholy destruction of human life which ensued. The play and entertainment announced for representation on Monday night, were *Pizarro* and *The Portrait of Cervantes*, which were performed with the greatest *eclat*, and produced a remarkably full house.—During the performance, nothing transpired which could indicate, in the least degree, the possibility of the melancholy catastrophe, which in a very few hours afterwards took place. The representation was over by eleven o'clock, and about twelve Mr. Brandon, after going round the house, saw every thing apparently safe, and retired to rest. The watchman also went his usual rounds at two o'clock in the morning, when there was no appearance to excite suspicion. At four Mr. Brandon was called up by the watchman, when the whole house was in flames. About this time a thick smoke, and immediately afterwards flames, were seen issuing from the large ventilator on the roof of Covent Garden theatre. Within ten minutes, several parts of the roof were perceived to be on fire, and in half an hour the whole covering of that immense building was in flame, burning with such fury and intenseness, that, though it was then broad day light, the column of fire thrown up was perceivable even in many of the more distant environs of the metropolis. The engines of every fire office in town, and of all the neighbouring parishes, rattling through the streets, spread an universal alarm. Every person within half a mile supposed, on looking out, the fire to be within three or four houses of him. The theatre was speedily surrounded with

engines, and thousands of persons, ready to give all the assistance in their power; but the building is so closely surrounded by high and deep houses, that for some time very little or nothing could be done by all their efforts to check the progress of the flames. The roof fell in about six, and we lament to say, that, before eight o'clock, the whole interior of this magnificent building, the audience part, the stage, the different entrances, the treasury, and music-room, were consumed. Of so great a destruction, effected in so short a time, there is perhaps no former instance; but the large area of the theatre gave air to the flames, and almost every material composing it was highly combustible.

The endeavours of the firemen were now all applied to the prevention of an increase of the calamity, the houses on the four sides of the theatre being evidently in great danger. Their height made it impossible for the engines to play over them; but the leather pipes were carried up the staircases of the houses to the third floors, and, being thrown down, the ends were fastened to the engines below. All these exertions could not prevent the progress of the flames to the houses in Bow-street, to which side the wind inclined. Several of these are connected with the theatre, and appropriated to different parts of the establishment. Most of these are destroyed, and some others. The house of Mr. M'Kinlay, a bookbinder, where there was a vast quantity of printed books in sheets, is consumed, with all its contents.—That of Mr. Dalmaine, an upholsterer, was on fire, but is saved. The fire also communicated to many of the houses in Hart-street, which received considerable damage, and the back premises of several coachmakers in Long-Acre, were, for a time, in considerable danger, but, by the exertions of the firemen, the progress of the conflagration was stopped in that quarter.

Soon after four o'clock, when the fire was at its height, from the direction and force of the wind, there was reason to fear the destruction of the whole mass of houses reaching to Russell-street; but the wind soon fell

considerably, and the fire seemed to take a different direction. It is impossible to describe the horrors of the scene at this moment. The immense volume of fire, the crashing of the beams, and of the roof, the knocking up of the families in the neighbourhood, in order to save themselves from the devouring element, altogether formed a scene which beggars description. As the heavy timbers fell, the light burning matter was thrown up to an immense height and extent, and the whole atmosphere was filled with floating flakes of fire, which fell in all directions, spreading consternation, and threatening ruin to the whole neighbourhood. Pieces of scenery and ornaments were carried to a considerable distance, and a piece of carved wood, all on fire, even fell near St. Clement's church, in the Strand. The Apollo on the top of Drury-lane theatre, formed a striking spectacle, as the fiery materials fell around it in a sort of shower. The conflagration continued to extend itself without the least prospect of a stop being put to its fury. The alarm was spread all over the town with the utmost rapidity: the fire engines could not render any effectual assistance for a considerable time, from the scarcity of water. This circumstance, though it would be matter of great regret at a fire of less magnitude, was of little consequence: for had all the engines in London been suffered to play upon the burning pile at once, little benefit could have been derived from their exertions, so tremendous were the flames at one time.

Six houses in Bow-street are totally destroyed, of a seventh little more than the exterior walls are left, and on an eighth house the engines were playing in the course of the day, as they were also on the ruins of the theatre. Even in the evening there was a perceptible glow of light in the atmosphere above the ruins, and a strong reflection from the interior of the theatre, which still glowed like a furnace, was thrown upon the opposite houses. Great apprehensions were entertained for the safety of Drury-lane theatre, as the flakes of fire were carried by the wind with force, and in great quantities in that direction. A great number of people mounted the

roof, ready, in case of actual fire, to open the large cistern of water provided there. They also stopped the windows with wet cloths, to prevent the entrance of the flames, and thus secured the theatre. All the people in the neighbourhood took a similar precaution, and were employed, with their servants, in picking up the flakes of fire as they fell on the roofs, or in the yards. A great number of volunteers, of different corps, were speedily assembled, and by their activity and exertions, were very useful in keeping open the passages to the theatre, and in preventing the inconveniences arising from a mob. These were followed by detachments from the Horse and Foot Guards, who continued on the spot during the course of the day. Several miscreants were taken into custody, who had attempted to avail themselves, for the purposes of plunder, of the confusion and dismay produced by this tremendous catastrophe. But great as this calamity is to the proprietors and other sufferers, a most dreadful occurrence is yet to be mentioned.

The firemen attached to an engine belonging to the Phoenix office, together with several others, had broke open the door of the theatre under the Piazza, and advancing forward into the passage, had directed the pipes up the stairs leading to the boxes. While thus in the act of playing upon the interior of the theatre, a stack of chimnies belonging to the Shakspeare tavern fell down, and bursting through the covering of the passage, buried them in the ruins! This dreadful event took place about a quarter before seven, and it was a considerable time before the rubbish, which blocked up the door, could be cleared away. When it was effected, a miserable spectacle presented itself. The mangled bodies of dead and dying appearing through the rubbish, or discovered in each advance to remove it. Three of them were firemen belonging to the Phoenix fire-office. Sixteen were taken to Middlesex hospital, miserably mangled, with broken limbs, and dreadful bruises. The number of killed and wounded cannot be ascertained; but, it is generally believed that they were not short of fifty. In the course of the evening,

seventeen mangled bodies were carried to Covent-Garden house-puse to be owned. Two of those who were taken to the hospital, died shortly after. Mr. Harris, an optician, and a member of the Bloomsbury Association, was got out of the ruins alive, but died about four o'clock.—Mr. Turner, a butcher, also a member of the same corps, was carried out dreadfully mangled; but there were hopes entertained of his recovery.—A Mr. James, an attorney's clerk in York-street, is also said to have perished in this dreadful catastrophe.

The loss to the proprietors of the theatre cannot but be very heavy, notwithstanding their insurance. The value of the music alone, the accumulation of many years, is said to be ten thousand pounds. The quantity of most valuable scenery, which has been amassing for so many years, and which can hardly ever be replaced, must also amount to a very large sum; and the whole property of the theatre destroyed has been estimated at upwards of 100,000*l.* while the amount of the insurance by which it is covered, is stated at 75,000*l.* The destruction occasioned to the adjacent buildings is also very great.

The Treasurer (Mr. Hughes) though infirm, contrived to secure all the books and papers relative to the concerns of the theatre, as well as the produce of the last night's performance.

Among other losses, the *Beef-Steak Club*, which held their meetings at the top of the theatre, and has existed for many years, have lost all their stock of old wines, which cannot be replaced, and worth at least fifteen hundred pounds, beside their sideboard and table implements.

THEATRICAL CONFLAGRATIONS.
—Drury-lane Theatre was built 1662; destroyed by fire 1672; rebuilt 1674; pulled down 1791; rebuilt 1794.

Covent-garden Theatre was built 1733; enlarged 1792; destroyed by fire 1808.

Opera-house, Hay-market, opened 1704; burnt down 1789; the foundation of a new one laid 1790.

Pantheon, Oxford-street, opened 1774; converted into an opera-house 1784; burnt down 1792.

Astley's Amphitheatre, burnt down

on the Duke of York's birth-night, 1794; rebuilt; and burnt down a second time in 1803.

* Royal Circus destroyed by fire on the Prince of Wales's birth-day, 1803.

His Majesty has been pleased to grant to the 24th Regiment Light Dragoons, his most gracious permission to assume, in addition to any other badges or devices to which it may be entitled, to bear in its colours and on its appointments the *Elephant*, with the word "*Hindustan*" inscribed around it, in commemoration of the distinguished valour displayed by that corps in the battles fought at Ali-Ghur on the 4th September 1803, and at Delhi, on the 9th of the same month, and as a lasting testimony of the exemplary conduct of that corps during the period it served in India.

ABUSES IN THE ARMY.—The Commissioners of Military Inquiry have made their Sixth Report. It relates to the War-Office Establishment,—Army Agency, and Army Cloathing.—The expence of the War-Office establishment amounts to 34,000*l.* a-year. The grant of 2,500 a-year to Mr. Lewis, on his retiring from his situation, is very properly objected to, on the ground that Mr. Lewis, while in office, received the enormous sum of 18,400*l.* a-year!—Abuses in the Messengers' department are complained of: one Messenger receives upwards of 500*l.* a-year for delivering letters, which might generally be sent by Post; and another Messenger, or at least a person so called, a *servant of the Earl of Liverpool*, has about 300*l.* a-year, for doing what so many of his superiors are also paid for,—*nothing*! —Mr. Merry, the Chief Examiner of Army Accounts, supplies the garrison at Gibraltar with coals. The Commissioners recommend the abolition of this practice, for that of open competition.

The expence attending the present system of Army Agency is stated at 80,000*l.* a-year, besides subjecting the public to a risk of from six to seven millions. The Commissioners recommend a reduction of the allowance to the Army Agents, and that they give security for the business they undertake.

Much abuse seems to prevail in

spect to cloathing the troops, which is now in the hands of the Colonels. The Commissioners recommend that they shall be paid only for the number of suits *actually delivered to the effectives* of their several crops, at the rate sent in by Mr. Pierse; but that as a compensation for the loss they would sustain by such an arrangement, the Colonels should receive an increase of 700l. a-year to their pay. This is really a curious recommendation. It should seem that Government (that is, the people) have been paying for clothes, which have never been supplied. We believe the fact to be, that it is seldom a regiment has its full complement of men, although cloathing is paid for as if complete. This practice might lead to the most dreadful evils. It would be evidently the interest of the Colonels to keep their regiments short of men, to the great prejudice of the public service; not to mention that the mode of charging for what has never been had, though it may have become the general practice, is inconsistent with the character of a British Officer, who should hold in supreme contempt the base arts of unprincipled shopkeepers.

The Army accounts appear to be in a very confused state. The Commander-in-Chief's particular friend, Mr. Greenwood, the Agency Levianth, has large claims on Government, some of which are said to be inadmissible. The simple truth is, that little good can be expected while the present rotten system prevails.

There is too much of favouritism, too much of intrigue, and too much of open sale, to hope for good from any partial amendments. The edifice is unsound and tottering, because the vermin have sheltered and battenen in it too long.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Married.—At St. Lawrence, Jewry, James Coulston, Esq. of Cheapside, to Miss Elizabeth Ditchman, Hackney.

At Hendon Church, James Foot, esq. of Islington, to Miss Slade, of Guther Edge, Hendon.

At St. John's Church, Hackney, by the Rev. G. Paronner, John King, Esq. Barrister at Law, of the Inner Temple, and Fellow of St. Peter's Col-

lege, Cambridge, to Caroline Matilda Staple, of London Field, Hackney.

At St. James's Clerkenwell, by the Rev. Mr. Foster, Miss Mary Anne Reid, daughter of Mr. W. Hamilton Reid, to Mr. James Macpherson, of his Majesty's Royal Navy.

Died.—At the London Institution, of which he was Librarian, the Greek Professor, Porson, whose literary attainments and habitual excesses rendered him for many years the most exalted and the most humiliated of his species.—While we recollect the profundity and acuteness of his general knowledge, especially of his Grecian literature, which rendered him universally admitted throughout Europe to be the first Greek scholar of his age, and the almost inconceivable capaciousness and extensiveness of his memory, equally embracing the most low and sublime objects, we should be very severe moralists indeed were we not anxious to bury, in eternal oblivion, those infirmities which prevented his exhibiting to the world a genius which would probably have been more refined and more powerful than even the whole annals of literature have hitherto exhibited. He was found in a state of insensibility in St. Martin's-lane, on Tuesday, the 19th instant, five days preceding his decease; and remained in nearly the same state until his dissolution.

In Duke-street, St. James's, the gigantic Caledonian Highlander. He was 7 feet 4 inches high. He fought at Crown Point in America, in the year 1759, and when, by a wound he received from a slant hanger, part of his intestines was laid open, he, in this dreadful condition, killed two French soldiers and made an officer prisoner. This gallant action was rewarded by his present Majesty with a pension of 2s. a day for life.

At her house in James-street, Westminster, in the 45th year of her age, after a long and severe illness, the Hon. Miss Trefusis, sister to the late, and aunt to the present Lord Clinton.—Of her taste and genius the public have just seen a specimen, in several beautiful pieces of poetry. Great, however, as those qualities confessedly were, they equalled not her virtues. To the poor she was a liberal, and, if her circumstances be considered, a

municipal benefactress.—The tale of want never reached her in vain: and though it may be feared that she sometimes gave away unwisely, yet the purity of her motives always ennobled her bounty. As a companion she was pleasant, cheerful, and instructive; as a friend, faithful and affectionate; and one of the last acts of her innocent and benevolent life was to prove her tender attachment to her family, by bequeathing the residue of her once ample fortune to a beloved sister, to whom she was deservedly endeared.

At Richmond, at an advanced age, Mrs. Denn, widow of the late James Denn, Esq. and mother to the Right Hon. Lady Beauchamp.

After a long and painful illness, Lady Anne Rich, of Beaumont-street, Devonshire-place, widow of Admiral Sir Thomas Rich, Bart.

BARBADOES, July 19.—His Majesty's schooner *Subtle* arrived yesterday evening from off St. Martin's, where, with the *Wanderer* sloop of war, the *Balahou* and *Elizabeth* schooners, she had been engaged in an attempt to carry that island by a *coup-de-main*; but which they were frustrated in. The island had been long considered as a shelter to the numerous French privateers which infest the West Indies, and obstruct the trade of this country; it became then a desirable object to extirpate this nest of depredators. Our men soon obtained possession of the lower fort, of six guns, which were instantly spiked; their loss so far was trifling; but on ascending the rocky heights, covered with the prickly pear, the superiority of the enemy was very severely felt, as a number of brave fellows fell, among whom was Lieut. Spearing, their gallant leader, who was shot through the chest within ten yards of the upper fort, and almost instantly expired. His fall occasioned much consternation amongst his companions, who reluctantly retreated to their boats, but were obliged to surrender. Capt. Crofton, of the *Wanderer*, finding the fire from the fort so tremendous and incessant, sent a flag of truce on shore, which was accepted, and the whole of the prisoners who could be removed with safety were given up. Thus fell, in the prime of

life, in a most daring and gallant attempt, a promising active Officer, whose long services in his profession certainly entitled him to the notice of his country; in whose cause he had received eleven wounds, particularly at the battle of Copenhagen, and in the West Indies, and closed a career of glory, animating his men by his example, on the batteries of St. Martin's. Nothing can better evince the admiration which even his enemies entertained of his conduct on this occasion, than the tribute conferred on his remains: he was interred with all the honours of war, the French Commandant himself attending, and also permitting part of the gallant crew of the *Subtle* to pay their last sad duty to their beloved Commander. It afterwards appeared, that the enemy had received information of the intended attack, and were prepared accordingly; upwards of 900 troops being in the fort, while the storming party consisted only of 135 men. Out of the 43 sent from the *Subtle*, seven were killed and 17 wounded.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

Downing-Street, Sept. 2, 1808.

Dispatches, of which the following are copies and extracts, were last night received from Lieutenant-General Sir Harry Burrard, and Lieutenant-General Sir Arthur Wellesley, dated from Head-quarters at Lourinha, addressed to Viscount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State, and brought by Captain Campbell, aid-du-camp to Sir Arthur Wellesley:—

Extract of a Letter from Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. Wellesley, dated Head-quarters at Caldas, the 10th August.

I marched from Lyria on the 13th, and arrived at Ahobacia on the 19th, which place the enemy had abandoned in the preceding night; and I arrived here yesterday. The enemy, about 4000 in number, were posted about ten miles from hence, at Borrica; and they occupied Brilos, about three miles from hence, with their advanced posts. As the possession of this last village was important to our future operations, I determined to oc-

cupy it; and as soon as the British Infantry arrived upon the ground, I directed that it might be occupied by a detachment, consisting of four companies of riflemen of the 60th and 95th regiments. The enemy, consisting of a small piquet of infantry and a few cavalry, made a trifling resistance, and then retired; but they were followed by a detachment of our riflemen to the distance of three miles from Brilos. The riflemen were then attacked by a superior body of the enemy, who attempted to cut them off from the main body of the detachment to which they belonged, which had now advanced to their support: larger bodies of the enemy appeared on both the flanks of the detachment, and it was with difficulty that Major-General Spencer, who had gone out to Oebidos when he had heard that the riflemen had advanced in pursuit of the enemy, was enabled to effect their retreat to that village. They have since remained in possession of it, and the enemy have retired entirely from the neighbourhood. In this little affair of the advanced posts, which was occasioned solely by the eagerness of the troops in pursuit of the enemy, I am concerned to add, that Lieutenant Bunbury of the 2d battalion of the 95th was killed, and the Hon. Captain Pakenham wounded, but slightly; and we have lost 1 rank and file killed, 5 wounded, and 21 missing.

*Head-Quarters at Villa Verde,
Aug. 17.*

MY LORD,—The French General Laborde having continued in his position at Roleia since my arrival at Caldas on the 15th instant, I determined to attack him in it this morning. Roleia is situated on an eminence, having a plain in its front, at the end of a valley, which commences at Caldas, and is closed to the southward by mountains, which join the hills, forming the valley on the left, looking from Caldas. In the centre of the valley, and about eight miles from Roleia, is the town and old Moorish fort of Oebidos, from whence the enemy's piquets had been driven on the 15th, and from that time he had posts in the hills on both sides of the valley, as well as in the plain in front of his army, which was posted on the heights in front of Roleia, its right

resting upon the hills, its left upon an eminence on which was a windmill, and the whole covering four or five passes into the mountains in his rear.

I have reason to believe that his force consisted of at least 6000 men, of which about 500 were cavalry, with five pieces of cannon; and there was some reason to believe that General Loison, who was at Rio Major yesterday, would join General Laborde by his right in the course of the night.—The plan of attack was formed accordingly, and the army having broken up from Caldas this morning, was formed into three columns; the right, consisting of 1200 Portuguese Infantry and 50 Cavalry, destined to turn the enemy's left, and penetrate into the mountains in his rear: the left, consisting of Major-General Ferguson's and Brigadier-Gen. Bowes's brigades of Infantry, three companies of Riflemen, a brigade of Light Artillery, and 20 British and 20 Portuguese Cavalry, was destined under the command of Major-General Ferguson to ascend the hills at Oebidos, to turn all the enemy's posts on the left of the valley, as well as the right of his post at Roleia; this corps was also destined to watch the motions of General Loison, on the enemy's right, who, I had heard, had moved from Rio Major towards Alceontre last night. The centre column, consisting of Major-General Hill's, Brigadier-General Nightingale's, Brigadier-General Craufurd's, and Brigadier-General Fane's brigades, (with the exception of the Riflemen detached with Major-General Ferguson) and 400 Portuguese Light Infantry, the British and Portuguese Cavalry, a brigade of nine-pounders, and a brigade of six-pounders, were destined to attack General Laborde's position in front.

The columns being formed, the troops moved from Oebidos about seven o'clock in the morning. Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen were immediately detached into the hills on the left of the valley, to keep up the communication between the centre and left columns, and to protect the march of the former along the valley; and the enemy's posts were successively driven in. Major General Hill's brigade formed in three columns of

battalions, moved on the right of the valley, supported by the cavalry, in order to attack the enemy's left; and Brigadier-Generals Nightingale and Craufurd moved with the Artillery along the high road, until at length the former formed in the plain, immediately in the enemy's front, supported by the Light Infantry companies, and the 45th regiment of Brigadier-General Craufurd's brigade, while the two other regiments of this brigade (the 50th and 91st) and half of the nine-pounder brigade were kept as a reserve in the rear.

Maj.-Gen. Hill and Brigadier-Gen. Nightingale advanced upon the enemy's position, and, at the same moment, Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen were in the hills on his right; the Portuguese Infantry in a village upon his left; and Major-General Ferguson's column was descending from the heights into the plain. From this situation the enemy retired by the passes into the mountains with the utmost regularity and the greatest celerity; and notwithstanding the rapid advance of the British Infantry, the want of a sufficient body of cavalry was the cause of his suffering but little loss in the plain.

It was then necessary to make a disposition to attack the formidable position which he had taken up. Brigadier-General Fane's riflemen were already in the mountains on his right, and no time was lost in attacking the different passes, as well to support the Riflemen as to defeat the enemy completely.

The Portuguese Infantry were ordered to move up a pass on the right of the whole; the light companies of Major-General Hill's brigade and the 5th regiment moved up a pass next on the right; and the 29th regiment, supported by the 9th regiment, under Brigadier-Gen. Nightingale, moved up a third pass; and the 45th and 82d regiments, passes on the left. These passes were all difficult of access, and some of them were well defended by the enemy, particularly that which was attacked by the 29th and 9th regiments. These regiments attacked with the greatest impetuosity, and reached the enemy before those whose attacks were to be made on their flanks: the defence of the enemy was

desperate, and it was in this attack principally that we sustained the loss which we have to lament, particularly of that gallant officer the Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel Lake, who distinguished himself upon this occasion. The enemy was, however, driven from all the positions he had taken in the passes of the mountains, and our troops were advanced in the plains on their tops. For a considerable length of time the 29th and 9th regiments alone were advanced to this point, with Brigadier-General Fane's Riflemen at a distance on the left, and they were afterwards supported by the 5th regiment, and by the light companies of Major-Gen. Hill's brigade, which had come up on their right; and by the other troops ordered to ascend the mountains, who came up by degrees. The enemy here made three most gallant attacks upon the 29th and 9th regiments, supported, as I have above stated, with a view to cover the retreat of his defeated army; in all of which he was, however, repulsed: but he succeeded in effecting his retreat in good order, owing principally to my want of cavalry, and secondly, to the difficulty of bringing up the passes of the mountains with celerity a sufficient number of troops and of cannon to support those which had first ascended. The loss of the enemy has, however, been very great; and he left three pieces of cannon in our hands.

I cannot sufficiently applaud the conduct of the troops throughout this action. The enemy's positions were formidable, and he took them up with his usual ability and celerity, and defended them most gallantly. But I must observe, that, although we had such a superiority of numbers employed in the operations of this day, the troops actually engaged in the heat of the action were, from unavoidable circumstances, only the 5th, 9th, 29th, the riflemen of the 95th and 60th, and the flank companies of Major-General Hill's brigade, being a number by no means equal to that of the enemy: their conduct, therefore, deserves the highest commendation.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

4 officers killed, 20 officers wounded, 4 officers missing; 3 non-commissioned officers and drummers killed,

20 non-commissioned officers and drummers wounded, 2 non-commissioned officers and drummers missing; 63 rank and file killed, 295 rank and file wounded, 68 rank and file missing; 1 horse killed, 2 horses wounded.—Total 482.

*Head-Quarters at Lourinha,
Aug. 18, 1808.*

MY LORD,—Since I wrote to you last night, I have heard from Brigadier-General Anstruther, that he is on the coast of Piniche, with the fleet of victuallers and store-ships, in charge of Captain Bligh of the *Alfred*, with a part of the force detached from England under Brigadier-General Ackland, in consequence of the receipt of orders which I had left at Mondego Bay for General Ackland, which he had opened. I have ordered Brigadier-General Anstruther to land immediately, and I have moved to this place in order to protect his landing and facilitate his junction.

General Loison joined General Laborde in the course of last night at Torres Vedras; and I understand that both began their march towards Lisbon this morning. I also hear that General Junot has arrived this day at Torres Vedras, with a small corps from Lisbon; and I conclude that the whole of the French army will be assembled between Torres Vedras and the capital in the course of a few days.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

[The next letter is from Lieutenant-General Burrard, introducing the following one from Sir A. Wellesley, whose conduct he so highly approved, that he did not think it necessary to make any alteration of the disposition of the troops, upon his landing on the 21st.]

Vimiera, Aug. 21, 1808.

SIR,—I have the honour to report to you, that the enemy attacked us in our position at Vimiera this morning. The enemy first appeared at eight o'clock in large bodies of cavalry on our left upon the heights on the road to Lourinha; and it was soon obvious that the attack would be made upon our advanced guard, and the left of our position; and Major-General Ferguson's brigade was immediately moved across the ravine to the heights,

on the road to Lourinha, with three pieces of cannon: he was followed successively by Brigadier-General Nightingale with his brigade, and three pieces of cannon; Brigadier-General Ackland, with his brigade; and Brigadier-General Bowes, with his brigade. These troops were formed (Major-General Ferguson's brigade in the first line; Brig.-Gen. Nightingale's in the second; and Brig.-Generals Bowes's and Ackland's, in column, in the rear) on those heights, with their right upon the valley which leads into Vimiera; and their left upon the other ravine, which separates these heights from the range which terminates at the landing-place at Maceira. On these last-mentioned heights, the Portuguese troops, which had been in the bottom near Vimiera, were posted in the first instance, and they were supported by Brigadier-General Craufurd's brigade.

The troops of the advanced guard on the height to the southward and eastward of the town were deemed sufficient for its defence, and Major-General Hill was moved to the centre of the mountain, on which the great body of the infantry had been posted, as a support to these troops, and as a reserve to the whole army. In addition to this support, these troops had that of the cavalry in the rear of their right.

The enemy's attack began in several columns upon the whole of the troops on this height; on the left they advanced, notwithstanding the fire of the riflemen, close to the 50th regiment, and were checked and driven back only by the bayonets of that corps. The 2d battalion 43d regiment was likewise closely engaged with them in the road which leads into Vimiera; a part of that corps having been ordered into the church yard to prevent their penetrating into the town. On the right of the position they were repulsed by the bayonets of the 97th regiment, which corps was successfully supported by the second battalion 52d regiment, which, by an advance in column, took the enemy in flank. Besides this opposition given to the attack of the enemy on our advanced guard by their own exertions, they were attacked in flank by Brigadier-General Ackland's brigade, in its

advance to its position on the heights on the left, and a cannonade was kept up on the flank of the enemy's columns by the artillery on those heights.

At length, after a most desperate contest, the enemy was driven back in confusion from this attack, with the loss of seven pieces of cannon, many prisoners, and a great number of officers and soldiers killed and wounded. He was pursued by the detachment of the 20th Light Dragoons; but the enemy's cavalry were so much superior in numbers, that this detachment has suffered much, and Lieutenant-Colonel Taylor was unfortunately killed.

Nearly at the same time the enemy's attack commenced upon the heights on the road to Lourinha. This attack was supported by a large body of cavalry, and was made with the usual impetuosity of the French troops. It was received with steadiness by Major-General Ferguson's brigade, consisting of the 36th, 40th, and 71st regiments; and these corps charged as soon as the enemy approached them, who gave way, and they continued to advance upon him, supported by the 82d, one of the corps of Brigadier-General Nightingale's brigade, which, as the ground extended, afterwards formed a part of the first line; by the 29th regiment, and by Brigadier-Generals Bowes's and Ackland's brigades, while Brigadier-General Craufurd's brigade, and the Portuguese troops, in two lines, advanced along the height on the left. In the advance of Major-General Ferguson's brigade, six pieces of cannon were taken from the enemy, with many prisoners, and vast numbers were killed and wounded.

The enemy afterwards made an attempt to recover a part of his artillery, by attacking the 71st and 82d regiments, which were halted in a valley in which it had been taken. These regiments retired from the low grounds in the valley to the heights, where they halted, faced about, fired, and advanced upon the enemy, who had by that time arrived in the low ground, and they thus obliged him again to retire with great loss.

In this action, in which the whole of the French force in Portugal was employed under the command of the

Duke D'Abrantes in person, in which the enemy was certainly superior in cavalry and artillery, and in which not more than half of the British army was actually engaged, he has sustained a signal defeat, and has lost 13 pieces of cannon, 23 ammunition waggons, with powder, shells, stores of all descriptions, and 20,000 rounds of musket ammunition. One General officer (Beniere) has been wounded and taken prisoner, and a great many officers and soldiers have been killed, wounded, and taken.

I have the honour to inclose herewith a return of the killed, wounded, and missing.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) ARTHUR WELLESLEY.
Lieut.-Gen. Sir Harry Burrard.

N. B. Since writing the above, I have been informed that a French General officer, supposed to be General Thebault, the chief of the staff, has been found dead upon the field of battle.

A. W.

1 lieutenant-colonel, 1 captain, 2 lieutenants, 3 serjeants, 128 rank and file, 30 horses, killed; 3 majors, 10 captains, 19 lieutenants, 3 ensigns, 2 staff, 27 serjeants, 4 drummers, 466 rank and file, 12 horses, wounded; 1 captain, 1 lieutenant, 1 serjeant, 2 drummers, 46 rank and file, 1 horse, missing.—Total, 783.

Return of Ordnance and Ammunition taken in the action of the 21st inst.

1 six-pounder, 4 four-pounders, 3 three-pounders, 6 five-and-half-inch howitzers, 2 ammunition waggons, 21 Portuguese ammunition cars, 40 horses, 4 mules. The above is only the number already received in the Park; but, from several accounts, there are eight more taken from the enemy. The ammunition waggons and cars contain a portion of powder, shells, and stores of all descriptions, and 20,000 lbs. musket ammunition.

GAZETTE EXTRAORDINARY,

Downing Street, Sept. 16, 1868.

A dispatch, of which the following is a copy, was received yesterday evening from Lieut.-General Sir Hew Dalrymple, commanding His Majesty's troops in Portugal, addressed to Lord Vicount Castlereagh, one of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State,

and brought by Captain Dalrymple, military secretary to Sir Hew Dalrymple.

*Head Quarters, Cintra,
Sept. 3, 1808.*

MY LORD,—I have the honour to inform your Lordship, that I landed in Portugal, and took the command of the army on Monday, the 22d of August, the next day after the battle of Vimiera, and where the enemy sustained a signal defeat, where the valour and discipline of British troops, and the talents of British Officers, were eminently displayed.

A few hours after my arrival, General Kellerman came in with a flag of truce from the French General in Chief, in order to propose an agreement for a cessation of hostilities, for the purpose of concluding a Convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops. The inclosed contains the several articles at first agreed upon and signed by Sir Arthur Wellesley and General Kellerman; but as this was done with a reference to the British Admiral, who, when the agreement was communicated to him, objected to the 7th article, which had for its object the disposal of the Russian fleet in the Tagus, it was finally concluded that Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, Quarter-Master-General to the British army, and General Kellerman, should proceed to the discussion of the remaining articles, and finally to conclude a Convention for the evacuation of Portugal, subject to the ratification of the French General in Chief, and the British Commanders by sea and land.

After considerable discussion and repeated reference to me, which rendered it necessary for me to avail myself of the limited period latterly prescribed for the suspension of hostilities, in order to move the army forwards, and to place the several columns upon the routes by which they were to advance, the Convention was signed, and the ratification exchanged the 30th of last month.

That no time might be lost in obtaining anchorage for the transports and other shipping, which had for some days been exposed to great peril on this dangerous coast, and to insure the communication between the army and the victuallers, which was cut off

by the badness of the weather and the surf upon the shore, I sent orders to the Buffs and the 42d Regiments, which were on board of transports with Sir Charles Cotton's fleet, to land and take possession of the forts on the Tagus, whenever the Admiral thought it proper to do so. This was accordingly carried into execution yesterday morning, when the forts of Cascais, St. Julien's, and Bugio, were evacuated by the French troops, and taken possession of by ours.

As I landed in Portugal entirely unacquainted with the actual state of the French army, and many circumstances of a local and incidental nature, which doubtless had great weight in deciding the question, my own opinion in favour of the expediency of expelling the French army from Portugal by means of the Convention the late defeat had induced the French General in Chief to solicit, instead of doing so by a continuation of hostilities, was principally founded on the great importance of time, which the season of the year rendered peculiarly valuable, and which the enemy could easily have consumed in the protracted defence of the strong places they occupied, had terms of Convention been refused them.

When the suspension of arms was agreed upon, the army under the command of Sir John Moore had not arrived, and doubts were even entertained whether so large a body of men could be landed on an open and a dangerous beach; and that being effected, whether the supply of so large an army with provisions from the ships could be provided for, under all the disadvantages to which the shipping were exposed. During the negotiation, the former difficulty was overcome by the activity, zeal, and intelligence of Captain Malcolm of the Donegal, and the officers and men under his orders, but the possibility of the latter seems to have been at an end, nearly at the moment when it was no longer necessary.

Captain Dalrymple, of the 18th Dragoons, my military secretary, will have the honour of delivering to your lordship this dispatch. He is fully informed of whatever has been done under my orders, relative to the service on which I have been employed,

and can give any explanation thereupon that may be required.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) **HEW DALEY M.P.E.**

Lieut-General,

The Right Hon. Lord Viscount

Castlereagh, &c. &c. &c.

(Translation.)

SUSPENSION of Arms agreed upon between Lieut.-Gen. Sir Arthur Wellesley, K.B. on the one part, and the General of Division Kellerman, Grand Officer of the Legion of Honour, Commander of the Order of the Iron Crown, and Grand Cross of the Order of the Lion of Bavaria, on the other part; each having powers from the respective Generals of the French and English Armies.

Head-Quarters of English Army, Aug. 22.

Art. I. There shall be, from this date, a suspension of arms between the armies of his Britannic Majesty and his Imperial and Royal Majesty, Napoleon I. for the purpose of negotiating a Convention for the evacuation of Portugal by the French Army.

II. The Generals in Chief of the two armies, and the Commander in Chief of the British Fleet at the entrance of the Tagus, will appoint a day to assemble on such part of the coast as shall be judged convenient, to negotiate and conclude the said Convention.

III. The river of Sirandre shall form the line of demarcation to be established between the two armies; Torres Vedras shall not be occupied by either.

IV. The General in Chief of the English army undertakes to include the Portuguese armies in this suspension of arms, and for them the line of demarcation shall be established from Leira to Thomar.

V. It is agreed provisionally that the French army shall not, in any case, be considered as prisoners of war; that all the individuals who compose it shall be transported to France with their arms and baggage, and the whole of their private property, from which nothing shall be excepted.

VI. No individual, whether Portuguese, or of a nation allied to France, or French, shall be called to account for his political conduct, their respective property shall be protected, and they shall be at liberty to withdraw from Portugal within a limited time, with their property.

VII. The neutrality of the port of Lisbon shall be recognised for the Russian Fleet—that is to say, that when the English army or fleet shall be in possession of the city and port, the said Russian fleet shall not be disturbed during its stay, nor stopped when it wishes to sail, nor pursued when it

shall sail, until after the time fixed by the maritime laws.

VIII. All the artillery of French calibre, and also the horses of the cavalry, shall be transported to France.

IX. This Suspension of Arms shall not be broken without forty-eight hours previous notice.

Done and agreed upon between the above-named Generals, the day and year above-mentioned

ARTHUR WELLESLEY.

KELLERMAN, Genl. of Division.

Additional Article.

The garrison of the places occupied by the French army shall be included in the present Convention, if they have not capitulated before the 25th inst.

DEFINITIVE CONVENTION.

The Generals commanding in chief the British and French Armies in Portugal, having determined to negotiate and conclude a treaty for the evacuation of Portugal by the French troops, on the basis of the agreement entered into, on the 22d instant, for a suspension of hostilities, have appointed the under-mentioned officers to negotiate the same in their names, viz.—On the part of the General in Chief of the British army, Lieut.-Colonel Murray, Quarter-Master-General; and on the part of the General in Chief of the French army, Monsieur Kellermann, General of Division; to whom they have given authority to negotiate and conclude a Convention to that effect, subject to their ratification respectively, and to that of the Admiral commanding the British fleet at the entrance of the Tagus.

Those two officers, after exchanging their full powers, have agreed upon the Articles which follow:—

Art. I. All the places and forts in Portugal, occupied by the French troops, shall be delivered up to the British army in the state in which they are at the period of the signature of the present convention.

II. The French troops shall evacuate Portugal with their arms and baggage; they shall not be considered as prisoners of war, and on their arrival in France, they shall be at liberty to serve.

III. The English Government shall furnish the means of conveyance for the French army, which shall be disembarked in any of the ports of France between Rochefort and L'Orient inclusively.

IV. The French army shall carry with it all its artillery of French calibre, with the horses belonging to it, and the tumbrils,

supplied with sixty rounds per gun. All other artillery, arms and ammunition, as also the military and naval arsenals, shall be given up to the British Army and Navy, in the state in which they may be at the period of the ratification of the convention.

V. The French army shall carry with it all its equipments, and all that is comprehended under the name of property of the army; that is to say, its military chest, and carriages attached to the Field Commissariat and Field Officers, or shall be allowed to dispose of such part of the same on its account as the Commander in Chief may judge it unnecessary to embark. In like manner all individuals of the army shall be at liberty to dispose of their private property of every description, with full security hereafter for the purchasers.

VI. The cavalry are to embark their horses, as also the Generals and other Officers of all ranks. It is, however, fully understood that the means of conveyance for horses at the disposal of the British Commanders are very limited; some additional conveyance may be procured in the port of Lisbon; the number of horses to be embarked by the troops shall not exceed six hundred, and the number embarked by the staff shall not exceed two hundred. At all events, every facility will be given to the French army to dispose of the horses belonging to it which cannot be embarked.

VII. In order to facilitate the embarkation, it shall take place in three divisions. The first division shall embark within seven days of the date of the ratification, or sooner, if possible.

VIII. The garrison of Elvas, and its forts, and of Peniche and Palmela, will be embarked at Lisbon. That of Almada at Oporto, or the nearest harbour. They will be accompanied on their march by British commissaries, charged with providing for their subsistence and accommodation.

IX. All the sick and wounded who cannot be embarked are entrusted to the British army. They are to be taken care of at the expense of the British government, under the condition of the same being reimbursed by France when the final evacuation is effected. The English government will provide for their return to France. A sufficient number of French medical officers shall be left behind to attend them.

X. As soon as the vessels employed to carry the army to France shall have disembarked it, every facility shall be given them to return to England without delay, and security against capture until their arrival in a friendly port.

XI. The French army shall be concentrated in Lisbon, and within two leagues from it. The English army will approach

within three leagues of the capital, and will be so placed as to leave about one league between the two armies.

XII. The forts of St. Julien, the Bugio and Cascais, shall be occupied by the British troops on the ratification of the convention. Lisbon and its citadel together with the forts and batteries as far as the Lazaretto or Trafaria on one side, and Fort St. Joseph on the other, inclusively, shall be given up on the embarkation of the second division, as shall also the harbour and all armed vessels in it of every description, with their rigging, stores, and ammunition. The fortresses of Elvas, Almada, Peniche, and Palmela, shall be given up as soon as the British troops can arrive to occupy them.

XIII. Commissaries shall be named on both sides, to regulate and accelerate the execution of the arrangements.

XIV. Should there arise doubts as to the meaning of any article, it will be explained favourably to the French army.

XV. From the date of the ratification of the present convention, all arrears of contributions, requisitions, or claims whatever, of the French government, against subjects of Portugal, or any other individuals residing in this country, founded on the occupation of Portugal by the French troops in the month of December 1807, which may not have been paid up, are cancelled, and all sequestrations laid upon their property, are removed, and the free disposal of the same is restored to the proper owners.

XVI. All subjects of France, or of powers in friendship or alliance with France, in this country, shall be protected. Their property of every kind shall be respected, and they shall be at liberty either to accompany the French army, or to remain in Portugal. In either case their property is guaranteed to them, with the liberty of retaining or of disposing of it, and passing the produce of the sale thereof into France, or any other country where they may fix their residence, the space of one year being allowed them for that purpose.

It is fully understood that the shipping is excepted from this arrangement, only, however, in so far as regards leaving the port, and that none of the stipulations above-mentioned can be made the pretext of any commercial speculations.

XVII. No native of Portugal shall be rendered accountable for his political conduct during the period of the occupation of this country by the French army; and all those who have continued in the exercise of their employments, or who have accepted situations under the French government are placed under the protection of the British Commanders; they shall suffer no injury in their persons or property, it not having been at their option to be obedient

or not, to the French government; they are also at liberty to avail themselves of the stipulations of the 16th article.

XVIII. The Spanish troops detained on board ship in the port of Lisbon, shall be given up to the Commander in Chief of the British Army, who engages to obtain of the Spaniards to restore such French subjects, either military or civil, as may have been detained in Spain, without being taken in battle, or in consequence of military operations, but on occasion of the occurrences of the 29th of last May, and the days immediately following.

XIX. There shall be an immediate exchange established for all ranks of prisoners made in Portugal since the commencement of the present hostilities.

XX. Hostages of the rank of Field Officers shall be mutually furnished on the part of the British army and navy, and on that of the French army, for the reciprocal guarantee of the present Convention. The Officer of the British army shall be restored on the completion of the articles which concern the Army; and the Officer of the Navy on the disembarkation of the French troops in their own country. The like is to take place on the part of the French army.

XXI. It shall be allowed to the General in Chief of the French army, to send an Officer to France with intelligence of the present Convention. A vessel will be furnished by the British Admiral to convey him to Bourdeaux or Rochefort.

XXII. The British Admiral will be invited to accommodate his Excellency the Commander in Chief, and the other principal Officers of the French army, on board ships of war.

Done and concluded at Lisbon, this 30th day of August, 1808.

G. MURRAY, Quart.-Mast.-Gen.
KELLERMAN, Gen of Division.

The Duke of Abrantes, General in Chief of the French army, have ratified, and do ratify, the present Definitive Convention in all its articles, to be executed according to its form and tenor.

The Duke of ABRANTES.

Additional Articles.

ART I. The individuals of the civil employment of the army made prisoners, either by the British or Portuguese, will be restored without exchange.

II. The French army shall be subsisted from its own magazines up to the day of embarkation; the garrisons up to the day of evacuation. The remainder of the magazines shall be delivered over in the usual form to the British government, which charges itself with the subsistence of the men and horses of the army, from the above mentioned periods till their arrival in France

under the condition of their being reimbursed by the French government for the excess of the expence beyond the estimation to be made by both parties, of the value of the magazines delivered up to the British army. The provisions on board the ships of war, in possession of the French army, will be taken on account of the British government, in like manner with the magazines in the fortresses.

III. The General commanding the British troops will take the necessary measures for re-establishing the free circulation of the means of subsistence between the country and the capital.

Admiralty Office, Sept. 16, 1808.

Captain Halsted, First Captain to the squadron under the command of Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, Bart. Commander in Chief of his Majesty's ships and vessels on the coast of Portugal, arrived yesterday at this office, with dispatches from the Admiral to the Honourable William Wellesley Pole, of which the following are copies:—

*Hibernia, off the Tagus,
Sept. 3, 1808.*

SIR,—Inclosed herewith, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, is a copy of a Convention, entered into by Lieutenant-Colonel Murray, and General Kellermann, for the evacuation of Portugal by the French army; such Convention having been ratified by Lieutenant-General Sir Hew Dalrymple, myself, and the French Commander in Chief. British troops, consisting of the 3d and 42d regiments, were on the 2d inst. landed, to occupy the forts of Cascais, St. Antonio, St. Julien, and the Bugio, and no time shall be lost to embark the French troops, agreeably to the said Convention.

Captain Halsted, First Captain of this ship, and Captain of the Fleet, who is bearer of dispatches to their lordships respecting the Russian squadron in the Tagus, is in full possession of my confidence, and will be able to explain to their lordships the motives inducing me to ratify the Convention in question, as well as give any further information that may be thought necessary.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) C. COTTON.

Hon W. Wellesley Pole, &c. &c.

Hibernia, off the Tagus,
Sept. 4, 1808.

SIR,—Herewith I have the honour to inclose to you, for the information of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, a copy of a Convention entered into by me with Vice-Admiral Seniavin, commanding the Russian fleet in the Tagus; by which it will appear to their lordships that such fleet has been surrendered to me, to be held by his Majesty as a deposit until six months after the conclusion of a peace between Russia and England.

I have charged Captain Halsted, First Captain of the *Hibernia*, and Captain of the Fleet, with the delivery of this dispatch to their lordships; he was sent by me to negotiate the Convention with Vice-Admiral Seniavin, and will be able to explain every particular.

To Captain Halsted I feel greatly indebted for his able advice and assistance upon all points of service; his zeal and diligence have been exemplary, and entitle him to my highest commendation.

Rear Admiral Tyler has been directed to superintend the first division of the Russian fleet, which I purpose ordering under his protection immediately to Spithead; to him (since with me) I have been indebted for every assistance, and to the Captains, Officers, and crews of those ships that have been employed throughout a tediously protracted blockade (by whom every exertion has been made with a degree of cheerfulness doing them infinite honour), I feel extremely grateful, and deem it my duty to offer every possible testimony of my approbation in their favour.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) C. COTTON.

Honourable W. W. Pole, &c. &c.

ARTICLES of a Convention entered into between Vice-Admiral Seniavin, and Admiral Sir C. Cotton, for the surrender of the Russian Fleet.

Art. I. The ships of war of the Emperor of Russia, now in the Tagus, as specified in the annexed list; shall be delivered up to Admiral Sir C. Cotton, immediately, with all their stores as they now are; to be sent to England, and there held as a deposit by his Britannic Majesty; to be restored to his Imperial Majesty, within six months after the conclusion of a peace between his Britannic Majesty and his Imperial Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias.

II. Vice-Admiral Seniavin, with the officers, sailors, and marines, under his command, to return to Russia, without any condition or stipulation respecting their future services; to be conveyed there in men of war, or proper vessels, at the expence of his Britannic Majesty.

Done and concluded on board the ship *Twerday*, in the Tagus, and on board his Britannic Majesty's ship *Hibernia*, off the mouth of that river, the 3d of September.

(Signed) DE SENIAVIN.

(Signed) CHARLES COTTON.

List of the Ships.

Twerday, Vice-Admiral Seniavin, Captain du premier rang Mayloff, of 74 guns, and 706 men.

Skoroy, Capitain du premier rang Schelling, of 60 guns, and 524 men.

St. Helene, Capitain du second rang Bitchenskoy, of 64 guns, and 598 men.

S. Cafael, Capitain du second rang Koshnoff, of 74 guns, and 610 men.

Ratvizan, Capitain du second rang Rishchoff, of 66 guns, and 549 men.

Silnoy, Capitain-Lieutenant Malygruin, of 74 guns, and 604 men.

Motchnoy, Capitain-Lieutenant Rassvoscoff, of 74 guns, and 689 men.

Rafael, Capitain-Lieutenant Bytchenskoy, of 80 guns, and 640 men.

Fregate Kilduyn, Capitain-Lieut. Dournoff, of 26 guns, and 222 men.

Yarowslayl, Capitain du second rang Milkoff, of 74 guns, and 567 men.

Total 5685 men.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

DIED.] Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, son of Dr. Taylor, of Reading.—This gallant Officer, at the head of a small body of cavalry, defeated and pursued a numerous force of the enemy, at the late battle of Vimiera, in Portugal, and drove them into a wood, where they were reinforced, and rallied

for a short time, when he was shot thro' the heart. This distinguished and amiable character was enthusiastically fond of his profession, in which he had been actively engaged, during the last and present wars, in the severest service on the continent. He was rising fast to the highest eminence, and the greatest expectations were formed from

his skilful and incessant exertions. It is some consolation to his afflicted friends and to his country, that he died in the moment of victory, in an action on which the fate of the British army in Portugal depended. The charge of the 20th Light Dragoons, in which they were led on by Lieut.-Colonel Taylor, and in which he fell, is stated to have been most masterly. The steady discipline of the 20th, and the gallantry by which they distinguished themselves in this glorious action, are the best proofs of the merits of this excellent Officer. He has left a most amiable widow, the daughter of J. Baker, Esq. one of the representatives for Canterbury, and three children to lament their irreparable loss, and dwell with fond and lasting remembrance on his virtue.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

At the sale of Mr. Tharp's flock of Southdown sheep, at Chippenham, last week, some shearling ewes produced 74l. per score; crones 37l. per score; and some stock ewes 59l. per score.

CORNWALL.

The greatest quantity of fish ever known, particularly pilchards, was caught the beginning of this month, in Mount's Bay. Upwards of 10,000 hogsheds of the latter were landed at St. Ives, and sold at 10d. the cart-load, for manure. Turbot fetched only from 1d. to 2d. per lb. The inferior fish were not worth catching.

DURHAM.

At Bedlington Furnace, in the 98th year of his age, Serjeant William M'Anglish. He was born in the English army, and served several campaigns with it in Germany. Having received an honourable discharge on account of his wounds, he entered into the employment of his late master, Mr. Hawkes, where he continued near half a century, cheerfully discharging the duties of a faithful, honest, and grateful servant.

ESSEX.

Died.] At Chelmsford, John Judd, Esq. This gentleman had directed by his will, and made it a particular request to his friends, that, upon his decease, his body should be immediately dressed in the clothes he usually wore, and, in that state, deposited in his coffin. This desire has been strictly

complied with, and the remains of Mr. Judd, instead of a shroud, are covered with his best suit of clothes; a blue coat, boots, and a hat, form part of the funeral apparel.

NORFOLK.

Died.] At his house in St. Gregory's, in Norwich, in the 49th year of his age, Dr. Richard Lubbock, after a most painful and protracted illness, which he bore with a manly and dignified patience. It is almost superfluous to say, that he was pre-eminent in his profession; that he possessed for many years the public confidence to an unexampled degree; and that in extensive usefulness, in skilful, liberal, and humane practice, he has been equalled by few; for this, and much more, has already been unequivocally expressed by the late anxious and countless enquiries concerning him, and by the honourable interest which has so generally been excited during the whole progress of his fatal illness.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] At Froxfield, the Rev. Clement Cruttwell; a gentleman whose various literary performances, for labour, extent, and utility, have rarely been equalled, and, when regarded as the productions of an unassisted valedudinarian, have perhaps never been surpassed.

SUFFOLK.

Died.] At Tattingstone-Place, in his 88th year, Thomas White, Esq. in whom the poor have lost an active friend, and the constitution of his country a firm supporter. He served the office of High Sheriff in the year 1749, and was again nominated to that office in the year 1794.

At Rendlesham; Peter Isaac Thelluson, Baron Rendlesham, of Rendlesham. His lordship was on a shooting party, at his seat near Woodbridge, when he suddenly fell off his horse, and expired. His lordship was in his forty-seventh year; he enjoyed his title but two years and a half. He married Miss Cornwall, of Hendon, in Middlesex, who survives him, and is succeeded in his titles and estates by his eldest son, John, now Lord Rendlesham, who has just attained his 25d year. His Lordship has left several other children.

At the Secretary's Lodge, Phoenix

Park, Dublin, aged 68; James Trail, Esq. under secretary for the Civil Department to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, late of Hadleigh, and member for Dunwich, in this county, during the last parliament.

At Bury, in his 44th year, much regretted, Dr. William Hamilton, physician, author of "Observations on the Preparation and Utility of the Digitalis Purpurea, or Foxglove," and some other medical tracts.

In Chelsea Hospital, aged 81, Mr. Jonathan Keeling, formerly a tailor of Bury, and who had served in the battle of Minden.

At Wickham-Market, deeply lamented by her relatives and friends, Mrs. Cole, relict of the Rev. Denny Cole, of Pettistree, and mother of Mrs. Johnson, wife of the Rev. C. Johnson, of Bildeston.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Died.] At his seat at Rugley, near Birmingham, aged 84 years, William Henry Lyttleton, Lord Lyttleton, and Baron Frankley in Worcestershire.—This venerable Peer was the youngest brother of five of the justly celebrated George, first Lord Lyttleton, who was equally eminent for his genius and his virtues. The late peer was many years known as Lord Westcote, of Ireland; was long in active political life, and was successively governor of the colony of Virginia and of the island of Jamaica. He was created an Irish Peer, by the title of Baron Westcote, by Lord North; and was included in one of the last batches of the Pitt administration, as Baron Lyttleton, in England, which title had some time since become extinct, on the demise of his lordship's nephew. He has left two sons—George Fulke, now Lord Lyttleton; and the Hon.

W. H. Lyttleton, M.P. for Worcestershire; and one daughter, the Lady of that classical and accomplished Baronet, Sir Richard Colt Hoare.

WILTSHIRE.

Wilton St. Giles's great Sheep Fair was held on Monday, the 12th of September, and the situation, arrangements, and accommodations of the Fair, exceed any thing of the kind in England. The number of sheep penned amounted to 65,000. The sales were dull on sheep that were not in condition, but fleshy and good South Downs, horned wethers and lambs, sold briskly, and full 3s. per head dearer than at the last Britford Fair. Wethers fetched from 28s. to 45s. per head; ewes from 19s. to 34s. per head; and lambs from 12s. to 25s. per head. Mr. Budden, of Lainstone Farm, near Cranborne, obtained the high price of 28s. per head for South Down lambs; and Mr. Selfe, of Witchbury Farm, near Salisbury, 27s. per head for 200 South Down lambs. There was a very large shew of Merino South Down and Cottiswold rams from choice flocks. The number of horses was great, and those that were good sold very high.

SCOTLAND.

Died.] At Merchiston bank, near Edinburgh, in the 86th year of his age, John Home, Esq. of Kilduff. This gentleman was the last, with the exception of Dr. Adam Ferguson, of that constellation of literary characters in Scotland, by whom the cause of general science and literature has been so much advanced in the last century.

At Otter House, Argyllshire, on the 27th of August, Anne, and on Thursday, Sept. 1st, Jane Eliza, daughters of Capt. D. Campbell; and, on the same day, Elliott, his youngest son.

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.—Sept. 21, 1808.

London-Dock Stock, 116½. per Cent.
East-India ditto, 121½. ditto.
West-India ditto, 159½. ditto.
Commercial Dock Shares, 127½. per share.
Grand Junction Canal, 129½. ditto.
Grand Surrey ditto, 60½. ditto. [*per cent.*]
Imperial Fire Insurance, 3½. per cent.
Globe Fire and Life ditto, 115½. per cent.
Albion ditto ditto, 2½. per cent. prem.

Hope ditto ditto, 2½. per Share prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 5s. ditto.
East London Water works, 45½. prem.
West Middlesex ditto, 115½. per Share.
South London ditto, 45½. per Share prem.
Golden-Lane Brewery, 80½. per share
London Institution, 84½. per share
Commercial Road, 116½. per Share
Kennett and Avon, 5½. per Share prem.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE wheat harvest which is now well got in in the midland, the maritime, and the northern counties, has surpassed expectation. The crops in general have been strong and abundant, and the grain of good quality. The harvest in the north has been the earliest ever remembered; the crops there have been unusually heavy. The productive power of the soil in the higher situations has been astonishingly improved by the judicious use of lime.

Beans have proved a middling crop; but pease have wanted rain. Turnips were well managed have flourished pretty well. Owing to the extreme breadth of land, which during last spring was planted with potatoes, the winter crops appear very promising.

Hops generally continue promising.

The prices of lean stock have advanced considerably.

Beef, in Smithfield market, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 8d.; mutton, 4s. 6d. to 5s. 6d.; pork, 8s. to 6s.

Middlesex, September 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN.

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Sept. 17; 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.					MARITIME COUNTIES.				
	Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats		Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
Middex.	91 0	52 0	45 5	38 5	Essex	87 1	47 9	43 3	41 0
Surrey	93 4	50 4	47 0	42 2	Kent	88 5	47 0	44 3	41 3
Hertford	83 4	45 6	43 9	37 2	Sussex	81 4		44 0	41 2
Bedford	83 2	51 7	43 0	39 8	Suffolk	82 8	48 4	37 2	35 1
Hunting	83 8		40 0	30 0	Cambridge	82 6	54 6	39 6	31 9
Northa.	79 0	42 10	39 0	34 10	Norfolk	82 7		38 6	31 0
Rutland	85 6		47 0	34 6	Lincoln	87 6	51 5	43 10	31 0
Leicest	82 0		40 0	35 11	York	83 3		43 7	33 10
Notting	90 4	57 0	42 0	34 8	Durham	96 7			30 3
Derby	90 8			37 10	Northumberland	92 2	68 4	45 0	30 10
Stafford	80 2		43 2	36 3	Cumberland ..	90 2	66 0	49 0	36 5
Salop	82 10	53 4	42 0	35 7	Westmorland ..	98 5	64 0	43 4	32 2
Herefor	78 9	44 8	34 5	34 5	Lancaster	81 10		40 9	33 4
Wor'tst.	84 2		40 7	42 2	Chester	75 3			33 6
Warwic	85 0		44 11	41 0	Flint	77 9		47 0	23 4
Wilts	88 10		46 8	42 2	Denbigh	88 2		46 4	36 9
Berks	92 1	54 6	46 6	42 6	Anglesea			42 0	
Oxford	84 9		42 10	39 10	Carnarvon	84 0		41 4	33 6
Bucks	85 9		43 0	40 9	Merioneth	86 9		44 6	26 4
Brecon	80 0	54 4	41 7	32 0	Cardigan	83 0		40 0	24 0
Montgo	77 4			34 3	Pembroke	77 4		44 7	24 0
Radnor.	78 9		37 8	31 7	Carmarthen	86 6		44 0	24 0
					Glamorgan	74 7		41 4	24 0
					Gloucester	85 11		36 2	38 0
					Somerset	81 11		37 0	33 4
					Monmouth	82 5		38 4	29 4
					Devon	76 4		33 7	28 2
					Cornwall	74 6		38 6	26 2
					Dorset	77 3		40 0	
					Hants	81 3		43 8	29 2

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 84s. 1d.; Rye 52s. 9d.; Barley 42s. 2d.; Oats 34s. 5d.; Beans 60s. 4d.; Pease 60s. 6d.; Oatmeal 49s. 7d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from AUGUST 24, to SEPT. 27, 1808.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between	2 and 5 - 230	60 and 70 104
Males 958	1896	Males 977	1939		5 and 10 - 85	70 and 80 - 78
Females 928		Females 962			10 and 20 - 70	80 and 90 - 37
Whereof have died under two years old 729					20 and 40 - 103	90 and 100 - 6
					30 and 40 - 164	
Peck Loaf, 4s. 3d. 4s. 5d. 4s. 6d. 4s 10d.				40 and 50 - 187		
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb. 4s 11d.				50 and 60 - 141		

PRICE OF STOCKS, from August 27, 1898, to SEPTEMBER 24, 1898, both inclusive.

Days 1898	Bank Stock	3 p Cent Consols	4 p Cent Cons.	Navy 5 p Cent	N. 5 p Cent	Long Anns.	4 p Ct. Scrip.	Imperial 5 p Cent	Imperial Anns.	Irish Sp. C	S. Sea Stock	S. Sea Anns.	India Bonds	India Exche. Bills	Lotten Tickets	Cons. for Auct.
Aug																
27		65½	66½	89½	98½	18 9-16ths	2 dis.	—	7½	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
28		66½	67½	89½	98½	18½	1 dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
29		66½	67½	89½	98½	18½	1 dis.	63½	7 11-16th	—	72½	—	5s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
30		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	63½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
Sep		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	—	7 11-16th	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
1		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	—	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
2	holiday	65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	—	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
3		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
4		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
5		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
6		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
7		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	7 11-16th	—	71½	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
8		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
9		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	7 11-16th	—	72	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
10		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	7 11-16th	—	72	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
11		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
12		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
13		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
14		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
15		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
16		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
17		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
18		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
19		65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	7 11-16th	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
20	holiday	65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
21	holiday	65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
22	Do.	65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	4s. pm.	6s. pm.	—	66½
23	Shut	65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	7 11-16th	—	71½	—	Par.	3s. pm.	—	66½
24	Do.	65½	66½	88½	97½	18½	1½ dis.	65½	—	—	—	—	1 dis.	3s. pm.	—	66½

N.B. In the 3 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

EDWARD FORTUNE, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

No LIX.—Vol. X.]

For OCTOBER, 1808.

[New Series.]

"We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth"—DR. JOHNSON.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

SOPHOS on the QUESTION, — "Are MEN HAPPIER from the PLEASURES and GRATIFICATIONS of the SENSES, than from the STRICT PRACTICE of VIRTUE?"

Sir,

YOUR admission of my query has produced two answers; but neither of them being, in my opinion, satisfactory, I consider myself as bound to the performance of my promise. I shall, however, previously offer a few remarks upon the observations of P. M. W. (p. 218), and of Mr. Fletcher, (p. 226).

P. M. W. has adopted a very specious, but a very fallacious mode of argument. He deals in interrogatories, and he puts his questions with all the confidence of anticipated infallibility. He does not reason, but declaims; and when he asserts with such confidence, that he knows "my arguments will be in favour of virtue," I must ask him what secret he possesses by which he can read the mind of man?

Notwithstanding the distinction I drew in my letter, P. M. W. has misunderstood me. I there said, "we must not confound *present* with *future* happiness;" yet P. M. W. enforces his declamation by perpetual reference to another world. When the question first suggested itself to my mind, it appeared to me, and still appears, as a matter of mere curious speculation: I knew indeed that it could not be proposed without alarming the weak and the superstitious; but I knew also, that, according to my conception of it, it involved nothing that was detrimental to the interests of either religion or morality. With the conceptions of *others* I have nothing to do.

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. X,

There is no creature possessing reason, and believing in a future state of retributive justice, that could for a moment debate with himself whether it would be finally more to his welfare to pursue the gratifications of the senses or the duties of virtue. Such an idea carries absurdity along with it, and I refer to my preceding letter whether such an opinion can be fairly attributed to me. No. I merely asked, with a reference to a present state of existence, whether man would be happier from the pleasures of the senses than from the strict practice of virtue. I did not attempt, neither do I mean to attempt, to elevate sensual pleasures over the pure delights of virtue: but I simply started the question as one that might afford room for some ingenious argument. P. M. W. therefore, having wholly mistaken the intent and purpose of my argument, can be entitled to no further answer from me.

Mr. Fletcher has more clearly apprehended my meaning, and in one part of his letter anticipated the mode of reasoning which I shall pursue: but what he means by the following sentence I know not:—

"Before I any way consider the question, I must premise, that, as it is possible for man to gratify all his senses, to the utmost extent of the pleasure of which they are susceptible, without any way interfering with his habitual practice of moral and religious duties" &c.

I never can believe that Mr. Fletcher wrote this sentence with the full conviction of his judgment, or, if he did, I know not of what that judgment is composed. It has, in all ages, by all philosophers, whether heathens or christians, been received

as an axiom, that there is a natural warfare subsisting between the appetites and virtue. The most moderate indulgence of our senses is often sufficient to lead us aside from the path of rectitude: what then shall we say to the idea of the "utmost extent of their gratification being compatible with the "habitual practice of moral and religious duty?" The great lesson of a christian is, that he should subdue the propensities of sense, in order that he may be more free for the operations of virtue; for experience has taught, that strict practical virtue consists in throwing to our feet, "all those temptations, all those allurements, which have for their professed object the gratification of the senses. Can a man be a drunkard, and yet not have his "habitual practice of moral and religious duty" broken in upon, when, in the very moment of his intoxication, a part of that duty remains unperformed? Is the man who neglects the calls of friendship, the ties of blood, the observance of social duty, to follow the intemperate delights of the senses in any shape whatever, is he not infringing upon the habitual practice which Mr. Fletcher speaks of? And as it is self-evident that the two cannot be pursued in conjunction, how then can it be said that the one does not interfere with the *habitual* practice of the other? Let Mr. Fletcher answer this, for I cannot.

I will now detail my own opinions, upon the subject, and detail them with freedom.

Man is a sensitive and a rational being; but he is a sensitive long before he is a rational one.—From the first moment of existence he is capable of deriving pleasure and pain from the senses: but years must elapse before he can draw any delight from the operations of the intellect; and perhaps indeed never, for I have seen men so purely animal, that they seemed to have no consciousness of what happiness mind could give.

With the operations of our senses, therefore, we are early; and gradually, we are intimately conversant. Heat and cold, pleasurable, and painful emotions, tastes agreeable or disagreeable, affect us, and, according as those affections are grateful or otherwise,

we seek them or avoid them. If childhood be allowed to be a state of enjoyment, much will be gained in favour of the opinion, that the gratifications of the senses are not only intense, but capable of filling our capacities for pleasure. Their delights have nothing to do with intellection: they are enjoyed as a present pleasure, and no enquiries are made as to what produced them, or to what they tend. A savage is but a grown up child, and his pleasures are purely sensual.

From the tardy expansion of our reason, it may be said, that nearly one-half our lives is passed in the simple gratifications of sense; so passed, because we are yet incapable of passing it otherwise. When at length the mind begins to assume its proper place in the microcosm of man, she commences by degrading those pleasures, and calling upon her subject to pursue nobler ones. But how does she entice him away? not by conviction of their tenuity, but by awakening a new principle of action, by holding out future happiness and future punishment, and by exciting fear and terror: and when he relinquishes the delights he revelled in, he relinquishes them with the same feelings as the outlaw does his country from which the dread of a greater evil impels him to fly. He turns aside from the flowery path of present pleasure, and enters upon the gloomy track of arid desolation, cheered with the promise of something better which he has not seen and can only hope for. Religion is the power that drives him forward. She preaches eternal pains, and an avenging deity! She calls him from all the allurements of life! She paints the pitfalls that lie beneath his feet, and tells him of the serpents that lurk about ready to leap and sting him. With a stern and awe-inspiring frown she bids him turn his longing eyes from fields of bland luxuriance, where streamlets murmur, and gentle zephyrs fan him to repose: where all the gay enamelled prospect lies before him, glancing ten thousand dazzling hues in the sun's ray: where the soul sinks in rapture, and tears of bliss overflow the eyes: where pleasure tempts him with inviting

smile, and points to groves and streams, and overhanging shades!

But, no! Religion bids him quit these love-inspiring, joy giving scenes! She points his view to desert wilds and glooms immeasurably spread; tears of all trappings, and sets him barefoot on a thorny, wildered path! 'Gloomy darkness is around him: she holds the cross, streaming with blood, before his averted eyes; she points to the distant goal enveloped in obscurity. Terror and doubt fall on him: she bids him listen to the groans and yells that load the dusky air: she points with an exulting smile to bickering flames that burst by starts upon the trembling eye! She thunders in his ear, "Sinner! these flames, devouring flames, these yells, these agonizing yells, may perhaps be thine! Yet proceed: tremble: and adore!"—She quits him: she leaves him in the middle waste.

Then the shuddering mortal looks back upon the scene he has quitted: looks back with streaming eyes and a heart torn with severest anguish.—Perhaps he returns: or, if dismay o'erpower him, he proceeds with bitter agony: each tottering step is marked with blood: the yells, the cries, thicken on his ear: the flames blaze around! The goal is still at a distance! and he sinks, overwhelmed with pain, fear, doubt, dismay!

This is a picture from which my mind recoils with terror, yet it is such a picture as every day presents to the eye of contemplation. To pursue it further, would lead to a distinction in the present question, which I must necessarily avoid; I mean the influence of the opinion of a future state of rewards and punishments. To return therefore to the strict line of argument.

For mere man, as a sensitive being, virtue has no attraction: virtue is purely a creation of the mind: not so much a good in itself as the expected means of acquiring good. It is so abstracted from sense, and so equivocal in its nature, that very few know how to pursue, or how to enjoy it. Its delights are rather imaginary than real: nay, its strictest practice is often attended with the greatest pain and difficulty. Virtue is almost

always a sacrifice: and a sacrifice attended with no other pleasure than the hope of having done something that is to secure happiness hereafter: it rarely brings with it any present, any positive delight. Being thus abstracted in its nature, it need excite no wonder that so few are found who pursue, or, that in pursuing it, man is reckoned to perform the hardest task that can be enjoined him.

I may assert, without the fear of contradiction, that were it not for the general apprehension of a future state, no man would in this world be virtuous, according to our present notions of virtue. He would discard its rigid notions, as so many impediments to the happiness of life. I do not deny that a certain degree of moral right and fitness would exist, for where men congregate, there these must be; but even that moral fitness would extend only so far as was necessary to procure or to preserve mutual happiness to individuals. Supposing a society without any belief in a God or in a future state of rewards and punishments, though that society would be relieved from many of the restraints that now operate as needful checks, yet it would be found to submit to others that are co-existent with society itself. They would feel it necessary, for self-preservation, to make murder a crime: to make theft so: and many other infringements upon the simplest laws of social order. But it is evident, that personal happiness would be the cause why these offences were proscribed.

This brings me closely to the decision of the question: and from all that I have said, it appears to me abundantly evident, that man is formed to receive greater pleasure from the gratifications of the senses than from the strict practice of virtue. Nor is it irreligious to believe, that, as this world is a state of probation, it formed a part of the design of Providence to create us with such capacities for, and such propensities to, sensual pleasure, as should increase the difficulty of virtue, and consequently the merit of perseverance and the righteousness of reward for that perseverance.

Let us suppose an individual free from the belief of futurity and the

moral government of God. What would his life be, but one perpetual circle of delights and enjoyments? Whatever his capricious wishes might suggest, he enjoys: careless of all but the present moment, he is anxious only to make that present moment render its full measure of bliss: he wanders from joy to joy: every capacity of pleasure is filled to its height: when he becomes satiated with one, he flies to another: novelty is for ever on the wing in quest of new ones: he revels in endless extacy: and at last he sinks into the grave with regret to leave a state whence he has drawn such fullness of delight.

But consider the condition of the virtuous man, acting from the consciousness of a future state and a moral governor. His life is one painful struggle between nature and reason: it is a state of perpetual warfare: of hostility against the most powerful propensities: he resists, but not without repining: he foregoes present happiness for that which he only expects, and which, even in the moments of fanatical enthusiasm, he sees but dimly and remotely: he confesses in his heart, and with his tongue, that it is an arduous contest, and great indeed ought to be his reward, for he has renounced all the pleasures of this life: he has ten thousand enemies besetting every avenue of his nature, and he can interpose only an imaginary shield: he continues to resist, till at last death kindly sounds a retreat, and he dies with the *hope* of reaping the harvest of his labours.

That the practice of virtue is to man a task almost, perhaps certainly, beyond his strength, is a truth that needs no exposition; or, if it does, let it be sought for in the exhortations of the churchman, in the arguments of the philosopher, in the persuasions of the moralist. These will shew what is necessary to virtue: and that being shewn, it may be added, that what is performed with difficulty and doubt is never performed with pleasure. We do it, but like every duty of compulsion, we do it from necessity and with reluctance. As it rarely brings with it a present reward, or at least only a

visionary reward, while a substantial good, according to our limited knowledge, is often lost, it cannot be reckoned among the felicities of life.

Let me once more observe, that in this discussion I have constantly rejected the idea of a man acting from the consciousness of a future state of rewards and punishments; for where that belief is fully impressed, virtue will be followed; and where virtue is followed, the senses can be allowed but few of their gratifications. Under this view of the question, therefore, I am decidedly of opinion, that man would be happier from the pleasures of sense than from the strict practice of virtue, and consequently, that we are formed to receive more delight from the former than from the latter.

Far be it from me, as a christian moralist, to dissuade from virtue, or to say that its interests ought to yield to sensual pursuit; nay, it is impossible that this should ever be the case; for early education, habit, and precept, so imperceptibly awaken and so permanently fix the dread of future punishment, that, like the African who worships the devil from a principle of fear, we pursue virtue from the same selfish motive; and are irresistibly impelled to forego happiness that is within our grasp for the hope of obtaining greater on the one hand, and from the fear of suffering more on the other, than we now do by denying our appetites their full sway.

Thus, Sir, have I given my sentiments upon this question: that they will meet with the approbation of all your readers I know not: but they will at least serve to shew that P. M. W. advanced himself to the dignity of a prophet without the gift of fore-knowledge.

I remain, &c.

Edm. Oct. 9th, 1808.

SOPHOS.

FURTHER REMARKS ON GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. By Mr. BURDON.

Sir,

THE superior convenience and beauty of English, or, as it is called, Gothic architecture, are the principal reasons which have induced me to give it the preference to

the Grecian; and it is my earnest wish to prevail on all those, who have the means and the opportunity, to study and employ it whenever their leisure or their fortune will permit. To this intent I will give a short history of it, and at the same time attempt to settle the different styles by which it is distinguished, and to determine which is on the whole to be preferred.

The Gothic power ceased in the 6th century, that is to say, there existed no nation nor race of people in Europe, distinguished by the name of Goths, after that period. Now, Gothic architecture did not make its appearance till the latter end of the twelfth century: this fact is decisive, and cuts up all controversy by the roots. The name of Gothic, as applied to this style of building, must therefore be referred to some other origin, and that origin will be found among the revivers of literature in Italy, and those who first introduced and adopted the Grecian architecture in England. Inigo Jones, Sir C. Wren, and Mr. Evelyn, first applied the term Gothic, or barbarous, to that species of architecture which they ignorantly conceived to defy all rules and principles of art.

The Romans, during the time they possessed this island, erected many buildings, both in brick and stone, which must be considered as the origin of what is called Saxon architecture; and as some of them now remain, they are sufficient to prove that the Saxons derived from them that style of building which they afterwards altered and, in some places, improved. And here let me be permitted to lament that so many grand and beautiful remains of antiquity have been levelled to the dust by modern ignorance and barbarism.—A few centuries ago they were most of them standing; but, within the last two hundred years, how many have perished, not by the consuming hand of time, for that they would have defied, but by the ruthless barbarity of modern Goths, who, having no taste either for beauty or grandeur, have sacrificed to their avarice the finest specimens of antient art, and torn down the finest edifices, either to sell the materials, or to convert them into others better suited to,

their low and grovelling ideas. By such men, castles have been converted into cow-houses, monasteries into barns, and palaces into the most contemptible hovels. And this is not all: for another set of barbarians, attempting to improve what they did not understand, have patched up Gothic churches with Grecian architecture, and spoilt what they vainly attempted to adorn.

Had not these barbarous ravages been, in some measure, put a stop to by the reviving taste for antiquities, in a few years there would not have been left one genuine Roman, Saxon, or English building either in existence or undefaced by the innovations of modern barbarism. And to put an end, if possible, to their further depredations, too much cannot be attempted to inspire the rising generation with a taste for those admirable remains of antiquity, which have been left us by the Romans, or by our own ancestors, Saxon and English. Those of the latter are undoubtedly, on the whole, the most beautiful, but which style is the most so I will hereafter attempt to determine.

A very few real Saxon buildings now remain above ground, though there are crypts or undercrofts in our different cathedrals, which, having survived the original buildings above them, are undoubtedly of the true Saxon construction; because these subterraneous chapels were peculiar to the Saxons, and were intended for the secret celebration of their religion, during the persecution they suffered from their Pagan brethren, and the frequent invasions of the Danes. The style of architecture found in these buildings is extremely plain, containing none of those grotesque and fantastic ornaments which were afterwards invented by the Normans.

The specific difference between Saxon and Norman architecture has not yet been settled by the best antiquarians. Many indiscriminating pretenders have confounded the two together, and their blunders being adopted by the vulgar, all that they do not call Gothic they call Saxon. These errors, however, will soon be removed when we have settled the matter with more distinguishing enquirers, many of whom assert that

there ought to be no distinction used between the Saxon and Norman architecture, because the latter has arisen out of the former; for the same reason then, there ought to be no distinction between the Roman and the Saxon, for the Saxon was by their own acknowledgement taken from the Roman, as the Roman was somewhat spoilt by a mixture with the British. Others there are who contend that the name of Saxon ought to be given to the earliest Norman buildings, because they differed in nothing but their proportions from their Saxon models. For my part, I should not choose to call any building Saxon which can be proved to have been built since the time of the conquest; because, though the Normans adopted the general peculiarities of Saxon architecture, which are the semi-circular arch, the cylindrical pillar, and the zigzag moulding, their buildings were of much larger proportion and much more ornamented. The very few Saxon buildings which are left us are plain and heavy, though many which go by the name of Saxon are loaded with the most cumbrous ornaments; but of these not one can be proved to be older than the conquest.

In the description of the famous cathedral church of Hexham, begun by Wilfrid, archbishop of York, in 674, which description was written by Richard, prior of Hexham, in 1180, he tells us, that "the walls and capitals of the pillars were decorated with historical representations, imagery, and various figures in relief, carved in stone, and that there were also in the same church many private oratories of exquisite workmanship." Of such buildings as the churches of Hexham, Weremouth, Lincoln, Rippon, and Canterbury, which were all built in the seventh century, not one is now left even in ruins; so that the evidence of their grandeur now rests wholly on written testimony. And if we are to believe the following fact, it has been much exaggerated; for many of them were taken down by the Normans to make room for more capacious structures, which is one of the reasons why none of them are now remaining; others were destroyed by the Danes; and many

were suffered to go to decay by the Saxons themselves through impiety and negligence. The number and size of the buildings constructed under the three Roman monarchs is almost incredible, and decidedly proves the existence of a Norman style distinct from the Saxon. Fifteen out of twenty-two English cathedrals contain very considerable parts, which are undoubtedly of Norman erection, and built by Norman bishops, who were themselves architects, or employed Norman builders.

The works of Gundulph, bishop of Rochester, who enjoyed the see from 1077 to 1107, are to be seen at Rochester and Peterborough. Lanfranc, archbishop of Canterbury, (1070 to 1093) built the choir there in seven years, from 1073 to 1080, entirely in the Norman style. Anselm took it down about 1100, and employed Ernulph, prior of the convent, a Norman, to rebuild it; but he not living long enough, it was finished in 1114 by Conrade, and called the glorious choir of Conrade. In 1174 it was burnt down, and rebuilt by William of Sens, an architect from Normandy, and now remains the most beautiful specimen of that style of building. Mauritius, bishop of London, 1086 to 1108, took down the old Saxon cathedral of St. Paul's, and rebuilt it in the Norman style. It remained till taken down by Sir Christopher Wren in 1675; and from the description given of it by Sir W. Dugdale, with Hollar's engravings, leaves us great room to regret that it was removed rather than repaired.

Roger, bishop of Salisbury, 1107 to 1140, built the cathedral of Old Sarum, and the magnificent abbey church of Malmesbury. Two of his nephews were advanced to the sees of Lincoln and Ely, and had a great share in building their respective cathedrals. Alexander, bishop of Lincoln, 1123 to 1147, partly rebuilt that magnificent cathedral. Henry of Blois, bishop of Winchester, built the churches of St. Cross and Rumsey, in Hampshire.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON

*Hartford, near Morpeth,
Sept. 22, 1808.*

On the HISTORIC PARTIALITY of Dr. HENRY, in regard to ANNE BOLEYN and CATHERINE HOWARD. By Mr. BREWER.

Sir,

WHEN Horace Walpole endeavoured to divert the chagrin of his father, the once powerful minister of state, by reading to him, during Sir Robert's seclusion at Houghton, the ex-minister fretfully inquired the purport of the volume his son was about to recite; and, on finding that it was history, he bade him lay down the volume, for *it was impossible that it could contain truth!* Such an assertion, by a man so intimately acquainted with the complex machinery of state transactions, and so conversant with the venal temper of those concerned in recording a semblance of the occurrences of the day, should surely act as a stimulus to the spirit of historic inquiry.—From this hint, given in sad sincerity of heart, we may, without much stretch of conjecture, deduce that sceptical work respecting Richard the Third, and the events of his reign, afterwards produced by the pen of the instructed listener; and it remains to be regretted, that Horatio Walpole and his liberal productions have been attended only by so limited a number of imitators.

In a former number of your useful work,* I (with the most entire humility deploring the silence of more able commentators) ventured to submit some doubts respecting the propriety of that obloquy so abundantly heaped by protestant historians on the memory of the Romish Mary. Animated by the same spirit, permit me to point the attention of your readers to an historical delineation, which strikes me as equally incorrect with that I have before noticed.

The two decapitated wives of the eighth Henry have afforded our historians a most delectable opportunity for invective on the one hand, and panegyric on the other. In receiving as orthodox the decisions of such self-elected arbiters, the reader, however, should act with the greatest caution. Bearing, treasured in his

remembrance, the observation of Sir Robert Walpole, it is his duty to inquire if no prejudice of education, no strong, but acknowledged bias of habitual party-spirit, may have existed in the writer's bosom, and prevailed, to the utter extinction of impartiality and candour? Applying the talisman of this criterion to those who record the mournful fortunes of Anne Boleyn and Catherine Howard, we shall be persuaded to apprehend, that an admiration of the protestant faith (commendable in every instance save that which contracts the spirit and leads to calumnation, not the less noxious for being unintended) has induced them to paint the one quite white, the other quite black. Anne Boleyn lent a helping hand of no contemptible strength and influence to the glorious Reformation: this is enough; the protestant historian enshrines her in a sainted niche, and calls her angel. Catherine Howard had the misfortune to be educated in the habits of the Romish form of christianity: that is much more than enough; a bench of protestant writers sentences her memory to be pelted to the "last syllable of recorded time;" and the meek, good, pious Archbishop Cranmer throws the first stone!

I cannot suppose, Mr. Editor, that either you or your readers would admit a minute examination of the trials of these unfortunate queens; nor does it appear essential to my purpose. I should be unwilling to pen a single sentence that might operate injuriously on the memory of Anne Boleyn. I firmly believe that both Anne and Catherine fell victims to the ambition and acrimony of two bigotted parties in religion, acting by turns on the fierce passions and keen susceptibility of an impetuous monarch. Should it be affirmed that circumstances do not warrant so lenient a conjecture, I shall be driven to protest that, weighing only the depositions of evidence, and allowing nothing to the probability of party subornation, both princesses were at least equally guilty.

Admitting, however, that strong reasons exist for supposing Anne Boleyn innocent of the guilt laid to her charge, I will content myself with adducing such circumstances as

* See Vol. IX. pp. 396—477.

render it equally likely that Catherine Howard was persecuted and blameless. As Dr. Henry is the more modern historian of voluminous respectability, and as he, in his instance, echoes to the letter the opinion of his coadjutors, I shall confine my observations nearly to the form of a brief critique on his account of Catherine and her fate.

With much pathetic eloquence, but little genuine humanity, the Doctor bewails the *tenderness* shewn, on the awful occasion of her trial, to Catherine; and poetically observes, that no such lenity was exercised towards the "amiable and unfortunate Anne Boleyn." Let us see on what grounds Dr. Henry ventures to make this assertion. Anne Boleyn was publicly tried in the king's hall in the Tower before the peers legally assembled, and her own uncle, the Duke of Norfolk, presided as steward. It is true that only twenty-five nobles, beside the duke, attended, but there is no reason to suppose that any unjust interference of the crown occasioned the absence of the remainder. With so little secrecy was the trial conducted, that the lord-mayor of London and the aldermen were admitted as auditors. The queen protested her innocence, but *publicly* acknowledged (in the vain hope of preserving the life designated as prey by an insidious party and an infuriate king) that a lawful impediment had actually existed to her marriage with Henry. Archbishop Cranmer (who had been confined to his palace during these transactions) interested himself in the back ground, as much as his personal apprehensions would allow, and wrote a letter to the king, suggesting "several things which made it appear very wonderful that she was guilty." Whatever malice might have been employed by those enemies of the queen, whose religious fervour induced them to desire her downfall, still I contend that every indulgence, in point of legal etiquette, was granted to her in this extremity of her fortune. Not only was she tried publicly by the peers of the realm, but her *own uncle* was selected to preside as chairman. This latter circumstance, however, the Doctor, like a cunning disputant, turns to the

advantage of his arguments:—"Her own *unnatural uncle*," says he, "whose zeal for popery made him one of her greatest enemies, presided," &c. But of this "unnatural uncle," the queen herself had so little suspicion that he was engaged in the highest offices about court,* during the plenitude of her power! If not misled by an unconscious spirit of party veneration, would it not therefore be more charitable in the historian to mention the presence of the Duke of Norfolk at the queen's trial as an instance of the liberality of Henry? and, at the same time, ascribe the duke's acquiescence with the verdict of the court to fear or credulity?

The last fatal hour of Catherine Howard was brought about by very different circumstances. The champion of Reformation, Archbishop Cranmer, receives a verbal communication from a certain servile and obscure person, which he, the said good archbishop, immediately details on paper with sedulous accuracy. This account, though Cranmer could "suggest several things" in favour of Anne, the partizan of Reformation, he implicitly believed, although conveyed by such low and disputable authority, when popish Catherine's innocence alone was implicated. No longer quiescent and meek in his Lambeth retirement, he presents himself at court. Shyly (as if afraid to trust his own tongue with the tale) he slips a paper in the king's hand, revealing the most improbable accusations, on the testimony of an obscure woman, who had formerly been a servant in the family of the old Duchess of Norfolk, and the hearsay anecdotes of that woman's brother. By Archbishop Cranmer she was examined, and to Archbishop Cranmer she is said to have made such a confession as could proceed only from excessive terror, or such extreme weakness as is perfectly incompatible with the character of str-

* The Duke was at the head of the splendid embassy which was sent to Francis, King of France, for the express purpose of furthering that divorce from Catherine of Spain, which would enable Henry to marry Anne Boleyn.

tegem and art ascribed to her on former occasions.

Two of her alleged companions in error were seized, and made confession of their guilt. But this confession cannot be adduced as proof of Catherine's criminality, without injury to Anne Boleyn; for Stretton, the most illiterate and sordid of those implicated in her accusation, was soothed or terrified into a confession equally explicit.

After reading the pathetic assertion of Dr. Henry, that Anne had not been treated with the "tenderness" conferred on Catherine, we now expect to find that Catherine's impending trial was conducted with the strictest attention to legal correctness; that her relatives presided, and that her friends were her advocates. — But, no: at first it was proposed to appoint a committee to examine her; but afterwards "a better method occurred to the king's council," viz. for them to petition the king to grant his permission for the two houses of parliament to proceed, and finish the queen's cause; and to their ultimate decision the council ventured to guarantee his Majesty's royal assent.

In total opposition to Dr. Henry, I term this the triumph of a party over the irritability of a sovereign. In plain sincerity, each candid reader must presume, that the machinations of a faction had now succeeded in persuading Henry to abandon his queen to the vengeance of her accusers. The venality of Henry's parliaments is well known to be proverbial; and, without doubt, "the king's council" had thoroughly assured themselves of the ductility of the sitting members, before they attempted to convince his Majesty of the propriety of referring this delicate and momentous affair to their "finishing."

Without listening to the exculpatory arguments of the accused; without even exposing their feelings to the moving spectacle of her terror and distress; did both houses of parliament, on February the 1st, 1542, condemn to death Queen Catherine Howard, on suspicions whispered by female servant and her brother, and

arranged and presented to the king by Archbishop Cranmer! Surely, this is the first instance in which an historian, pretending to any resemblance of freedom from party prejudice, and to any thing bordering on sobriety of disquisition, has been known to designate the condemnation of an accused person, unheard and unseen, by the appellation of partiality or "tenderness!"

In fact, this period of Henry's history was a juncture the most alarming to the friends of the Reformation. Cromwell was dead, and the king's extravagant fondness for a Romish queen conveyed serious grounds for apprehension to those partizans of the reformed religion, who knew the ease with which a favoured female of ability might pervert the opinions of a monarch of such violent passions. This very circumstance should awaken the suspicions of a candid historian, when he finds that obnoxious Romish queen charged with a capital crime by the apprehensive party, and consigned to death under their cognizance: but Dr. Henry is content to go with the stream; and, after detailing the allegations preferred by her opponents, rests satisfied with observing (though an impartial writer should have coolly examined the moral probability and legal tenor of the charges) that "*in a word* it was now fully proved!" &c.

Yet how many circumstances concur to lead us into a belief of this proof not being full. When that parliament assembled which was predestined to doom Queen Catherine to death, the chancellor opened the session with a very long speech concerning the queen and her alledged crimes. Let us then refer to the journals of the house. There, if justice were the object of discussion, must necessarily stand a complete exposition of the proofs, under sanction of which parliament was called to criminate the actions of a sovereign mistress. We may look; but what shall we find? Why, this entry in the journals of one of Henry's corrupt parliaments; "that the chancellor made, on the subject of Queen Catherine, a very long speech;

which it would have required three hours to write and one hour to read, and that the clerks were so much engaged with other business that they could take down only a small part of it!!!” The only portion of this important speech preserved on the records, consists entirely of a string of the most extravagant compliments respecting the king’s personal beauty and mental powers. Is this the fullness of proof which Dr. Henry is content to sum up in “a word?”—Passion, Prejudice, and Poetry! when will come the day that you have entirely receded from the breasts even of our more serious historical writers?

In confirmation of the conjecture that the death of Catherine Howard was the mere triumph of a party over unheard innocence, may perhaps be noted the clemency with which the majority of those implicated in her accusations were treated, when the destruction of the grand victim had been successfully effected. * The queen’s grandmother, her uncle, with several other relations, and many servants, who had been found guilty of misprision of treason in concealing the queen’s presumed vices, were sentenced, as Dr. Henry informs us, to perpetual imprisonment; but he forgot to add, as he might have done on the authority of Lord Herbert, that the chief of these were liberated after a very short confinement.

That, in this instance, the successful reformers behaved with more moderation than the catholics when triumphant over their sacrifice, would have been a fair object for the display of the Doctor’s considerable powers of historical eloquence; and in this he would have probably met with the concurrence of every enlightened friend of human nature. But while a candid illustration of circumstance and character remains a desideratum in the esteem of the inquirer into our national history, I never can suppose that that man’s mode of narration will be highly valued, who sentences the supporter of an opposite party “in a word,” and decorates his estimate of a partizan with epithets suited only to the meridian of a novel,

or extracted from that popular ballad, the Children in the Wood.*

I remain, Sir,

Your obliged correspondent,

J. N. BREWER.

REPLY to THEATRICUS, respecting the PLAY of “TRUE PATRIOTISM.”

Plas, Issa, near Abergele,
20th Sept. 1808.

SIR,

IN perusing your Magazine for August, p. 102, I find an enquiry made by Theatricus after a play called *True Patriotism*; and I beg leave to inform him, through the medium of your publication, that I am in possession of it, and any inclination he may have for the same will be attended to, by addressing himself to, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

JOHN JONES.

P.S. His letter, with real name, directed as above, to be left at the *Bee inn*, Abergele.

EXTRACTS from POLYÆNUS’ STRATAGEMS. By Dr. TOULMIN.

[Continued from p. 216.]

No. 47.—*Semiramis*.

SEMIRAMIS, as she was bathing, heard of the revolt of the Scythians; on this, without tying on her sandals or plaiting her hair, she immediately hastened to commence a war; and had the following proclamation engraved on a pillar:—

“Nature has formed me a woman; but, in actions, I am not inferior to the bravest man. I reign over Nineveh: to the east, the river Hinamames bounds my dominions: to the south, the country that produces frankincense and myrrh: to the north, the Sææ and the Sogdians. No Assyrian, before me, hath seen the sea. I have visited four seas, at a most remote distance and of boundless extent. I have compelled rivers to flow, where I willed it; and I willed it wherever it was proper,—

* The term “unnatural uncle” shines with a very striking effect at the head of that ancient composition,

I have taught the barren land to be cultivated: I have poured my rivers over it. I have raised impregnable walls. I have made a passage with iron through inaccessible rocks. I have, with my chariots, cut roads, where the wild beasts never passed. Time would fail me, were I to enumerate the great works by which I have benefited myself and my friends."

No. 48.—*Clælia.*

The Romans, when at war with the Tuscans, entered into a treaty of peace, and gave, as hostages, the virgin daughters of noblemen. The hostages went to bathe in the river Tyber. Clælia, who was one of them, persuaded all the rest to tie their gowns round their heads, and to swim over the river, which, on account of its deep whirlpools, it was difficult to pass. When they had crossed it, the Romans admired their courage, but, to maintain the faith of treaties, sent them back to the Tuscans. Porsenna, the King of the Tuscans, enquired of the damsels, who had advised them? Clælia, anticipating the rest, confessed the fact. Porsenna, astonished and charmed with the manliness of the girl, presented her with a horse very richly caparisoned, and, extolling them all, sent them back to Rome.

No. 49.—*Porcia.*

Porcia, the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus, suspecting that her husband had formed a design against the life of Cæsar, cut her thigh with a barber's razor, that she might display her strength of mind, and shew what her body could endure. Brutus then entrusted her with the secret. On this she brought his coat to her husband, and a sword concealed in it. Brutus went out with the associates in his purpose, attacked Cæsar, and killed him. After this, being worsted in battle against Augustus, he put an end to his own life. Porcia, at first, would have starved herself to death, but was restrained from it by her servants and relations. She then commanded a fire to be prepared on the altar, as if she were about to anoint herself. Seizing the live coals with her hands, she threw them into her mouth and swallowed them before any of her attendants could hinder it.

Thus died Porcia; a singular pattern of affection to her husband, and of heroism and fortitude, even unto death.

No. 50.—*The Women of Argos.*

Pyrrhus, the King of Epirus, at the invitation of the Argive Aristeus, attacked Argos. The Argives, taking up their arms, ran together into the marketplace; but the women, going upon the roofs of the houses, pelting the men of Epirus below, forced them to retreat, so that Pyrrhus, one of the bravest generals, died with a blow of a tile on his head. The women of Argos obtained the greatest glory among the Grecians, from the fall of the great warrior Pyrrhus, not by the hands of men, but of females.

SIR,

Sept. 12th, 1808.

I HAVE the pleasure of enclosing to you a plan of the *Seaman's Friend*, for such communication of it to the public through the medium of the *Universal Magazine* as you may think proper, and remain,

Your humble and

Obedient servant,

W. H. MALLISON.

PLAN of an INSTITUTION, for supplying the different Sea-port Towns with Mr. MALLISON's Invention, called THE SEAMAN'S FRIEND; for the purpose of going to the Assistance of Vessels, when Wrecked, submitted to the different Societies and Individuals in London, June 25, 1807.

THAT it being proved, to our entire satisfaction, by the use of Mr. Mallison's invention, called the *Seaman's Friend*, it becomes impossible to sink, when in deep water; and, considering, that a general diffusion of them may be attended with the most beneficial effects; and, by a distribution of them at the sea-port towns most liable to be witness to a misfortune, for which there has been found no remedy; the most happy consequences will ensue; inasmuch as it will enable the different pilots, fishermen, sea-fencibles, and inhabitants, to proceed to the assistance of vessels,

in cases where they have hitherto been prevented, only by the certainty of adding their own lives to the number of the unfortunate sufferers.

We resolve, that, considering the number of lives, and immense property annually lost by wreck, every unnecessary delay should be avoided: and being well aware of the difficulties and expenses first attending the introduction of any subject, however meritorious, and should the present summer months pass over, the intention would in a great measure be defeated, that the whole of the management be entrusted to Mr. Mallison for twelve months, he giving his own security, and that of two others, in a bond of two hundred pounds each, that the money subscribed shall be applied for the express purpose of supplying the different sea-port towns with the Seaman's Friend, and the furtherance of the views of the above Society.

and trusts, from the liberality of the higher classes of this country, Mr. Mallison will be enabled, immediately, to carry his intentions into execution; for which purpose the following syllabus is published.

That Mr. Mallison be appointed secretary and treasurer, and requested to use such means, to promote the intentions of the society, as to him shall seem most expedient.

That Mr. Mallison be immediately ordered to proceed and give from ten to twenty or thirty of these Seaman's Friends, with proper directions, and convince the fishermen, pilots, sea-fencibles, and inhabitants, of the impossibility of sinking, when in deep water, and that the Seaman's Friend shall then be kept at the town-hall, church, or at the houses of such inhabitants as shall engage to preserve and bring them forward in the hour of distress.

Note. A list of the names of every pilot, fisherman, or individual, to whom the Seaman's friend is entrusted, be given to the mayor, resident clergyman, or officers commanding sea-fencibles, and fixed on the church porch; that it may be known who possess them.

That, when such towns and inhabitants are perfectly satisfied of the

utility of the invention, they shall be requested to remit the value of the Seaman's Friend, at the rate of thirteen shillings each; which, with any sum the inhabitants of the town, from the sense of the service the invention may prove to society, when extended, may think proper to add, will be placed to the credit of the Institution.

That those, who should be so fortunate as to have their lives, or their property preserved, through the use of these means, be requested to become subscribers, in such sums as their gratitude, and circumstances, may permit.

That; there being always a difficulty in the introduction of any subject, however useful, particular exertions, to preserve the lives of our fellow creatures from destruction, shall be rewarded, out of the funds of the society, with such remuneration as the resident clergyman, magistrate, or principal inhabitants, shall consider adequate (always paying regard to the state of the funds).

Note. The necessary certificate must be signed by the clergyman, magistrate, or principal inhabitants.

Resolved, that the bond of Henry Barker, Esq. of Gray's-Inn; Mr. James Brandon, of Covent-Garden theatre; and W. H. Mallison; in the sum of two hundred pounds each, be considered a sufficient security for any sums of money that may be received, by Mr. Mallison, in trust for this Institution.

That, Mr. Mallison is ordered to keep a Dr. and Cr. account of all monies, so subscribed, and likewise of all monies received and paid, for the use of this Institution.

That, Mr. Mallison be permitted to charge the sum of thirteen shillings for each Seaman's Friend sent or given for the above purpose.

That, Mr. Mallison be permitted to place all necessary expences of printing, stationary, correspondences, rewards, and any other unforeseen expense, that may occur, on account of the express purposes of this Institution, to the debt of the account.

And, in order that the subscribers may be informed of the progress of the Institution, Mr. Mallison is ordered at the end of six or nine months

to give an account of all his proceedings; and of all monies that have passed through his hands, to the subscribers, either by printed particulars, or the public papers.

And, at the end of twelve months, Mr. Mallison engages, if required by the subscribers, should it be found expedient to enlarge the plan, to deliver, to the committee, then appointed, all books of accounts, papers, balances of money and documents, relative to the Institution, under the forfeiture of the sum of four hundred pounds of the bounden, Henry Barker, Esq. and Mr. James Brandon, and likewise of his own two hundred pounds.

And, we hope that those, whom affluence has placed beyond the reach of so dreadful an evil, as this invention is intended to remedy, will assist, with such subscription, as seems to them most proper, especially when they consider the number of lives, and immense property, annually lost, for want of some means, by which assistance can be given to the unfortunate sufferers; and, that few subjects deserve a more serious attention than a means of preventing the continual and dreadful, though silent waste of our fellow creatures, by shipwreck.

Upon receiving several letters from different societies and individuals, among others H. R. H. the Duke of Kent and the Earl of Stanhope, I determined to new model the plan; and as the chief difficulty appeared to be procuring the bond to be executed, to limit the sum and take the whole charge and responsibility on myself, previous to which, I procured two men, who, by leaping off London Bridge and swimming down to Deptford, would place beyond all doubt the certain security the invention would afford the purchaser from ever sinking in deep water. The experiment took place on the 7th of July, before thousands of spectators, by one man only, the other being taken and carried to the Poultry Compter, whilst in the act of getting on the ballustrades; the other leaped off at the moment the beadles of the bridge were placing a ladder against the lamp irons to take him into custody, they considering the attempt too

hazardous, for any individual being permitted to try. The success, however, was every way equal to what was expected; and, on his rising on the surface of the water, a liberal contribution among the nobility and gentlemen present, expressed their satisfaction more than the universal plaudits of the surrounding populace: he afterwards swam, occasionally relieved by another, to Bell Wharf, beyond all the shipping in the river, a distance of three miles; the coldness of the day, after such an unequivocal proof, rendering it unnecessary to proceed to Deptford as was at first proposed. And on the 28th of July, the same man leaped off the centre arch of Westminster Bridge, a height of sixty feet, and with three others, one a lad of ten years of age, swam as far as Battersea Bridge.—It remains for me therefore only to observe; that this simple invention is made of such materials as will last with common care seven or eight years, and is entirely out of the way of every action the human frame is capable of; which was completely proved by the men who rowed the barge carrying the music, wearing the invention without any hindrance to the management of the oar. Not doubting that the sentiments expressed in the several letters and resolutions will influence many of the affluent and humane, I submit the plan to the nobility and principal merchants; and will do myself the pleasure of waiting on them for such subscription they may deem the attempt deserving.

It having been observed by some, that the "Seaman's Friend" was still inadequate to prevent individuals from being dashed on the rocks, &c. in struggling to get on shore, I have only to observe, that I have made every inquiry at the different sea-port towns where I have been, among the class of men who must eventually carry the whole into execution; and their answer invariably has been the following:—that the rocks and surfs did not at present prevent their attempting to proceed to the assistance of these unfortunate sufferers, whenever the possibility presented itself of so doing, without a certainty of losing their own lives; and that the possession of this invention, by which

they could not possibly sink, would certainly enable them to make greater exertions than they do at present. It is my intention, therefore, to limit the subscription to four hundred pounds, which I conceive to be every way sufficient, (unless the success should be so great as to warrant an extension) but on account of the few summer months that remain, not to wait until the whole of the sum is subscribed; but, on receiving two hundred pounds, to leave the subscription open at a banker's, and by as early a distribution as possible, prepare for the usual consequences of the winter; and have no doubt, that when for an instant they whom affluence has placed beyond the reach of so dreadful an evil, as this attempt is intended to remedy, will allow that few subjects deserve a more serious attention, than a means of preventing the continual and dreadful, though silent, waste of our fellow creatures by shipwreck, and consider this attempt for that purpose worthy every trial.

From the result of experiments that have been made by the desire of the committee at Lloyd's, and which, from the variable state of our climate, could not be executed until lately, they have done—the honour of permitting the Plan to lay at the bar of their house; I therefore wish clearly to define the object intended—which is to distribute a certain number of this invention among the fishermen and pilots, according to the degree of danger attending the situation, and convince them of the impossibility of themselves ever sinking, when employed in their humane endeavours of rendering assistance; under the idea, that when they become confirmed and experienced in the use of this invention, few instances of wreck will occur where assistance will not be given. The mere inspection of the invention is sufficient to convince every sensible man of the service it must prove distributed in the manner proposed: however, to place the matter beyond doubt, any person is permitted to try them, on leaving the value.

The money already received amounts to 112*l.* 1*s.* The expense incurred, consisting of stationary, printing, post-

age, &c. &c. &c. since June 23, 1807, amounts to 52*l.* 17*s.* 9*d.* leaving a balance, August 11th, 1808, of 59*l.* 3*s.* 3*d.*

It is in the most calamitous shipwrecks, where the invention will prove of the greatest service; the fishermen and pilots can see the vessel a few fathoms from them; distinctly hear the cries of the unfortunate sufferers; behold the crew perish before their eyes; and yet it has been hitherto out of human power to yield them any assistance, consistent with individual safety; fatal experience having taught them, that to attempt succour is only extending the scene of suffering mortality; but were from fifteen to thirty of the fishermen and pilots convinced, by actual practice, that this invention affords certain preservation from drowning, how many of these brave men, whose intrepidity even now astonishes us, would hesitate an instant to render assistance; and how many valuable lives, and immense property may not, by this means, be saved to society.

Such gentlemen, whose philanthropy will incline to assist the undertaking, will have the kindness to place the subscription they shall consider this attempt may merit, to Messrs. Bennet and White, at the bar of Lloyd's; Messrs. Drummonds, the bankers, Charing-cross; or Mr. Mallison, No. 6, St. Michael's-Alley, Cornhill, where the invention may be inspected, and taken for trial.

An EXPLANATION to "H." a Painswick Correspondent.

SIR,

I CONFESS myself very much pleased with the quotation of your Painswick correspondent, (p. 215). in your periodical publication for September; and I trust that you will permit me, through its medium, to acknowledge my obligations to him, for endeavouring to render that part of the Scottish history clear, which, judging from the "justly admired work of Robertson's, was all darkness and uncertainty."

However, I particularly wish to inform your correspondent, that the

principal cause of my "remarks" was not so much to ascertain the respective characters of the leaders of either party, as to enquire how far the learned Doctor had, by delineating them, justified the conclusion he drew, that King James's "favour was due to the nobles," but bestowed on a "despicable retinue."

If your correspondent, by proving Cochran to be a party member of an infamous set, in the most lamentable state of slavery and vassalage,—if, I say, by proving this, the argument of mine is thereby affected, why then I give up the point in despair: but until this is made to appear, I must be of opinion, that the subject, so far as Dr. Robertson is concerned, remains in the same situation it did at first.

I readily admit, that I did demand "what difference it made to the people of Scotland, whether King James took into his favour Cochran a mason, or Angus a noble?" and forming my opinion from the learned historian, I do now contend, that I am not supposed to know that Angus was a person possessing more integrity, a sincerer love for his country, better abilities, or a greater degree of courage, than Cochran. All that is said of either is, that the one is a mason, and the other a noble. And how can it be proved from this, that James, by taking into his favour either Cochran or Angus, did thereby affect the interests of the people of Scotland? But this is not the point for which I chiefly contended; nor am I here by any means justifying the conduct of James. I asserted, and am now asserting, that the Doctor drew his conclusion apparently unsupported by any evidence, and in direct opposition to the established order of things; which, if generally adopted, must inevitably produce extremely injurious consequences to civil liberty.

Before I conclude this explanation, I deem it necessary to remark, that I should not have named or particularized either Angus or Cochran, but for the exemplification of my argument; and if I had been so fortunate as to have remembered the names of "John Nokes" and Thomas Stiles, every object I had in view would have been abundantly answered. In tak-

ing my leave, I beg to say, that the general conduct of the "monarch" is held by me in the utmost contempt and abhorrence; for "virtue was an enemy to James, and James an enemy to virtue."

I am, &c.

Beckington,
Oct. 10, 1808.

J. C.

AN ACCOUNT of a MALE and FEMALE ELEPHANT, kept in the MENAGERIE of the GARDEN of PLANTS, at PARIS. By SONNINI.

IT is not only in the mild temperature of luxurious Asia, that man is proud of holding in dependence the largest, as well as the most intelligent of animals. European princes have sought to imitate, in some degree, this Asiatic luxury, and have had transported from time to time, at a great expense, elephants to be kept in their menageries, where they necessarily lose a part of their faculties, as well from the difference of climate, as from the small and confined space in proportion to their bulk, which is necessarily allotted to them. Whatever degradation, however, results from servitude and constraint; whatever alterations may be produced, not only in the native disposition, but in the external formation, by a less serene sky, and by a less heated atmosphere, yet, even in these expatriated elephants, may be found the same qualities as distinguish them when living in a state of liberty, or rather in a state of voluntary domesticity in their natal country. I have thought therefore, that it would not be uninteresting to give a detail of the observations which have been hitherto made upon the two elephants which have been brought up in the menagerie of the Garden of Plants at Paris. For the greater part of them, indeed, I am indebted to Delaunay, to whom natural history, in general, is under great obligations, both for the assiduity with which he collects facts, and the unwillingness with which he communicates them.

The two elephants, male and female, which are now at Paris, are, it is said, originally from the island of Ceylon: they are about seventeen years old, and they were not above two

when they arrived in Holland for the menagerie of the Stadtholder. Their size was then about that of an ordinary horse, and from that period they have continued gradually to increase.

It was not a small difficulty to convey these two enormous masses from Loo to Paris. They tried many cages for the purpose: the first, constructed too weak in the joints, was soon broken by the elephants; and they had a great deal of trouble to make them enter a second; nor was it, till after having habituated them to take their food in it, that they succeeded in inclosing each of them in separate apartments. At first, they made incredible efforts to break down the partition; but having found that their endeavours were vain, they became resigned, and remained tranquil during the rest of the journey, which lasted for seven months.

Being detained five months at Cambray, on account of the destruction of the roads, they lost their tasks in some violent efforts which they made from being imprudently provoked. These tasks were not above six inches in length; and there is every appearance that they will breed new ones as they advance in age.

The two moveable prisons in which these elephants arrived are preserved in the menagerie at Paris. While we contemplate the solidity of their construction, we may judge of the constraint which these animals must have endured during so long a journey. Not being able to enjoy any progressive motion, they contracted a habit of balancing themselves, but each in a different manner. The male, for example, advancing one of the front feet, and drawing back one of the hind ones, on the opposite side, gave to his body a slow oscillation backwards and forwards: the female was content with lifting her head up and down briskly.

They have a great deal of flexibility and suppleness in the articulation of their joints: they easily bend, and frequently lie and wallow about. The female usually sleeps in a recumbent posture, but only during the night. The male does not lie down so often, and it has been observed, that neither of them repose if they are agitated by

any inquietude: their sleep is not very profound, and they spring up quickly at the least noise which they hear; so much do they fear, to be surprised, and to be unable to employ all their strength in case of danger.

This restless inquietude never forsakes them. It was with the greatest difficulty that they could be induced to enter the small inclosure prepared for them at the end of their stable, for the purpose of enjoying the open air: but this inclosure is in fact too confined for animals of so vast a bulk. The female, less cautious, or more curious, first resolved to quit the stable; but it was not till after much hesitation and many precautions. The male, more mistrustful, remained a long time without daring to follow the female: but after having examined their new inclosure, and being convinced there was no danger, they began to run about, and to utter cries expressive of their contentment. At first they shut the door of the stable, in order to force them to remain in their sort of park; but the male who perceived it, grew angry, and he would have shattered the door in a thousand pieces, if they had not quickly opened it: he then entered the stable, and would not quit it any more till the next day. When the two elephants have been a long time confined, on account of the rain or cold weather, they shew a great deal of pleasure at the recovery of a shadow of liberty. This pleasure they express by leaps, cries, peculiar motions of their trunks, trotting, &c. Often the female approaches towards the male, puts her trunk in his ear, and seems to whisper: sometimes also she utters a shrill and piercing cry. Their first care, when they enter their little park, is to run to a trough which is kept full of water; they suck in the water, and fill their trunks with it, and they spurt it out over each other's body. When the ground is saturated with the water thus thrown about, they roll themselves on it; and this habit is a proof how much a pond, in which they could bathe and wash themselves, would be agreeable. Both in the park and in the stable, they often throw hay and even dung on their bodies:

When in the park they often make holes with their feet: they collect the earth together, and often carry it to their mouths, and sometimes scatter it over themselves till they are quite dirty and dusty. Sometimes they throw or blow it at the spectators, or at the centinel, and even at their *cornak*, (the groom which attends them). This is sometimes meant as sport, and sometimes as a sign of impatience and anger.

These animals are particularly fond of breaking whatever is within their reach: it is an exercise of their strength which seems to give them great pleasure. If they succeed so far as to bend whatever they wish to break, they never cease till they have accomplished it; but if their first efforts are not successful, they never renew the attempt.

Though voracious eaters, they are notwithstanding difficult and fastidious in their choice of food. They separate their hay with a great deal of care; they prefer grass, and they look for and reject the small plants and the leaves which they find mixed with it. They have been seen this year to separate with great attention the leaves of a plantain, which, the preceding year, they did not refuse to eat. I am astonished that, notwithstanding the knowledge we have of the manner in which wild elephants nourish themselves, they do not offer to those of the menagerie branches of trees, and even the whole of young trees which they would like to break and eat.

Though not possessing many opportunities for developing that intelligence which renders this species of animal so interesting, yet these elephants, notwithstanding the constraint in which they constantly lived, gave many instances of sensibility, of reflection, and a sort of combination.

Separated from each other during a long and tedious journey, the moment they met again was to them a moment of great joy, and to the observer of nature, a curious event. When the female entered the stable which was prepared for her, and which was divided into two compartments, communicating with each other by a door, she uttered first of all a cry expressive of her joy at being

at liberty: she did not perceive the male who was already in the compartment occupied in eating. Neither did he think that his companion was so near him; but the *cornak*, having called him, he turned round, and immediately these two animals ran towards each other, and began to utter cries of joy so lively and so loud, that the whole place shook: at the same time they made a sort of noise with their trunks which resembled a strong wind. The joy of the female was the most impetuous, and she expressed it particularly by a quick flapping of her ears, which she moved like the wings of a bird, and with an extreme celerity. She moved her trunk over the body of the male with tenderness and delight: she directed it particularly towards his ear, where she held it some time: often too, after having passed it over the whole body of the male, she brought it towards her own mouth. The male also passed his trunk over her body: but his joy was more concentrated, and he seemed to express it by tears, which flowed in abundance from his eyes.

One of the naturalists belonging to the museum of natural history wished one day to draw the elephants. He was introduced into one of the compartments; but his presence, from some motive or other, displeased the animals. Hardly had the artist began his labours, when the male, without being perceived, took out the peg with his trunk, which kept the door fast, and opened it. He was preparing to inflict vengeance on his victim, if the female, who luckily heard the noise, had not turned round, and placed herself suddenly across the door to prevent the male from coming out; she drove him to the other side, and with a blow of the nose, in a contrary direction to that given by the male, she closed the door again: all which afforded time and opportunity for the artist to escape. It is affirmed, that, on this occasion, the physiognomy of the two animals assumed quite a different appearance; and it is impossible to deny, that their conduct was the result of a prompt, just, and opposite combination.

A private centinel, who was faithful to his trust when it was his turn to

guard the elephants, forbade visitors to give them any thing to eat. Such conduct was not calculated to gain their love: the female, in particular, viewed it with offence, and she had already given proofs of her disgust by sprinkling his head with her trunk. But still the soldier was strict to his duty: and one day, when there was a great number of spectators, he received first of all some water on his head; but continuing to forbid any bread, &c. to be given to them, the female, irritated, seized his musket, turned it round with her trunk, threw it to her feet, and did not quit it till she had twisted it like a gun-worm.

These elephants appeared very sensible of music at a concert which was given to them by the performers of the opera. The female, in particular, more susceptible, seemed to balance herself in cadence, and to mark the measure.

[To be continued.]

THE BEE.—No. XII.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
omnia nos. LUCRETIVS.

CURIOUS EPIGRAPH.

THE following singular epitaph is engraved on a tombstone in Margate churchyard:—

Physicians were in vain:
God knew best;
So here I rest.

SNAKE STONES.

These were amulets used by the Druids: Pliny says they were them as a badge of distinction, and tells a very ridiculous story of the manner of taking them: but, according to Camden, (or his continuator) there is a like superstition about this matter still subsisting in most parts of Wales, throughout all Scotland, and in Cornwall. He says, it is there "the common opinion of the vulgar, that about Midsummer eve, (though in the time they do not all agree) it is usual for snakes to meet in companies; and that, by joining heads together and hissing, a kind of bubble is formed, like a ring, about the head of one of them, which the rest, by continual hissing, blow on till it comes off at the tail, and then it immediately hardens and resembles a glass

ring, which, whoever finds, (as some old women and children are persuaded), shall prosper in all his undertakings. The rings thus generated are called *gleinen nadroedh*; in English, snake stones. They are small glass amulets, commonly about half as wide as our finger rings, but much thicker, of a green colour usually, though some of them are blue, and others curiously waved with blue, red, and white."

SPANISH THEATRICALS.

On the drop scene of a wretched company of Spanish comedians, who were performing at St. Rocque, a town a few miles from Gibraltar, were the following words thus arranged:

Canendo
Ridendo,
Corrico
Mores.

PORCELAIN.

The difficulty of preparing this manufacture is so excessive, that it has given rise to an hyperbolical, proverbial phrase, "that human bones are an ingredient in China ware."

THE OSSIFIED MAN.

John Clark, called the ossified man, was a native of Cork. Early in life his joints stiffened, his locomotive powers were lost, and his very jaws grew together, so that it became necessary for his sustenance to pour liquids into his mouth by means of a hole perforated through his teeth. He lived in this state several years, leaning against a wall, till at length the very organs of life were converted into bone. His skeleton is preserved in Trinity college, Dublin.

REMARKABLE SUSCEPTIBILITY IN SLEEP.

Dr. Beattie speaks of a gentleman, whose imagination was so easily affected in sleep by impressions made on the external senses, that his companions could suggest any thing to it by whispering gently in his ear; and that they once made him go through the whole procedure of a duel, till he was awakened by the report of a pistol.

SIR WILLIAM JONES.

The colour of a man's life has frequently taken its first tinge from

accident. On sitting one day under a pear tree in the yard of the boarding house at Harrow, where he was at school, some of the fruit fell off, and there was a general scramble of the boys that were near the tree, for it: poor young Jones had his thigh broke in the press, and was directly conveyed to bed, where he lay for a long time, and contracted a love of reading from the books that were brought to amuse him.

LORD PETERBOROUGH.

This gallant nobleman being complimented one day with the assertion, that no one had ever been able to make him afraid, replied, "Shew me a danger that I think real and unavoidable, and you shall then see that my fears are like those of other men."

HENRY IV.

This amiable monarch of the French used to say, "there would be fewer wars in the world if every sovereign would visit his military hospitals the next day after a battle."

ORIGIN OF THE WORD TUILERIES.

This palace of the French kings was thus called, because a tile kiln formerly stood on the scite where it is erected.

AN EPIGRAM ON A FRIAR.

As a dissolute wag lay dying in bed,
"Repent, I beseech you," his good beads-
man said;
"For to tell you a secret,—below in the
hall
"The devil just now did my senses appal!"
"And under what likeness?"—"Why that
of an ass:"
"The fear of your shadow:"—"so let the
joke pass.

The RHAPSODY of a MISANTHROPE: a FRAGMENT.

For the Universal Magazine.

NO.—Man was not formed for society. Virtue withers before its pestilential blast! It is there that Vice commits her ravages beneath the mask of candour! It is there where oppression treads upon the neck of humility, and galls with her bitter chains the breast of freedom! There, the noisy importunity of dissimulation lords it over the meek aspirations of conscious Virtue, who

retires to solitude, her birth-place and her home!

I had a heart formed to love, to honour, to revere my fellow creatures! It might have nurtured every thing that was holy, every thing that was great, that was noble. Perennial virtue might have bloomed there, and lent its shade to thousands that surrounded me! But it has been trampled on; crushed; degraded; torn with disappointments; perfidy has planted there its thorns, and ingratitude has infixed its envenomed arrows.

Oh! when I walked forth in the morning of my days, greeting with smiles the human form, extending on every side the hand of friendship, candour, and benevolence, how my soul joyed at the prospect then before it. What varied pictures of bliss it drew, coloured with the resplendent tints of ardent fancy, and breathing with living splendour!—The paths were strewed with roses; quick-springing flowers decked each side; birds of brighter plumage, and of more melodious note, winged the air; fields of fresher verdure and groves of darker shade filled the eye! Elysium beamed upon me! I drank large draughts of pleasure down, and banquetted on smiles!

Ah! why did the dear deception vanish? Alas! why, as I wandered in the fairy heaven, did each step tear from my eyes the veil that blinded them? The roses were artificial, and they covered dark and horrid pitfalls! the flowers, that seemed each moment to renew, wreathed their intwisted stems, to hide the asp, the deadly serpent, and the adder, which coiled behind in act to dart upon the unwary traveller, or to send forth their poison unobserved; the songsters that roved the ambient air, glancing their various mingled hues, and pouring forth their universal song of gratulation, still receded as I advanced, ceased their melodies, lost their brilliancy, diminished, and died away! The fields and groves, appearing to be blended in such sweet accord, served but to complete the general delusion! My cup, mantling with joy and smiles, soon poured forth a bitter beverage; a beverage of tears; tears of agony shed over the

dying delusions of my heart, which now deserted me in the dark waste that stood before me, the gloomy, savage, and horrid perspective!

A WORD in JOHNSON, not to be found in JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.

Sir,

DR. JOHNSON, in one of his various discourses with James Boswell, confessed to him that he had not admitted into his dictionary above three or four words of his own making. This may probably be true: but it is perhaps hardly suspected, that the Doctor has used a word, in the very first number of his Rambler, for which there is not only no authority in the English language, but Johnson has it not in his own dictionary. I allude to the word *proemial* in the following sentence:

"The epick writers have found the *proemial* part of the poem such an addition to their undertaking," &c.

Was this omission accidental, or was it a silent condemnation of his own practice?

I remain, &c.

Leeds, PERCUNCTATOR.
Oct. 1, 1808.

AN ORIGINAL LATIN LETTER OF EMANUEL SWEDENBORG.

The following Letter, written by this celebrated man, will be read with interest, as a literary curiosity. It is literally printed from the autograph of Swedenborg. The first part seems to be an answer to some biblical queries of his correspondent; and the latter is a short sketch of his life. The letter is addressed — A Monsieur Doctor Husband Messiter, at Broomhouse in Fulham, Middlesex. Being a relic valuable only to the scholar, we have not thought it necessary to subjoin a translation.

AMICUM RESPONSUM.

GAUDEO ex amicitia tua, quam testificaris in epistola tua ad me scripta; refero tibi gratias pro hac et pro illa: persevera quæso in veritate fidei, quam amplexus es. Quod concipit duplicem humanitatem in Christo; qualis illa fuit, in Summariæ Expositi-

tione Doctrinæ Novæ Ecclesiæ, quæ in manu tua est, N. 117 illustratum videas. Humanitas prior fuit humanitas divina cœlestis, posterior autem humanitas naturalis, quam assumpsit, ut pugnaret cum infernis, et omnia in illis et in cœlis, et quoque in terris in ordinem redigerat; et quoque ut hominibus in mundo, qui omnes naturales sunt, propius adesset et inesset. Humanitas divina cœlestis fuit interior in Domino, cum erat in mundo, et ex illa desumpsit quantum ipsi placuit, imprimis cum miracula fecit; sed illam interior apud se recondidit, cum tentationes subiit, et maxime cum passus est crucem; et toties fuit in statu exinanitionis; postea hanc humanitatem plene univit divinæ cœlesti sibi, et hic status est status glorificationis ipsius. Ex his paucis videri potest, quid intelligitur per hæc ipsius verba, *Pater glorifica me gloria, quam habui ante mundum conditum*; in statu exinanitionis oravit ad patrem sicut ad alium a se, at in statu glorificationis fuit ipse ille. Sed hoc in ipso opere de doctrina novæ ecclesiæ, quod redux in Sueciam sub auspicio Domini conscripturus sum, plane demonstrabitur.

Quod me attinet, natus sum anno 1689, d. 29 Jan. Stockholmiæ a patre nominato Jesper Swedberg, qui fuit episcopus Westro Gothiæ, suo tempore celebris; qui etiam in membrum societatis propagandi fidem, ab illa Angliæ societate adscitus et electus fuit. Anno 1716, et postea cum Carolo XII. Rege Sueciæ sæpius loquutus sum, qui multo tempore mihi favit, et insignivit munere Assessoris in Collegio metallico, quo postea functus sum usque ad annum 1747; quo anno me illo abdicavi, retinendo salarium istius muneris usque ad finem vitæ; abdicavi me illo unice propter finem, ut novæ functioni a Domino mihi adjunctæ melius vacarem; offerebatur tunc mihi superior dignitatis gradus, sed illum prorsus renuntiavi, ne fastus inde invaderet animum. Anno 1719, Regina Ulrica Eleonora nobilitatus sum, et nominatus Swedenborg, et ab eo tempore in conventibus, qui quovis tertio anno recurrunt, fui inter nobiles in equestri ordine. Aca-

holmia est, consocius et membrum usus, et detegendi arcana mihi concessum, ad quod solenniter invitatus sum; receptionem in aliquam societatem litterarum alibi nusquam petivi, quoniam in societate Angelica sum, et in hac solum agitur de talibus quæ cæli sunt, at in societatibus litterarum solum de talibus quæ mundi sunt. — Quoad cognationes meas, fuerant mihi 4 sorores; harum unam duxit in uxorem Eric Benzelius, qui postea factus est Archiepiscopus Upsaliae, et sic ego agnatus cum duobus sequentibus Archiepiscopis ibi, qui erant Benzeli fratres minores prioris: alteram meam sororem duxit Lars Benzelstierna, qui fuit Gubernator provinciae; sed hi mortui sunt: at duo Episcopi mei affines hodie inter vivos sunt, unus qui vocatur Filipius Episcopus Ostrogothiae, qui nunc in Conveni Stockholmiae in ordine ecclesiastico loco Archiepiscopi ægrotantibus vices præsidis obit, hic filiam sororis meae habuit uxorem: alter, Episcopus Wesmanniae, qui est filius secundæ sororis meae; ut taceam alios qui in dignitate sunt. Præterea in Suecia patria mea omnes episcopi, qui numero 10 sunt, et quoque sonatores, qui numero 16, et reliqui magnates, me amant, et ex amore me honorant, et cum illis familiariter, sicut amicus cum amicis convivo, hoc fit, quia sciunt quod in consortio cum Angelis sim. Ipse Rex et Regina, ac tres illorum filii Principes mihi multo tempore favent: semel etiam a Rege et Regina invitatus ad mensam concedo cum illis, quod alioquin non conceditur ulli nisi quam magnatibus; et similiter postea cum Principe hæreditario. Omnes avent reditum meum; quapropter in patria mea nihil minus timeo quam persecutio, de qua faventur memoras in epistola tua; si me persequuntur alibi, hoc ad me non pertingit. Sed reconsita illa aspicio ut parvi momenti respectu, nam id quod illa excedit, est, quod ab ipso Domino vocatus sim ad munus apostolicum, qui se in persona manifestavit mihi anno 1743; ab eo tempore apertus est mihi visus in spirituale mundum, et datum est loqui cum spiritibus et angelis, quod persistit usque ad hunc diem. Quod aliquoties e patria mea profectus sim ad ceteras regiones, non fuit ex alia causa, quam ex desiderio faciendi

us, et detegendi arcana mihi concessum. Præterea possideo opes quantum sat est, nec quæro neque desidero plus. Ad hæc commemoranda adducor a tua epistola, ut præjudicia male capta amoveantur, ut scribis. — Vale, et tibi felicia in hoc mundo et in futuro ex corde adopto; nec dubito, quin illis, si spectas et oras ad Dominum nostrum, potiturus sis.

EMAN. SWEDENBORG.

Londini, 1769, d. 5 Aug.

MR. BENSON TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,

A CORRESPONDENT in your last number, (Mr. Fletcher) has intimated his intention of answering my objections to Locke (See Univ. Mag. for August, p. 101) by the aid of the context, but he knows not where to find the passage I have quoted. For his information I shall observe, that the volume from which I made the extract is a small duodecimo, entitled *The Conduct of the Understanding*. In this volume, which consists of only 160 pages, the subject is not divided into books or chapters, but simply into *sections*, and from the ninth section I quoted the passage in my preceding letter. Hoping this information will prove satisfactory to Mr. Fletcher, and that I may be benefited by his observations,

I remain, &c.

Richmond, H. BENSON.
Oct. 7, 1808.

A CONTRADICTION in MILTON.

Sir,

WHEN great men err, little men should rejoice, for beneath the sanctity of their example, they may offend in safety; and next to the pleasure of being thus precluded in what is wrong, is that of finding out what is wrong. Let me therefore indulge myself in that pleasure, by pointing out what appears to me to be a contradiction in our English Homer.

In the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, where the poet exalts his imagination to the "highest heaven of invention," and narrates the wars of celestial beings, he has contrived to convey an

idea of the greatness of the deity in the following lines. Describing the onset of the Messiah, he says,

"under his burning wheels
The steady empyrean shook throughout
All but the throne itself of God."

This was a grand conception, and suitable to the notion of an omnipotent being: but in the first book of the poem, when Satan first breaks silence on the burning lake, he says, that he opposed the utmost power of God, "In dubious battle on the plains of heaven And shook his throne."

Now, in my humble judgment, which however yields to superior ones, this is a contradiction; and not only a contradiction, but it is an idea inconsistent with almighty omnipotence.

I remain, &c.

Oct. 9, 1808.

A. B.

FURTHER OBSERVATIONS on the
PROCEEDINGS of the "SOCIETY
for the SUPPRESSION of VICE."

SIR,

WHEN societies are established on principles of public utility and general good, every well thinking man will bestow on their exertions a due meed of applause; and the applause of the collective body will confirm the approbation of the individual. This has been the case in all ages and communities; and thus, has humanity been encouraged, virtue cherished, and benevolence inculcated. In our own country we can bear testimony to the fact; and the sorrowful child of poverty, disease, and wretchedness, will tell with a grateful heart the relief he has experienced from the liberal aid of our public institutions.

But I come now, Sir, to mention another description of associations, which are as grating to my feelings, as those first spoken of, roused my pride, my love, and my veneration. I mean self-created and self-appointed societies. But why should I longer express myself in the plural number, when the singular is the appropriate one, or wear a mask which truth will soon compel me to throw off. Need I then tell those who may peruse this

letter, that I allude to that illegal and abominable society, whose members arrogate to themselves the name of *Suppressors of Vice*; a society which I most devoutly wish may speedily sink to its original nothingness, "and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind."

When, where, and how, this junta was first established, the principles it then professed, the names of its members, &c. &c. I leave to future discussion: (for, Sir, I intend again addressing you, should you think favourably of my present essay). What I now more particularly wish, is to point out the increasing folly of these reformers, conceiving that every instance of their presumption ought to be given to the public in the strongest characters, when they or their myrmidons may deny the charge, if in their power. I have only to lament, that more publications than yours have not taken up the subject; and that the public newspapers in particular, which are the great source of intelligence to all, but *much more* so than periodical works to the lower orders, have not reprobated the proceedings of this society. It is not, however, a love of these men that keeps our newspapers silent on the subject, but an attachment to particular interests, such as that of Lords, M. P.'s, East India Directors, Bank Directors, &c. &c. whose patronage stifles the voice of justice towards the public. Let not these be called fanciful illusions: they are plain facts, sorrowful facts, which want not interpretations. Newspaper proprietors are interested men, as well as many of their neighbours; and the very same cause which prevents the purity of our parliamentary representation, operates against free discussion in the public prints. This society possesses *some* friends on both sides, and so none dare attack it.

But, to be brief, Sir, what I wish to point out to your readers, is the following instance of imbecility recently committed by these great national reformers. In the year 1807, a tombstone was erected in Shore-ditch church yard, close to the street, with this inscription:—"Doctor John Gardner's last and best bed room." Now really upon my honour, as a

moral man, I cannot find any thing reprehensible in this inscription: I see nothing in it worthy either of censure or of praise: I consider it as one of those effusions which pass unnoticed by the crowd, even in their own time, and therefore are not likely to be noticed by posterity. What motive the Doctor could have in thus anticipating the preparations for the awful day, which is to bear him from this "vale of tears," I know not; but certain it is, the stone was so erected and so inscribed. It is equally certain too, that a *grave* man, who resides a short distance beyond the 6 mile stone on Epping forest, and who is a suppressor of vice, was shocked at the Doctor's inscription, informed his fellow reformers of it; and the poor Doctor was either *requested* or *ordered* to alter it, which he has accordingly done, by interlining the word *intended*, so that it now reads,— "Doctor John Gardner's intended last and best bed room." But I understand this alteration does not please the society, or their officious member, and that a second application either has been or is to be made to the Doctor. What it may be in substance, or what its result may prove, I know not; but I have no doubt I shall, and in that case I will not fail to communicate it.

I could mention other circumstances which have come to my knowledge, but I have already I fear been too long an intruder on your patience, and shall therefore defer stating them. I would wish, however, before I quit the subject, to ask, if we may not suspect that the unfortunate affair near Bath, in which Mr. Campbell deprived a fellow creature of existence, originated in the officious meddling of this society.

I conclude by earnestly hoping that every engine, which the press can bring against them, may be made use of; that they may be sensible of their madness, and "hide their diminished heads," without one to pity, but with the whole community to despise them.

I am, respectfully, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Finsbury, Oct. 13, CASTIGATOR.
1808.

THE CONTEMPLATIST. No. XII.

Poor is the friendless master of a world:
A world in purchase for a friend is gain.

YOUNG.

Love refines the thoughts, and heart enlarges.

MILTON.

IN my observations upon society, I have been frequently astonished at the erroneous conceptions which mankind form of the simplest operations of their own minds. Misled by some general analogies, they never stop to trace minute distinctions: and pleased, sometimes, to identify the nobler with the baser passions of the heart, they would unwillingly be brought back to reason and to truth.

The general cause indeed of this error may be sought for in the defective judgments of the mass of human nature. They have not power, even had they will, to pursue the train of accurate deduction, to separate what is closely united, to distinguish what is strongly similar. The mistake of such, therefore, is an object rather of pity than censure. But there are others, who err from negligence or from pertinacity; from negligence that will not suffer them to seek for truth, or from pertinacity which makes them resolutely maintain what they have once carelessly asserted.

These thoughts were suggested to my mind, by hearing a very ingenious man lately, in company, persist in the declaration, that there was no difference between love, as existing between two persons of different sexes, and friendship as existing between two of the same sex. The idea appeared to me curious, and not unworthy of illustration, and I shall make it therefore the subject of my present paper.

It may be observed, however, that friendship can be spoken of only in relation to our own sex: hardly ever does it exist in a sincere and solid manner, in the breast of a female; for they are, if not formed by nature, yet certainly modelled and fashioned by education and society to receive and nurture, exclusively, that passion of the human heart which is generally understood by the word *love*. There are perhaps two periods of life, when women may be susceptible of friend-

ship for each other:—in the decline, and in the very spring: in the former, "the hey day of the blood" is over, and it waits upon the judgment: in the latter, it has not commenced, and the vacant heart receives any image rather than remain in unwarned vacuity. But no sooner does that period arrive when the expanding feelings tend all to one point, when the restless soul looks abroad, and seeks, perhaps in vain, some object where it can fix its resting place; some being who shall stretch his arms to catch the wanderer in her hot pursuit, no sooner does that period arrive, than all that was before given to friendship, is converted into love: the conversation of their own sex becomes cold and insipid; their gaiety is tasteless, their wit is dull: the sun has beamed above the horizon, and all the little stars that before glimmered in the hemisphere look pale and fade away.

I know it may be replied, that in general women *appear* better able to maintain the current of life among themselves than men: that they, in their own idle tattle, draw sufficient draughts of happiness to render life easy, and that among themselves they seem more independent of the other sex than we are of them. But all this is mere illusion. Consider what are the forms of society, and in them will be seen the cause of this *seeming* independence. They are taught from their very cradles to carry on a farce of deception; they are instructed in their infancy how to conceal the emotions of their hearts, and learn a settled conduct by which to regulate themselves. Every impulse of native passion is to be repressed; every wish of unsophisticated feeling is to be crushed; they are to pine in secret anguish, to dress the face in borrowed smiles, or arm their eyes with counterfeited scorn; they learn a language of dissimulation, which is to be used on proper occasions; they are to regard the frank avowal of what they feel, as criminal and indecorous; they must lie, dissemble, prevaricate; they must fly, when they would pursue, and often they must stay when they would gladly fly; even to the last act, even to the altar they carry it on, and

there play off the character with which a corrupted custom has shackled them. In the majority of cases they are only puppets, moved with wires, which are held first by their parents, afterwards by the world, and then by their husbands; they learn by rote the language which they are to carry into society, and which is to disguise the quick springing throbs of nature; to their midnight pillows only they can sigh the melancholy truth, and tell that they are human; the morning sun awakes them to the same career, and they put on the mask at their toilettes as regularly as their clothes. Let us not deceive ourselves therefore in supposing, that because they *seem* so, they are *really* so. Nature has ordered it otherwise, and though we may hide her voice from the world, we can never hide it from our hearts; there it will speak, and speak most eloquently too. Woman turns to man as to her support, her friend, and protector: it is beneath his shade that she would take root; there flourish; there fade; there perish. In the morn of life, when she is just setting forth upon her journey, she seeks her companion; those who were before dear to her, are no longer so; they too are employed in the same pursuit. The much desired object found, her beating heart's at rest; she leans upon his bosom, and glides with him down the rough stream of life. In her breast there is no room for effective friendship; it would draw her from the more important duties of her state; nature providently foresaw this, and ordained that she should fix her whole soul on man and her mutual offspring. In all ages she is born a dependent being and the consciousness of this, the knowledge of her weakness, impel her to *Love*, that power, by which she is enabled to tyrannise over the tyrant, to make the master the slave. In a bosom so occupied, friendship can be nothing but an empty name. grant there are instances which may be produced to gainsay this opinion; but these are rare, very rare; they do not overthrow the tenor of my argument, they only demonstrate that in peculiar minds the most discordant principles may accidentally associate. The same predisposing causes which

formed the antithetical character of Wharton may operate in the same manner here; and as it is confessedly an anomalous production, it can have no validity in the light of a refutation.

But in man, friendship has been a stately and a vigorous plant. In his luxurious soil it has blossomed into beauty and strength. The roots have struck deep in his manly bosom, and beneath its spreading branches, not only woman has found her shelter and her rest, but its ample shade has embraced the feelings of the kindred sex. Twined with the parent stem, we have found courage, constancy, and truth; mingled with the budding foliage, kindness, hope, desire; and the goodly whole has shewn so fair a sight, that the eye looks back with wonder and delight to where it flourished once in pride and splendour. Oh! there have been times when friendship was the dearest title that ever bound man to man; there have been times when the sweet intercourse of heart and mind walked hand in hand with every step of life, smoothed the rugged path, rendered the bright more charming, and gave an added lustre to the sun that shone around: when all was tributary to that sacred feeling, and he who called himself a friend, he who boasted that envied character felt a proud sentiment swelling at his heart, which sublimed him into higher virtues than he could attain alone, and identified him with another soul, another body! In the eye of his friend, he read the applause of the world; in his frown he saw the reproaches of his own conscience; they were as a mirror to each other, in which they beheld the slightest spot; to live with him was joy; to live for him was a bliss yet higher; but to die for him was that height of rapture which left the soul no wish unsatisfied: it was the glorious crown that gave him an empire in the hearts of his fellow creatures. Sweet was the struggle of contending souls linked in the bands of heavenly friendship! Sweet the mutual tear that graceful stole down the manly cheek, or dimmed the lustre of the beaming eye, when in the tender conflict they equal urged what both must equally refuse! Yes! I

have read of those whom we, with proud insolence, call *barbarians, savages*, of such unmingled energy of soul, of such exalted virtue and firm contempt of all that can affect corporeal sense, that I have wondered to see our nature so exalted! But where shall we look for this noble structure now? Alas! the very ruins are no more. Like a traveller who wanders on the spot where Babylon once stood, he asks where are those walls, those brazen gates, those temples, palaces, and gardens, which formed the wonder of an admiring world? They are gone; they have perished; and where revelry and mirth, where splendour and power, once held their abode, the stagnant waters of the marsh are, and the beast of prey lurks unseen. Whence this amazing change? Has the sterile curse of barrenness been fixed upon the human heart, that so it shall produce no more? Has the Creator said, From thy bosom shall spring no virtue, in thy heart no kindness shall awake? No: man himself has swept away with a destroying sword the plenty, and the luxuriance, and the grandeur which were once there. Gold and luxury, enervating effeminacy, have sapped their foundations and laid them level with the dust! We are no longer what we were, and our hearts, which are the peculiar temple of friendship, has been sullied with such baseness, with such degradation and falsehood, that the offended goddess left her dominion among men, and took her flight to heaven. Let us then mourn for her loss, and view the remains of her empire as preserved in the vestiges of antiquity with the same feelings that we would wander over the plains of Marathon, or pause at the loss of Thermopylae.

I believe, firmly do I believe, that a real, effective, unsophisticated friend is no longer to be found in the ranks of social life. Convenient affection, conditional sincerity, agreeable fidelity, are things frequently, very frequently to be found: what does not interfere with any pleasure; what does not require any temporary humiliation of feeling; what does not demand any active endeavours;—will be done by a thousand men. If they can walk their accustomed road;

preserve their accustomed character; continue their wonted conduct; all will go well. In moments of distress, they will give a feeble assistance while the sun glimmers above the horizon; they will lend their arm to support you from falling, while it does not compel them to bend their own body; but they start back appalled as the shades thicken round you; they plead their delicacy of feeling—their acute sensibilities—they wish you an affectionate farewell!

Is this friendship? Is this that steady devotion which remains unshaken? Is this that divine affection which leaves no craving void in the aching breast? which seems to fill the social wishes of man, and renders him a being almost independent of the world? Is this that sublime connection which glows with equal ardour; which invigorates hope; which assuages disappointment; which strengthens virtue; which heightens the luxury of joy? No: this is mere selfish, partial, worldly acquaintance! Yet this is that connexion to which the word *friendship* is prostituted.—*Stat magna nominis umbra.* Cicero exclaims, —“O preclaram sapientiam! Solem enim e mundo tollere videntur, qui amicitiam e vita tollunt; qua a diis immortalibus nihil melius habemus, nihil jucundius.”

The man that is my friend is myself; our affections, our hopes, our fears, are one; our joys, our pains, our successes are mutual. If I am on the bed of sickness, he languishes; if I am unfortunate, he has but one consideration, one desire, and that is how to relieve me. If he cannot do it, he is inconsolable; but ere he allows despair to take possession of him, he tries every honest, every manly, every lawful method, to alleviate my sufferings: no sickly sentiment, no morbid delicacy of feeling, can operate upon him; *they* are the growth of cold, calculating, systematic hearts; *they* spring up in solitary, unwarmed bosoms: he would blush to think that one avenue existed which might lead his friend to happiness, and that he had neglected it; he might shed tears of bitterness and anguish for the evil which he could not remedy; but never would a sigh of remorse escape his lips, never

would one compunctious tear wet his cheek, at the remembrance of neglected exertions.—That such a man has existed I know; that he *can* exist I doubt. But that such a man alone can be strictly called a friend I am thoroughly convinced; and, since we retain the appellation, I will add, that in proportion as every man approximates towards such a character, in that proportion does he lay claim to the sacred name of friend.

Let us hear what Cicero says: his authority may have weight where mine would fail:—“Quid dulcius, quam habere, quicum omnia audeas sic loqui ut tecum? Quis esset tantus fructus in prosperis rebus, nisi haberet, qui illis æque, ac tu ipse, gauderet? adversas vero ferre difficile esset sine eo, qui illas gravius etiam, quam tu, ferret. Denique, cæteræ res, quæ expetuntur, opportune sunt singulæ rebus fere singulis; divitiæ ut utare; opes, ut colare; honores, ut laudare; voluptates, ut gaudeas; valetudo, ut dolore careas, et muneribus fungare corporis: amicitia res plurimas continet: quoquo te verteris, præsto est: nullo loco excluditur; nunquam intempestiva, nunquam molesta est. Itaque non aqua, non igni, ut aiunt, pluribus locis utimur quam amicitia. Neque ego nunc de vulgari, aut de mediocri (quæ tamen ipsa et delectat et prodest) sed de vera et perfecta loquor; nam et secundas res, splendidiore facit amicitia; et adversas, particeps communicansque, leviores.”

But, descending from this exalted sphere, once tenanted by those illustrious characters now extinct, I cannot but think the opinion heterodox even in the common acceptance of the word. Considering this sentiment of friendship in those bosoms where alone it is to be found, and with those limitations which are now imposed upon it, I perceive in the first instance that *love* is a selfish, friendship, a social passion; that love respects and considers only one object, while friendship extends to and embraces many; for it requires no argument to prove that the lover and the mistress see, hear, and know no other object in the world, but that which, in the delirium of passion, fills the heart and absorbs the mind.

A human being once contemplated under the feelings of sexual affection is exalted and enlarged so as to occupy every desire, every thought; the heart is full, and wishing itself is almost lost in satiety. Now, friendship (I use this word in the common acceptation) is a much less insulated passion. It may and does extend to many objects; its duties are indeed sacred, but they have long since been reduced to a very small number, and those of a wonderfully easy nature. No man thinks it necessary in these days either to die with or for his friend; to supply his place in extreme difficulties and dangers, or to exert every human means to extricate him from misfortune. The business of friendship is reduced to a kind of civil interchange of good offices and a moderate profession of friendly feelings. Hence it so easily expands; hence its divisibility, for an office that is replete with indispensable duties and obligations thoroughly occupies the undivided attention of a man; but when they are few in number and easy of performance, he has so much leisure time, that he may reasonably take a few more upon his hands.

Another striking variety between love and friendship is, that the former is attended with a whole train of jealousies. I can indeed conceive that friendship may be so warm, even in these times, as to make us somewhat scrupulous of our rights, and if they are invaded to excite a feeling not very unlike jealousy in our breasts. But there is this difference: jealousy does not consider neglect, coldness, disdain, falsehood, abstractedly, but the converse of these, attention, warmth, respect, and truth, as applied to another object. A mistress or a lover being treated thus, merely from the involuntary decay of affection, knowing that it is not to make way for some more favoured object, feels perhaps all the agony of the most afflicting distress; may even lay the sorrow to their heart, and carry it with them to an early grave; but they are not racked with that wasting demon jealousy. It is when they suspect themselves to be supplanted; when they imagine that those smiles, those embraces, those sighs, those

kind assurances which they once called their own are destined, or perhaps already given to another;—then it is that the most fell passion which ever tore the heart of man seizes upon them, converts their joys into woes; inspires the most furious revenge, and infects with rancorous ulcers the fibres of the heart!

Such is the picture of jealousy and its proximate cause. But he would be derided as a madman who should seriously tax his friend with being the friend of another, and expostulate with him upon it with acrimonious warmth. Yet, if he find that his friend diminishes in his kindness, in his solicitude, in his ardour, and know or suspect that these are transferred to another to his utter exclusion, then he feels a sentiment rise in his breast which partakes strongly of the nature of jealousy in its cause, but differing from it widely in its consequence. For he neither storms, nor raves, nor becomes vindictive; the first effervescence of his feelings subsided, he partly regrets, partly despises, partly pities his alienated friend.

But there is another discrepancy which strikes me very forcibly.—Love is a more aerial passion than friendship. Its pleasures are more extatic; its desires more poignant; its hopes more fervent; it exalts, refines, almost deifies its object. It is accompanied too with a certain generosity, with a certain nobleness of character. Friendship, as it now exists, is a kind of tacit compact between two persons, by which they engage to be absolutely civil to each other, and in cases of extraordinary need to go somewhat further than mere condolence. It is very often a cold and formal intercourse deprived of animation and destitute of strength: not at all to be compared to the vivid, forceful, ardent sensations of love.

Let it be remembered that I have constantly spoken of friendship, not as it ought to be, but as I have found it in the world. I have described it as an easy, agreeable, convenient occupation of the mind, in which the heart rarely has any share. My reasonings are drawn from existing nature, and are therefore most fit to be applied to it. Moral wisdom is va-

luable only in proportion to its relation to real life: the refinements of philosophy and the abstractions of logic are well calculated to sharpen the faculties, and may lead the mind to the discovery of important truths; but as their inferences are not always obvious, as their assumptions are often gratuitous, and as their truth must frequently depend upon future experiment, they cannot often be serviceable in promoting the immediate duties of our state. More effective good has been done to society by the *Rambler* of Johnson and the *Spectator* of Addison, than by the *Enquiry* of Locke or the *Theory* of Smith. Sound practical morality, without any turgid swell of sentiment, without those refinements which enthusiastic minds are so apt to unite with every thing which they contemplate, is like a wedge of solid gold compared to trinkets and ornaments worked in the same metal: the worth of the one is sterling and immutable; the other draws its importance from fancy, from feeling, from the variable passions of the heart: we treasure the first as a lasting dowry; we sport with the other for our amusement, admire its elegance, are pleased with its workmanship, but at length turn disgusted away and fix our attention upon new toys equally tasteful and equally ingenious.

Convinced of the truth of this, I was led to contemplate friendship in its real, existing colours: I drew the picture first, such as it once was, such as my heart fondly longs to see it again; but then I turned from the pleasing paths of fancy and remembrance to the living world before me. It was there that I drew my character, there I traced the features, there found the colouring, and there the shading: not indeed without emotions of sorrow, and the melancholy which fills the mind upon comparing past virtue with modern degeneracy. But I had imposed upon myself the task of truth, and, with unbending integrity, I was bound to follow her steps: if the dazzling lustre of her vest have sometimes bewildered me, and suffered me to wander into paths of error and inconsistency, my head and heart are acquitted of all intentional delinquency. I know too, that

in every picture which has man for its basis, exceptions must exist; and when we are unfortunately occupied in tracing the darkest side of his character, it is pleasing to think that there are exceptions. To a candid moralist, it affords a greater pleasure to illustrate the virtues than to expose the vices of his fellow creatures: a chastened mind reposes more willingly upon the amiable parts of the human heart, than upon those which are sullied and deformed: the placid feelings of a guileless bosom, calm prosperity, and domestic bliss, lead us naturally to the first; a morbid melancholy, a mind broken down by sorrow, which has suffered much in the world's conflict, and seen man unavoidably in the foulest scenes of life, as naturally conduct to the latter. Hence the wide difference between the moral delineations of Addison and Johnson; in the page of the former, man is as a lovely garden, blooming with flowers, and variegated with groves; all is sweet and delightful; the sun brightens every thing around; streams murmur through pleasant vallies, and odours wafted from dewy plants fill the air with fragrance: in those of the latter we are presented with a frightful desert; rocks, caverns, quicksands, are scattered all around; the sky is darkened; the heart is appalled; terror hovers over us; the ears are filled with dismal cries; nothing is to be seen but vice, deformity, treachery, and ingratitude: the eye recoils back startled and disgusted; and the mind refuses to recognise the dreadful picture!

W. M.

LITERARY QUERIES.

Sir,

MR. CLIO RICKMAN, and another of your correspondents, have lately adverted to the opinions of Dr. Conway Middleton. I should be glad to be informed by those gentlemen, of the titles of the said Doctor's works that I may have recourse to them, not immediately recollecting any other of the name than the famous Dr. *Conyers* Middleton, author of the *Life of Cicero* and of the *Free Inquiry into the Miraculous*

Powers, for which he was expelled the university of Cambridge, by a narrow minded and bigotted faction. The same learned and acute writer, who was so absurdly introduced by Pope into his Dunciad!

In one of your late numbers, another correspondent obliged your numerous readers with a most able, discriminative, and just character of the philosopher D'Alembert. Your correspondent would confer an additional obligation, by informing us whether the character be his own composition, or otherwise, whence he transcribed it: also, in what part of D'Alembert's works is to be found his "mode of living with the great," and whether it has yet appeared in English.

I remain, &c.

Oct. 13, 1808.

J. L.

OBSERVATIONS upon the "PASTORAL BALLAD" of SHENSTONE.

Sir,

DR. BLAIR, a critic for whose opinions I feel no very high veneration, for, generally speaking, they are very rapid and common place, has pronounced of Shenstone's *Pastoral Ballad*, that it is the most elegant poem in the English language. I suppose he meant the most elegant *pastoral* poem, or else he must apply the term elegant in some exclusive manner: but this distinction is not necessary to my present purpose, which is to offer a few observations upon this ballad, and to endeavour to ascertain both its merits and defects.

The mind of Shenstone was capable of the pleasing, but not of the great. Accordingly, in his elegies, we meet with many stanzas that strike us as natural and pretty, but we do not pause to admire any thing as excellent. He could embellish an ordinary topic, but he could not dignify an exalted one. He had no grasp of thought; but wandered rather upon the surface of thinking: and seems to have written negligently in what concerns language and the structure of his verse. There is a term that exactly characterises Shenstone: he was a *pretty* poet.

Of the "Pastoral Ballad," which I propose to examine in this letter, I shall begin by observing, that the first and fourth parts, on *Absence* and *Disappointment*, are the best; and for the sake of regularity I shall examine each part separately.

It seems to be a general opinion among English pastoral writers, with the sole exception of Pope, that the admission of colloquial and even vulgar expressions, is not only allowable but necessary. Of this necessity, however, I do not see the reason; nor consequently do I perceive the propriety of the practice. In pastoral poetry, if the images, the sentiments, and the mode of illustration be rural, it is enough; and the poet may be allowed to confer more grace of diction than shepherds and shepherdesses will be found to possess. It can be necessary only in provincial pastorals, that the language of the interlocutors should be characteristic. The force of these observations will perhaps be better felt, by the following illustrations from the ballad of Shenstone, in which the lines printed in Italics seem to me undignified and ludicrous:—

Since Phyllis vouchsafed me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine:
May I lose both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.

* * * * *

And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

* * * * *

I have heard her with sweetness unfold
How that pity was due to—a dove—

Surely this line was written for the sake of *love* in the corresponding one.

Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair and how-fickle they be.

I think in all these instances a little attention might have produced improvement. The following lines contain a grammatical error, not indeed peculiar to Shenstone, for it may often be found in Pope, and sometimes I think in Dryden:

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee
That a nymph so compleat would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.

But I am willing to allow that these defects are compensated by some very pleasing passages. The following lines from the first part were often repeated with praise by Dr. Johnson, and their truth has been felt by every heart that reflects upon past happiness:

I prized every hour that went by
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are past and I sigh:
And I grieve that I prized them no more.

Nor will the amatory reader refuse the tribute of his applause to the following. I think indeed the last four lines are an exquisite touch of nature:

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguish I felt at my heart;
Yet I thought—but it might not be so,
'Twas with pain that she saw me depart.
She gaz'd as I slowly withdrew:
My path I could hardly discern:
So sweetly she bade me adieu,
I thought that she bade me return.

Of the second part which is intended to delineate the passion of *Hope*, I cannot say much in commendation. The thoughts are not peculiar; nor is the language distinguished by its felicity.

The third part, which is denominated *solicitude*, has but four good lines in it, and they are the following:

With her mien she enamours the brave,
With her wit she engages the free:
With her modesty pleases the grave:
She is ev'ry way pleasing to me.

The rest of the stanzas, about the pipe and dancing of *Paridel*, are common place.

The fourth and last part, which sings the pains of *disappointment*, is perhaps the best of the whole. The first stanza is plaintive and melodious:

Ye shepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray,
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove:
She was fair—and my passion begun:
She smil'd—and I could not but love:
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Nor is the following without merit; and the truth of the last four

lines will be confessed by every one that has known what it is to love:

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so compleat would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire:
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a smile.

The poet afterwards adds, with truth,

Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.

But, it may be observed, that reason can as little guard us against the birth of love, as it can destroy it when born. It is treason to our own feelings to wish to resist its influence; and indeed too often the passion has acquired a rooted growth ere we suspect that the seeds are sown.

If you deem these desultory remarks upon the "Pastoral Ballad" of Shenstone worthy of a place in the *Universal Magazine*, I shall feel myself gratified by their insertion; and remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

Bristol, Oct. 14, 1808.

Y. Z.

ORAL UTTERANCE of the ROMAN TONGUE.

Sir,

AN intelligent writer has observed, that the flame of controversy frequently burns, but always enlightens; and therefore, although the subject in question is now becoming tedious, I shall consume a few minutes, of which I can at present find no better use, to urge the arguments in my former letter, directed to N. E. as preparatory to a renunciation of the dispute, which only gross, wilful, or malicious ignorance shall tempt me to continue. The attentive or well informed reader can institute a summary of the authorities on either side; and if the remarks on the part of N. E. are but scanty, he appears inclined to supply the deficiency by exacting from them an extra degree of service, and by repeating what has been already answered.

The only point on which there remains any difference, is the enuncia-

tion of *c* and *g*. • In the second letter on this belaboured topic, by F. R. it is granted that the Germans vary *c* as the English do; and the practice of the modern Greeks, who approach the soft sound of *ge*, by giving to the gamma an articulation before the vowel *e*,* precisely corresponding to the letter *y*, affords an advantageous probability to the opinion I have maintained.

In regard to the passage of Quinctilian, which this elegant personage declares that I have most egregiously misunderstood and perverted, I would willingly impart comprehension to him, if it be in my power. In the words, *cum sit c liltera, quæ ad omnes vocales vim suam perferat*, vim suam applies to *c* with better sense than to *k*. The Roman author has just observed, that *k* is only required before some of the vowels, and partially; but *c*, he adds, is found before every vowel, and therefore may take place of *k*; but because *c* exerts (to grant N. E. his own construction) its power before all the vowels, can it be possibly inferred, that before every vowel its utterance was the same, more especially when the opposite deduction is supported by analogy of reasoning? Concerning the division of the sections, he did not state in his first communication what edition he made use of.

I again affirm that there is the same relation between *t* and *ts*, as between *k* and the soft sound of *c*, and the respective hard and soft sounds of *g*. Yet when I gave the instance of crescentianus, written for crescentianus, he was unable to discover what it had to do with the question; and seemed unaware of the frequent commutation in the learned languages of *s* and *t*. Since he does not know how one letter can be melted into two, it is necessary to instruct him, that we do not discuss the signs employed to represent sounds, but the sounds themselves.

I noticed a connection between *s* and the aspirate, of which he admits the justice: we shall presently see with what consistency. Besides the example of *sylva* for *ελν*, the delivery of modern scholars, whom I have heard, unites, in the very word before

us, crescentianus, the sound of *s* and the representative of the aspirate *h*, and continues them in the letters *sh* for the purpose of representing the *t*.

That I may treat N. E. with all possible candour, I shall make bold with the arguments he adduces, in order to support my own side of the question, which he, "good easy man," thinks them "full surely" calculated to impair. And now therefore, to *κατελεξα* and *cætera*. It seems then, as to *c*, that "there is an additional reason for supposing it hard, because its root is so." But he has already granted me my inference relative to the aspirate, and if my eyes do not fail me, there is one over *ελεξα*, and moreover the diphthong *æ* contains an *e*, which must be influenced by this aspirate, and will operate in its turn on the consonant which precedes it. "It is really astonishing he should have overlooked this, which is so very plain;" and might I without profaneness associate the words of Shakspeare with those of N. E., I would inform him that he "can only maintain his part in the force of his will."

He next asserts, that the contradiction which I conceive to exist in Horne Tooke, "is not really so, if properly understood;" and that *ch* was formerly pronounced hard. I have no concern with the barbarous ages of English or Roman literature, but with the oral utterance of the languages at polished periods of composition; and if the soft sound now prevails, when the antique mode is discarded, it is but reasonable to conclude, after once grounding the principle, which Mr. Tooke unequivocally does, that the case was the same in the Augustan era of Rome. I have professed indifference at the commencement of this letter, and in consequence, and partly because I wish the pages of the Universal Magazine to be occupied with more interesting matter, I shall adjourn, *sine die*, several minutes on the subject, with which Aulus Gellius and others might furnish me.

It has been uniformly my intention to repel objections, without again mentioning what may have appeared in preceding letters; but any one disposed to cavil, who may find it con-

* Mitford.

venient to overlook the latter, may easily protract the debate beyond all moderate bounds; within which my own ideas of the interest that it can possibly attract, would finally induce me to decline any further inquiry on the subject.

I remain, &c.

Oct. 16, 1808.

S.

GOLDSMITH and BOILEAU.

Sir,

I KNOW not that it has been noticed by any biographer of Goldsmith, or by any critic, that the idea of his "*Haunch of Venison*" was taken from the third satire of Boileau: yet so it is, as may be ascertained by any one who compares the two. The following lines in the French poet will immediately recall to the recollection of your readers the parallel ones in Goldsmith, where he speaks of the company of Johnson and Burke, &c.

Mais hier il m'aborde, et me serrant la main :

Ah! monsieur m'a-t-il dit, je vous attend demain.

N'y manquez pas au moins G'ai quatorze bouteilles

D'un vin vieux—Boucingo n'en a point de pareilles.

Et je gagerois bien que, chez le commandeur

Villandri pri-croit sa seve et sa vendeur.

Moliere avec Tartuffey doit jouer son role;

Et Lambert qui plus est, m'a donné sa parole

C'est tout dire, en un mot, et vous le connoissez

Quoi! Lambert? Oui, Lambert: a demain. C'est assez.

Ce matin donc, seduit par sa vaine promesse J'y cours, inidi sonnante, au sortir de la messe.

A peine étois-je entre, que, ravi de me voir,

Mon homme, en m'embrassant, m'est venu recevoir :

Et montrant a mes yeux une alégresse entiere,

Nous n'avons m'a t-il dit, ni Lambert, ni Moliere

Mais puisque je vous voir, je me tiens trop content,

Vous etes une brave homme: entrez; on vous attend.

Whether your readers will consider the coincidence as accidental or

designed I know not; my own opinion inclines to the latter.

I remain, &c.

Oct. 17, 1808.

F.

A CRITICAL DISCRIMINATION between LOVE and GALLANTRY.

SIR,

THE Abbé Girard, in his *Synonymes Francois*, has considered the words love and gallantry as synonymous, or as conveying pretty nearly the same idea. It is certain, indeed, that both of them suppose a difference of sexes, and an inclination of the one for the other: but there is such a marked and striking difference between the two, that I cannot consider them as synonymous.

Gallantry is the offspring of a desire to please, without any fixed attachment which has its source in the heart. *Love* is the state of loving and of being loved.

Gallantry is the practice of certain pleasures, which are sought at intervals, and which is varied according to caprice. In *love*, the continuity of the sentiment augments the delight of it, and often its pleasure is destroyed by pleasure itself.

Gallantry, owing its origin to temperament and complexional causes, does not cease till age has exhausted its source. *Love* at all times breaks its chains by the effort of a powerful reason, by the caprice of a continued anger, and even by absence; then it vanishes, when the fire which fed its flame ceases to be present.

Gallantry is shewn equally to all persons possessing beauty or agreeable manners: it unites us to those who return our feelings, and yet leaves us free towards others. *Love* surrenders up the heart without reserve to one single object, which object totally fills it; and to that degree that we are indifferent to every other beauty in the world.

Gallantry is joined to the idea of conquest, from false honour or from vanity. *Love* consists in a tender, delicate, and respectful sentiment; a sentiment which may be placed in the rank of virtues.

It is not difficult to perceive *gallantry*: in every character it exhibits

only a taste founded upon the senses. *Love* is different according to the different souls it acts upon: it reigns with fury in *Medea*; while in a soft and gentle nature it awakens a flame innoxious as the incense burning on the altar.

Ovid writes the language of *gallantry*; Tibullus breathes *love*. When Boileau attempted to ridicule Quinault, by calling him soft and tender, he in fact only paid to that interesting poet a praise which he had justly earned: it was not for that he should have attacked Quinault: but he might have reproached him for appearing more *gallant* than tender, more impassioned than amorous, and for confounding these different qualities in his writings.

Love is often the curb of vice, and mostly unites itself with virtue. *Gallantry*, on the contrary, is a vice, for it is a libertinism of the mind, of the imagination, and of the senses: hence, according to Montesquieu, able legislators have always banished the commerce of *gallantry*, which produces indolence, and is a cause why women corrupt before they are

themselves corrupted; which gives value to trifles, degrades what is important, and establishes the influence of ridicule.

It has been supposed, that *gallantry* is the perpetual, the delicate, the light mimicry of love. (*Eprit des Loix*, B. xxviii. ch. 22.) But perhaps *love* exists only by the help of *gallantry*; and may it not hence be the reason, why *love* ceases to exist between married persons, *gallantry* being first destroyed?

Men truly gallant are become very rare; and they seem to have been succeeded by a sort of shewy beings, who, substituting affectation in all they do, for want of grace, and jargon in all they say, for want of wit, have thus established the *ennui* of silliness instead of the charms of real gallantry.

If these distinctions upon two things essentially different meet your approbation, I shall be glad to see them inserted in your miscellany,

And remain, &c.

London,
Oct. 11, 1808.

CRITICISM.

“Nulli negabimus, nulli diffremus justitiam.”

A HISTORY of the early Part of the Reign of JAMES THE SECOND; with an introductory Chapter. By the Right Hon. CHARLES JAMES FOX. To which is added, an Appendix. London. 1 vol. 4to. 1808.

[Concluded from p. 244.]

WE shall now leave the editor for awhile, and turn our consideration to the historian.

The history itself is preceded by an introductory chapter, taking a rapid view of the most important events immediately preceding the reign of James II.; and, though we have not here any novelty of fact, yet we are constantly delighted with the perspicuous manner in which Mr. Fox states those that are known, and with the depth of argument and acuteness of penetration with which he illustrates them.

The maxims of political wisdom which are abundantly scattered

through this volume are not among its meanest merits: they are, in a peculiar manner, divested of that excess which too often marked his opinions in Parliament, when in the warmth of debate he probably uttered what his cooler judgment might condemn. These maxims are the offspring of calm and deliberate reflection, and committed to paper with the unbiassed sanction of his reason; and hence they are those of a temperate advocate for constitutional liberty.

“The prosecution of Lord Strafford, or rather the manner in which it was carried on, is less justifiable. He was doubtless a great delinquent, and well deserved the severest punishment; but nothing short of a clearly proved case of self-defence can justify, or even excuse, a departure from the sacred rules of criminal justice. For it can rarely indeed happen, that the mischief to be apprehended from suf-

fering any criminal, however guilty, to escape, can be equal to that resulting from the violation of those rules to which the innocent owe the security of all that is dear to them. If such cases have existed, they must have been in instances where trial has been wholly out of the question, as in that of Cæsar, and other tyrants; but when a man is once in a situation to be tried, and his person in the power of his accusers and his judges, he can no longer be formidable in that degree which alone can justify, (if any thing can,) the violation of the substantial rules of criminal proceedings."

We cannot, however, always assent to the moral wisdom of these pages; as, for instance, when he says that "to justify the taking away the life of an individual, upon the principle of self-defence, the danger must not be problematical and remote, but evident and immediate;" for to this it may be replied, that in many cases self-defence would no longer be within our power, if we waited for an unequivocal manifestation of our danger. The promptitude of feeling which is excited by the necessity of self-defence leaves no room for convincing evidence of our peril: and it may safely be asserted, that where an intent is but probably hostile, it is our moral duty to preserve ourselves by the destruction, if no other means are immediately practicable and efficacious, of the person or persons acting thus towards us.

The following tribute to the memory of Washington is a just and manly one; and the character of Cromwell is drawn with vigour and justness:

"From the execution of the King to the death of Cromwell, the government was, with some variation of forms, in substance monarchical and absolute, as a government established by a military force will almost invariably be, especially when the exertions of such a force are continued for any length of time. If to this general rule our own age, and a people, whom their origin and near relation to us would almost warrant us to call our own nation, have afforded a splendid and perhaps a solitary exception, we must reflect not only, that a character

of virtues so happily tempered by one another, and so wholly unalloyed with any vices, as that of Washington, is hardly to be found in the pages of history, but that even Washington himself might not have been able to act his most glorious of all parts, without the existence of circumstances uncommonly favourable, and almost peculiar to the country which was to be the theatre of it. Virtue like his depends not indeed upon time or place; but although in no country or time would he have degraded himself into a Pisistratus, or a Cæsar, or a Cromwell, he might have shared the fate of Cato, or a De Witt; or, like Ludlow and Sidney, have mourned in exile the lost liberties of his country.

"With the life of the Protector almost immediately ended the government which he had established. The great talents of this extraordinary person had supported, during his life, a system condemned equally by reason and by prejudice; by reason, as wanting freedom; by prejudice, as an usurpation; and it must be confessed to be no mean testimony to his genius, that, notwithstanding the radical defects of such a system, the splendour of his character and exploits render the æra of the Protectorship one of the most brilliant in English history. It is true his conduct in foreign concerns is set off to advantage, by a comparison of it with that of those who preceded, and who followed him. If he made a mistake in espousing the French interest instead of the Spanish, we should recollect, that in examining this question we must divest our minds entirely of all the considerations which the subsequent relative state of those two empires suggest to us, before we can become impartial judges in it; and at any rate, we must allow his reign, in regard to European concerns, to have been most glorious when contrasted with the pusillanimity of James the First, with the levity of Charles the First, and the mercenary meanness of the two last Princes of the house of Stuart. Upon the whole, the character of Cromwell must ever stand high in the list of those, who raised themselves to supreme power by the force of their genius; and among such, even in respect of moral virtue, it would be found to be one of the least excep-

sionable, if it had not been tainted with that most odious and degrading of all human vices, Hypocrisy."

Mr. Fox is no friend to the Stuart race: his detail of the reign of Charles and James tends to exhibit the two brothers in a light at once odious and contemptible: and as he does not seek to mislead by invective unsupported by fact, he carries, not only the feelings, but the judgment of his reader along with him. It is impossible not to admit the truth of the following observations:

"The reign of Charles the Second forms one of the most singular, as well as of the most important periods of history. It is the era of good laws and bad government. The abolition of the Court of Wards, the repeal of the Writ De Heretico Comburendo, the triennial Parliament Bill, the establishment of the rights of the House of Commons in regard to impeachment, the expiration of the License Act, and above all, the glorious statute of Habeas Corpus, have therefore induced a modern writer of great eminence to fix the year 1679 as the period at which our constitution had arrived at its greatest theoretical perfection; but he owns, in a short note upon the passage alluded to, that the times immediately following were times of great practical oppression. What a field for meditation does this short observation, from such a man, furnish! What reflections does it not suggest to a thinking mind, upon the inefficacy of human laws, and the imperfection of human constitutions! We are called from the contemplation of the progress of our constitution, and our attention fixed with the most minute accuracy to a particular point, when it is said to have risen to its utmost perfection. Here we are then at the best moment of the best constitution that ever human wisdom framed. What follows? A time of oppression and misery, not arising from external or accidental causes, such as war, pestilence, or famine, nor even from any such alteration of the laws as might be supposed to impair this boasted perfection, but from a corrupt and wicked administration, which all the so much admired checks of the constitution were not able to prevent. How vain

then, how idle, how presumptuous, is the opinion, that laws can do every thing! and how weak and pernicious the maxim founded upon it, that measures, not men, are to be attended to!"

That the names of Russel and Sidney should call forth the highest strain of Mr. Fox's indignation might be expected: nor indeed can any Englishman, feeling as an Englishman ought to do, reflect without the strongest emotion upon an event so disgraceful to the party that produced it, so triumphant and so honourable to the victims, so important to the cause for which they suffered.

"Thus fell Russel and Sidney, two names that will, it is hoped, be ever dear to every English heart. When their memory shall cease to be an object of respect and veneration, it requires no spirit of prophecy to foretell that English liberty will be fast approaching to its final consummation. Their deportment was such as might be expected from men who knew themselves to be suffering, not for their crimes, but for their virtues. In courage they were equal, but the fortitude of Russel, who was connected with the world by private and domestic ties, which Sidney had not, was put to the severer trial; and the story of the last days of this excellent man's life, fills the mind with such a mixture of tenderness and admiration, that I know not any scene in history that more powerfully excites our sympathy, or goes more directly to the heart.

"The very day on which Russel was executed, the University of Oxford passed their famous Decree, condemning formally, as impious and heretical propositions, every principle upon which the constitution of this or any other free country can maintain itself. Nor was this learned body satisfied with stigmatizing such principles as contrary to the Holy Scriptures, to the decrees of Councils, to the writings of the Fathers, to the faith and profession of the primitive church, as destructive of the kingly government, the safety of his Majesty's person, the publick peace, the laws of nature, and bounds of human society; but after enumerating the several obnoxious propositions, among which

was one declaring all civil authority derived from the people; another, asserting a mutual contract, tacit or express, between the King and his subjects; a third, maintaining the lawfulness of changing the succession to the crown; with many others of the like nature, they solemnly decreed all and every of those propositions to be not only false and seditious, but impious, and that the books, which contained them were fitted to lead to rebellion, murder of princes, and atheism itself. Such are the absurdities which men are not ashamed to utter in order to cast odious imputations upon their adversaries; and such the manner in which churchmen will abuse, when it suits their policy, the holy name of that religion whose first precept is to love one another, for the purpose of teaching us to hate our neighbours with more than ordinary rancour. If Much ado about Nothing had been published in those days, the town-clerk's declaration, that receiving a thousand ducats for accusing the Lady Hero wrongfully, was flat burglary, might be supposed to be a satire upon this decree; yet Shakspeare, well as he knew human nature, not only as to its general course, but in all its eccentric deviations, could never dream, that, in the persons of Dogberry, Verges, and their followers, he was representing the vice-chancellors and doctors of our learned University."

The character of Charles is drawn with great felicity, and merits to be extracted.

"With respect to the character of this Prince, upon the delineation of which so much pains have been employed, by the various writers who treat of the history of his time, it must be confessed that the facts which have been noticed in the foregoing pages, furnish but too many illustrations of the more unfavourable parts of it. From these we may collect, that his ambition was directed solely against his subjects, while he was completely indifferent concerning the figure which he or they might make in the general affairs of Europe; and that his desire of power was more unmixed with love of glory than that of any other man whom history has recorded; that he was unprincipled, ungrateful, mean,

and treacherous, to which may be added, vindictive, and remorseless. For Burnet, in refusing to him the praise of clemency and forgiveness seems to be perfectly justifiable, nor is it conceivable upon what pretence his partizans have taken this ground of panegyrick. I doubt whether a single instance can be produced, of his having spared the life of any one whom motives, either of policy, or of revenge, prompted him to destroy. To alledge that of Monmouth, as it would be an affront to human nature, so would it likewise imply the most severe of all satires against the monarch himself, and we may add too an undeserved one. For in order to consider it as an act of meritorious forbearance on his part, that he did not follow the example of Constantine, and Philip the Second, by imbruing his hands in the blood of his son, we must first suppose him to have been wholly void of every natural affection, which does not appear to have been the case. His declaration, that he would have pardoned Essex, being made when that nobleman was dead, and not followed by any act evincing its sincerity, can surely obtain no credit from men of sense. If he had really had the intention, he ought not to have made such a declaration, unless he accompanied it with some mark of kindness to the relations, or with some act of mercy to the friends, of the deceased. Considering it as a mere piece of hypocrisy, we cannot help looking upon it as one of the most odious passages of his life. This ill-timed boast of his intended mercy, and the brutal taunt with which he accompanied his mitigation, (if so it may be called,) of Russel's sentence, shew his insensibility and hardness to have been such, that in questions where right feelings were concerned, his good sense, and even the good taste for which he has been so much extolled, seemed wholly to desert him.

"On the other hand, it would be want of candour to maintain, that Charles was entirely destitute of good qualities; nor was the propriety of Burnet's comparison between him and Tiberius ever felt, I imagine, by any one but its author. He was gay and affable, and, if incapable of the sentiments belonging to pride of a lau-

dable sort; he was at least free from haughtiness and insolence. The praise of politeness, which the Stoicks are not perhaps wrong in classing among the moral virtues, provided they admit it to be one of the lowest order, has never been denied him, and he had in an eminent degree that facility of temper which, though considered by some moralists as nearly allied to vice, yet, inasmuch as it contributes greatly to the happiness of those around us, is, in itself, not only an engaging, but an estimable quality. His support of the Queen during the heats raised by the Popish plot, ought to be taken rather as a proof that he was not a monster, than to be ascribed to him as a merit; but his steadiness to his brother, though it may and ought, in a great measure, to be accounted for upon selfish principles, had at least a strong resemblance to virtue.

"The best part of the Prince's character seems to have been his kindness towards his mistresses, and his affection for his children, and others nearly connected to him by the ties of blood. His recommendation of the Dutchess of Portsmouth and Mrs. Gwyn, upon his death-bed, to his successor, is much to his honour; and they who censure it, seem, in their zeal to shew themselves strict moralists, to have suffered their notions of vice and virtue to have fallen into strange confusion. Charles's connection with those ladies might be vicious, but at a moment when that connection was upon the point of being finally, and irrevocably dissolved, to concern himself about their future welfare, and to recommend them to his brother with earnest tenderness, was virtue. It is not for the interest of morality that the good and evil actions, even of bad men, should be confounded. His affection for the Duke of Gloucester, and for the Dutchess of Orleans, seems to have been sincere and cordial. To attribute, as some have done, his grief for the loss of the first to political consideration, founded upon an intended balance of power between his two brothers, would be an absurd refinement, whatever were his general disposition; but when we reflect upon that carelessness which, especially in his youth, was a conspicuous feature of his character, the absurdity becomes still more striking.

And though Burnet more covertly, and Ludlow more openly, insinuate that his fondness for his sister was of a criminal nature, I never could find that there was any ground whatever for such a suspicion; nor does the little that remains of their epistolary correspondence give it the smallest countenance. Upon the whole, Charles the Second was a bad man, and a bad king: let us not palliate his crimes; but neither let us adopt false or doubtful imputations, for the purpose of making him a monster."

We now pass to the immediate object of this history, and we cannot but strongly regret that it has been left unfinished by its author. Probably too, had he lived to give it, himself, to the world, he would have been induced to render it more perfect by embracing the detail of several events which are now only commented upon; for this would have rendered it complete in itself without a necessary reference to other historians for facts and circumstances. If this omission arose from any conviction in his own mind of its propriety, we decidedly condemn it; but if, as is more probable, it is one of the consequences of its being a posthumous publication, we can only regret it.

There is also another peculiarity in this work which forcibly struck us: we mean the perpetual aggrandizement of the events of this period over all other events recorded by history. It is a favourite expression of Mr. Fox, *that this circumstance, or this event, or this, &c. is one of the most criminal, or extraordinary, or infamous, that is to be found in history.* Now all this is not true, and its introduction only creates a doubt of the writer's memory, or a suspicion of his veracity.

A lasting value will be conferred upon this work, by the refutation which it contains of the errors of Hume: errors in some instances wilful, in others the consequence of insufficient documents. Among these Mr. Fox is most anxious to confute that which supposes it to have been a primary object with James, from his first accession, to establish the Catholic religion in England. The arguments and evidence which he adduces upon this subject are decisive:

and these shew that his first intentions were to be an absolute monarch, to be independent of his parliament and people, and to govern upon arbitrary principles. It was for this purpose that he meanly became, like his brother, a stipendiary of Lewis XIV. the infamous particulars of which business are fully disclosed in the correspondence of Barillon, the French ambassador, which is inserted in the Appendix. His ministers too were all strong tories; men who thought nothing too great to be conceded to the royal prerogative, and whose ideas of regal privileges were, to a remarkable degree, servile and compliant: but they were also high churchmen, and, as was proved in the event, when James really attempted to overthrow the church establishment as fixed by the law, they, with one single exception, deserted him. They were willing to go any lengths in the violation of civil liberty; but their orthodoxy secured them from concurring in the introduction of popery. This is an important light thrown upon the reign of James; and the following will therefore be read with interest:

"The general character of the party at this time appears to have been a high notion of the King's constitutional power, to which was superadded, a kind of religious abhorrence of all resistance to the Monarch, not only in cases where such resistance was directed against the lawful prerogative, but even in opposition to encroachments, which the Monarch might make beyond the extended limits which they assigned to his prerogative. But these tenets, and still more, the principle of conduct naturally resulting from them, were confined to the civil, as contradistinguished from the ecclesiastical, polity of the country. In church matters, they neither acknowledged any very high authority in the crown, nor were they willing to submit to any royal encroachment on that side; and a steady attachment to the church of England, with a proportionable aversion to all dissenters from it, whether Catholic or Protestant, was almost universally prevalent among them. A due consideration of these distinct features in

the character of a party so powerful in Charles's and in James's time, and even when it was lowest, (that is, during the reigns of the two first Princes of the House of Brunswick,) by no means inconsiderable, is exceedingly necessary to the right understanding of English History. It affords a clue to many passages otherwise unintelligible. For want of a proper attention to this circumstance, some historians have considered the conduct of the Tories in promoting the Revolution, as an instance of great inconsistency. Some have supposed, contrary to the clearest evidence, that their notions of passive obedience, even in civil matters, were limited, and that their support of the government of Charles and James, was founded upon a belief, that those Princes would never abuse their prerogative for the purpose of introducing arbitrary sway. But this hypothesis is contrary to the evidence both of their declarations and their conduct. Obedience without reserve, an abhorrence of all resistance, as contrary to the tenets of their religion, are the principles which they professed in their addresses, their sermons, and their decrees at Oxford; and surely nothing short of such principles could make men esteem the latter years of Charles the Second, and the opening of the reign of his successor, an era of national happiness, and exemplary government. Yet this is the representation of that period, which is usually made by historians, and other writers of the church party. "Never were fairer promises on one side, nor greater generosity on the other," says Mr. Echard. "The King had as yet, in no instance, invaded the rights of his subjects," says the author of the Caveat against the Whigs. Thus, as long as James contented himself with absolute power in civil matters, and did not make use of his authority against the church, every thing went smooth and easy; nor is it necessary, in order to account for the satisfaction of the parliament and people, to have recourse to any implied compromise, by which the nation was willing to yield its civil liberties as the price of retaining its religious constitution. The truth seems to be, that the King, in asserting his unlimited power, rather fell in with the humour

of the prevailing party, than offered any violence to it. Absolute power in civil matters, under the specious names of monarchy and prerogative, formed a most essential part of the Tory creed; but the order in which Church and King are placed in the favourite device of the party, is not accidental, and is well calculated to shew the genuine principles of such among them as are not corrupted by influence. Accordingly, as the sequel of this reign will abundantly shew, when they found themselves compelled to make an option, they preferred, without any degree of inconsistency, their first idol to their second, and when they could not preserve both Church and King, declared for the former."

The third chapter of this work is wholly devoted to the narrating of the descent of the brave and noble Argyle upon Scotland, and of the Duke of Monmouth upon England. With the calamitous issue of these attempts, every reader, moderately acquainted with English history, is familiar; and instead of following the historian through the details of the different skirmishes, we will rather gratify our readers with an account of the last moments of the unfortunate Argyle and Monmouth, as portrayed by the simple and, in this instance, appropriate language of Mr. Fox:

"Argyle, thus deserted, and almost alone, still looked to his own country as the sole remaining hope, and sent off Sir Duncan Campbell, with the two Duncansons, father and son, persons all three, by whom he seemed to have been served with the most exemplary zeal and fidelity, to attempt new levies there. Having done this, and settled such means of correspondence as the state of affairs would permit, he repaired to the house of an old servant, upon whose attachment he had relied for an asylum, but was peremptorily denied entrance. Concealment in this part of the country seemed now impracticable, and he was forced at last to pass the Clyde, accompanied by the brave and faithful Fullarton. Upon coming to a ford of the Inchanon, they were stopped by some militia men. Fullarton used in vain, all the best means which his

presence of mind suggested to him, to save his General. He attempted one while by gentle, and then by harsher language, to detain the commander of the party till the Earl, who was habited as a common countryman, and whom he passed for his guide, should have made his escape. At last, when he saw them determined to go after his pretended guide, he offered to surrender himself without a blow, upon condition of their desisting from their pursuit. This agreement was accepted, but not adhered to, and two horsemen were detached to seize Argyle. The Earl, who was also on horseback, grappled with them, till one of them and himself came to the ground. He then presented his pocket pistols, on which the two retired; but soon after five more came up, who fired without effect, and he thought himself like to get rid of them, but they knocked him down with their swords, and seized him. When they knew whom they had taken, they seemed much troubled, but dared not let him go. Fullarton, perceiving that the stipulation on which he had surrendered himself was violated, and determined to defend himself to the last, or at least to wreak, before he fell, his just vengeance upon his perfidious opponents, grasped at the sword of one of them, but in vain; he was overpowered, and made prisoner.

"Argyle was immediately carried to Renfrew, thence to Glasgow, and on the 20th of June was led in triumph into Edinburgh. The order of the council was particular; that he should be led bare-headed, in the midst of Graham's guards, with their matches cocked, his hands tied behind his back, and preceded by the common hangman, in which situation, that he might be the more exposed to the insults and taunts of the vulgar, it was directed that he should be carried to the Castle by a circuitous route. To the equanimity with which he bore these indignities, as indeed to the manly spirit exhibited by him throughout, in these last scenes of his life, ample testimony is borne by all the historians who have treated of them, even those who are the least partial to him. He had frequent opportunities of conversing, and some of writing, during his imprisonment, and it is from such

parts of these conversations and writings as have been preserved to us, that we can best form to ourselves a just notion of his deportment during that trying period; at the same time, a true representation of the temper of his mind, in such circumstances, will serve, in no small degree, to illustrate his general character and disposition.

"We have already seen how he expressed himself with regard to the men, who by taking him, became the immediate cause of his calamity. He seems to feel a sort of gratitude to them, for the sorrow he saw, or fancied he saw in them, when they knew who he was, and immediately suggests an excuse for them, by saying, that they did not dare to follow the impulse of their hearts. Speaking of the supineness of his countrymen, and of the little assistance he had received from them, he declares with his accustomed piety, his resignation to the will of God, which was that Scotland should not be delivered at this time, nor especially by his hand; and then exclaims, with the regret of a patriot, but with no bitterness of disappointment, "But alas! who is there to be delivered! There may," says he, "be hidden ones, but there appears no great party in the country, who desire to be relieved." Justice, in some degree, but still more, that warm affection for his own kindred and vassals, which seems to have formed a marked feature in this nobleman's character, then induces him to make an exception in favour of his poor friends in Argyleshire, in treating for whom, though in what particular way does not appear, he was employing, and with some hope of success, the few remaining hours of his life. In recounting the failure of his expedition, it is impossible for him not to touch upon what he deemed the misconduct of his friends; and this is the subject upon which, of all others, his temper must have been most irritable. A certain description of friends, (the words describing them are omitted,) were all of them, without exception, his greatest enemies, both to betray and destroy him; and and (the names again omitted,) were the greatest cause of his rout, and his being taken, though not designedly he acknowledges, but by ignorance,

cowardice, and faction.* This sentence had scarce escaped him, when, notwithstanding the qualifying words with which his candour had acquitted the last-mentioned persons of intentional treachery, it appeared too harsh to his gentle nature, and declaring himself displeased with the hard epithets † he had used, he desires they may be put out of any account that is to be given of these transactions. The manner in which this request is worded, shows, that the paper he was writing was intended for a letter, and as it is supposed, to a Mrs. Smith, who seems to have assisted him with money; but whether or not, this lady was the rich widow of Amsterdam, before alluded to, I have not been able to learn.

"When he is told that he is to be put to the torture, he neither breaks out into any high-sounding bravado, any premature vaunts of the resolution with which he will endure it, nor, on the other hand, into passionate exclamations on the cruelty of his enemies, or unmanly lamentations of his fate. After stating that orders were arrived, that he must be tortured, unless he answers all questions upon oath, he simply adds, that he hopes God will support him; and then leaves off writing, not from any want of spirits to

* " friends were our greatest enemies, all without exception, both to betray and destroy us; and indeed, and were the greatest cause of our rout, and (of) my being taken; though not designedly I acknowledge, yet by ignorance, cowardice, and faction." E.

† "I am not pleased with myself. I have such hard epithets of some of my countrymen, seeing they are Christians; pray put it out of any account you give; only I must acknowledge, they were not governable, and the humour you found begun, continued." Woodrow, II. 538. After an ineffectual research to discover the original MS. Mr. Fox observes in a letter, "*Cochrane and Hume* certainly filled up the two principal blanks; with respect to the other blank, it is more difficult, but neither is it very material." Accordingly, the blanks in the text, and in the preceding note, may be filled up thus: "*(Cochrane's)* friends were our greatest enemies," &c. "and indeed *Hume* and *Cochrane*, were the greatest cause of our rout," &c. E.

proceed, but to enjoy the consolation which was yet left him, in the society of his wife, the Countess being just then admitted.

"Religious concerns, in which he seems to have been very serious and sincere, engaged much of his thoughts; but his religion was of that genuine kind, which by representing the performance of our duties to our neighbour, as the most acceptable service to God, strengthens all the charities of social life. While he anticipates, with a hope approaching to certainty, a happy futurity, he does not forget those who have been justly dear to him in this world. He writes, on the day of his execution, to his wife, and to some other relations, for whom he seems to have entertained a sort of parental tenderness, short but the most affectionate letters, wherein he gives them the greatest satisfaction then in his power, by assuring them of his composure and tranquillity of mind, and refers them for further consolations to those sources from which he derived his own. In his letter to Mrs. Smith, written on the same day, he says, "While any thing was a burden to me, your concern was; which is a cross greater than I can express," (alluding probably to the pecuniary loss she had incurred,) "but I have, I thank God, overcome all."* Her name, he adds could not be concealed, and that he knows not what may have been discovered from any paper which may have been taken; otherwise he has named none to their disadvantage. He states that those in whose hands he is, had at first used him hardly, but that God had melted their hearts, and that he was now treated with civility. As an instance of this, he mentions the liberty he had obtained of sending this letter to her; a liberty which he takes as a kindness on their part, and which he had sought that she might not think he had forgotten her.

"Never perhaps did a few sentences present so striking a picture of a mind truly virtuous and honourable. Heroick courage is the least part of his praise, and vanishes as it were from our sight, when we contemplate the sensibility with which he acknowledges the kindness, such as it is, of the very

men who are leading him to the scaffold; the generous satisfaction which he feels on reflecting that no confession of his has endangered his associates; and above all, his anxiety, in such moments, to perform all the duties of friendship and gratitude, not only with the most scrupulous exactness, but with the most considerate attention to the feelings as well as to the interests of the person who was the object of them. Indeed, it seems throughout, to have been the peculiar felicity of this man's mind, that every thing was present to it that ought to be so; nothing that ought not. Of his country he could not be unmindful; and it was one among other consequences of his happy temper, that on this subject he did not entertain those gloomy ideas, which the then state of Scotland was but too well fitted to inspire. In a conversation with an intimate friend, he says, that though he does not take upon him to be a prophet, he doubts not but that deliverance will come, and suddenly, of which his failings had rendered him unworthy to be the instrument. In some verses which he composed on the night preceding his execution, and which he intended for his epitaph, he thus expresses this hope still more distinctly:

"On my attempt though Providence did frown,

"His oppressed people God at length shall own;

"Another hand, by more successful speed,
"Shall raise the remnant, bruise the serpent's head."

"With respect to the epitaph itself, of which these lines form a part, it is probable that he composed it chiefly with a view to amuse and relieve his mind, fatigued with exertion; and partly, perhaps, in imitation of the famous Marquis of Montrose, who, in similar circumstances, had written some verses which have been much celebrated. The poetical merit of the pieces appears to be nearly equal, and is not in either instance considerable, and they are only in so far valuable, as they may serve to convey to us some image of the minds by which they were produced. He who reads them with this view, will perhaps be of opinion, that the spirit manifested in the two compositions, is rather equal in degree, than like in character; that the

* Woodrow, II. 541, 542.

courage of Montrose was more turbulent, that of Argyle more calm and sedate. If on the one hand it is to be regretted, that we have not more memorials left of passages so interesting, and that even of those which we do possess, a great part is obscured by time; it must be confessed on the other, that we have quite enough to enable us to pronounce, that for constancy and equanimity under the severest trials, few men have equalled, none ever surpassed, the Earl of Argyle. The most powerful of all tempters, hope, was not held out to him, so that he had not, it is true, in addition to his other hard tasks, that of resisting her seductive influence; but the passions of a different class had the fullest scope for their attacks. These, however, could make no impression on his well-disciplined mind. Anger could not exasperate, fear could not appall him; and if disappointment and indignation at the misbehaviour of his followers, and the supineness of the country, did occasionally, as sure they must, cause uneasy sensations, they had not the power to extort from him one unbecoming, or even querulous expression. Let him be weighed never so scrupulously, and in the nicest scales, he will not be found, in a single instance, wanting in the charity of a Christian, the firmness and benevolence of a patriot, the integrity and fidelity of a man of honour.

"Before he left the Castle he had his dinner at the usual hour, at which he discoursed, not only calmly, but even cheerfully with Mr. Charteris and others. After dinner he retired, as was his custom, to his bed-chamber, where, it is recorded, that he slept quietly for about a quarter of an hour. While he was in bed, one of the members of the council came and intimated to the attendants a desire to speak with him: upon being told that the Earl was asleep, and had left orders not to be disturbed, the manager disbelieved the account, which he considered as a device to avoid further questionings. To satisfy him, the door of the bed-chamber was half opened, and he then beheld, enjoying a sweet and tranquil slumber, the man, whereby the doom of him and his fellows, was to die within the space of two short hours! Struck with the

sight, he hurried out of the room, quitted the Castle with the utmost precipitation, and hid himself in the lodgings of an acquaintance who lived near, where he hung himself upon the first bed that presented itself, and had every appearance of a man suffering the most excruciating torture. His friend, who had been apprized by the servant of the state he was in, and who naturally concluded that he was ill, offered him some wine. He refused, saying, "No, no, that will not help me; I have been in at Argyle, and saw him sleeping as pleasantly as ever man did, within an hour of eternity. But as for me——" The name of the person to whom this anecdote relates, is not mentioned, and the truth of it may therefore be fairly considered as liable to that degree of doubt, with which men of judgment receive every species of traditional history. Woodrow, however, whose veracity is above suspicion, says he had it from the most unquestionable authority. It is not in itself unlikely; and who is there that would not wish it true? What a satisfactory spectacle to a philosophical mind, to see the oppressor, in the zenith of his power, envying his victim! What an acknowledgment of the superiority of virtue! what an affecting, and forcible testimony to the value of that peace of mind, which innocence alone can confer! We know not who this man was; but when we reflect, that the guilt which agonized him was probably incurred for the sake of some vain title, or at least of some increase of wealth, which he did not want, and possibly knew not how to enjoy, our disgust is turned into something like compassion for that very foolish class of men, whom the world calls wise in their generation.

"Soon after his short repose Argyle was brought according to order, to the Leigh Council-house, from which place is dated the letter to his wife, and thence to the place of execution. On the scaffold he had some discourse, as well with Mr. Annand, a minister appointed by Government to attend him, as with Mr. Charteris. He desired both of them to pray for him, and prayed himself with much

fergency and devotion. The speech which he made to the people was such as might be expected from the passages already related. The same mixture of firmness and mildness is conspicuous in every part of it. "We ought not," says he, "to despise our afflictions, nor to faint under them. We must not suffer ourselves to be exasperated against the instruments of our troubles, nor by fraudulent, nor pusillanimous compliances, bring guilt upon ourselves; faint hearts are ordinarily false hearts, choosing sin, rather than suffering." He offers his prayers to God for the three kingdoms of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and that an end may be put to their present trials. Having then asked pardon for his own failings, both of God and man, he would have concluded; but being reminded that he had said nothing of the Royal Family, he adds that he refers, in this matter, to what he had said at his trial concerning the Test; that he prayed there never might be wanting one of the Royal Family to support the Protestant Religion; and if any of them had swerved from the true faith, he prayed God to turn their hearts, but at any rate to save his people from their machinations. When he had ended, he turned to the south side of the scaffold, and said, "Gentlemen, I pray you do not misconstrue my behaviour this day: I freely forgive all men their wrongs and injuries done against me, as I desire to be forgiven of God." Mr. Annand repeated these words louder to the people. The Earl then went to the north side of the scaffold, and used the same or the like expressions. Mr. Annand repeated them again, and said, "This nobleman dies a Protestant." The Earl stepped forward again, and said, I die not only a Protestant, but with a heart-hatred of Popery, prelacy, and all superstition whatsoever." It would perhaps have been better if these last expressions had never been uttered, as there appears certainly something of violence in them unsuitable to the general tenour of his language; but it must be remembered, first, that the opinion that the Pope is Antichrist was at that time general among almost

all the zealous Protestants in these kingdoms; secondly, that Annand, being employed by Government, and probably an Episcopalian, the Earl might apprehend that the declaration of such a minister, might not convey the precise idea, which he, Argyle, affixed to the word Protestant.

"He then embraced his friends, gave some tokens of remembrance to his son-in-law, Lord Maitland, for his daughter and grand-children, stript himself of part of his apparel, of which he likewise made presents, and laid his head upon the block. Having uttered a short prayer, he gave the signal to the executioner, which was instantly obeyed, and his head severed from his body.* Such were the last hours, and such the final close, of this great man's life. May the like happy serenity in such dreadful circumstances, and a death equally glorious, be the lot of all, whom tyranny, of whatever denomination or description, shall in any age, or in any country, call to expiate their virtues on the scaffold!"

While these matters were transacting in Scotland, Monmouth, conformably to his promise to Argyle, set sail from Holland, and landed at Lyme, in Dorsetshire, on the 11th of June. He was more prosperous in the outset of his career than Argyle: greater numbers flocked to his standard, and he was hence enabled to hold out longer against the king's forces. But after the fatal battle of Sedgemore, on the 5th of July, he no longer hoped for success in an enterprize which he had unwillingly undertaken, and he sought for safety in flight, along with the recreant coward Lord Grey.

"Monmouth with his suite first directed his course towards the Bristol channel, and as is related by Oldmixon, was once inclined, at the suggestion of Dr. Oliver, a faithful and honest adviser, to embark for the coast of Wales, with a view of concealing himself some time in that principality. Lord Grey, who appears to have been, in all instances, his evil genius, dissuaded him from this plan, and the small party having separated, took

* Woodrow, 543, 545.

* Woodrow, 543, 545.

each several ways. Monmouth, Grey, and a gentleman of Brandenburg, went southward, with a view to gain the New Forest in Hampshire, where, by means of Grey's connections in that district, and thorough knowledge of the country, it was hoped they might be in safety, till a vessel could be procured to transport them to the continent. They left their horses, and disguised themselves as peasants; but the pursuit, stimulated as well by party zeal, as by the great pecuniary rewards offered for the capture of Monmouth and Grey, was too vigilant to be eluded. Grey was taken on the 7th in the evening; and the German, who shared the same fate early on the next morning, confessed that he had parted from Monmouth but a few hours since. The neighbouring country was immediately and thoroughly searched, and James had ere night the satisfaction of learning, that his nephew was in his power. The unfortunate Duke was discovered in a ditch, half concealed by fern and nettles. His stock of provision, which consisted of some peas gathered in the fields through which he had fled, was nearly exhausted, and there is reason to think, that he had little, if any other sustenance, since he left Bridgewater on the evening of the 5th. To repose he had been equally a stranger: how his mind must have been harassed, it is needless to discuss. Yet that in such circumstances he appeared dispirited and crest-fallen, is, by the unrelenting malignity of party writers, imputed to him as cowardice, and meanness of spirit. That the failure of his enterprise, together with the bitter reflection, that he had suffered himself to be engaged in it against his own better judgment, joined to the other calamitous circumstances of his situation, had reduced him to a state of despondency is evident; and in this frame of mind, he wrote on the very day of his capture, the following letter to the King:

SIR,

'Your Majesty may think it the misfortune I now lie under, makes me make this application to you; but I do assure your Majesty, it is the remorse I now have in me of the wrong I have done you in several things, and now in

taking up arms against you. For my taking up arms, it was never in my thoughts since the King died: The Prince and Princess of Orange will be witness for me of the assurance I gave them, that I would never stir against you. But my misfortune was such, as to meet with some horrid people, that made me believe things of your Majesty, and gave me so many false arguments, that I was fully led away to believe, that it was a shame and a sin before God, not to do it. But, Sir, I will not trouble your Majesty at present with many things I could say for myself, that I am sure would move your compassion; the chief end of this letter being only to beg of you, that I may have that happiness as to speak to your Majesty; for I have that to say to you, Sir, that I hope may give you a long and happy reign.

'I am sure, Sir, when you hear me, you will be convinced of the zeal I have of your preservation, and how heartily I repent of what I have done. I can say no more to your Majesty now, being this letter must be seen by those that keep me. Therefore, Sir, I shall make an end, in begging of your Majesty to believe so well of me, that I would rather die a thousand deaths, than excuse any thing I have done, if I did not really think myself the most in the wrong that ever a man was; and had not from the bottom of my heart an abhorrence for those that put me upon it, and for the action itself. I hope, Sir, God Almighty will strike your heart with mercy and compassion for me, as he has done mine with abhorrence of what I have done: Wherefore, Sir, I hope I may live to shew you how zealous I shall ever be for your service; and could I but say one word in this letter, you would be convinced of it; but it is of that consequence, that I dare not do it. Therefore, Sir, I do beg of you once more to let me speak to you; for then you will be convinced how much I shall ever be,

† Your Majesty's most humble
and dutiful

'MONMOUTH.'

Upon that expression in this letter, where he speaks of one word that would be of such infinite importance, and which has exercised the ingenui-

ty of historians, we neither think that he had any thing to disclose about the Prince of Orange or the Earl of Sunderland, but more probably, as Mr. Fox hints, (for he seems rather inclined to think that it alluded to Sunderland) it was an expression thrown out at hazard merely as means to obtain an interview, of which the unhappy prisoner thought he might, in some way or other, make his advantage.

This interview Monmouth obtained: but it did not procure him pardon. The king's "nature did not revolt, his blood did not run cold at the thoughts of beholding the son of a brother whom he had loved, embracing his knees, petitioning, and petitioning in vain for life; of interchanging words and looks with a nephew on whom he was inexorably determined within forty-eight short hours, to inflict an ignominious death."

It cannot be denied, however, that in this view of Monmouth's conduct, we lose all respect for the heroism of his character. He should have disdained to sue for life, and by that one act he would have crowned his career with glory.

The following account of his last moments exhibits a disgusting pertinacity in the churchmen who attended him:

"At ten o'clock on the 15th, Monmouth proceeded in a carriage of the Lieutenant of the Tower, to Tower Hill, the place destined for his execution. The two bishops were in the carriage with him, and one of them took that opportunity of informing him, that their controversial altercations were not yet at an end; and that upon the scaffold, he would again be pressed for more explicit and satisfactory declarations of repentance. When arrived at the bar, which had been put up for the purpose of keeping out the multitude, Monmouth descended from the carriage, and mounted the scaffold, with a firm step, attended by his spiritual assistants. The sheriffs and executioners were already there. The concourse of spectators was innumerable, and if we are to credit traditional accounts, never was the general compassion more affectingly expressed. The tears, sighs, and groans,

which the first sight of this heart-rending spectacle produced, were soon succeeded by an universal and awful silence; a respectful attention, and affectionate anxiety, to hear every syllable that should pass the lips of the sufferer. The Duke began by saying he should speak little; he came to die, and he should die a Protestant of the church of England. Here he was interrupted by the assistants, and told, that if he was of the church of England, he must acknowledge the doctrine of Non-resistance to be true. In vain did he reply, that if he acknowledged the doctrine of the church in general, it included all: they insisted he should own *that* doctrine particularly with respect to his case, and urged much more concerning their favourite point, upon which, however, they obtained nothing but a repetition in substance of former answers. He was then proceeding to speak of Lady Harriet Wentworth, of his high esteem for her, and of his confirmed opinion that their connection was innocent in the sight of God; when Goslin, the sheriff, asked him, with all the unfeeling bluntness of a vulgar mind, whether he was ever married to her. The Duke refusing to answer, the same magistrate, in the like strain, though changing his subject, said he hoped to have heard of his repentance for the treason and bloodshed which had been committed; to which the prisoner replied with great mildness, that he died very penitent. Here the churchmen again interposed, and renewing their demand of *particular* penitence and *public* acknowledgment upon public affairs, Monmouth referred them to the following paper which he had signed that morning:

'I declare, that the title of King was forced upon me; and, that it was very much contrary to my opinion when I was proclaimed. For the satisfaction of the world, I do declare, that the late King told me he was never married to my mother. Having declared this, I hope the King, who is now, will not let my children suffer on this account. And to this I put my hand this fifteenth day of July, 1685.

'MONMOUTH.'

"There was nothing, they said, in that paper about resistance; nor, though Monmouth, quite worn out with their importunities, said to one of them, in a most affecting manner, 'I am to die,—Pray, my Lord,—I refer to my paper,' would these men think it consistent with their duty to desist. They were only a few words they desired on one point. The substance of these applications on one hand, and answers on the other, was repeated, over and over again, in a manner that could not be believed, if the facts were not attested by the signature of the persons principally concerned." If the Duke, in declaring his sorrow for what had passed, used the word invasion, 'give it the true name,' said they, 'and call it rebellion.' 'What name you please,' replied the mild-tempered Monmouth. He was sure he was going to everlasting happiness, and considered the serenity of his mind in his present circumstances, as a certain earnest of the favour of his Creator. His repentance, he said, must be true, for he had no fear of dying, he should die like a lamb. 'Much may come from natural courage,' was the unfeeling and stupid reply of one of the assistants. Monmouth, with that modesty inseparable from true bravery, denied that he was in general less fearful than other men, maintaining that his present courage was owing to his consciousness that God had forgiven him his past transgressions, of all which generally he repented with all his soul.

"At last the reverend assistants consented to join with him in prayer, but no sooner were they risen from their kneeling posture, than they returned to their charge. Not satisfied with what had passed, they exhorted him to a *true* and *thorough* repentance; would he not pray for the King? and send a dutiful message to his Majesty, to recommend the Dutchess and his children? 'As you please,' was the reply; 'I pray for him and for all men.' He now spoke to the executioner, desiring that he might have no cap over his eyes, and began undressing. One would have thought that, in this last sad ceremony, the poor prisoner might have been

unmolested, and that would have been satisfied that prayer was the only part of their function for which their duty now called upon them. They judged differently, and one of them had the fortitude to request the Duke, even in this stage of the business, that he would address himself to the soldiers then present, to tell them he stood a sad example of rebellion, and entreat the people to be loyal and obedient to the King. 'I have said I will make no speeches,' repeated Monmouth, in a tone more peremptory than he had before been provoked to; 'I will make no speeches. I come to die.' 'My Lord, ten words will be enough,' said the persevering divine, to which the Duke made no answer; but, turning to the executioner, expressed a hope that he would do his work better now than in the case of Lord Russel. He then felt the axe, which he apprehended was not sharp enough, but being assured that it was of proper sharpness and weight, he laid down his head. In the meantime, many fervent ejaculations were used by the reverend assistants, who, it must be observed, even in these moments of horror, showed themselves not unmindful of the points upon which they had been disputing; praying God to accept his *imperfect* and *general* repentance.

"The executioner now struck the blow, but so feebly or unskilfully, that Monmouth, being but slightly wounded, lifted up his head, and looked him in the face as if to upbraid him, but said nothing. The two following strokes were as ineffectual as the first; and the headsman, in a fit of horror, declared he could not finish his work. The sheriff's threatened him; he was forced again to make a further trial, and in two more strokes separated the head from the body."

To this account there is subjoined a character of Monmouth, and thus terminates the work; a work of which, as we have incidentally expressed our opinion of its several parts, we need not now offer a general one.

Before, however, we conclude these observations, we shall quote the following passage from the editor's preface:

* Vide Somers's Tracts, I. 435.

"On the rules of writing he had reflected much, and deeply. His own habits naturally led him to compare them with those of publick speaking, and the different, and even opposite principles upon which excellence is to be attained in these two great arts, were no unusual topicks of his conversation. The difference did not, in his judgment, consist so much in language or diction, as in the arrangement of thoughts, the length and construction of sentences, and, if I may borrow a phrase familiar to publick speakers, in the mode of putting an argument. A writer, to preserve his perspicuity, must keep distinct and separate those parts of a discourse, which the orator is enabled, by modulation of voice, and with the aid of action, to bring at once into view, without confounding or perplexing his audience. Frequency of allusion, which in speaking produces the happiest effect, in writing renders the sense obscure, and interrupts the simplicity of the discourse. Even those sudden turns, those unforeseen flashes of wit which, struck out at the moment, dazzle and delight a publick assembly, appear cold and inanimate, when deliberately introduced into a written composition.

"A perusal of the Letter to the Electors of Westminster will shew how scrupulously Mr. Fox attended to these distinctions. That work was written in the heat of a Session of Parliament. It treated professedly of subjects upon which the writer was daily in the habit of speaking, with his usual force of argument and variety of illustration. Notwithstanding these circumstances, no political tract of any note in our language, is in form or style less oratorical, or, with the exception of one passage, more free from those peculiarities, which the practice of publick speaking seems calculated to produce. Such a strict observance of these principles must have cost him great trouble and attention. He was so apprehensive that his writings might retain some traces of that art, in the exercise of which he had employed the greater part of his life, that he frequently rejected passages, which in any other author would not have appeared liable to such an objection. He seems even to

have distrusted his own judgment upon this subject; and after having taken the greatest pains, he was never sufficiently satisfied of his own success. If we except the account of the Earl of Argyle, the Introductory Chapter is unquestionably the most correct and finished part of the present publication. He did not, however, conceive it to be entirely exempt from a defect to which he apprehended that his works must be peculiarly exposed. He says to his correspondent, 'I have at last finished my Introduction, which after all is more like a speech than it should be.'

"Simplicity, both in expression and construction, was the quality in style which he most admired, and the beauty he chiefly endeavoured to attain. He was the more scrupulously anxious to preserve this character in his writings, because he thought that the example of some great writers had, in his own time, perverted the taste of the publick, and that their imitators had corrupted the purity of the English language. Though he frequently commended both Hume's and Blackstone's style, and always spoke of Middleton's with admiration, he once assured me, that he would admit no word into his book, for which he had not the authority of Dryden.

"He was scarcely less nice about phrases and expressions. It is indeed possible, that those of his readers, who have formed their taste upon Johnson or Gibbon, or taken their notions of style from the criticism of late years, may discover, in the course of the work, some idioms which are now seldom admitted into the higher classes of composition. To speak without reserve upon a subject in which his judgment, as an author, may be called in question, it appears to me more likely, that such phrases should have been introduced upon system, than that they should have escaped his observation, and crept in through inadvertence. The work is indeed, '*incomplete and unfinished*;' but it is not with reference to any phrases, which may be supposed to be too familiar, or colloquial, that such a description has been given of it. Such was the Author's abhorrence of any thing that savoured of pedantry or affectation, that if he was ever reduced to the al-

ternative of an inflated, or homely expression, I have no doubt but he preferred the latter. This persuasion, in addition to many other considerations, has induced me religiously to preserve, in the publication of this Work, every phrase and word of the Original Manuscript. Those who are disposed to respect his authority, may have the satisfaction of knowing, that there is not one syllable in the following Chapters, which is not the genuine production of Mr. Fox. That there are several passages, (especially in the latter end of the text,) which he might, that there are some which he obviously would, have corrected, is unquestionable; but, with the knowledge of such scrupulous attention to language in an author, to have substituted any word or expression, for that which he had written, would not have been presumption only, but injustice.

"The manuscript book from which this Work has been printed is, for the most part, in the hand writing of Mrs. Fox. It was written out under the inspection of Mr. Fox, and is occasionally corrected by him. His habit was seldom or ever to be alone, when employed in composition. He was accustomed to write on covers of letters, or scraps of paper, sentences which he, in all probability, had turned in his mind, and, in some degree formed in the course of his walks, or during his hours of leisure. These he read over to Mrs. Fox; she wrote them out in a fair hand in the book; and before he destroyed the original paper, he examined and approved of the copy. In the course of thus dictating from his own writing, he often altered the language, and even the construction of the sentence. Though he generally tore the scraps of paper as soon as the passages were entered in the book, several have been preserved; and it is plain, from the erasures and alterations in them, that they had undergone much revision and correction before they were read to his Amanuensis."

If we are to receive this testimony of Lord Holland, with regard to Mr. Fox's ideas of historical style, we must say that we differ totally from him in those ideas, and we are tempted to believe that they were formed

as a vindication of his own inability to write eloquently. There is surely no subject which affords a more ample scope for the display of style, or which more frequently demands that display, than the events which history is perpetually called on to record. Simplicity of style is too often confounded with imbecility, and seeking to avoid what is turgid, we become low and colloquial. He who could narrate the patriotic efforts of a Hampden, or the glorious triumph of a Sidney, without catching a glow of enthusiasm from his subject, may be pitied for the apathy of his feelings; but if he do catch that glow, and fail to communicate it to his language, he fails from utter inability; had he the power he could not resist it.

Principles are not unfrequently established by men as palliatives of their own defects: it was thus that Rousseau wrote his ingenious defence of lying to vindicate his own practice. Fox, it appears, composed with great difficulty: we are told by his editor, that he employed many days in writing his letter to the electors of Westminster in 1793, and that the publication of his speech on the late Duke of Bedford (the only instance in which he ever revised what he had delivered in public) occupied a great portion of his time. Lord Holland attributes this to his scrupulous attention to the niceties of language: but, in our opinion, the real cause was a difficulty, not peculiar to him as an orator, of committing his thoughts to paper. If we found a correspondent excellence of language answering to all this labour, the matter would be simple enough: but as it is, it seems more like the difficulty of pure inability.

And what is the consequence of his idea of simplicity of style? That in the work now before us, more errors of language, and even of grammar, may be selected, than perhaps from any other work, of equal importance, in English literature. Some of these we will select for our own vindication: they are brought forward from no invidious motive, and we are taught by Lord Holland to consider them "as introduced upon

system," not as having "crept in through inadvertence."

"Not only justifiable in their principle, but directed to the *properest* objects."—p. 9.

"But did they sufficiently attend to that great *dictum* of Tully," &c.—p. 11.

In one who professes to write a pure English style, this Latinism is an error.

"The short interval between the *deposal* and the death of princes," &c.—p. 14.

This word, which occurs twice in the same page, is not authorized by any English writer.

"Wise men generally *diffide* in their own judgement," &c.—p. 32.

This word is not sanctioned by general use.

"In an early period of the king's difficulties, Sir Wm. Temple, whose life and character is a refutation," &c.—p. 41.

A gross error of grammar.

"But he does not take notice that it was never, in fact, tried, *inasmuch* as," &c.—ib.

A pleonasm, which might easily have been avoided.

"Thus did she cast away the man, the having produced whom is now her *chiefest* glory."—p. 54.

This is a superlative used only by the vulgar and illiterate.

"I should guess that he who desponded."—p. 66.

A colloquial and mean expression.

"And that they who, *out of a desire* to read history," &c.—p. 93.

The same.

"Laurie of Blackwood was condemned for having *holden* intercourse," &c.—p. 120.

In the same page, and frequently afterwards, Mr. Fox uses the word *intercommuned* in the sense of proscribed or excommunicated; but we believe there is no authority for such usage: the word itself is not English.

"It may be difficult *at this time of day* to appreciate the value, *seeing that*," &c.—p. 186.

"Let him be weighed *never so* scrupulously," &c.—p. 204.

"The general was deficient neither in *courage or* conduct."—p. 247.

This a grammatical error: the antecedent *neither* requires *nor* in the latter part of the sentence.

"This rash judgement is the more to be *admired at*," &c.—p. 248.

Sed satis superque. If any one can defend the above instances upon the principles of simplicity and purity of language, we are content to be instructed.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

PROLOGUE to the *New Traditionary Play*, entitled, *THE MYSTERIOUS BRIDE*, written by Lumley St. George Skeffington, Esq. spoken by Mr. Putnam.

WITH anxious mind, with agitated breast,
By ev'ry terror forcibly impress'd,
Our bard to-night, exalted in his views,
Resigns the comic for the serious muse;
Beneath her banner variously displays
Passion's mere spark extended to a blaze;
While moral ardor kindles into birth
The firm in honour, and the pure in worth!
Here Virtue hails, contending claims above,
The tear of pity on the cheek of Love!

Our bard no longer treads on Fairy-land,
Where Fancy, like a despot, holds command;

No longer now endeavours to excite
Ideal grief, and fabulous delight;

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Still less attempts, with vigour, to transmit
Wit strong as genius, genius bright as wit;
While learning rears, with animated haste,
Reviving elegance, and rescued taste.
He simply offers, unadorned by art,
One touch of Nature on a generous heart.*
Though pageantry, though magic he forsake,
Though "*Sleeping Beauties*" here no longer
wake,
Yet shall it still decidedly appear,
That love, when noble, never slumbers here.

Hearts like your own with clemency can
feel;

To hearts so gifted now we make appeal;
Each party then shall equal pleasure share,
He that solicits mercy, You that spare.

* This is an allusion to the character of Miesco.

LINES TO MY STUDY.

Written after returning from the Country.

TO thee, dear Study! I return,
From rural scenes, romantic bowers!
Yet though in thee I can't discern
The woodland's dew bespangled flowers;

Still thou canst secretly impart,
Amid the night's religious gloom,
A comfort to my bleeding heart,
And bid the shade of sorrow bloom!

O Fancy! dear delusive sprite!
Endow me with immortal power!
Break thro' the film that mars the sight
Of bland "Orion's arctic tower."

But Oh! my Friend! my Study dear!
How volatile is earthly pleasure;
How tedious every struggling tear,
That flows from Sorrow's endless treasure!

Yet thou my ever faithful guest,
Art pregnant with delight supreme:
Thou hast amus'd me when distressed,
And wrapt me in fantastic dream.

From thee I never crav'd in vain,
Though sad misfortune cloud my brow;
O'erjoy'd, thou listen'd'st to my strain,
And bid it more melodious flow.

Then since from thee my pleasures springs,
I'm bound in gratitude to swell
The loudest of the choral strings,
And of thy worth superior tell.

Hence, let Ingratitude essay
To recompence her guardian-friend;
Then may she with the Poet say,
"I've compass'd Nature's noblest end."

Grafton-street, Oct. 1808.

J. G.

THE CONVERSE OF SOULS.

NOT to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,

Descend to contemplate
The form that once was dear!
Feed not on thoughts so loathly horrible!
'The spirit is not there
That kindled that dead eye,
That throbb'd in that cold heart,
That in that stiffen'd hand
Has met thy friendly grasp:
The spirit is not there!

It is but lifeless, perishable flesh,
That moulders in the grave,
Earth, air, and water, ministering particles,
Now to the elements
Resolved, their uses done.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved.
'The spirit is not there!

Often together have we talk'd of death—
How sweet it were to see
All doubtful things made clear:

How sweet it were with powers
Such as the cherubim,
To view the depth of Heaven!
O ———! thou hast first
Begun the travel of Eternity!
I gaze amid the stars
And think that thou art there
Unfetter'd as the thoughts that follow thee;
And we have often said how sweet it were,
With unseen ministry of angel power,
To watch the friends we lov'd.

————— We did not err:—
Sure I have felt thy presence! thou hast
given

A birth to holy thought;
Hast kept me from the world, unstain'd
and pure.

————— We did not err:—
Our best affections here

They are not like the toys of infancy!
The soul outgrows them not,
We do not cast them off.
Oh! if it could be so.

It were indeed a dreadful thing to die!

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul,
Follow thy friend beloved!
But in the lonely hour,
But in the evening walk,
Think that he 'compens thy solitude:
Think that he holds with thee
Mysterious intercourse:
And though Remembrance wake a tear,
There will be joy in grief.

JUVENIS.

SONNET.

A WEARY wanderer in this "vale of
tear,"

How lonely, and how sad, I journey on;
Fled the bright morning of my youthful
years,

The days of love, and joy, and hope are
gone!

For she that once beguil'd life's thorny way
With tales of purest love, and dalliance
sweet,

Has left me here to sigh from day to day,
And mourn her loss. For I no more shall
meet,

Along my future road, the heavenly fair:
Cold, cold she sleeps within her earthly
bed,

Nor sees her lover wrung with dumb despair,
Nor knows that every joy with her has
fled.

Departed Maid! I would the time were
come
That I might sleep with thee within the
silent tomb!

Manchester, Sept. 1808.

W. P.

THE HAY-FIELD.

FAREWEL to the town, and its bustle
and noise,
Where Pity must sigh for what Folly en-
joys;

I have turned to a scene where all nature
is gay,

And roll at my ease on a bed of new hay.

Ambition might envy so soft a repose,
Where Nature her charms in profusion
bestows,

Where Health and the Goddess of Pleasure
unite,

To pour on our hearts the full flood of de-
light.

The fragrance that floats on the breath of
the wind,

May rival the far boasted perfumes of Ind,
For sad is the gale that is laden with sighs
Of tyrants and slaves, and untasted it dies!

But Ambition must toss on an ocean of
down,

Ere the forehead of Care can be robbed of
its frown:

Then if grandeur be pain, how much wiser
are they,

Who roll at their ease on a bed of new hay!

O what are the charms of the crowded sa-
loon,

Where a thousand lamps blaze in the splen-
dour of noon,

Where beauty and youth, age and folly are
crammed,

And are better delighted the more they are
jammed.

The windows are opened indeed, but the
breath

Of the soul-cooling zephyr is loaded with
Death;

And those, who according to fashion attire,
To be in the fashion, must shortly expire.

Farewel to such folly! a meadow be mine,
Where the breezes of health give a plea-
sure divine;

And oft I'll renew the sweet sports of to-
day,

When, happy and thoughtless, I rolled in
the hay.

21st June, 1808.

H. F.

PITY.

WHAT is Pity? I ask'd, as she wip'd from
her eyes

The tears that she could not conceal;

"'Tis an impulse," she said, "that will
often arise

In those who for others can feel."

"'Tis from Sympathy rais'd, and its source
is divine,

From which soft Humanity flows;
And such pleasure it gives—but who can
define

The pleasurè that Pity bestows?"

"'Tis the sweetest sensation that ever we
knew,

An emotion that none should repress;
Since Compassion enjoins that we ever
should shew

Some pity for those in distress."

"Yon beggar, perhaps, who obtain'd our
relief,

Has the blessing of riches enjoy'd;
And perhaps he has often, to soften the
grief

Of others, those riches employ'd."

"But wha ever his fate in the world may
have been,

Or the blessings that he may have known,
Now the picture of Want in his person is
seen,

And our pity to him should be shown."

"Even Pity is such, that though it excite
In the breast, for a moment, a pain,
The effusion of sorrow soon turns to delight,
Nor sinks into sorrow again."

True! my Eliza, and when Pity's pour-
tray'd,

In terms so expressive as thine,
The heart unto whom such a portrait's
convey'd,

Must feel such a transport as mine.

Bermondsey Spa,

R. M.

Oct. 17, 1808.

QUATORZAIN.—TO THE SUN.

WITHHOLD thy beams, thou radiant
Orb of day!

For unto woe illsuited is thy power,

I rather choose Diana's paly ray,
And midnight's lonely philosophic hour:

For as the Paragon of worth is fled,
No more th' enticements of existence
charm;

Ah! vainly now thou shin'st (for she is
dead!)

On me; or, striv'st my tortures to disarm!
Dispense thy lustre on some happier swain,
Whom Fortune favors with benignant
smile;

Seek such as ~~Sorrow~~ never taught to 'plain,
Or, such as sensual witcheries beguile!

Yes! they adore thy salutary gleams;
But I the mildness of the Moon's wan
beams!

Grafton-street, Oct. 1808.

J. G.

SONNET

By Mr. FLETCHER.

X.

On two Lovers who were drowned.

O HAPLESS pair! whom Love had
 bless'd, in vain,
 With mutual passion, tenderness, and
 truth,
 In all the bliss of hope, and pride of
 youth,
 Locked in each other's arms, untimely
 slain!

Yet was the tyrant in his anger mild,
 Neither to spare, unpitied to sustain
 The other's loss, through years of lin-
 g'ring pain,
 Blank with despair, or with delirium wild:
 Faithful in life, by Love and Death allied,
 They clasped each other and embracing
 died.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. COLEMAN's, of the Veterinary College at Pancras, for Improvements in the Construction and Application of a Horse-shoe, which will completely prevent several diseases in Horses feet, particularly the Contraction of the Hoof, and adapted likewise for flat or convex feet, for Cavalry and Hunting Horses, and other purposes, where the loss of a shoe would produce great inconvenience.

THE patent is described as follows:—"As all cases of contracted feet in horses proceed from the hoof being exposed to artificial and unnatural heat in the stable, or from the frog not receiving its due degree of pressure; and as the frog of the horse when shod can rarely be made parallel with the heels of the shoe, it was deemed very important to invent a shoe applicable to all horses feet, and which would prevent the contraction of the heels, although the frog was not in contact with the ground. And as the nails of the shoes are frequently broken, loosened, or altogether lost, and the shoe thereby prematurely removed from the horse, the horse also lamed, and always unfit for use till shod again: and as the inconveniences from the loss of a shoe are at all times great, but particularly so in horses used for the cavalry and hunting, a shoe more firmly united than any other hitherto used appeared productive of the best effects in all feet that require much iron and small nails. This shoe can be applied with proper effect by the most ignorant smith, as its simple difference from

all other shoes consists merely in the inner and posterior part of both heels of the shoe being turned up, so as to touch the inner and posterior part of both bars, by which means the heels of the hoof cannot contract, or the shoe have the smallest degree of lateral motion. The length of the turn-up of the shoe is not very material, but it should be sufficiently long to embrace the heel of the bar, and yet not to touch the bottom of the cavity between the bar and the frog. A bar-shoe may also be applied with a similar projection to press against the heels of the bars. If the hoof is already contracted, the heels may be mechanically expanded a little by a pair of farrier's tongs every time the horse is shod, and the shoe applied so as to press with more force against the bars; but under these circumstances the hoof should first be made moist by standing two or three hours in water, and the horse not used for a day or two afterwards.

Mr. COBB's, of Swithin's-lane, Cannon-street, for an Air Jacket, and proper Shoes for Swimming, to prevent the dreadful effects of Shipwrecks, &c.

THESE jackets are made of calves, neat, or sheep's leather, or any thing pliable that will hold air, cut in the form of a short jacket without sleeves, with pieces sewed on the out-sides and back, bigger than the insides or back, to hang loose and hollow, and to contain a sufficient quantity of air blown through a bag or receptacle, with a pipe fixed to it to convey the

air into the receptacle, which receptacle is fastened on to one of the loose sides, to convey the air into the loose sides, and back, by means of a communication from one part of the jacket to the other. The jacket is to be buttoned before; button holes round the skirts to be buttoned or fastened to the waistband of the breeches. The upper strap of the receptacle to be buttoned to the upper button of the jacket, and the lowest strap to the nearest lower button it comes to. Then the person wearing it is to hold the pipe in his teeth and blow into the receptacle till the jacket is filled with air, the pipe is to be stopped with a cork, and then to be used for swimming. The shoes are made with pieces of wood cut in the form of a sole of a shoe, and hinges screwed on to the wood with joints, covered with leather, fastened on to common shoes, to open and shut in swimming like a swan's foot.

Mr. HARRIOT's, of Wapping, for a new Fire Escape, or Machinery to be used in cases of Fire.

THE nature and principle of this invention for escaping from a house or building when on fire, is very simple, as appears by drawings annexed to the patent. The internal or chamber fire escape consists in having a fastening made of wood, iron, or other metal, in the nature of a small crane, or in the nature of a hinge, to fix to the bottom, top, or sides of any window, or other opening in any house or building. At the projecting end of this fastening or fire escape, there are two holes, through both of which, a rope is to be reeved or passed. At one end of this rope an eye is to be spliced or tied for the other end to pass through, which then forms a slip noose. The rope is to be long enough not only to reach from the window to the earth when doubled, but to extend several feet more slanting from the building; a small line is likewise to be added, fastened to the noose. This is all the apparatus wanting for the chamber fire escape, though a pulley and block, and other things may be easily added if required, and may be applied or put to use in the following manner:—The chamber fire escape may be made to ship and

unship at pleasure, and may be shaped variously, and being secured to the top, bottom, or sides of any window or opening, with the rope passed or reeved through both holes at the projecting end. The plain end of the rope is to be dropped, or thrown down, to any person on the outside, to take hold of, and to lower down the person that is to be rescued.

Persons to be rescued have only to slip the noose over the head and shoulders, so as to draw the noose close just under their arms, and getting out of the window, any other person or persons below, or remaining in the room having hold of the other end of the rope may lower them down in safety; and then if men are to be rescued from the same floor, the noose is to be hauled up again, and the same process to be repeated as often as necessary. The small line fastened to the noose is for the purpose of drawing the suspended person clear away from the side of the building when found needful. When there are several people thus to be saved, those who remain in the room may lower down the others; those first down may lower the rest, and a moderately active person would find no difficulty in lowering down himself, more especially if the small end of the rope be again reeved through another hole or two, provided for the purpose in a sloping bar, contrived for breaking the force of the descent.

The external fire escape or machine, for moving from house to house, is an instrument on the same principle, though it may be variously shaped, made of iron or other metal to be fixed on the end of a pole of a length proportionate to the height of houses in the neighbourhood, so that it shall reach and rest upon, clasp or take hold of any window cill it shall be elevated to. At the upper or projecting end outwards, there are to be two holes with a rope reeved through them, the same as described in the chamber fire escape. One end of the pole is to be fitted and fastened into the socket of the fire escape, by which the machinery may be raised full as readily as a ladder. The lower part of the pole may be divided by a joint, so as to straddle and stand firm; or two poles may be made to slide one

up by the other, until the upper end having the fire escape, can be lodged on its destined situation; or it may be made in other ways to suit particular situations.

The external fire escape is on a different construction, formed on the principle of the idler, or lazy tongs; it is made of bamboo canes or deal, or other wood or metal, in slips of any even lengths, according to the size and elevation intended; five double lengths more or less, or ten pieces of eight feet long each, or any other length are to be bolted in pairs together, one pair to another, until the five pair or other number thus bolted together, lay edge-ways one over the other. There must be two or more sets or rows of these bolted pairs of bamboos, slips of wood or metal. These sets are to be secured together at any required distance, by bolts the length of such distance. To the four corners or upper end, a canvas or netting may be fastened, or a slight platform forming a top, to be raised up to the windows of houses where people are to be rescued, or help is wanted to be sent up to the chambers. The bottom ends of these bamboos,

&c. are to be fitted to and rest upon the bottom of a case, fixed on four wheels like a truck to move readily to any place when wanted, until the platform or top is required, to be raised to any window, &c. The whole of these double rows of bamboo, slips of wood, metal, &c. forming one piece of machinery, will lay down close in the case not exceeding two feet in height. When a force is applied to raise the machinery it may be elevated thirty feet, raising the platform or canvas at the same time. The middle joint will procure an elevation of more than thirty feet; a greater or lesser number of lengths, giving a greater or less height. The power to be applied for raising the lower joint or bolts may be various; it may be by the common rack and pinion wheel of the timber jack, or by a lever, or by a common pulley, or by a rope round a roller worked by a tooth and pinion wheel, with a winch handle. In either way, the raising and lowering of the platform canvas or netting top, is performed with the greatest celerity, to save people or goods, and may be applied to various other purposes. Several plates accompany these patents.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Lord Ribblesdale's Oxid of Zinc for Paint.

THE colour of Lord Ribblesdale's oxid of zinc is of a dull white. The mines where it is found are at Mallan Moors, in Craven, Yorkshire, in different parts of upwards of eleven thousand acres belonging to his lordship: where the mineral is found, there were formerly copper mines.

The zinc oxid is found in caverns, one of which is one hundred and four yards in length, another forty-four, and a third eighty-four yards, and about fourteen yards wide. It lies in strata from three to six feet thick, along the bottom of these caverns, at about eight fathoms from the surface of the earth: the whitest and best coloured sort lies in the lowest. Above two thousand tons of it has been sold to make brass with copper at Birmingham and other places, and it continues to be sold for this purpose.

Lord Ribblesdale has used it as a basis for paint during twelve years for his house, paling, and doots, and states that it answers extremely well, never peels off, and that its whiteness improves by age: at first it is of a stone colour, but in time becomes equal to the best white lead, to which it is greatly superior in body and adhesion, in never blistering, and in being perfectly free from the poisonous quality which renders the latter so injurious to all who paint with it. It covers a much larger surface in painting than an equal quantity of white lead, nearly half as much more, and forms a body so hard on the wood, as to resist the edge of an adze. It also strongly cements together boards painted with it; and on palings resists moisture remarkably well, and forms a good basis for other colours.

His lordship had one of his Majesty's ships painted with it about six years ago, and it has been found that no-

thing can exceed the resistance which it makes to the efforts of the sea-water to decompose it. The price put on it by his lordship will not exceed that of white lead, and, except in the finest preparations, will be considerably less. The Society of Arts have voted his lordship a silver medal for his communications respecting this zinc ore, samples of which, and of the paint made with it, are preserved in their repository; but they state at the same time, that it did not appear upon trial by various persons fully to answer the purposes of white lead, as a basis for paint.

The Society of Arts add his lordship seem to be at variance in their accounts of the merits of this ore, as a basis for paint. The word of a noble lord cannot be doubted, and yet it is contradicted. It is to be wished that the society had been more particular in their statement both of the persons who tried it, and of the points in which it was inferior to white lead. If the trials were made either by professed colourmen, or house-painters, their report is at least to be taken with caution, as they have an obvious interest in depreciating the character of this oxyd of zinc.

What his lordship says should at least induce a fair trial of it, for its qualities stated by him are of the most valuable nature. His lordship would do a real service to the public by inducing some house in London to keep it for public sale, which is the most effectual way of having its value known.

The price his lordship puts on it, is, however, much too high, considering the expense of the process for making white lead, and as his lordship finds this ore ready prepared to his hand, it ought to be sold for a fourth of the price of that article; and there can be little doubt that the great sale the reduction of price would occasion, in reality, would make the concern more profitable. Its use as a pigment for the bottoms of ships deserves particularly to be attended to, on account of its hardness and durable nature.

M. Morveau, in a very interesting paper on the preparation of colours, published in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Dijon*, mentions the white

prepared from zinc as being the only one which could bear the contact of sulphurated hydrogen, without losing its colour, and prefers it to every other sort. He tried many experiments with it, and different modes of preparing it, but thinks that the simple calcination of it, as it is done for preparing flowers of zinc, produces the finest and whitest colour.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

On the Signals of the Antients. Read by M. Mongez.

M. MONGEZ, passing over what Folard says in his *Commentaries on Polybius*, and the Abbé Sal-lier, in one of his *Memoirs*, refers to the invention of the telegraph; on which France, he says, may justly pride herself. This, he says, has furnished him with means of comparison which former writers did not possess, and which he applies to the explanation of several passages in ancient authors, relative to signals, as follows:—

The most celebrated of these passages is that in the tragedy of *Agamemnon*, when *Eschylus* makes *Clytemnestra* announce to the old men of *Argos*, that the Greeks had just captured *Troy*, and that this intelligence had been communicated to her the preceding night. The chorus, struck with astonishment, asks who had been able to make such speed to announce it. “*Vulcan*, (replies the queen). His fires blazed on *Mount Ida*; and to these successively answered those of *Lemnos*, of *Mount Athos*, of *Mount Macistus*, in *Eubœ*, of *Mount Mesapius*, in *Bœtia*, on the banks of the *Euripus*, of *Mount Cithæron*, of *Mount Egipianctus*, near *Megara*, and, lastly of *Mount Arachnœus*, which lies nearest to *Argos*. Hence (she adds) this succession of fires, which had begun on *Mount Ida*, reached the palace of the *Atreides*;—such is the regulation of the signals, of which the first and the last are the most important. By this means, my husband has transmitted to me, from *Troy* itself, the news of so happy an event.”

Is the above founded on historic facts? This I shall not undertake to prove. But if it be farther asked, whether it is probable? I answer, as it

is founded on geographical positions, it may be submitted to the test of calculation, which I have attempted in the following memoir.—It is true that some men of distinguished erudition have denied the possibility of such a correspondence, by means of beacons; but I have endeavoured to demonstrate it, by reference to the results of experiments with the modern telegraphs. It must be borne in mind, that in treating of the signals used by the ancients, we must draw our conclusions from observations made with the naked eye, because they had neither spectacles nor telescopes, using only tubes for the purpose of insulating the point of view. The distance in a direct line from Mount Ida, to Argos, is 39 myriametres (80 mean leagues of 2,500 toises, or 100 short leagues). The Abbé Sallier, however, in his remarks on this passage, in 1736, says, "it would not exceed 150 of our Paris leagues." This is a half more than the distance which I have just given, according to the maps of our colleague, M. Barbier Dubocage; and hence we may form a judgment of the state of geographical knowledge, even relative to the seas and countries of Europe, before the improvements introduced by the illustrious Danville.

I have endeavoured to prove the possibility of what is said by Clytemnestra, by submitting to calculation a fact of the same kind, the most remarkable recorded by ancient writers; and where the distance is much greater than the most considerable between any of the beacons established by Agamemnon. Valerius Maximus, (lib. 1. cap. 48) says, "With what astonishment do we hear of a man's having so piercing a sight as to be able to distinguish from Lilybræum (in Sicily) the fleets that were coming out of Carthage (on the coast of Africa)." This has not only an air of the marvellous, but appears absolutely false. It is, however, only an exaggeration; as a passage of Polyænus (*Strateg.* lib. vi. cap. 16. No. 2) will assist us in explaining it. That writer informs us, that the Carthaginians, when carrying on a war in Sicily, employed the following means for the purpose, of obtaining expeditiously from Africa, such succours or supplies

as they might be in want of. They took two clepydræ of exactly the same size, and, having drawn upon each of them several circles, at equal distances, inscribed in each circle such short sentences as the following:—We are in want of transports, of money, of warlike instruments, of corn, and the like. One of the clepydræ was kept in Sicily, and the other sent to Carthage; with instructions, the instant they should see a signal by fire in Sicily, to let the clepydræ run till they saw a second signal; when they should mark the circle to which the water had sunk, and send without delay, the articles inscribed in that circle. The purport of their signals would, no doubt, be carefully concealed; but a Sicilian observing that the arrival of each convoy regularly followed the appearance of the signal, might easily conclude that the signal caused the fleet to be dispatched. He might, then, at the sight of each signal, foretel that a convoy would soon arrive. But in order to give to his prediction an air of the marvellous, he might say, "I see a fleet coming out of the port of Carthage."

Those beacons were fired on the promontory of Lilybæum, at present Marsella. They must have been observed, not at Carthage, (for that city did not stand on an eminence) but at the nearest promontory, that of Hermœum, at present called Cape Bon, which is distant from Lilybæum 15 myriametres, 1051 (31 mean leagues, or of 2,500 toises, such as were always used by Danville). A simple trigonometrical calculation has given me the height which these promontories must have had, to enable a person stationed at one of them to see, notwithstanding the spherical shape of the earth, fire on the other. This height is 672 metres, 42 (345 toises) a little more than double the height of the tower of Notre Dame, four times the height of the large pyramid, or three times that of Mount Valerian. Not a mountain, then, but only a hill, was required for displaying the signals at Lilybæum; if we follow the usual distinction of giving the name of mountain only to heights exceeding 1,000 metres, or 513 toises.

Another question may here arise,

whether it were possible to see so far with the naked eye? At Lyons, they distinctly see without glasses Mont Blanc, distant from that city about 18 myriametres, 099' (37 leagues); and from Nice one may discover with the naked eye the mountains of Corsica, which are distant 28 myriametres, (about 57 leagues). The first of these distances exceeds a fifth, and the second is almost double, the interval between Marsella and Cape Bon.

There cannot, therefore, any doubt remain respecting the fact given by Polyænus.

By applying the same calculations to the signals of Agamemnon, I have proved the possibility of them with respect to the distances between the different stations; for the greatest of them is half a myriametre (a league) less than that from Marsella to Cape Bon. But are the stations of Agamemnon's beacons likewise sufficiently high to render the signals visible? I have proved this by reference to their heights, as taken from the computations of navigators. That of Mount Athos is the only one I have not obtained in a direct manner. It is not inserted in any geographical work; we find, indeed, a note engraved on Arrowsmith's map of the environs of Constantinople, that it is equal to 353 feet; but it does not say, whether this be the result of the trigonometrical operations, or merely an estimate. I have endeavoured to obtain the height of Mount Athos, from a passage of Pliny, (lib. iv. cap. 12. sect. 23.) where that natural historian informs us, that at the solstice, Mount Athos projects its shade on the market place of Myrrhina, in the island of Lemnos. I have supposed that at the summer solstice, (when, according to the position of the two places, the

shadow of the mountain would extend towards Lemnos,) the sun, near the time of setting had a sexagesimal degree of altitude, without a refraction. The resolution of a rectangular triangle, the mean side of which is the chord of the terrestrial arc, which separates Mount Athos from Myrrhina, and the small side the height of the mountain, gives for the latter 1,300 metres, 4 (698 toises, 2) which is more than the height of Vesuvius, but less than that of Puy-de-Dôme.

It remains to be proved, that one night was sufficient for transmitting intelligence by means of these signals from Troy to Argos. The philologists who before me have commented on this passage, had no facts to adduce in elucidation of this question; but the results of experiments made with the telegraph, have enabled me to throw more light on it. In the month of August, 1794, the city of Condé was retaken by the French, at seven o'clock in the morning. The telegraph of Lille, which is distant from Condé 4,39 myriametres (nine leagues) transmitted the news of the capture to Paris, where it arrived between nine and ten o'clock. The telegraph of Paris immediately transmitted to that of Lille the decree of the National Assembly, declaring that the army had deserved well of their country; and by the same means the assembly received on the same day, between seven and eight o'clock in the evening, the address of the army, expressive of their thanks for the honour conferred on them. Thus, in the space of fourteen hours, intelligence was conveyed through a space of 59 myriametres, (or 123 leagues) *i. e.* a third more than the length of the line of beacons established by Agamemnon.—[To be continued.]

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

FROM the Oxford press, Dr. White has just published the second volume of his "*Novum Testamentum Græcum*," with the various readings, which in Griesbach's judgment are to be preferred, or to be considered equal to the received text. A second volume of the Egyptiana will not be

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published by Dr. White, as intended; but the learned Professor Antony Sylvester De Sacy, of Paris, will give a French translation, accompanied with the Arabic original, and notes of that work, which was to have composed Dr. White's second volume. Professor White is also preparing for the

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press, "Sylloge Criswesi Griesbach." Two gentlemen of the university of Oxford are now employed in collating the transcripts of manuscripts brought by Dr. Holmes into this country. One volume of "*Wytttenbachii Animadversiones in Plutarchi Morales*," which will nearly equal the original in bulk, is in great forwardness, as are also republications of Aristotle's *Ethics* and Xenophon's *Anabasis*.

There are several learned works, classical, etymological, and mathematical, now in the Cambridge press, some in great forwardness: the following will be published early in the winter,—A descriptive Catalogue of the Oriental Library of the late Tippoo Sultan of Mysore, with an Appendix, containing specimens of the most interesting works, by Major Stewart, Persian Professor at the East India College, Herts. The Chorusses of Eschylus's Plays, intended to be explanatory of the Greek Metres, by Dr. Charles Burney; and an Etymological work, by the Rev. W. Whiter, late Fellow of Clare Hall. The University has purchased of the son of Hoogeven, which is printed, tho' not published, "*Hoogeven Opus Posthumum, exhibens Dictionarium Analogicum, Lingua Græcæ cum Auctoris Vita ab ipso conscripta.*" To which is subjoined Phillippi Cattieri *Gazophyacium Grecorum, seu Methodus Admirabilis ad insignem brevi comparandum Verborum Copiam cum Auctoris. Frid. Ludov. Abresch.* Hoogeven is author of the celebrated work "*Doctrina Particularum Lingua Græcæ.*"

Mrs. Cappe, of York, is preparing for publication a Complete History of the Life of Christ, as related by the four Evangelists, interweaving in one continued narrative their several accounts of the miracles performed in proof of his mission, of his prophetic warnings, awful admonitions, moral precepts, and various controversies with the Jewish rulers, &c. The whole is illustrated by a series of notes, explanatory of eastern phraseology, of ancient customs, manners, opinions, and prejudices; formerly transcribed by her from the short hand papers of her late husband, the Rev. N. Cappe.

A Life of St. Neot, the elder brother of Alfred the Great, by the Rev. John Walsaker, B. D. is in the press.

Dr. Mavor intends to publish a new edition, with Georgical Notes, of Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of good Husbandry*, a work now become extremely scarce, and which furnishes many excellent precepts in agriculture, in verse. The quaintness of the Elizabethan age, mixed with much good sense and good humour, renders this work equally useful and entertaining.

Dr. Clarke, late of Jesus College, who wrote the account of the Colossal Statue of Ceres, has in the press a Description of the other Mammora which he brought into this country, together with his travels.

The Life of Mr. John Bunyan, containing his "Grace Abounding to the chief of Sinners," an account of his imprisonment, conversation before the justices, &c. first published from his own manuscript in 1765; and Remarks on his character and writings, with a fine portrait, by Joseph Irving, will shortly appear.

The History of Baptism, or an appeal to the scriptures and history for information on that subject, in dialogues between a Baptist and Pædobaptist, with a frontispiece, representing the baptism of the Ethiopian Eunuch, by the same author, is in the press.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The Great Room, No. 22, Piccadilly, is opened as a Gallery of the Arts, where paintings, drawings, and curiosities, are admitted for exhibition and sale, under the direction of gentlemen eminent for judgment and taste. Between twenty and thirty pictures have this year been sent by various distinguished cognoscenti and collectors, and nearly twice as many students, male and female, are employed in copying or making studies for them.

The following simple method of preventing the destruction of flax by caterpillars is found to be very successful. It consists in making persons walk twice a day along the furrows, with a rope fastened to two poles, so as to drag this rope over the plants and sweep the insects away. Three or four days operation in this manner is enough for a season.

The Rev. Mr. Leg, of Ashprington,

Devon, has invented a machine for discharging the superfluous water from ponds, tanks, and reservoirs, in times of floods. It consists of a beam of wood suspended by an iron pin over the head of the water, so as to form a sort of lever or balance, having one end affixed to a chain, which raises a plug to let out the superfluous water. At the other end there is a box or bucket suspended, made rather leaky, into which the water is conveyed by a pipe whenever it raises to a certain level. While the bucket continues filled with water, the weight will raise the plug; and when the water no longer keeps the bucket full, the plug will return to its place, by the lever recovering its level position.

The sun flower, it has been suggested, will produce an oil useful for our clothiers; this oil, extracted from the seed of the sun flower, it is thought, might be employed equally as advantageously as that oil at present imported from the Levant, under the name of Florence oil, which, when it becomes rancid, is now sold to the clothiers for the purpose of softening their wool, when preparing for the loom.

Major Spencer Cochrane, of Muirfield House, near Haddington, has published an instance of cows, being cured of violent swellings through eating wet clover, by being made to swallow an egg-shell full of tar; it has the effect of laying the swelling in a few minutes.

The same gentleman after losing four horses by the bats or gripes, has cured others by giving them a table spoonful of tincture of opium, or liquid laudanum, during the fit. If the horse is hot and feverish in this disorder, an ounce or more of nitre is mixed with the laudanum. A smaller portion of the laudanum was also found to remedy the swelling of a sheep after it had been washed with the rest of the flock.

East Indies.

The Rev. Dr. Buchanan, now on his return to Europe, has lately visited

Goa, to enquire into the state of the Inquisition there. This tribunal formerly so notorious for its sanguinary proceedings, instead of declining in power, as has been supposed, is still in operation, and it is said exercising its authority under circumstances which demand the immediate interference of the British government. This inquisition extends its controul in a greater or less degree to the extreme boundary of Hindostan, and materially affects the honour and character of the British government and the christian faith, which this government professes. Goa is properly a city of churches, containing in its province a republic of priests. In the Archiepiscopal province of Goa, there are nearly three thousand priests occupying upwards of two hundred and fifty churches and chapels. The power of this hierarchy is silently increasing under the tranquil government of the English, whose apathy suffers it. Dr. Buchanan has addressed a letter, written on the spot, to the Archbishop of Goa, urging him to refrain from usurping any longer a spiritual power in the British states; and requesting him to exert his authority in reforming the abuses in the colleges of Goa, by causing the priests to study the Holy Scriptures, and to cease from mixing the pure faith with Indian superstitious, and consequently from ceasing to preach corrupt christianity to the subjects of the British government.

Germany.

Colonel Massenbach, late Lieutenant-General in the Prussian army, under Prince Hohenloe, who, for twenty years, enjoyed the confidence of three successive Kings of Prussia and the late Duke of Brunswick, under whom the colonel was also employed in a diplomatic character, has announced the publication of the following works, viz. *Memoirs of his own Life*; *Materials for the History of Prussia between the years 1794 and 1807*; and *Memoirs of Great Men*, containing Eulogies upon Frederic II. and his brother Henry.

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

PROFESSOR PORSON.

THIS gentleman was one of the greatest scholars in Europe, and in the knowledge of the Greek language he was unrivalled. He was social and engaging in private life; the pride of the scholar was not in the least observable in his general intercourse with society. Every friend to literature in this country will be solicitous to have the deficient accounts of the death of this eminent person supplied:—

On the evening of the 19th of Sept. as Mr. Porson was walking in the Strand, apparently in perfect health, he was seized with a paroxysm of the epileptic kind, to which he had been subject at a much earlier period of his life. Not being known to the persons who witnessed his situation, he was conveyed to St. Martin's workhouse, where he continued in a state of total insensibility until about six o'clock on the following morning. He was not then sufficiently collected to give an account of the place of his residence; and it was by mere accident that one of the attendants at the London Institution saw a description of a person found in the Strand in the situation stated, and supposing it to be Mr. Porson, he repaired thither, and brought him to the house in the Old Jewry, where he arrived a little before ten on Tuesday morning.

Having called for breakfast, he took his cup of tea in the room of the library distinguished as the Globe Room, and entered into conversation with some of the gentlemen of the establishment, remarking, that the keeper of the workhouse was a wag, and endeavoured to oppose him with his wit. They observed much incoherence both in his manner and matter, and fearing that he was labouring under some fatal disorder, they thought it right to recommend to him to prepare his will. He at first seemed reluctant, but afterwards assented to the propriety of it, and entered into some general conversation on the moral obligation of disposing of our property after death; adding, that the subject had often been treated in a

legal way, but scarcely ever in the manner he wished, excepting in a work entitled *Symboliography*, and he afterwards left the room and brought one of his catalogues, into which the book was introduced.

He remained in conversation, in this way, during five hours, sometimes in the full exercise of his faculties, at other wild and wandering; when, at three o'clock, he went to Cole's chop-house, near the Royal Exchange, where he frequently dined. After talking to a friend there, he suddenly left the place, proceeded to Cornhill, where, looking up at the vane and clock of the Exchange, which had been under repair, a number of persons assembled round him surprised at his fixed attention, the motive of which he did not explain. The porter of the London Institution happening to observe him in this situation, conducted him back to Cole's, where on taking two glasses of wine, the paroxysm and insensibility returned; and he was carried home in a coach to the Old Jewry, and remained in a condition of torpor, with very short intermissions, until Sunday, when he died.

Perhaps no man, not even Rousseau, had more contempt for the practice of physic than Mr. Porson, and yet no one had a more numerous and intimate acquaintance with gentlemen of the medical profession. He was, during his illness, visited by many medical gentlemen, among not the least attentive were Dr. Babington and Mr. Norris. After his death, both his head and body were opened by medical men, and they have given a report, ascribing his death "to the effused lymph in and upon the brain, which they believe to have been the effect of recent inflammation. The heat was squand, and the pericardium contained the usual quantity of lymph. The left lung had adhesions to the pleura, and bore the marks of former inflammation. The right lung was in a perfectly sound state." This is signed by Dr. Babington, Sir William Blizard, Mr. Norris, Mr. Blizard, and Mr. Upton. In refutation of an idle falsehood about the form of his skull, they

add, "that it was thinner than usual and of hard consistence."

The following is the manner in which the death of the Professor is announced in the place where he was best known. It is extracted from *The Cambridge Chronicle*, of Saturday, the 1st of October:—

"Died, on Sunday, September 25th, at his apartments in the Old Jewry, Richard Porson, M.A. of Trinity College, and Greek Professor. To the departed names of Bentley, Dawes, and Markland, whose classical acquirements so eminently maintained the reputation of this university, we must now add, with heartfelt regret, the name of this admirable scholar. In variety of information, in depth of learning, he fully equalled his great master Bentley; while in critical acumen he far outstripped him. In the happiness and sagacity of his conjectural emendations the Professor had no equal. His letters to Archdeacon Travis display the keenness and accuracy of his researches; and were considered by an able judge as the first critical productions since the memorable controversy concerning the Epistle of Phalaris. Considering his great acquirements, it may perhaps be said that he has not left much by which posterity may judge him; but what was said of Coles is equally true of the Professor: "*Pauca quidem—sed egregia, sed admiranda!*" Every lover of Grecian literature, every real scholar, will appreciate the labours of Porson, not by their number, but by their magnitude. In the few plays of Euripides, which he edited, they will feel and acknowledge the unshaken excellencies of the canons he has introduced. They will perceive what is necessary to the formation of a true and genuine critic; and they will unite in deploring, that a better portion of health was not allotted to one, from whom alone they could expect a solution of every difficulty in the progress of their classical researches."

His library of classical books is supposed to be worth several thousand pounds.

Mr. Porson, it is to be observed, had for the last eleven years been the incessant victim of spasmodic asthma, during the agony of which he never went to bed, and in which he was

forced to abstain from all sustenance. This greatly debilitated his body.

Mr. Professor Porson was born at East Ruston, in Norfolk, on Christmas day, 1759; so that he was only in his 49th year. His father, Mr. Huggin Porson, was parish-clerk of East Ruston, and though in humble life, and without the advantages himself of early education, laid the basis of his son's unparalleled acquirements. From the earliest dawn of intellect, Mr. Porson began the task of fixing the attention of his children, three sons and a daughter, and he had taught Richard, his eldest son, all the common rules of arithmetic, without the use of a book or slate, pen or pencil, up to the cube root, before he was nine years of age. The memory was thus incessantly exercised; and by this early habit of working a question in arithmetic by the mind only, he acquired such a talent of close and intense thinking, and such a power of arranging every operation that occupied his thought, as in process of time to render the most difficult problems, which to other men required the assistance of written figures, easy to the retentive faculties of his memory. He was initiated in letters by a process equally efficacious. His father taught him to read and write at one and the same time. He drew the form of the letter either with chalk on a board, or with the finger in sand; and Richard was made at once to understand and imitate the impressions. As soon as he could speak he could trace the letters; and this exercise delighting his fancy, an ardour of imitating whatever was put before him was excited to such a degree, that the walls of the house were covered with characters which attracted notice, from their neatness and fidelity of delineation.

At nine years of age, he and his youngest brother, Thomas, were sent to the village school, kept by a Mr. Summers, a plain but most intelligent and worthy man, who having had the misfortune in infancy to cripple his left hand, was educated for the purpose of teaching, and he discharged his duties with the most exemplary attention. He professed nothing beyond English, writing and arithmetic—but he was a good accountant and an excellent writing master. He perfected the

Professor in that delightful talent of writing, in which he so peculiarly excelled; but which we are doubtful whether it was to be considered as an advantage or a detriment to him in his progress through life. It certainly had a considerable influence on his habits, and made him devote many precious moments to copying which might have been better employed in composition. It has been the means, however, of enriching his library with annotations, in a text the most beautiful, and with such perfect imitation of the original manuscript or printing, as to embellish every work which his erudition enabled him to elucidate. He continued under Mr. Summers for three years; and every evening during that time he had to repeat by heart to his father the lessons and the tasks of the day; and this not in a loose or desultory manner, but in the rigorous order in which whatever he had been occupied about had been done; and thus again the process of recollection was cherished and strengthened, so as to become a quality of his mind. It was impossible that such a youth should remain unnoticed, even in a place so thinly peopled, and so obscure as the parish of East Ruston. The Rev. Mr. Hewitt heard of his extraordinary propensities to study, his gift of attention to whatever was taught him, and the wonderful fidelity with which he retained whatever he had acquired. He took him and his brother Thomas under his care, and instructed them in the classics. The progress of both was great, but that of Richard was most extraordinary. It became the topic of astonishment beyond the district, and when he had reached his fourteenth year, had engaged the notice of all the gentlemen in the vicinity.

Among others, he was mentioned as a prodigy to an opulent and liberal man, the late Mr. Norris, who, after having put the youth under an examination of the severest kind, and from which an ordinary boy would have shrunk dismayed, he was sent to Eton. This happened in the month of August 1774, when he was in his fifteenth year: and in that great seminary, he almost, from the commencement of his career, displayed such a superiority of intellect; such facility

of acquirement; such quickness of perception, and such a talent of bringing forward to his purpose all that he had ever read, that the upper boys took him into their society, and promoted the cultivation of his mind by their lessons, as well, probably, as by imposing upon him the performance of their own exercises. He was courted by them as the never-failing resource in every difficulty; and in all the playful excursions of the imagination, in their frolics, as well as in their serious tasks, Porson was the constant adviser and support. He used to dwell on this lively part of his youth with peculiar complacency, and we have heard him repeat a drama which he wrote for exhibition in their long chamber, and other compositions, both of seriousness and drollery, with a zest that the recollection of his enjoyment at the time never failed to revive in him. We fear, however, that at this early age his constitution received a shock, which was soon after aggravated by the death of his worthy patron. An imposthume formed on his lungs, and he was threatened by a consumption; but it fortunately broke, and he recovered his health, though his frame was weakened.

The death of Mr. Norris was the source of severe mortification to him; for though by the kindness of some eminent and liberal persons he was continued at Eton, he felt the loss he had sustained in the most poignant degree. He was entered of Trinity College towards the end of 1777, and his character having gone before him to the university, he was from the first regarded as a youth whose extraordinary endowments would keep up and extend the reputation of the unrivalled society into which he had entered. Nor did he disappoint the hopes that had been formed of him. In every branch of study to which he applied himself, his course was so rapid as to astonish every competent observer. Previously prepared by his excellent father for the study of the mathematics, he made a very considerable progress in them; and during his life, he retained so great an affection for them, that he was in the habit of solving the most difficult problems in both algebra and arithmetic. But his pre-eminence was undisputed in

classical literature, and his reputation in this branch of knowledge was a bar to the fame which he would justly have acquired in sciences. At the public examination for degrees, he was only the third in the second class of honours; and the first classical medal was soon after awarded to him, the other candidates allowing his merit to be unrivalled. He was elected a Fellow of Trinity College in 1781. In 1785 he took his degree of Master of Arts: but long before the period had elapsed, when he must either enter into holy orders or surrender his Fellowship, he had (after the most grave and deliberate investigation) made up his mind not to go into orders. We are sure that his determination cost him many painful and laborious days and months of study. His heart and mind were deeply penetrated by the purest sentiments of religion; and it was a memorable and most estimable feature of his character, that in no moment the most unguarded, was he ever known to utter a single expression of derision at those who thought differently from himself. He was truly and actively pious—but it was of an order that admitted not of shackles. So early as 1788, he had made up his mind to surrender his Fellowship, though with an enfeebled constitution he had nothing to depend upon but acquisitions that are very unprofitable to their owner. A Lay fellowship might have secured his services to the cause of letters; but the master of the college chose to gratify a noble peer rather than a poor scholar. In 1791 his Fellowship ceased, and he was thrown upon the world without a profession, his feelings wounded by the mortifications he had suffered, and with a constitution little qualified to encounter the bustle of the world. Some friends, however, stepped in, and secured to him what, to his moderate habits, he considered as a competency. Among them he found a constant home, and at the house of one in particular, whom we might call his best patron, he was always considered as one of the family.

Noon after he was elected Greek Professor of Cambridge, by an unanimous vote of the seven electors. The distinction of this appointment was

grateful to him. The salary is but 40*l.* a year. It was his earnest wish, however, to have made it an active and efficient office; and it was his determination to give an annual course of Lectures in the college, if rooms had been assigned for the purpose. These Lectures, as he designed, and had in truth made preparations for them, would have been invaluable; for he would have found occasion to elucidate the languages in general, and to have displayed their relations, their differences, their near and remote connections, their changes, their structure, their principles of etymology, and their causes of corruption. If any one man was qualified for this gigantic task, it was Mr. Professor Porson; and if his wishes had not been counteracted, we know that he would have undertaken the labour.

From this time, instead of lectures, he turned his thoughts to publication. His letters to Mr. Archdeacon Travis, as has been truly said, put the controversy on the disputed text in St. John's first epistle and 5th chapter to rest, so that no man who has any pretensions to learning entertains any doubt upon the subject; and indeed it was the peculiar felicity of his mind, that whatever he undertook to elucidate he fixed for ever in the light.

In 1795, he married Mrs. Lunan, the sister of Mr. Perry of the *Morning Chronicle*, but who sunk under a decline in April 1797, and from that time the Professor himself was so incessantly afflicted with a spasmodic asthma, as to interrupt him in every study to which he applied himself. Whether his sedentary habits served to bring it on we know not, but certainly very few men had accustomed themselves to such patient and continued toil. He had undertaken to make out and copy the almost obliterated manuscript of the invaluable Lexicon of Photius, which he had borrowed from the library of Trinity College. And this he had with unparalleled difficulty just completed, when the beautiful copy which had cost him ten months of incessant toil, was burnt in the house of Mr. Perry, at Merton. The original being an *unique*, entrusted to him by his college, he carried with him wherever he went; and he was fortunately absent

from Merton on the morning of the fire. Unruffled by the loss, he sat down without a murmur, and made a second copy as beautiful as the first. It is extant in his library, and is quite ready for the press. Photius was patriarch of Constantinople in 857, one of the most learned and accomplished scholars in his time, and whose *Bibliotheca* contains extracts from 280 different authors. Of the plays of Euripides, which he published, the learned world has pronounced its judgment. The learned will hear with satisfaction that he has left an Orestes quite ready for the press. The last book he inspected was in the Globe Room of the London Institution, the Tuesday preceding his death; it contained a curious Greek inscription on the *Excerpta ex Jacobi Sponii de pagis Atticis*.

On the establishment of the London Institution, the managers manifested their own discernment and love of letters, by selecting him to be their principal librarian, for which he was peculiarly qualified, and had health been allowed him, he would have made their library truly valuable. His own, which he has been gradually collecting for thirty years, he has enriched by annotations of such value and importance to literature, that we hope and trust, the whole will be placed in his own college, that it may for ever be within the reach of those whom his example may arouse to similar pursuits, though they may despair of reaching equal attainments.

Mr. Porson has left a sister living, an amiable and accomplished woman. She is the wife of Siday Hawes, Esq. of Coltishall in Norfolk; they have five children; their eldest son is entered of St. Benet's College, Cambridge. Henry, the second brother of the Professor, was settled in a farm in Essex, and died young, leaving three children. His brother Thomas kept a boarding school at Fakenham, an excellent scholar, and died in 1792 without issue; and his father, Mr. Huggin Porson, died in 1805, in his 74th year. His mother died in 1784, aged 57.

On Monday, October 3d, the remains of Mr. Professor Porson were removed from the house of the London Institution in the Old Jewry, to be deposited in Trinity College

chapel, Cambridge. The directors of the Institution ordered the house to be shut for the day, and the under librarians and other officers assisted in the solemnity. The procession from London consisted of four mourning coaches, followed by six private carriages; and the persons who attended him were his relatives and most intimate friends.

At half after two o'clock on Tuesday afternoon, the hearse arrived at Trinity College, Cambridge; and was received at the great gate and conveyed to the hall, where, according to the ancient usage, in cases where this distinguished tribute of respect is paid to a member, the body lay in state till 5 o'clock.

At this time the Lord Bishop of Bristol, master of the college, the vice master, senior and junior fellows, batchelors of arts, scholars, and other members resident in the university, in their academical habits and in black scarfs, bands, and gloves, walked from the Combination Room, accompanied by the chief mourners, into the hall; and after moving round the body, which was placed in the midst, they took their seats, the chief mourners being placed on the right hand, and left of the master. Greek, Latin, and English verses, the effusions of reverential respect for his high attainments and of love for his virtues, were placed on the pall, and were read with the most sympathetic interest by his former associates in study. An anthem was chanted by the choir. After which the body was raised by the bearers, and a most solemn procession was made round the great quadrangle of the college, from the hall to the chapel, in the following order:

Two Porters

Singing Men and Boys, two and two.

Mr. Wilson, the undertaker.

A Page The Feather-lid A Page.

Dr. Davy, Physician. Mr. Oake-, Apothec.
 Rev. John Shepherd } } Rev. — Henshaw,
 Minister of Trin. } } Conductor of
 Church. } } the Chapel.

The Lord Bishop of Bristol, Master.

THE BODY,

supported by the eight senior Fellows, viz.

Rev. G. A. Browne

Rev. G. F. Tavell

Rev. Dr. Ramsden

Rev. J. Hailstone

Rev. Dr. Raine

Rev. J. Davis

Rev. J. Lambert

Rev. J. H. Renouard,

Vice Master.

STREET MOURNERS.

James Barry, and Sidney Hawes, jun.
Brother-in-law, and nephew of the deceased.

Junior Fellows, two and two.

Bachelors, two and two.

Scholars, two and two.

Pensioners, two and two.

Mr. John Newby, clerk of the chapel,
and

Other servants of the college, two and two.

On entering the chapel, which was illuminated, the Lord Bishop, chief mourners, and all the members of the college, took their places, and the choir performed an anthem.

After which the Lord Bishop read the lesson, and the procession moved in the same order to the grave, which was at the foot of the statue of Sir Isaac Newton, and surrounded by those of all the illustrious persons which this great and distinguished college has produced. When they had taken their stations around the grave, and the body was placed above it ready for interment, the funeral anthem was performed by the choir in the adjoining chapel, during the most perfect silence of the auditory, and with the most solemn effect.

The service was then read by the Lord Bishop with such an awful, dignified, and impressive pathos as we never witnessed on any former solen-

nity of the kind. He was himself overwhelmed as he proceeded by his feelings; and he communicated the sympathetic emotion to every listening friend of the deceased. Nothing could be more solemn nor more affecting than his tone and delivery. The senior members of the college who had lived with the Professor in habits of the most endearing intercourse for thirty years, and who had the best means of estimating the wonderful height and variety of his attainments, shed tears of sorrow over the grave; and the whole assembly displayed a feeling of grief and interest, which bespoke the sense they entertained of the irreparable loss, that not only their own society but the literary world had suffered by his death.

The following was the simple inscription engraved in brass on his coffin.—

RICARDUS · PORSON
APUD CANTABRIGIENSES ·
LINGUAE · GRAECAE PROFESSOR ·
ET
COLL. · TRIN. · S · S · ET · IND ·
OLIM · SOCIUS · APUD · LOND ·
NENSES ·
INSTITUTIONIS LITTERARIAE ·
BIBLIOTHECARII PRINCEPS ·
NATUS VIII · CAL · IAN · MDCCLX ·
OBIT · VII · CAL · OCT ·
MDCCCVIII.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE occurrences of the last month are sufficient to excite very serious reflections in every mind, which is not lost to the events of this world, and to that spirit which animated our forefathers, and which it is the great glory of the English constitution to cherish and to invigorate. The universal indignation which was manifested at the disgraceful convention entered into by the triumvirate of generals, to whom the honour of the British arms had been confided in Portugal, was an evident presage that a matter of such importance could not be slurred over; and the three generals could scarcely expect that the English nation, so often bearing a noble testimony to the courage and zeal of our sailors and their commanders, would be silent under an event not to be paralleled in history for its baseness. The city of London,

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honourably for itself, took the lead upon this occasion; and an unanimity prevailed, which shewed that its council was alive to those feelings, which, when they cease to inspire Englishmen, leave nothing in this country worthy of estimation. A motion was made, after due notice, for an address to the king, expressing their grief at the disgrace cast on the British arms and the nation in general by the convention in Portugal, and requesting that an enquiry might be made into the authors of this disgrace, that condign punishment might follow those who could, in the sight of the whole world, place the British army in so unbecoming a situation. The address was couched in the most loyal and respectful terms, and the prayer of the petition was one in which every loyal British heart united.

The mover of the address, Mr.

2 Y

Watchman, a very respectable common-councilman, in eloquence far superior to the generality of speakers in either house of parliament, shewed the propriety of it in strong and impressive terms, and he was seconded in a very able manner. Several of the members of the council, who were supposed to be the least likely to approach the throne upon any other occasion than that of a congratulation, expressed themselves with great spirit, and among them Colonel Birch particularly distinguished himself. Every body felt that, if at any time the city of London came forward, this extraordinary event was such a call as could not possibly be resisted. It was necessary that the king should know the sentiments of his people: and the metropolis very properly took the lead in speaking for so large a body. Every hand was held up in favour of an address, and one was soon after produced, which was carried with the utmost unanimity.

The day came for its being presented, and it was read as usual by the recorder. The king, in his reply, acknowledged his sense of the loyalty of the addressers, but reminded them that it was inconsistent with justice to pronounce judgment without previous investigation. He had, he declared, entertained a hope that recent occurrences might have convinced them, that he was ready at all times to institute an enquiry when the honour of the country required it; and that the interposition of the city of London could not have been thought by them to be necessary to induce him to direct an enquiry into a transaction which has disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation.

Having heard the reply, the Lord Mayor and his brethren retired; and almost at the same time entered one of the triumvirate generals, who was most graciously received. The next morning several of the newspapers expressed an unmanly joy at the reprimand received by the city, and triumphed in the idea that it was properly paid for the servile addresses supposed to have been of late years so often presented. For our own part we felt, we confess, very differently upon this occasion. We rejoiced

that the city had acted in a manner so honourable to itself, and we regretted extremely that their loyalty had not met with a better reception. Whatever might have been its past conduct, surely those men must be extremely weak who wish a public body to be discountenanced in approaching the throne with those truths which are felt by the whole country. They modestly requested an enquiry: the nation wished for an enquiry: the king himself seemed to participate in the general sentiment. The object therefore of the address could not be denied to be good. The experience of the past was assuredly no warranty for an enquiry. After the passing over of the disgraceful convention at the Helder, and the defeat at Ferrol,—when no public mark had been given by ministers of disapprobation of the Portuguese convention—when the park and tower guns had announced it to the metropolis as a triumph, not a disgrace to our arms—surely the city of London cannot be blamed for a hasty interference, and it has done only what the urgency of affairs required.

Whatever the writers in these public newspapers may think, and with whatever delight they may disparage every effort in their countrymen to think justly and to act uprightly, the country does not participate in the meanness of their sentiments. The example set by the city of London has been followed by other cities and by counties, and probably the whole nation will unite in laying at the foot of the throne their loyal and unanimous petitions. The city of Westminster has come forward with a true spirit; and its petition goes farther than that of the city of London. The latter requested only an enquiry into the disgraceful convention, the city of Westminster requests, that the king would forthwith call his parliament, that the whole of this unhappy business may be fairly and openly investigated. We scarcely know when a stronger reason could be urged for the calling of a parliament. The whole of the expedition requires examination. In what manner was it fitted out? By whom were the two first generals, men so little known, selected? Does the fault lie chiefly with the triumvirate

of generals, or with the minister, or is it to be divided between them? If the generals have any spark of honour left in them, they must court enquiry, or their names will go down to posterity with such reproaches that no present honours can counterbalance.

With whom the blame lies time must discover: but the enquiry will not terminate, we hope, with the affair of Portugal. It is necessary that the whole state of the army should be investigated. Rumours are propagated of a species of favouritism being permitted, which, if true, ought to be removed; if false, the characters of those attached for it may be vindicated. Errors may arise in any establishment: but it is strange, that in this country the army and navy should be allowed to be on such different footings. Were the army under a board similar to that of the admiralty, and were the strange system of selling commissions abolished, we should not hear of such men being at the head of our forces as a Whitelocke or a Dalrymple. To rise to so exalted a station service would be requisite, and in that service distinction must have been obtained. The board of admiralty would not give the command of a large squadron to a captain who had never been in action, or, having been in action, had never distinguished himself. The navy of England points out to us the way in which heroes are to be produced; and the army would not be less conspicuous, if equal pains were taken in it, to form their officers and to reward merit.

Two of the triumvirate generals are in England, Sir Hew Dalrymple and Sir Arthur Wellesley. The former did not arrive for some days after the city address, and it is said that he is not less desirous for an enquiry than the nation. But he calls for one by a court-martial, and without doubt that is the true manner in which the question is to be tried, as far as the generals are concerned. General Whitelocke was tried by a court-martial, and there was no need for an enquiry in that case but by the regular courts. This is assuredly a much more complicated question: for, if the generals have done all that the circumstances in which they were placed permitted them to do, no blame can attach to

them: but it is thrown with a dreadful responsibility in another quarter. It does Sir Hew Dalrymple credit, if he is really anxious that his whole conduct should be investigated; and he will be heard with the utmost candour in his defence: but we cannot help thinking what a Nelson would have done had he been in a similar situation.

The feelings of Englishmen have been wounded, not only by the disgraceful convention, but by the manifestos issued by our commanders since they have got rid of the French. The account of the French conduct in Portugal has been greatly exaggerated; but orders of commands remain to be compared together. In fact, the Portuguese have not been sufficiently attended to throughout the progress of this campaign. We drove out their enemies; but by mistake at first our flag, instead of that of the prince regent, was hoisted; and then the orders for the police of Lisbon seemed such rather, as might have been issued for a conquered than a relieved town. However, the Portuguese rejoice at having got rid of their former guests; and in due time every thing will be arranged for the interest of the prince regent. Whether this prince will not think himself much better in his Brazilian dominions time will discover: at any rate, it would be more judicious in him to wait the issue of events in Spain, than risk a second departure from his native capital.

In Spain nothing has happened to discourage the hopes of the brave patriots. The French have indeed retaken Bilboa; but when we consider the situation of this place, and the strength of the French in the north of Spain, such an event was to be expected. The Spanish forces made a masterly retreat from the place; and when they are joined by the troops that made their escape from Denmark and supplies from England, the French will, it is to be hoped, be compelled in their turn to retreat. Had our troops, employed in Portugal, been landed at Bilboa, such an event could not have happened; and we should have been able to make such a diversion in that quarter, as might have been extremely injurious

to the projects of the main French army. This army is situated near the banks of the Ebro, & its strength is by no means ascertained. The Gallic-Spanish king is with them. The main Spanish army is marching from the south against him; and if it is duly seconded by the troops in Biscay and Catalonia coming on their rear at the foot of the Pyrenees, it should seem impossible that the French army could make a retreat. But we do not know what forces may have joined it, and probably those which we have conveyed to France are now on the Spanish side of the Pyrenees.

The Supreme Junta is assembled. It took the oaths with the usual ceremonies; and the shouts of the populace proclaimed their joy at the meeting of the Junta, and the declaration that Ferdinand was their king. We have not as yet heard of their deliberations, nor of any resolutions passed by them. What their power is to be cannot well be ascertained: for, as it consists of deputies from the Supreme Juntas of different provinces, and those Juntas retain their power, the actions of the Supreme Junta may be very much restrained. Probably they will be confined chiefly to military operations, and the preparing of every thing necessary for the calling of a general Cortez. In fact, a general Cortez is rendered absolutely necessary, and to the Cortez only can Spain look for an amelioration of its condition. Their zeal is sufficiently animated against the French; and if it wanted fresh fuel, Cevallos would have communicated it by his full account of the intrigues of Bonaparte to get possession of their princes. What is most wonderful in this business is, that the two kings could have been such dupes; and they have sufficiently proved, that neither of them is worth fighting for. Before Englishmen, however, take upon themselves to be very outrageous against Bonaparte for his conduct, let them say whether they vindicate or not similar transactions in the East Indies.

France must be in a state of internal tranquillity, for Bonaparte has left his metropolis, and is in the heart of Germany. There he has given the meeting to his brother of Russia. The latter was dissuaded by some of his

subjects from going; but he repulsed them severely, and bid them not trouble their heads about politics. We presume that he has nothing to fear in this rencontre; and, in fact, the seizure of his person would not answer any purpose. In a despotic country they set aside their kings with great ease, and the successor would think himself much obliged to Bonaparte for his conduct. The meeting was very grand: kings and princes in abundance attended it. The two great sovereigns accosted each other with all cordiality. But sovereigns do not travel several hundred miles for the pleasure of accosting each other: their secret plans are not known: the character of Bonaparte forbids us to hope that any thing can arise from them, but the setting up or pulling down of thrones and the partition of kingdoms.

Something pacific may, however, have entered into their schemes; for, it is said, that messengers from both parties have arrived in this country. What terms can be offered it is difficult to conceive. Will Bonaparte consent that Spain should be an independent kingdom? Will he be content with the power that he has already acquired? What peace would his restless mind be satisfied with? We see no prospect of accommodation, and look for the result of this sovereign meeting to some plans for the supposed benefit of both Russia and France. It is said that Bonaparte is to allow Duke Constantine to be king of Constantinople, and to divide the Turkish dominions in Europe into three parts, one for the kingdom under Constantine, one for himself, and one for Austria.

But is Austria to accede to this treaty willingly, or by force? That she is alarmed, we cannot doubt. She has been trying every method to recruit her strength, and is fearful of another contest, in which she may have to contend with the combined forces of France and Russia. So complicated and so variable are the politics of the present times, that every moment almost changes friends into enemies and enemies into friends. The Russian forgets all former friendships with his new ally, and he may easily be wheedled to turn his

arms against Austria. The court of the latter country will not meet with much compassion; for, in spite of its past losses, it does not seem to have advanced one step towards the improvement of its government.

The Swede continues to fight with great courage; but we are by no means clear that he will be able to rescue Finland from the arms of Russia. Some bloody battles have been fought. The issue of them is not known, and we have therefore reason to conjecture that they have not been in favour of the Swede. His fleet also, united with ours, have not been able to force the Russian fleet in Port Baltic to surrender. The situation of that port has favoured the Russians, and the admiral has raised such batteries on the shores that we cannot approach them. Attempts at negotiation are said to have been used; and it is certain, that it is with great reluctance England fights against Russia. The Russian fleet now harboured in Portsmouth was suffered to have its flag flying in that port: but whatever our ministers may think, we do not see the least probability of their rescuing the Russian emperor from the friendship of Bonaparte.

From Denmark we hear little. Its war with Sweden affords nothing new. A petty war is carried on against its coasts by a Baron Hompesch, who has the command of a vessel, we presume under authority, and has landed in some places, carrying away plunder, and creating rather vexation than contributing much towards the termination of the war. We presume that this is the Baron Hompesch who has given so much occasion for remarks on his conduct in our courts of law.

In America, addresses have been sent to the President from some of the sea towns on the subject of the embargo, to which he has sent very temperate answers. Our papers complain of him, for not speaking with sufficient warmth on the affairs of Spain; but they do not recollect that he is too far from that country to have the intelligence of which we are in possession: and, when he spoke of the changes in its government, he could know little more than the abdication of the two kings, and the appointment of one of the Bonapartes to the throne. He

could not know how far the change there might affect the embargo; and he very wisely reasons as an American, not as an European sovereign. Much of party prevails in America: but one great point in favour of the American President is, that both English and French join in reprobation of his measure. In his answer to the addresses, he laments the necessity of it; but he states the question very clearly; and of the propriety of his conduct men will judge very differently, according to their respective interests. The merchants will of course be clamorous, because there must be a cessation for some time to their gains: but the question naturally arises, — Whether it is not better for a country to lose all its gains in commerce for a year or two, than to enter into a war which in one year will consume all the profits in commerce for the next ten years? The President states clearly, that the embargo arose from necessity. The Americans were harassed by both of the contending powers; and, if he took part with one, he must enter into war with the other. Blood and destruction, and all the follies of war, must follow. A distance of three thousand miles separated their coasts from the seat of war. Which, then, was the most advantageous: to abstain from all intercourse with quarrelsome countries, till they had settled their differences, or to pursue a commerce which led to endless vexations? John Bull is for a word and a blow. The Americans, we hope, are setting a good example to the world, and may be the means of correcting the brutal principles which have for so many years been predominant in human politics. We must not imagine, however, that all trade is at a stand with them. They have a long line of coast, and the exchange of commodities between the northern and southern provinces is very considerable. The approaching meeting of the congress will throw new light upon the question: but at present, the measure of the President seems to us to be replete with wisdom, directed to the good of his country, and founded on principles adapted to men of better dispositions than those who are tearing each other to pieces in Europe.

We mentioned Mr. Waithman in

the beginning of our Report, and gave him due credit for his very able conduct in the council chamber of the city of London. He has, we find, signalled himself in his district in the country, which is much indebted to him for his exertions, and which may excite other parishes to be watchful over the expenditure of their money, and careful into whose hands they commit the guidance of their affairs. The parish officers, it seems, thought themselves above all controul from the parish, and took upon themselves to contract for works, and to urge the execution of them, in opposition to the general sense of their constituents. A meeting of the inhabitants was called, which, in its resolutions, declared the impropriety of their officers measures, and desired a vestry to be called. After much opposition, a vestry met; and Mr. Mellish, the member for the county, was placed in the chair. It was intended, by a side motion of thanks to the officers, to sanction their proceedings; and the countenance of Mr. Mellish, Sir W. Curtis, and one or two rich men, was thought sufficient to protect their intended resolutions. Mr. Waithman, however, made an amendment to the motion; purporting, that the parish money should not be employed to pay for works which were disapproved of; and, on the show of hands, Mr. Mellish, with great reluctance, was obliged to confess that it was in favour of the amendment, though he had taken some pains that it should not be voted in the regular manner. This majority in favour of the amendment was made more decisive by counting the numbers present; and then, a thing unheard of before, a ballot was called for of the whole parish, to last for three days, and to this Mr. Mellish consented. The ballot accordingly took place; and the result was, that Mr. Waithman's amendment was carried with a far greater majority than before. It is usual for such meetings to break up with thanks to the chairman; but in this case such a compliment could not consistently be paid: in lieu of it a very severe motion of censure was passed on the chairman by a great majority. These proceedings are a very useful lesson both to the officers and to the chairman:—they may now

reflect, that they are the servants, not the lords, of their parish; and, if it is very seldom that a parish will unite against its officers, it becomes them to consider that they are amenable to the parish for their actions. The chairman will learn, that, whatever he might think of the subject in dispute, it was his chief duty to act in the chair with impartiality. The proceedings of a parish, not less than those of a kingdom, are worthy of attention.—The wish to rule without restraint is as frequently apparent in the small as in the larger divisions of mankind: and checks to that spirit of domination are equally wanting in one as the other. Happy is that parish and that kingdom where mutual confidence reigns between the governors and the governed; arising on the one hand from the desire to rule with moderation, and on the other to submit to wise regulations with cheerfulness.

The higher circles have had their attention engrossed by a very singular adventure—relative to the publication of a Major Hogan, who esteems himself to have been much injured in the army. The sum of four hundred pounds was conveyed to him by a lady, with a view to suppress his pamphlet; and the first publisher refused to sell the second edition. The circumstances of this case will probably be brought before the public in a judicial form; for very high names have been used upon this occasion. The question is certainly very worthy of the attention of the public in general, and the army in particular.

A revolution is likely to take place in this country, much for the benefit of its inhabitants, and for the interest of a numerous part of our fellow-subjects. For upwards of a hundred years we have been indebted to China for a great part of our beverage, and our cottagers have lived upon tea.—The government have lately considered, that in our West-India islands a plant is grown, which affords to the greater part of Europe a wholesomer if not a pleasanter drink; and that we ought to encourage it at home, in preference to a commodity brought from an immense distance. In consequence of this reflection, the duties upon coffee have been so much lowered, that the poor may have access to it;

and obtain a much cheaper and better beverage than that to which they have been accustomed. The sale of coffee has already been considerable. It must be chiefly confined to West-India produce, as there is very little Arabian coffee in the kingdom; and we believe none in the East-India company's warehouses. This will stimulate our colonies to cultivate the coffee-plant with greater assiduity,

and they may perhaps rival, in time, the productions of Mocha and Java. Their coffee is at present very good; and, if we expend a few millions in the West Indies upon coffee, instead of sending them a much longer voyage to China for tea, the colonists will be enabled to take a greater quantity of our commodities, and we shall not be subject to the monopoly of an overgrown company.

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ON perusing the title-page of this work, we are naturally led to suppose that the work itself must be a wonderful production. The author absolutely undertakes (in thirty-five pages of music) to imitate *twenty-two* of the finest instrumental performers, composers, and singers, that ever adorned the musical profession. In order to accomplish this arduous task, he commences with a "*Tema*," which in itself is one of the most trifling subjects which we have ever met with, not even excepting the *meaneast lesson* in *Hook's Guida*, op. 37, for there are only two discords in it, viz. the minor seventh and its third inversion, the chord of the 2d, 4th, and 6th, which, with the harmony of the key, and the 5th of it, are to furnish Mr. L. with materials for his *Imitations* of the rich, tasteful, and scientific compositions of a *Cramer*, a *Cramer*, a *Steibelt*, &c. Although the "*Tema*," which Mr. L. has chosen, is very trifling, nay even contemptible, when we consider the purpose for which it is intended, yet we cannot help smiling at his policy

for adopting it: for as there is nothing in the subject, you cannot expect more in the argument; consequently there can be no great disappointment, or at most it will not exceed the price of seven shillings and sixpence. We shall not attempt to analyze the whole of the work, but merely notice those pages and passages that are likely to meet the ideas of our musical readers; and thereby endeavour to prove that the attempt to imitate the beautiful compositions of those persons mentioned in it, is infinitely beyond the flimsy capacity of Mr. Latour. His attempt in the style of Grassini's singing is preposterous; whoever has had the pleasure of hearing that divine singer must recollect the great depth of voice which she possessed; in short it favoured more of the Tenore than the Soprano; but he has attempted to describe her singing by introducing passages, the divisions of which, could scarcely be executed by the rapidity and fire of a "*Billington*," much less by Grassini, whose beauties in singing consisted of serious, deep, and determined tones, and not of the introducing of chromatic triplets, and singing up to A and B in alt, notes which are not within the compass of her voice.

In page 6, an attempt is made to imitate the composition of "*Maz-zinghi*." If our readers will examine attentively the first movement of that author's sonata, in the key of G. op. 14, they will find that Mr. L. has made

a trifling mistake by giving "a selection" instead of "an imitation." In page 7; the name of "Saust" (a celebrated flute player) is introduced. The flute accompaniment in this page does not answer the description given of it in the title page; there it is *ad libitum*, here it is *obligato*; but we can see nothing very remarkable in this Imitation; where are the passages peculiar to Mr. Saust's style of playing? all that Mr. Latour has introduced we have heard performed long before Mr. Saust was known as an eminent flute player.

In page 14, Mr. Latour's attempt to imitate "Cramer" is truly ludicrous; instead of finding (as we are led to suppose) an elegant subject replete with counterpoint and every species of musical science, so peculiar to that excellent composer, we are furnished with a page of unmeaning passages, *tasteless* in subject and *meagre* in modulation; which is impudently called an Imitation of every thing that is elegant and scientific.

In page 15, there is "a Selection" from Braham's Pollacca, instead of an Imitation. We really thought that Mr. L. would have been more successful in this attempt, as their style of composition is so much alike, "very simple," but "very popular." Mr. L. should have recollected that it is the worst of crimes to rob the poor. With respect to the Imitations of "Dusseck," and "Steibell," we beg leave to class them with that of "Cramer's." Nothing but the most unparalleled effrontery and avarice on the part of Mr. Latour, could have induced him to commit such an outrage on common sense, as that of producing the work now before us. Can any one point out a single composition of Mr. Latour's, that resembles those of "Dusseck," "Cramer," or "Steibell," in any thing else but the *clefs* and the *time*? No, nor ever will; but we really think that he might have succeeded had he attempted an imitation of "Nicolai, op. 11," "Hook's 24 Progressive Lessons," Burton's Rondo, or any other trifling work calculated for the improvement of juvenile performers, and we are also ready to admit that he may be extremely clever as PIANISTE in the drawing-room of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and

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equally so as A YEOMAN OF THE MOUTH in his Royal Highness's *Pantry*, but not as an imitator of elegant and scientific compositions.

H.

"Ah! why did Henry leave his home." Sung by Mrs. Bland. Written and composed by G. Nicks. 1s.

PARBLEU! What Master Nicks again? Notwithstanding the wholesome chastisement that we inflicted upon thee in our number for July last, hast thou still the temerity to present thyself once more before us? "Bray a fool in a mortar," said a certain wise man, "yet will not his folly depart from him." Now, as we by no means covet so unprofitable an employment, pray "pass on" good Master Nicks.

J.

"The Chapter of Driving." Sung by Mr. Dignum. Composed by W. Russell. 1s. 6d.

THIS is the first time that we have had the mortification of seeing Mr. Russell's name inserted in the title of a comic song. It is painful to see a clever man so entirely mistake his talent. As an organist, as a composer of anthems, and as a theorist, few men rank higher than Mr. Russell. But really as a composer of the comic order, he cuts a figure little less ridiculous, than would our present venerable Bishop of London, were it possible for him so far to debase himself as to sing "Four and twenty Fiddlers all in a Row," at Sadler's Wells.

Friend Russell, take advice: leave the composing of *nugæ canoræ* to Messrs. Reeve and Kelly, or to Mr. Ware of 300! fiddle-notoriety. By the bye, we ought to have given the last mentioned gentleman's name the precedence, because he *writes* as well as composes the comic. His famous *Fiddle Paragraph* is undoubtedly one of the most irresistibly drole flashes of merriment, and has caused more diversion, than any other comic effusion with which we have lately met. Nay, it out Dibdin's even C. Dibdin, jun. himself.

The words of the "Chapter of Driving" are just what you would expect to meet with at Vauxhall. In the
2 Z

speaking part of this song, Mr. Dignum, thus familiarly addresses his audience,—“The gardens look delightfully this season; never more brilliant. Mrs. Blap is in capital voice, and our old friend Dignum is not much amiss.” This, our old friend Dignum, we suppose thought “vastly funny.” We think that it was “mighty impudent.”

J.

“Will you come to the Bower.” Arranged as a rondo for the piano-forte, by S. Hale. 1s. 6d.

MR. HALE has arranged this favourite air in an elegant and tasteful manner. Indeed, we think that in general Mr. H. is remarkably successful in this light species of composition.

J.

“The Dapper Damsel.” A favourite song, sung by Mr. Smith at Sadler’s Wells. Written by Mr. C. Dibdin. Composed by Mr. Reeve. 1s.

MORE Poetry!!! from Mr. C. Dibdin, and original music from Mr. Reeve.

The idea of a man’s tumbling into a stinking ditch, and in scrambling out from it, a branch of a tree catching him by the waistband of his breeches, and his dangling upon this branch to “dry like a dishcloth a dripping” may be very popular at Sadler’s Wells, but surely it never will be so any where else.

J.

“Call again to morrow.” A favourite song, sung with unbounded applause by Mr. Smith, at Sadler’s Wells. 1s. 6d.

NOTWITHSTANDING that “Call again to morrow” is written by Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. and composed by Mr. Reeve; we pronounce it to be a clever song. We have, to be sure, rather too much of Mr. D.’s witty orthography again; but then the idea (which is excellent) makes ample amends for it.

Mr. Reeve’s melody, too, is pleasing, and remarkably appropriate. Upon the whole we think that this song justly merits the great popularity which it has acquired.

J.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

COVENT-GARDEN theatre is to be rebuilt upon the same ground, but with very great improvements.—The proprietors flatter themselves that the new house will be ready by September next. In the meanwhile it is believed that the wardrobe and scenic departments will be totally detached from the stage and audience part of the theatre, that should a similar accident occur, a chance may be afforded of saving the property. Of the proposed dimensions, some idea may be formed from the intended height of the flats, on each side of the stage, for the reception of the scenes, which are to be 22 feet high; in the old theatre they were 18 feet; the altitude of those in Drury-lane is 26 feet. Every possible exertion will be made to complete the new edifice, consistent with a due regard to security, by the time at which the season usually commences, next year; and particular care will be taken to guard against the danger of the calamity which destroyed the old one. It is said that a considerable sum of money is intended to

be raised, by way of tontine, upon such liberal terms as will render the shares highly desirable, and consequently the subscription will be soon filled, in order to defray the expenses of the new building as they arise. The friends of the patentees have already come forward with the most zealous offers of assistance and support.

The King’s Theatre, in the Haymarket, was opened on Monday, Sept. 26, with *Douglas*, to afford to his Majesty’s servants of Covent-Garden theatre the facility of recommencing their performances, interrupted by the late calamity. As soon as the curtain drew up, Mr. Kemble came forward, and delivered an address to the audience, pathetically touching on that melancholy occasion. He observed, that he appeared before them to express a grateful sense of the flattering encouragement they had afforded the company on the present evening: he was apprehensive it was irregular to address them on the misfortunes of the company, but he trust-

ed that their indulgence would interpret the expressions that he uttered in the most favourable manner. Notwithstanding the misfortune which had befallen the theatre, it had been the object of the managers that no time should be lost in providing for those who looked up to them for support. Previous to the late disaster, the theatre abounded with splendid scenery, excellent machinery, and valuable stage ornaments, but by that dreadful calamity all those embellishments of the drama had been lost. These losses it was the intention of the managers to supply as early as it was possible. He again thanked the public for the support and encouragement they had afforded; and he concluded by assuring them, that a new theatre would be opened by next September, replete with every article necessary to make it a fit ornament for the first city in the British empire.

Friday, Oct. 7. *The Stranger*—*The Forest of Hermanstadt*; or, *Princess and no Princess*. After the representation of *The Stranger*, in which Mrs. Siddons and Mr. Kemble displayed their usual excellence, and in which most of the performers were very respectable, this new melo-drama was exhibited. The fable is as follows:—

Almaric, Grand Duke of Transylvania, having heard much in praise of *Elisara*, daughter to the sovereign of Bulgaria, sends *Oswald*, his confidential friend, to make proposals of marriage in his name. *Oswald* has an accomplished but ambitious sister, named *Ulrica*, who has never been seen by *Almaric*. *Oswald* sends home the picture of his sister, instead of that of the *Princess Elisara*, to his master, who becomes enamoured of the portrait, and sends orders to his treacherous friend to hasten the marriage. *Oswald* concludes his negotiation, and departs from Bulgaria with the *Princess*, but by a pretended rencontre with a Walladiran banditti, he puts to death all those of *Elisara's* retinue who had seen her face, it having been the custom for ladies in Bulgaria to appear always veiled in public; and leaving the princess to the care of two ruffians, in a ruined palace in the forest of Hermanstadt, he decks his sister with the royal ornaments and dress, and carries her to-

wards the Court, under the assumed title of *Princess of Bulgaria*. The true *Elisara*, having succeeded in softening the hearts of her ferocious guards, and escaping from their intentions of murdering her, finds shelter in a little inn on the borders of the forest. To this inn the *Duke Almaric* brings *Ulrica*, the pretended princess, having met her in her progress towards his capital. *Oswald* and *Ulrica* are dismayed at seeing their victim, and by their threats and artifices prevent the affrighted princess from discovering herself. She experiences a variety of adventures while thus situated, and particularly attracts the notice of *Almaric*, who already begins to dislike the haughty measures of *Ulrica*, and to wish he had not so hastily been fascinated by her picture. In the mean time *Zavolano*, one of *Elisara's* escort (a nobleman and a friend of her father, the Bulgarian King), having escaped the fate of the princess's other attendants, arrives, on his way to Hermanstadt, at the inn, recognises his sovereign's daughter under her disguise, and having induced *Oswald's* confidant (*Karle*) to confess part of his master's villany, he throws himself at *Almaric's* feet, and accuses *Oswald* and *Ulrica*. His testimony is not at first believed, till two ruffians, who were to have dispatched *Elisara*, are brought in support of it, and a diamond ornament, which *Ulrica* knows not the secret to open, is opened by *Elisara*, and produces an heretofore-concealed portrait of the real princess. The conspirators are punished, and *Almaric* is united to *Elisara*. The rustic comicality of the innkeeper, *Bazil*, his wife *Gertrude*, and their man *Andrew*, forms the lighter part of the piece. *Andrew*, supposing *Elisara* to be one of his own rank in life, makes love to her, and assists, innocently, in adding to the embarrassments she is perpetually thrown into by the novelty and danger of her disguised situation.

This piece is Mr. Skeffington's play of *The Mysterious Bride*, compressed into two acts, with the adventitious aid of pretty and appropriate music, some pantomimic action, and every assistance of the managers and decorator; and, with the exception of Mr. and Mrs. H. Siddons, was better performed than at Drury-lane theatre.

It was heard throughout with much attention in its plan to comprise at all. However, it is but justice to say, that the

If there be any difference in the merits of the two pieces, that difference is, we think, in favour of the *Mysterious Bride*; which, being a production of greater length, has afforded more scope for effect, and does accordingly contain, in the last act, two or three striking situations which the melo-drama was necessarily too limited

an. How- ever, it is but justice to say, that the melo-drama, as far as it went, was exceedingly well constructed, and fully deserved the applause it obtained. Mr. Farley, Mr. Liston, and Mrs. H. Johnstone, distinguished themselves in the performance: the two former by their effective acting, and the latter by her beauty and interesting appearance.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Does "Egrog" think the work he has animadverted upon worthy of notice? It is to be remembered, that every literary attack renders its object more popular; and the writers for the work alluded to, would gladly compound for infamy and money.

"Humanus" shall appear in our next.

We shall be glad to hear from "Juvenis" again.

We thank "Candidus" for his grateful letter. As often as there may seem to be occasion for private communication with him, we shall adopt it. One more of his pieces will be inserted next month.

We beg leave to decline the "Russian Song."

"M." on *Puffing*, is inadmissible.

We wish we could accede to the request of "Jos. Brown, M.D." His *Epitaph* is not without merit, but some of the lines are susceptible of improvement. If he can prevail upon himself to make this improvement, and will transmit us a copy^r time enough for our next number, it shall appear.

We have perused "J. Graham's" *Essay on the Effects of Education on the Poor*, but must decline inserting it.

"W. P." of Manchester, will find part of his communications in the present Number. His "Elegiac Stanzas" shall appear in our next.

"T. S." on the *Perfection of Man*, has not perfection enough to entitle it to a place in the *Universal Magazine*.

"The Lover" is nonsense.

"Mr. Fletcher's" *Imitations and Parodies* came too late for insertion this month.— They will appear in our next.

"E. F." is offended at our praise of Mr. Kemble's acting: let him disprove by argument. He tells us he is not a "very ignorant person." Truly, we doubt it; for *theatrical, akumen, stricktures, jestures*, &c. &c. form no part of education.

We have received "Mr. Pratt's" note, accompanying his poem: they will be attended to. We refer "*Recti Fautor*" to an *Eton Grammar*.

ERRATA.

The Letter signed *Ἀλλοτρεῶς*,—for the vulgarism "*that that* excellence," read "*that excellence*;" i. e. the abstract quality of excellence "*is not infallible*."

Essay on ancient and modern Eloquence,—

For "*effect those of their*," &c. read "*affect*."

— "*feelings*" read "*figures*."

— "*sincere, unbiassed*," towards the end, erase the comma.

Annotations on Shakspeare, last number, in *Antony and Cleopatra*,—

Before "*if thou so yield him*," insert "*but if well and free*."

For "*should leave an army*," read "*have*."

Quotation from Dante,—for *v. 34*, read *st. 34*; i. e. stanza.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

THE following Epitaph was written by Mr. JOHN WILKINSON, (see p. 183) a short time before his dissolution, and is inscribed in letters of iron, gilt, on his tomb:—

Delivered from persecution of malice & envy,

HERE RESTS

JOHN WILKINSON,

IRONMASTER,

In certain Hope of a better State & heavenly Mansion,

as promulgated by

JESUS CHRIST,

In whose Gospel he was a firm BELIEVER;

His Life was spent in Action

for the Benefit of Man,

and he trusts, in

some degree,

to the

GLORY OF GOD.

His different Works that remain, in various parts of the kingdom, are testimonies of unceasing labour, until death relieved him, the 14th day of July, 1808, at the advanced age of 80.

variance with established theories;—they were, however, convictions in his mind; he conscientiously acted upon them, and his practice it cannot be denied, has been justifyingly successful. The *Thesis* before alluded to was his only literary production, which appeared as a separate publication, but he wrote several papers in a periodical journal; an elaborate one on Diabetes, a striking and well written case of Catalepsy, and an Essay on Apoplexy, the latter signed Pyrrhus, will not be forgotten by medical readers. He also wrote a Memorial on Vaccination, in the year 1805, when an attempt was made to extend its benefits to the lower classes. We have to add that his moral character was without a stain, and his private and domestic virtues most estimable! He married in 1797, and leaves a widow and eight children.

DR. RICHARD LUBBOCK (see page 285) was a native of Norwich; he received the early and classical part of his education at the Free School of that city, under Mr. Lemon and Mr. Pryce; his medical education commenced with Mr. Rigby, under whom he was one of the first pupils who attended the Norfolk and Norwich hospital: he studied several years at Edinburgh, and obtained his degree in that university in the year 1784, with great credit, having distinguished himself by his *Thesis de Principio sorbile*, in which he delivered some ingenious and original speculations which excited considerable notice from the philosophical chemists of that day. His introduction to practice, on his return to Norwich, was almost immediate; and from its earliest period to the moment of his being arrested by disease, he was unremittingly engaged in it—time and talent, having, perhaps, in no instance, been more uniformly, more constantly, or more undeviatingly directed to the objects of his profession. On entering upon it, he adopted, we understand, some medical opinions, which were thought to be almost peculiar to himself, and at

The Rev. CLEMENT CRUTTWELL (see page 285) first appeared as an author in his edition of *Bishop Wilson's Bible and Works*, to which he has prefixed a Life; and in the splendid edition of the Bible, he has inserted Collations from the various Texts; an employment which first directed his thoughts to that most laborious undertaking, his "*Concordance of Parallel Texts of Scripture*;" a work which, according to the usual computation of time and assiduity, would be sufficient to occupy the life of an ordinary man; and when it is considered that he printed it in his own house, and corrected the press as he proceeded, some idea may be formed of his industry and perseverance. To the high merits of this performance, as a most accurate compilation, the clerical profession will readily subscribe; and the just and public encomium of the Bishop of Lincoln has stamped it with its due value. Scarcely had he recovered from a severe illness, which his incessant application had produced, and which obliged him to have recourse to the baths of St. Amand, in Flanders, when he projected the scheme of his *Universal Gazetteer*; in the execution of which he spent ten years of un-

wearied diligence; the sale of the first edition sufficiently proved the favourable idea in which it was regarded by the public; and he had just gone through the laborious office of editing a second edition, comprising 30,000 new articles, when, on the road to his native town, Wokingham, in Berkshire, he was arrested by a sudden illness which terminated fatally before medical assistance could be procured. Warm, generous, and sincere in his private character, Mr. C. had conciliated the esteem and affection of a numerous circle of friends: secluded, indeed, of late years, by his ill state of health, his society had been principally confined to his more immediate connexions: to them he was most affectionately attached, and exhibited in all his social relations the kindest and most benevolent heart; by them he is deeply and sincerely regretted. He died in his 65th year.

The Right Hon. Lord LYTTLETON (see page 286) died at Hagley Park, in Worcestershire. His lordship was born on the 4th of January, 1725, and soon after he came of age was elected M. P. for the borough of Bewdley; and in 1753 he was appointed governor of South Carolina, afterwards of the island of Jamaica, and in 1766, envoy extraordinary and plenipotentiary to the court of Lisbon; and, on his return from Portugal, was again elected member for Bewdley, and in 1776, created a peer of Ireland, and soon after constituted one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury; and in 1794, the English peerage of Lyttleton was revived in his favour.

His lordship married in June, 1761, Mary, daughter and co-heiress of James Macartney, Esq. of Longford, in Ireland, by whom (who died in 1765) he had a daughter, Hester, married to Sir Richard Colt Hoare, Bart. of Stourhead, in Wiltshire, and two sons, George Fulke and Charles Adam, the latter deceased. His lordship married secondly, Feb. 19, 1774, Caroline, daughter of John Bristow, Esq. late of Quiddenham, in Norfolk, by whom he had issue several children, of whom two only have survived him, viz. Carolina Anne, married to the Right Hon. Reginald Pole Carew,

of Anthony, in Cornwall, and William Henry, now one of the representatives in parliament for the county of Worcester. His lordship is succeeded in his honours and estate by his eldest son, George Fulke, now Lord Lyttleton.

Mr. JOHN HOME (see page 286) was originally educated for the church of Scotland, and was inducted into a living in the Lothians, the duties of which he discharged with the greatest propriety. As soon, however, as it was known that he was the author of the excellent tragedy of *Douglas*, he became very unpopular, from the puritanical spirit of the times, which rendered it criminal in the eyes of the multitude, that a clergyman should even read a play, far less be the author of one. On this Mr. Home gave in his resignation, and contented himself with the income of a small paternal estate. He was always, as far as his means would admit, the friend and liberal patron of merit; and, under his fostering hand, many sparks of literary genius, that would have otherwise lain dormant, were brought to light. One instance of this kind may be mentioned.—The celebrated poems of Ossian would never have been heard of, had not Mr. Home stretched forth his protecting hand to Macpherson, the translator. Whilst Mr. Macpherson was schoolmaster of Ruthven, in Badenoch, he occupied his leisure hours in collecting from the native, but illiterate bards of the mountains of Scotland, fragments of these inimitable poems: a few of them he translated, and inserted them occasionally in a weekly miscellany, then conducted at Edinburgh by the learned Walter Ruddiman. The beauty of these pieces soon attracted the notice of Mr. Home, of Drs. Robertson and Blair; and it was resolved by these gentlemen to send for Mr. Macpherson from his humble retreat. He accordingly came to Edinburgh, and had an interview with these literary characters; the result of which was, that he resigned his situation as schoolmaster, and travelled at their expense all over the Highlands, and collected the originals of those poems, which have since been the subject of

so much controversy. Macpherson, at his death, left Mr. Home 2000*l.* as a mark of grateful recollection of the acts of kindness he had received from him in early life. Though Mr. Home wrote several tragedies besides *Douglas*, some of which possess great merit, none of them were successful on the stage. He was a member of the consistory court in Scotland, from which situation he however derived little or no emolument.

It is, perhaps, not generally known

that Mr. Home was an officer in the Pretender's army, in the year 1745; and that after the insurrection was suppressed, he obtained a commission in his Majesty's service, which he held for some time. A few years ago he published a History of the Rebellion, which he dedicated to his Majesty: and from this work it appears that the political sentiments which had once induced him to support the House of Stuart, had undergone a complete change.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

ON Wednesday, October 12th, the Lord Mayor, Recorder, City Officers, and a Deputation composed of a certain number of Aldermen and Common Councilmen, waited on the King at St. James's, and presented an Address on the subject of the late Convention, as follows:—

To the King's Most Excellent Majesty.

The humble and dutiful Address and Petition of the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons, of the City of London, in Common Council assembled.

Most Gracious Sovereign,

We, your Majesty's most dutiful and loyal servants, the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Commons of the City of London, in Common Council assembled, most humbly approach your Majesty with renewed assurances of attachment to your Majesty's most sacred Person and Government, and veneration for the free principles of the British Constitution; to express to your Majesty our grief and astonishment at the extraordinary and disgraceful Convention lately entered into by the Commanders of your Majesty's forces in Portugal, and the Commanders of the French army in Lisbon.

The circumstances attending this afflicting event cannot be contemplated in British minds without the most painful emotions, and all ranks of your Majesty's subjects seem to have felt the utmost concern and indignation at a Treaty so humiliating and degrading to this country and its allies. After a signal victory gained

by the valour and discipline of British troops, by which the enemy appears to have been cut off from all means of succour or escape, we have the sad mortification of seeing the laurels so nobly acquired torn from the brows of our brave soldiers, and terms granted to the enemy disgraceful to the British name, and injurious to the best interests of the British nation.

Besides the restitution of the Russian fleet upon a definitive treaty of peace with that power, and the sending back to their country, without exchange, so large a number of Russian sailors; by this ignominious Convention, British fleets are to convey to France the French army and its plunder, where they will be at liberty immediately to recommence their active operations against us, or our allies. The guarantee and safe-conveyance of their plunder cannot but prove highly irritating to the pillaged inhabitants, over whom they have tyrannized, and for whose deliverance and protection the British army was sent: and the full recognition of the title and dignity of the Emperor of France, while all mention of the government of Portugal is omitted, must be considered as highly disrespectful to the legitimate authority of that country.

We therefore humbly pray your Majesty, in justice to the outraged feelings of a brave, injured, and indignant people, whose blood and treasure have been thus expended, as well as to retrieve the wounded honour of the country, and to remove from its character so foul a stain in the eyes of Europe, that your Majesty will be graciously pleased, immediately to institute such an inquiry into this dis-

honourable and unprecedented transaction, as will lead to the discovery and punishment of those, by whose misconduct and incapacity, the cause of the Country and its Allies has been so shamefully sacrificed.

We beg to assure your Majesty of our unshakable fidelity, and earnest desire to co-operate in every measure conducive to the peace, honour, and security of your Majesty's dominions.

To which his Majesty returned the following Answer:—

I am fully sensible of your loyalty and attachment to my person and government. I give credit to the motives which have dictated your Petition and Address, but I must remind you, that it is inconsistent with the principles of British justice, to pronounce judgment without previous investigation. I should have hoped that recent occurrences would have convinced you, that I am at all times ready to institute enquiries on occasions, in which the character of the country, or the honor of my arms, is concerned; and that the interposition of the City of London could not be necessary for inducing me to direct due enquiry to be made into a transaction, which has disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation.

The Deputies, after hearing this reply, advanced in the usual manner to have the honour of kissing the King's hand; which was extended to the Lord Mayor, Recorder, and Sheriffs; but when the Common Councilmen advanced, his Majesty withdrew his hand.

The above reply, which must be considered as by the advice of his Majesty's Ministers, affords a convincing proof, that fawning and adulatory addresses of congratulation are better received at Court than constitutional advice and petitions; for what have the people to do with the success or ill success of expeditions? "It is sufficient for them to furnish men and money!"

It was a singular coincidence, that while the Mayor and Common Council were presenting their address, Sir Arthur Wellesley entered the levee-room, where his Majesty received him very graciously, and conversed with him a considerable time.

[On Thursday, October 20th, a numerous meeting of the inhabitants of Westminster took place, when an Address, similar to the above, was proposed and unanimously adopted, the fate of which we shall not fail to record.]

THEATRES.—In the account given of the play-houses that have been burnt in London, the three following were omitted, viz. the Globe theatre, on the Bankside, Southwark, was burnt down during the performance of Shakspeare's play of King Henry the Eighth, about two years before the death of Shakspeare, June 29, 1613. This theatre was opposite Friday-street, Cheapside, on the southern side of the Thames. The performances began at three o'clock in the afternoon.—The Fortune, which is said to be the oldest theatre in London, was rebuilt by Edward Alleyn, the celebrated player, in 1599. This play-house was situated in Playhouse-yard, Whitecross-street, and was destroyed by fire in 1621, five years before the death of Edward Alleyn, who founded "God's Gift College, Dulwich."—The Cockpit, or Phoenix theatre, opposite the Castle tavern, in Drury-lane, was not burnt; it was pulled down by a mob in 1617. It was rebuilt, and was standing after the Restoration.—Would it not be much more laudable in the present day, with such an increased population in the metropolis, to licence regular theatres in different parts of the town, rather than suffer a monopoly of an enlightened entertainment to two preposterously large buildings so near to each other; as a competition would thus be kept up both in authors and actors, favourable to the extension and recompense of genius?

ABOLITION OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

—The following letter appeared in the Sierra Leone Gazette, March 1808:—

"To the Editor of the Sierra Leone Gazette.

"Permit me to send you the following facts for your insertion, which will tend to shew in what manner some of the natives of this country are disposed to view the abolition of the slave trade.

"Since the abolition of the slave

trade was made known in the neighbourhood of Gores, a quarrel took place between the King of Damel and the Marabos. After several skirmishes the Marabos drove them back, and carried away with them from 500 to 1000 head of cattle; saying, that as there was no sale for slaves, they would not take their people, but as cattle could be turned to advantage, they would take them.

"I had some conversation with a man who took an active part against the King of Damel: he assured me that the natives in their neighbourhood had no intention of taking any more prisoners, as they would not sell; but that the idea that those who might unavoidably be taken would be put to death was quite erroneous.

"Mamadou Saani, a powerful and intelligent chief, on the river Gambia, told me, that he regretted the abolition himself, as being the means of depriving him of some considerable emoluments; but that he believed, generally speaking, it would be of great service to the country. One very strong reason he gave was, that the want of confidence in each other, occasioned by the fear of kidnapping, or otherwise making slaves, obliged the natives to be constantly armed, and every man to suspect his brother; but, since the abolition, they had already begun to lay aside their guns when they went out; and he had no doubt, but in a short time they would clear away the woods from about their towns that were then built; and that in building new ones, they would have them in more exposed situations; and that he himself had altered his mind as to the place he had chosen to build a town on, determining now to build it on the banks of the river, and cut down all the woods near him; and that he intended, as he knew many other natives did, to attend as much as possible to cultivation, particularly cotton, which grows there in great abundance."

AEROSTATION.—M. Augustin, who, in May last, undertook his twelfth aerial voyage at Amsterdam, has recently made public some very interesting circumstances which attended his ascension. He states, that after gaining an elevation of 16,000 feet, at half past three p. m. the

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weather being cloudy, he found himself enveloped in total darkness. At this time he heard the small balloons that were fastened to the large one, sometimes clattering against each other, as far as their situation allowed. He was himself nearly overcome with cold and fear; but having recovered the use of his faculties, by smelling to some strong volatile salts, he threw out a bag of ballast, and rose into a lighter region, where he found himself, as well as the balloon, entirely covered with snow. This phenomenon M. Augustin attributes to the gilt stars, ornaments, and letters, attached to the balloon, which had attracted a great quantity of electric vapours, and thus exposed him to the most imminent danger. Soon after he descended, in the vicinity of Thienhoven. He calculates his greatest elevation at 20,532 feet, and the distance he had travelled, about sixty-six miles.

Accounts have been received from Africa, dated August 20, by Mr. James G. Jackson, Professor of the Arabic and African languages, by a caravan, which performed the journey across the desert, or Sahara, from Timbuctoo, to Morocco, in one hundred and five days, by which it appears, that Mr. Parke's interpreter to the Sultan of Sondan, arrived there with the caravan, but neither he nor any other person knew any thing certain in confirmation of Mr. Parke's death. The Tuarick and Brabeeth Arabs had committed depredations in the neighbourhood of Timbuctoo. Four hundred load of gum Sondan had arrived at Mogador, from the emporium of central Africa, besides a large quantity of gold dust, ivory, &c. The only circumstance that affords a colour of probability to the report of Mr. Parke's death is, that some time since a fort on the river Niger had been stormed, and all the christians found there had been put to death; but it is pretty well ascertained that Mr. Parke was not at that time in the neighbourhood of the Niger.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Married.] Lord C. Bentinck, son to the Duke of Portland, to the Hon. Miss Seymour. Immediately after the ceremony his Lordship received orders
S A

to join his regiment, going on foreign service, and set off for Falmouth accordingly.

R. P. Milnes, Esq. M. P. for Pontefract, to the Hon. H. M. Monckton, second daughter of Viscount Galway.

The Hon. Robert Curzon, son of Viscount Curzon, to Miss Bisshopp, daughter of Sir C. Bisshopp.

Mr. Blanchard, of the late Covent-Garden Theatre, to Miss Harrold, daughter of Mr. Harrold, of the Wrekin Tavern, Broad-court.

Wm. A'Court, Esq. eldest son of Sir W. A'Court, Bart. to Miss Maria Bouverie, second daughter of Lady Bridget Bouverie.

J. K. Douglas, Esq. second son of Brigadier-Gen. Douglas, to Isabella Maria, eldest daughter of T. Willan, Esq. Farmington, Gloucestershire.

Died.] The Right Hon. Lady Alice Vernon, Countess of Shipbrooke, aged 78.

Lady Caroline Gore, daughter of the Earl of Arran, aged 18.

Dowager Lady Middleton.

At West Ham, James Anderson, LL.D. of Mounie, in the county of Aberdeen, a man distinguished for the variety and depth of his literary attainments, author of several works on agriculture, political economy, &c.

At his house, in Mildred's-court, Poultry, Wm. Storrs Fry, banker, one of the society called Quakers.

Mrs. Fox, wife of the Right Hon. Gen. H. E. Fox.

In Hill-street, Berkeley-square, Mrs. Gower, wife of G. L. Gower, Esq.

In the Fleet prison, Mr. Dickie, late a stationer in the Strand, who had suffered many years' imprisonment for his inability to pay a heavy fine (700*l.*) imposed upon him, in consequence of having spoken *disrespectful*, or libellous words, of Aris, the Governor of that most *unconstitutional* prison in Coldbath-fields, commonly called the Bastile. His death had been for some time unquestionably expected; and it is said, that a few days before that event took place, but in expectation of it, an offer had been made for a *compromise* of the fine. In the whole of this procedure, many remarks, most likely very ill-founded, have been made on the conduct of the keeper of that pile of dungeons; but that person is indisputably "a man acting

under authority," and we could never suppose *him* so divested of humanity, as may perhaps be the case of some professors of Christianity! — Mr. Dickie has left a widow and four children.

FOREIGN EVENTS.

PORTUGAL.

PROCLAMATION, by Lieut.-General Hope, commanding the troops of his Britannic Majesty, for the immediate security and tranquillity of Lisbon.

Inhabitants of Lisbon,

Your country is rescued, and you are restored to freedom: your national flag is flying in every quarter of the kingdom, and his Excellency the General in Chief of the British army is anxious to establish your civil government upon the same footing in which it was left by your beloved prince, when, assisted by the constant friends of his person and his throne, he escaped from his most insidious enemies. Without losing a moment, we are endeavouring to effect this measure, and to substitute a civil government to the military; to accomplish which, however, some days will be requisite. In order, then, that the evil disposed (if such there be) may not convert true liberty to unbridled licentiousness, and in order to avoid, in the present crisis, the terrible consequences of such disorder, it belongs to the commander in chief, and to those to whom he has immediately delegated the superintendence of the public tranquillity of this city, to watch with all vigilance over its peace and quiet, and to give security to the persons and property of its loyal and worthy inhabitants. To obtain this desirable end it will be necessary, for a short time, to maintain strong guards, piquets, and patrols, in various directions, in order to seize and take into custody every person who shall attempt to disturb the public peace.

You may rejoice, inhabitants of Lisbon! You have great cause for gladness; and your English friends, participating in your sentiments, rejoice equally with you. Never let it be permitted, however, that the evil-disposed should thereby have an opportunity of promoting insurrection or confusion. But let them beware of

such a design! The most vigorous and effective means are prepared for suppressing any attempt of this nature, and all who may be guilty shall be punished according to military law in the most prompt, rigorous, and exemplary manner; and for the purpose of removing every temptation to interrupt the peace of the city, I prohibit, under the present circumstances, the entering the city with arms, and the wearing them in the streets. All inns and taverns where wine or spirituous liquors are sold in small quantities, are, for the same reason, required to be shut up at six in the evening, and not to

open before sun-rise, under the pain of imprisonment to the dealers, and forfeiture of their liquors.

Finally, I invite all persons who possess any authority or influence whatever, and whether included or not in the body of the magistracy, and more particularly the holy ministers of religion, to assist the military power in preserving the tranquillity of the capital, until the much wished for object of seeing the constituted civil authorities in the exercise of their functions be obtained.—God save the Prince Regent! Viva! Viva!

J. HOPE, Lieut.-Gen.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

A MOST numerous and respectable meeting of the Nobility, Clergy, and Freeholders of this County, was lately held at Reading, for the purpose of taking into consideration the terms of the late Convention in Portugal.—After the usual form of opening the Court, it was moved and seconded, “That an humble and dutiful Address be presented to his Majesty, praying that he may be graciously pleased to order that an inquiry should be instituted with respect to the cause of the late disgraceful Convention in Portugal; and also beseeching his Majesty that he may be graciously pleased to order that such steps may be taken, as will ensure the punishment of the guilty person or persons in this disgraceful transaction, however high his rank in society may be.”

This was supported by G. Mitford, Esq. Lord Folkstone, Dr. Valpy, and several other gentlemen. It was opposed by Serjeant Shepherd, the Rev. Mr. Nares, and some others. The opposition rested on the idea that judgment would by this motion be pronounced before trial; and also on the principle of its being improper to offend the Royal ear, by a subject presuming to give his advice in a manner which was known to be contrary to the declared sentiments of the Royal mind.

In reply to both these points, it was argued by the Gentlemen who signed the requisition, that no individual was implicated, either by the words or te-

nor of the motion; it pointedly, no doubt, censured the thing; but it, at the same time, called for inquiry as to who may be the guilty person, and expressed the anxious hope of the Freeholders, that exemplary punishment may follow his trial and conviction. With respect to the second point which had been advanced by some of the opposers of the motion, it had been so repeatedly urged, and refuted in the most able manner, that it was thought hardly worth a comment; it was a fact which was notorious to every Englishman who ever consulted a page of his own history, that, however correct the motives of the gentlemen who opposed the present motion might possibly be, and most probably were, yet it was a most unquestionable fact, that the “danger of offending the Royal ear” has been urged by the most abject slaves, and time-serving sycophants, in the worst periods of our history.

The motion was then put, and carried by a large majority.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] At Stony Stratford, in his 96th year, James Richardson, (usually called *Old Jemmy*) a huntsman, and many years landlord of the Fighting Cocks public-house. It is supposed that he had not been sober a whole day during the last 40 years of his life.

CHESHIRE.

At the late Chester fair, fine Irish linens sold as usual, but low-priced goods were about 2d. per yard higher.

Lincolns and Manchester goods were due to the advance, as were woollens. Leather maintained its last price. Old hops sold from 60s. to 78s. and new ones from 80s. to 90s. There were very few buyers of any description.

CUMBERLAND.

The Earl of Lonsdale has signified his intention of enfranchising his numerous copyholders throughout this county and Westmoreland, by which popular measure he will be enabled to enclose more than 20,000 acres of valuable land in those counties, at this time in a profitless state in commonage.

DEVONSHIRE.

A numerous and respectable meeting was lately held at the hotel in Exeter, of the friends of a new institution, to be called the West of England Infirmary, for curing diseases of the eye only. Colonel Bastard, one of the members for the county, having taken the chair, the subject was introduced by S. F. Milford, Esq. in a very judicious and argumentative speech. He began with observing that the distress and misery which arise from the human frame had been in all ages a subject of lamentation; and that every being that was called into existence contributed his portion of testimony to the justness of the complaint. We were met together this day with a view to found one establishment more for the reduction of the mass of human sufferings. He explained the expediency of the institution now proposed, and pointed out the advantages society would derive from it. Among other reasons which induced him strongly to recommend it, he stated, it was too well known to be argued, that particular and exclusive attention to any one subject has ever been found the means of attaining the most correct knowledge of that subject, and of applying it with the greatest skill. This observation, he said, is particularly applicable to the cure of diseases of the eye (now so prevalent) on account of the delicate structure of that organ, the intricacy and number of its diseases, and the habitual dexterity requisite in the operations. Under this conviction, the most eminent surgeons of some of the principal hospitals in London, have acknowledged the inadequacy of

general infirmaries for curing this class of diseases, and now subscribe towards the support of two establishments in the metropolis, similar to that which he was about to propose. Those had proved in the highest degree beneficial to the public, beyond the expectations of the most sanguine, as appeared by the printed reports now on the table. He was, therefore, not bringing forward an untried, experimental scheme, but a plan founded on the test of experience, and the evidence of facts; after stating several other cogent arguments, he ended by observing, no one was better acquainted than himself with the enlightened public spirit and benevolence of the inhabitants of this part of the kingdom. He, therefore, felt confident that the proposed institution would be adopted with alacrity, and supported with liberality. At all events he should have done his duty when he had moved the resolutions, which he accordingly did, and which were agreed to unanimously. A very handsome subscription was immediately made.

Died.] At his cottage, on the river Ex, John Sheldon, Esq. F.R.S. Lecturer on Anatomy at the Royal Academy, principal surgeon of Exeter hospital, &c. His disconsolate widow, (whose conduct through his tedious illness, and in every other instance of attention to him, has been uniformly amiable and exemplary) his large circle of friends and well-wishers, will long regret the loss of this gentleman, who, either as a husband or friend, a subject or man, never for a moment neglected any one of the moral duties. Mr. Sheldon, when he lectured at the Royal Academy two years ago, caught a violent cold in his journey, which brought on a severe rheumatic complaint, that prevented him from attending at Somerset-house last year. Of this he had pretty well recovered, and was preparing for his lectures in the next month, when he was seized by a confluent fever, which has lately raged in Exeter; a partial paralysis succeeded, and he died at length with water in the chest.

DORSETSHIRE.

An equestrian figure of his Majesty has lately been formed in chalk on Osmington hills, the property of Mr.

Wood, opposite the bay of Weymouth. Although its length is 280, and its height 500 feet, yet the likeness of the king is well preserved, and the symmetry of the horse is complete. It forms a novel and pleasing object to the pedestrians on the Esplanade, but more especially to those who are fond of water excursions, as from the bay its view is more complete. It has been carried into effect under the direction of Mr. Wood, bookseller, at the particular request and sole expense of John Rainier, Esq. brother to the late admiral.

GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At the venerable age of 93, the Rev. John Longdon, rector of Winstone, and perpetual curate of Barnwood and Flaxley, in this county. He had constantly resided at the first mentioned parish sixty-six years, and assiduously performed the duties of it till prevented by infirmity. The powers of a well-informed mind and a retentive memory were displayed in his latest conversation with his friends. Though not afflicted with any previous severe illness, he was for some time sensible of his approaching dissolution, and met it with the pious fortitude of those "who die in the Lord."

HAMPSHIRE.

The Petition of the city of Winchester to his Majesty, respecting the late Convention in Portugal, is couched in very respectful language. After praying that an inquiry may be instituted, it says,—"But as we do not presume to anticipate conviction, if, upon mature investigation, it shall be found that your commanders were compelled by insurmountable obstacles to conclude such a treaty, justice demands that they should be reinstated in the good opinion of their country; but on the other hand, if they were actuated by any thing less than imperative necessity, we are fully persuaded, from the interest which your Majesty must ever feel in the fair fame and honour of your kingdom, that they will experience such marks of your royal displeasure as may prove a severe example to others, and deter them from tarnishing in the cabinet the glory acquired in the field."

The new gaol and town-hall at Portsmouth are quite finished. The last quarter sessions were held in the latter; when the Recorder opened the business of the sessions, by addressing the grand jury on the completion of the new gaol and town-hall. He congratulated them, and the town at large, on this desirable object being attained: the business that may come before the court will be got through with more convenience and facility, and what is more important, the confinement of the prisoners will be suitable to the nature of their crimes: the debtor will not now be put into the same apartment as the prisoner who has committed a misdemeanor; nor prisoners of this class, with the often more depraved part of mankind, called felons. And, however individuals may feel on contributing to pay the expense of the building, he was sure, on examining the arrangements, and what may be called the comforts of the prison, they would feel the most satisfactory pleasure. He adverted to the abilities and exertions of Mr. Goldson, under whose more immediate direction the gaol was built; and to the share which Sir John Carter took in it, whom, he said, we all lamented was not present to witness its completion. With evident feelings of regret, he said, he was sure, that whoever followed his footsteps as a magistrate, would be in the path of honour and of usefulness.—Mr. Missing also took occasion to address the petty jury, as the first barrister who had the honour to address a jury in that court, on the attention which had been shewn for the convenience of the gentlemen of the law, which, he said, he should be wanting in gratitude, in his official character, if he did not notice. The hall is spacious, commodious, and most appropriately fitted up. The departments of the prison are calculated to punish and reform delinquents.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Hampton Court, in this county, the estate of the Earl of Essex, was sold by auction at Garraway's, by Mr. Squibb. It was knocked down at the sum of 64,000*l*.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

A native Moonshi, named Monlavi Meer Abdon Ali, has been appointed

Persian Preceptor at the India Company's College at Hertford, with a salary of 600*l*. a year.

A curious piece of antiquity has lately been discovered in the churchyard of Hemel Hempstead. In digging a vault for a young lady of the name of Warren, the sexton, when he had excavated the earth about four feet below the surface of the ground, found his spade to strike against something solid, which, upon inspection, he found to be a large wrought stone, which proved to be the lid of a coffin, and under it the coffin entire, curiously carved, and altogether *unique* of the kind, which was afterwards taken up in perfect condition; but the bones contained therein, on being exposed to the air, crumbled to dust. On the lid of the coffin, which is about 6½ feet long, and contains a niche or resting place for the head, and also a groove on each side for the arms, is an inscription, partly effaced by time, but still sufficiently legible, decidedly to prove it contained the ashes of the celebrated Offa, King of the Mercians, who rebuilt the abbey of St. Alban's, to atone for the unprovoked murder of St. Ethelbert, King of the East Angles, whom he had invited to his court to be his son-in-law. Of this once magnificent abbey, however, "whose abbot was dignified with a mitre, and had precedence of all others in England; who was subject to no other power, but immediately to the Pope; and who had episcopal jurisdiction over both clergy and laity, in all the possessions belonging to the monastery;" not a vestige is left except the gateway, a large square building with a fine spacious pointed arch; and the church, in which is a monument of Offa, who is represented seated on his throne, with a Latin inscription, thus translated:

"The founder of the church, about the year 793,

Whom you behold all painted on his throne

Sublime, was once for Mercian Offa known."

The Watling-street road runs within a mile of Hemel Hempstead, and many Roman coins have lately been found in the vicinity, particularly while digging for the Grand Junction Canal.

KENT.

Died.] At Hothfield, near Ashford, aged 94, Mr. T. West, paper-maker, and one of the oldest jockies in England.

LANCASHIRE.

A very singular and highly-interesting experiment to the public, is trying by Mr. Rigby, who resides near Lancaster:—He got in an early crop of barley this summer; which, from its sowing to getting in, was only seven weeks. He ploughed the land on which it grew with all possible speed, and then sowed the same with barley again; and it had, within these few days, the appearance of a very excellent crop.

Lusus Nature.—A mushroom of extraordinary size, was lately found growing in the King's Tobacco Warehouse in Liverpool. Its dimensions and weight are as under:

Circumference of the top....	26 inches
Diameter of ditto.....	10½
Circumference of the stalk....	10½
Length of ditto.....	6½
Weight.....	2 lb.

Died.] At Blackpool, Mrs. Jemima Wilkinson, aged 106; her residence was a miserable clay-built hut, near the sea-side, scarcely large enough to admit the length of the human form.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

At the late meeting of the Leicestershire and Rutlandshire Agricultural Society, several samples of wool from crosses with the Merino breed were produced; one in particular from a new Leicester ewe and Merino ram, for the wool of which, if produced in any quantity, several eminent manufacturers, it was stated, had offered double the usual price of Leicester wool.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

Died.] At Wyham, near Louth, aged 48, John Grant, Esq. one of the most considerable farmers and graziers in this county, having in occupation at the time of his death nearly ten thousand acres of land.

NORFOLK.

On Wednesday, September 28th, Shelford Bidwell, Esq. was elected Mayor of the borough of Thetford; on which occasion the usual entertainment to the Corporation and most respectable inhabitants was given; the sources from whence it was (as usual)

derived, are not unworthy of record :—The roast beef is provided by the Town Clerk; the boiled beef by the Tenant of the Tolls of the Navigation; the geese by the Tenant of the Bridge Tolls; the game and wine is provided by the Mayor Elect; and the Keeper of the Tavern adjacent to the Guildhall, finds the plum puddings. As this is an immemorial custom in the above very *ancient* borough, may it not have been the origin of the present fashionable *Pic Nics*?

The inconvenience experienced by both buyers and sellers, from the intermixture of fish, flesh, poultry, &c. has induced the Market Committee to divide the market of Norwich into seven divisions, for the sale of the different commodities, leaving ~~the~~ *passage-ways* between each, which must prove a great convenience to the inhabitants.

The Church at Bracon Ash, which has been shut up a considerable time, undergoing extensive repairs and improvements, was opened for the performance of divine service on Sunday, August 28th. The Rev. Dr. Bathurst, the Lord Bishop of the diocese, with that sedulous care which ever distinguishes him in the discharge of all the sacred duties of his exalted station, attended at the church, before whom the Rev. J. S. Makenzie, the Rector, preached an excellent and appropriate sermon, from the 84th Psalm, v. 1, 2. "O! how amiable are thy dwellings, thou Lord God of Hosts! My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the Courts of the Lord."—After the sermon, the Lord Bishop most impressively pronounced the blessing on the congregation assembled, which was very numerous.

At St. Faith's fair, on the 17th and 18th instant, the shew of cattle, both Scots and Home-breds, was not so large as last year—those in good condition fetched great prices—some so high as 7s. per stone. Good horses, of which there were but few, sold readily and very dear; those of the indifferent sort hardly found buyers at any rate.—The quantity of cheese and butter on sale was extremely small—the prices were, for one-meal cheese from 7l. 7s. to 8l. per whey—household 70s. per ditto. Butter, in firkins, from 66s. to 68s.—half ditto 35s.

A melancholy accident happened at Yarmouth from the upsetting of the boat of his Majesty's sloop Chanticleer, by which Capt. Richard Harford; Mr. John Poor, midshipman; Thomas Carey, captain's coxswain; and James Lowe, a seaman, (all of that sloop) were drowned. Capt. Harford was a very fine young man, and an able officer, and belonged to the respectable family of that name at Bristol, who will, no doubt, severely feel his loss.

Died.] In the 60th year of his age, Mr. William Downes, a most respectable surgeon, of Great Yarmouth, whose loss will be greatly lamented by his profession, and all descriptions of people in that town and neighbourhood. He has left donations of 200l. to each of the three following charitable institutions:—The Norfolk and Norwich Benevolent Medical Society—The Charity for the Relief of the Widows and Children of Clergymen in Norfolk—The Norfolk and Norwich Hospital.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The plan for county asylums for lunatics, in pursuance of the excellent act proposed by Mr. C. Wynne, is generally adopting throughout the kingdom. At Nottingham the ceremony of opening the asylum was conducted with extraordinary solemnity, and, in the evening, the president, governors, &c. of the hospital, were most splendidly entertained by Earl Mansers, at Thurland-hall.

SHROPSHIRE.

The company of proprietors of the Ellesmere canal intend to apply to parliament the ensuing session, for an act to extend the said canal from the Whitchurch Branch, at a certain place, known by the name of Sherryman's Bridge, in Whitchurch, in this county, to or near the Castle Well, in Whitchurch; which extension is proposed to be made in the parish of Whitchurch aforesaid, and in the several townships of Whitchurch and Dodington, and for making a road from Sherryman's Bridge, on the western side of the proposed extension of the said canal to the termination thereof at the Castle Well, and for further amending and altering the several acts passed relative to the making of the said canal.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Married.] At Bedminster, James How, of Othery, aged 78, to Martha Wilcox, of Bath, aged 23. The bride instantly became a mother, grandmother, and great-grandmother to a numerous progeny.

Died.] At West Camel, greatly lamented, John White Parsons, Esq. many years an active member of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Ann Moor, a poor woman of Tutbury, has lived upwards of fourteen months without food! The testimony of the woman herself was of course discredited, and she consented to be removed to a neighbour's house, to be watched for any length of time that was deemed sufficient to give a colour of truth to her report. This was accordingly done, and she was *constantly watched for seventeen days and nights*, and regularly visited by three surgeons once or twice a day. Till the end of fourteen days she did not even drink any water, which she had been accustomed to do in very small quantities, when she felt a nausea at her stomach. She now finds that this is removed by wetting her tongue with damp cloths, by which she escapes the pain of swallowing as before, which was very considerable. During the length of time of the above fourteen months' abstinence, water and tea, without either milk or sugar, had been her only beverage. She has been in bed the whole of the time. Her pulse is very little under the standard of good health, but, as may be expected, her frame is excessively reduced.—As this extraordinary woman is still living, we recommend her case to the attention of the Faculty, and doubt not that they will consider her as a subject deserving of very minute consideration.

SUFFOLK.

Some woodcocks have already made their appearance in this county, which, at so early a period, is generally considered as indicative of a severe winter. Mr. Hartman, near Blythburgh, shot three brace there early this month: they are supposed to be the first birds of that kind killed this season in any part of the island.

Died.] On the 28th of August, at

Berlin, in Connecticut (America), in consequence of a fall down stairs two days before, Mrs. Johns, wife of the Rev. Mr. Johns, formerly a dissenting minister of Bury St. Edmunds, and second daughter of the late Rev. Mr. Harmer, of Wattisfield.

Aged 54, Thomas Dickenson, Esq. an Assistant Magistrate, one of the Burgesses of the Corporation, and an eminent attorney of Bury. He was no less distinguished for his ability as a lawyer than for the uprightness of his character as a man. Though a bachelor, he possessed the tender affections of a parent towards his relative connections, who deeply regret his irreparable loss; and for the warmth, sincerity, and disinterestedness of his friendship, he had few equals. His liberality and candour gained him the esteem of all classes of society, by whom his worth is duly appreciated, and most deservedly lamented.

Mrs. Ann Barry, a maiden lady of Syleham.—She was seized with an apoplectic fit whilst in her carriage going out to dinner; and, on calling upon a friend at Harleston, was found lying at the bottom thereof, and survived little more than an hour. She was a lady of a most benevolent disposition, whose loss will be deeply regretted in the neighbourhood of her late residence.

SURRY.

The inhabitants of Richmond have petitioned the Lord Mayor, as Conservator of the Thames, to prevent fishermen from dragging with nets, in future, above Richmond Bridge. The object they have in view is to preserve the small fish for the anglers, who are induced to visit Richmond in pursuit of their favourite amusement.

SUSSEX.

Married.] At Westham, after an uninterrupted courtship of more than twenty years, the Rev. John Preston, curate of that parish, to Miss Ann Bristow, aged seventy-four years. After the celebration of their nuptials, the happy and tender pair immediately set off for Priesthaws, there to participate in all the pleasurable enjoyments of the honey moon.

YORKSHIRE.

September 30th, an address to His Majesty, congratulating him on the late events in Spain, was resolved

upon by the inhabitants of Sheffield. As an amendment, Lieut.-Col. Leader proposed an additional clause, expressing surprise and regret that our brave soldiers in Portugal, after having vanquished the enemy in the field, should have been compelled to witness the convention acceded to by their officers, which no circumstances yet known could justify; which was voted by a great majority.

LEEDS, October 22.

Extraordinary Occurrence.—An artful and villainous plot, accompanied by the most unprecedented instances of credulity that ever engaged public attention, was yesterday developed before the Magistrates, at the Rotation Office in this town. The parties were Mary Bateman, of Campfield, near this town, and William Perigo and his wife, of Bramley. It appeared that in August 1806, an application was made to this woman by Perigo, to cure his wife of some complaint. Mary declined to undertake the cure herself; but said, that she had a friend at Scarbro', a Miss Blyth, who could "read the stars," and collect from them the knowledge requisite to remove all corporeal and mental maladies; and, as a preliminary step, required that Perigo's wife should send her flannel petticoat to Miss Blyth, in order that she might from that article of dress collect a knowledge of her disorder. The petticoat was sent, and a propitious answer returned, wherein it was required, that the medium, Mary Bateman, through whom all communication between the astrologer and the patient was to be made, should have four guinea notes presented to her, and she was in return to give Perigo four other guinea notes, inclosed in a small bag, into which, if either his own curiosity, or the still stronger curiosity of his wife, should induce them to look, the charm would be broken, and sudden death would be the consequence. Soon afterwards a letter arrived from Scarbro', directing that another guinea should be paid into her hands. Similar requests were repeated and complied with, till forty guineas had been thus extorted from these infatuated people, under a promise, however, that they should, by and by, be allowed to open the bags;

and these bags, they were told, would be found to contain all the money they had advanced.

After about six months had expired, Perigo was desired to buy a new bed, with all the necessary appendages, and send it to Mary Bateman, through whose hands it was to be transmitted to the nymph of Scarbro'. The bed, &c. which cost eight pounds, were bought, and notes to the amount of thirty pounds more, paid at various times into the hands of the impostor. A set of china was also furnished to her.

Perigo and his wife, thus drained of all the money they had in the world; and all the sums their former good credit had enabled them to raise, and the wife's health still growing worse rather than better, became impatient to look into the mysterious bags, and extract from them the wealth they contained. Mrs. Bateman then received, as she said, a packet from Scarbro'; this packet contained a powerful charm, which was to be mixed up in a pudding, to be prepared for the purpose, and of which Perigo and his wife were to eat; but on no account to allow any person to partake with them. The husband ate sparingly—he did not like the taste; but his ill-fated wife, less scrupulous, ate freely. They both became sick almost immediately, and continued in the most deplorable situation for 24 hours: the wife lost the use of her limbs, and, after languishing five days, died on the 24th May, 1807, a victim of credulity. Perigo recovered partially; but from that time to the present he never had the perfect use of his limbs. Part of the pudding was, by way of experiment, given to a cat, and it died; some fowls also picked up other parts of it, and shared the same fate. Contrary to the directions of Mary Bateman, Perigo applied to a surgeon in this town for advice, and was told by him that he had taken poison, but fortunately not in a quantity sufficiently large to occasion his death.

From the death of his wife till last Wednesday, the charm continued to operate on the husband. At one time he went to Manchester by the direction of this Jezebel; at another he

sent her one of his wife's gowns; again he contrived to coax or frighten him out of another gown, a petticoat, and the family Bible! And, last of all, she demanded from him half a bushel of wheats, with three 7s. pieces inclosed. His creditors at length became impatient; and the hope of getting any part of his property back failing, he determined to brave all danger and look into the mysterious bags:—But what must have been his surprise and vexation to find that the contents of these bags were not worth one penny, and to find himself a pauper—without property, and with a ruined constitution.

The bubble now burst; and he laid his hopeless case before some of his neighbours; by their direction Mary Bateman was apprehended; when brought before the Magistrates, she in part confessed her delinquency, and admitted that there was no such person as Miss Blyth in existence, but that the whole was a mere phantom, conjured up to forward her vile purposes. The Magistrates have committed the offender to the House of Correction, but whether to be tried for swindling practices, or to be removed from thence to the county gaol, to take her trial for wilful murder, is not yet known.

On searching the house of this woman (who has a husband and several children), the bed, and some other articles, the property of Wm. Perigo, amounting in value to about ten or twelve pounds, were found, and will be restored to the owner.

It is worthy of observation, that Mary Bateman is the person whose hen laid an egg about two years ago, at the Bank in this town, bearing this marvellous inscription,—“*Christ is coming.*”—(*Leeds Mercury*, Oct. 22.)

SCOTLAND.

Extraordinary instance of mechanical expertness of a person accidentally deprived of sight.—It has been often contended, that the dumb are less happy than the blind. However this may be, certain it is, that privation of sight does not cramp the mental powers. Homer, Milton, and Ossian, all of whom were blind when they composed their inimitable poems, are

instances of wonderful mental excellence; and the following instance of ingenuity in a blind tailor is no less wonderful than true.—The late family tailor of Mr. Macdonald, of Clanronald, in South Uist, Inverness-shire, lost his sight fifteen years before his death; yet he still continued to work for the family as before; not indeed with the same expedition, but with equal correctness. It is well known how difficult it is to make a Tartan dress, because every stripe and colour (of which there are many) must fit each other with mathematical exactness: hence it is that very few tailors, who enjoy their sight, are capable of executing this task. Blind Macquarrie having received orders to make for Mr. Macdonald a complete suit of Tartan, within a given time, proceeded to work without delay. It so happened that Mr. Macdonald passed at a late hour at night through the room where the blind tailor was working, and hearing some low singing; he asked, who was there? to which the poor blind tailor answered, “I am here, working at your honour's hose!” “How,” says the gentleman, forgetting that he was blind, “can you work without a candle?” “O! please your honour,” rejoined the tailor, “midnight darkness is as clear to me as noonday.” In fact, by the sense of touch only, he was enabled to distinguish all the different colours in the Tartan.

Melancholy Shipwreck.—A wherry, belonging to Mr. Macdonald, of Brachanald, manned with four men, and which had a cargo of cattle on board, sailed from North Uist, for the island of Huskar, which is the only island between the north of Scotland and America, in that direction. When the vessel sailed, the day was moderate and the wind fair; but when within two leagues of Huskar, the wind became contrary, and very tempestuous: the consequence was that the vessel foundered on a ridge of rocks, which jutted out from the main island. Three of the hands perished, as did all the cattle, except one cow, which, together with the fourth man, succeeded in scrambling up to the top of this rocky island. In this dismal situation,

the man along with his brute companion remained for three days without any prospect of relief. On the fourth day the cow dropped down dead. In the interim, to preserve existence as long as possible, the man opened a vein in the cow, and frequently sucked her blood. This source of existence being cut off, he afterwards cut out the tongue of the dead animal, and mincing it down very small, he supported existence till the fifth day; on which, to his great joy, he espied an open fishing boat in the channel, and hoisted, with all his remaining strength, his shirt as a signal of distress; the boat came and rescued him from his perilous situation.

Another comet has been seen at Edinburgh. Its great distance prevents its nucleus from being distinctly ascertained as to magnitude. It may be seen with the naked eye every night after 7 o'clock. Its northern declination is about 53.31, right ascension 352.30; it passes that meridian 30 minutes after 12 P.M. its nucleus appears circular.

A melancholy event, arising from an apparently trivial cause, occurred last week at Alves, in Morayshire. Joseph Anderson, a tenant on the Earl of Moray's estate, in reaping some corn had one of his fingers slightly wounded by a prickle, which caused an almost immediate swelling in his hand and arm, accompanied with extreme pain. A surgeon was called in: but a mortification ensued, and he expired 7 days after.

Died.] At Dunbar, Major-Gen. John Forbes, late in the service of the East-India Company.

At Glenkin, Argyleshire, aged 90. Thomas Harkness, Esq. Mr. H. was thrice married, and has left behind him 14 children, 37 grand children, 16 great grand children, in all 67 descendants now living. He had the merit of being the first who introduced the present system of sheep-grazing into Cowal. This mode of farming, with a very inconsiderable capital, enabled him to amass so ample a fortune, that by his death, five of his sons are become landed proprietors in Cowal, and a suitable provision is also

left for the other members of his family.

In the village of Aberfeldie, Perthshire, John Stewart, commonly known by the name of Colonel John Stewart, at the very advanced age of 111 years. The history of this man is not a little remarkable. At the age of 18 he joined the Pretender's Banner, and was present at the battle of Sheriffmuir, near Stirling, as a young piper. In the year 1745, he again took up arms in support of the pretensions of the House of Stuart, and was present in the same capacity in the battles of Falkirk, Prestonpans, and Culloden, in which last he received a severe wound in the thigh, in consequence of which he was afterwards so lame, that he made use of crutches. He was married to eight wives, by each of whom (except the last, whom he married about seven years ago, and she being 72 years old; he had several children, the number of his descendants now alive is calculated to be more than 200. By trade he was a tinker, and was famous for making Highland dirks and snuff-mulks. He retained to the last the full possession of his mental faculties, and walked to church, which is about a mile and half from his house, the Sunday before his death. The late Sir William Forbes, of Edinburgh, allowed him for many years a pension of 10*l.* per annum. It is believed that his death was more owing to excess in drinking whiskey (of which he was always rather fond), than to any natural decay.

IRELAND.

At Dublin, on the 15th instant, an Address was moved to his Majesty, on the Convention of Portugal. It expressed the sorrow of the City of Dublin, at the disgraceful terms obtained from the British Commander by the Duke D'Abrantes, and hoped that his Majesty would institute an enquiry into the causes which led to that fatal measure.

The Writs for electing a Temporal Peer of Ireland, to succeed to the vacancy made in the representation of the Peerage of Ireland, by the death of the Earl of Clanricarde, were delivered, on Monday the 24th instant,

to the several Lords now-entitled to vote; the same also having been published in the London and Dublin Gazettes.

The following very extraordinary circumstance occurred at the Richmond tavern, Dawson-street, Dublin: One of the waiters, by attempting to swallow a piece of beef-steak, was almost instantly choked. The circumstance was so sudden, and the event so melancholy, that the whole neighbourhood was immediately alarmed. Surgeon Crampton, who lives opposite the tavern, was consequently resorted to; who, on examining the body, found the vital principle completely suspended, and with great promptness and presence of mind made an incision in the windpipe, and introducing a quill, continued to inflate the lungs, blowing into them, until symptoms of returning life did not a little astonish the appalled spectators. The poor man happily is in a fair way of recovery.

A curious circumstance happened in a lane leading from Cork-street, Dublin:—An old man having died, a carpenter's boy was sent to measure him for a coffin; the limbs of the corpse being much cramped and drawn up, the boy sat on his knees in order to straighten his legs and thighs, so that he might the better take its length, when the body necessarily bouncing up, struck the carpenter; who was so much affrighted, that he leaped instantly out of a one-pair of stairs' window into the street. The circumstance very naturally occasioned much laughter in the neighbourhood.

The great annual fair of Ballinasloe commenced the 5th instant. Lord Clancarty, as usual, opened his Park at Gárballly the day before, to accommodate the proprietors of sheep; a greater number appeared than for many years. On Tuesday, the 4th, 60,000 were sold in the Park, and on Wednesday, the 5th, above 20,000 in the Fair-*Green*; making, together, 81,174.—Not a single sheep remained unsold.

A circumstance of an unpleasant nature, and which might have terminated fatally, lately took place in the Rev. Mr. Hogan's chapel, in Limerick:

—The congregation, amounting to about 2000, had assembled to celebrate the second mass, when an alarm was spread that the gallery was giving way, and the house falling in. The information was elected, and produced a scene of confusion and distress, which, as it can scarcely be imagined, cannot well be described. The first impulse, of course, was to escape at the doors; but the exertions to effect this defeated the purpose; and hundreds precipitated themselves from the windows of the galleries, a height of 20 feet, while others threw themselves into the aisle below. The windows above and below, and the doors were at length burst open, and the distracted congregation rushed in wild dismay into the street, bewildered and astonished and incapable of answering the inquiries of the thronging multitude, who had flocked to the spot from all parts of the town. Of the immense concourse of persons thus thrown into confusion, not one was materially injured; and in about half an hour peace and order were so far restored, that the congregation returned into the chapel, and bent the knee before their merciful Protector, in humble gratitude and adoration.

Died.] In Dublin, Patrick Bride, Esq. one of the Directors of the Bank of Ireland.

At Newtonlemavaddy, county of Derry, where he was on a tour for his health, Charles Lewis, Esq. merchant, of Frederick's-place, London, in the 33d year of his age.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Madeira, Lord Claude Hamilton, second son of the Marquis of Abercorn.

At Calcutta, Captain T. Spence, late of the Diamond frigate.

A fatal accident befel the Hon. Captain Herbert, a son of the Earl of Caernarvon, and James Creed, Esq. of Trinity-Hall, Cambridge, youngest son of the late Henry Creed, Esq.—Both these Gentlemen were drowned in going ashore at Gijon, by the upsetting of a boat, belonging to the Swallow brig.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

AUGUST 21, to SEPTEMBER 24, 1898, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette].—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

ALMOND J. Pickett-street, haberdasher, (Swain and Co. Old Jewry). **Aires W.** Fenchurch-street, boot-maker, (Pike, Air-street). **Alinson R.** and **Whitaker,** Lancaster, leather-dressers, (Blake-lock and Co. Elm-court).

Batson J. St. James's-place, tailor, (Hamilton, Tavistock-row). **Bryson D.** Philip's row, New-road, statuary, (Davies, Warwick-street). **Brooks M. F.** Horsley-down, master-mariner, (Johnson, Charlotte-street). **Blease J.** Marston, Chester, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street). **Bell C.** Penrith, Cumberland, linen-draper, (Ireland, Staple-Inn). **Blundell F. F.** Coleman-street, insurance-broker, (Palmer and Co. Cophall-street). **Brown I.** Maryport, Cumberland, brewer, (Wordsworth and Co. Staple-Inn). **Batley J. E.** and **Hinchliffe J.** both of Meltham, Almond-bury, York, dyers, (Bartye, Chancery-lane). **Barrett A.** Swindon, Wilts, shopkeeper, (Austice, Temple). **Bickerstaff W.** Nottingham, haberdasher, (Seymour, Margaret-street).

Cranston J. Stockport, Chester, dealer, (Hurd, King's Bench-Walks). **Collip J.** Great Portland-street, upholsterer, (Allen, Carlisle-street). **Cummins J.** Liverpool, shoe-maker, (Windle, John-street).

Deman T. Teddington, malsier, (Baddeley, Serle-street). **Davison T.** Brancepeth, Durham, shopkeeper, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane).

Eutwile J. Dunnishop Factory, New Acerrington, Lancaster, cotton twist-spinner, (Dixon, Nassau-street).

Furnival B. Stockport, hardwareman, (Kinderley and Co. Gray's-Inn). **Farrar I.** Croft, Lancaster, shopkeeper, (Butterfield, Coppice-row).

Goul M. Dickleburgh, Norfolk, woolen-draper, (Foster and Co. Norwich). **Griffin G.** Weldon, Northampton, linen-draper, (Robert and Co. Thrapston, Northampton). **Goiton J.** and **R. Cuckney,** Nottingham, merchants, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). **George W.** and **Bennett W.** Liverpool, hoop-makers, (Blake-lock and Co. Temple).

Hopwood J. Manchester, joiner, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). **Hayward J. C.** Chamber's-street, pursuer of the ship United Kingdom, (A. and J. Weston, Fenchurch-street). **Hemingway J.** Chester, printer, (Huxley, Temple). **Humphreys T.** Saddleworth, York, plumber, (Townsend, Staple-Inn).

Knight S. Frome-Selwood, Somerset, tailor, (Ellis, Hatton-garden).

Lupton T. Skipton, York, hardware-

shopkeeper, (Swale, Great Ormond-street). **Lawson H. W.** Liverpool, draper, (Windle John-street). **McLane J.** Little Newport-street, wine-merchant, (Widd, jun. Castle-street).

Moyle H. Fordingbridge, Southampton, tick-manufacturer, (Sandys and Co. Crane-court). **Motteram R.** Wal-sall, Stafford, victualler, (Turner, Bloomsbury-square).

Olivant W. and **T. Mauchester,** cotton-manufacturers, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). **Ogilvie W. F.** Minories, druggist, (Mer-dith and Co. Lincoln's-Inn).

Parnall C. St. Austle, Cornwall, merchant, (Hewlett, Roll's buildings). **Peat J.** Great Portland-street, wine-merchant, (Smith, Dorset-street). **Pownall G.** Holywell, Flint, currier, (Rhodes and Co. London).

Rayner J. Thirsk, York, druggist, (Druce, Billiter square).

Silverlock H. Havant, Southampton, linen draper, (Bromley and Co. Gray's-Inn).

Tastoluni G. Cornhill, printseller, (Evitt and Co. Haydon square).

Weston J. Pall-Mall, vintner, (Scott and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). **Watts J.** Whitecross-street, grocer, (Michell, Union-court).

Wells W. Boston, Lincoln, grocer, (Exley and Co. Fumival's-Inn). **Wossington J.** Brightelmstone, grocer, (Alcock and Co. York-street).

Wardell J. King's-Lynn, Norfolk, grocer, (Dawes, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street).

Worrall C. Manchester, innkeeper, (Huxley, Temple).

Williams T. Caerphilly, Glamorgun, wool-manufacturer, (Price and Co. Lincoln's-Inn).

Williamson J. Whitegate End, within Chadderton Oldham, Lancaster, victualler, (Hurd, Temple).

Waddilove J. and **T.** Bath place, New-road, statuary, (Tebbut and Co. Gray's-Inn).

Young M. and **Crowley J.** Leeds, milliners, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane).

SEPTEMBER 25, to OCTOBER 25.

ADAMS T. Lancaster, merchant, (Blake-lock and Co. Elm-court). **Alderson E.** Cald-wgate, dyer, (Mounsey, Staple-Inn).

Ainsworth W. Cheetham, innkeeper, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walks).

Baxter J. Strand, tailor, (Sheldon, Session's-house). **Barber J.** Sparrow-corner, corn-chandler, (Shepherd, Hyde-street).

Brenan R. Threadneedle-street, factor, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). **Bate W.** Exeter, haberdasher, (Williams and Co. New-square).

Batterbee B. King's-Lynn, Norfolk, haberdasher, (Willis, Warrford-court). **Brymer J.** King-street, Soho, tailor, (Vandercom and Co. Bush-lan-). **Boichur**

J. Oxford, shoemaker, (Pugh, Bernard-street).

Christian A. High-street, pawnbroker, (Turner, Edward-street). Clayton H. Redwells, manufacturer, (Foulkes and Co. Gray's-Inn). Crisswell J. Painswick, clothier, (Chilton, Chancery-lane). Carter J. Sandwich, draper, (Gregson and Co. Angel-court).

Davis S. Upper St. Martin's-lane, cabinet-maker, (Howard, Jewry-street).

Ellis J. Liverpool, hat-manufacturer, (Blakelock and Co. Temple).

Fincham W. Covent-garden, earthen-wareman, (Kirkman, Cloak-lane). Fly W. and J. Long-acre, bricklayers, (Kirkman, Cloak-lane). Fry R. Lullington, banker, (Williams, Red-Lion-square). Field C. Queen-street, Portsea, tailor, (Jones, Church-yard, Covent garden).

Gaywood W. Stockport, cabinet maker, (Milne and Co. Temple). Goss T. Hackney-road, apothecary, (Keys, Somerset-st.).

Hulbert J. and J. Bath, cabinet-makers.

Hatt W. Reading, boat builder, (Madlock and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Harris J. Rathbone-place, goldsmith, (Croft, Carey-str.).

Head F. Bury St. Edmunds, baker, (Wharton and Co. Temple). Humphreys N.

Shoreditch, linen-draper, (Kibblewhite and Co. Gray's-Inn place). Herbert R. B.

Clare-court, broker, (Dobbin's, Farnival's-Inn). Hobson W. Horncastle, nailster, (Eyre and Co. Gray's-Inn).

Hall G. Queen-street, silk manufacturer, (Coote, Austin-frs.). Hague J. New-Mills, cotton-spinner, (Foulkes, Gray's-Inn).

Heuley T. Abbey-place, carpenter, (Lewis, Red Lion-square).

Jones H. Skinner street, cheesemonger, (Willett and Co. Finsbury-square).

Jones W. Great Portland-street, coach-maker, (Langley, Plumbtree-street).

Jullion J. Blackman-street, linen draper, (Lee, Three Crown-court).

Keartland J. Birmingham, wood screw-maker, (Palmer, Barnard's-Inn).

Lawson W. Sunderland, sail-maker, (Elstob, Catherine-court).

Milligan R. Portsea, brewer, (Smart and Co. Staple-Inn). Medhurst W. Ross,

innholder, (Williams, Red Lion square). Marchant T. Bridgewater, stationer, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane).

Mulloy T. Tokenhouse-yard, mariner, (Dawes, Angel-court).

Morley R. Bishop Wearmouth, shipowner, (Atcheson and Co. Great Winchester-street).

Osbaldiston J. and Jones R. Manchester, cotton-dealers, (Edge, Inner Temple).

Pearson W. Old Painslaw, grocer, (Bacon, Southampton-street). Perry J. Angel-court, broker, (Atkinson, Castle-street).

Robinson A. M. Kingston-upon Hull, milliner, (Kearsey, Bishopsgate). Roose D. C. Cornbrook, brewer, (Willis, Warrford-court).

Roberts J. Dolefax, Cardigan, horse-dealer, (Meredith, Lincoln's-Inn).

Shaw T. Saddleworth, clothier, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Saunders A. Tottenham-street, horse-dealer, (Smith, Bedford-str.).

Smith J. Liverpool, merchant, (Windle, John-street). Sowden J. and Hodgson J.

Leeds, oil-merchants, (Lanbert, Hatton-garden). Smith W. G. Billingham, maltster, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane).

Scott S. Cannon street, factor, (Adams, Old Jewry).

Steel W. Steel J. and Johnstone C. Lancaster, linen-draper, (Barrett, Gray's-Inn).

Shindler C. Battlett's-buildings, merchant, (Rosser, Red Lion-square). Smith S. Huddersfield, hatter, (Edge, Inner Temple).

Tate R. Manchester, grocer, (Harrison, Craven-street). Trafford J. Froddingham,

beast-jobber, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-street).

Visick W. Medhurst, draper, (Russell, Lant-street, Southwark).

Williamson W. Nottingham, cornfactor, (Exley and Co. Farnival's-Inn).

Wilmott S. D. Dunster, merchant, (Blake, Cook's-cour). Wallbut C. Petworth, milliner, (Ellis and Co. Petworth).

Wetherhead T. Liverpool, broker, (Windle, John str.). Wilks C. Birmingham, stationer, (Constable, Symond's-Inn).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.

October 21, 2808.

London Dock Stock, 117½. per Cent.

East-India ditto, 125½. ditto.

West-India ditto, 101½. ditto.

Commercial Dock Shares, 127½. ditto.

Grand Junction Canal, 126½. ditto.

Grand Surrey ditto, 60½. per share. [prem

Imperial Fire Insurance, 3½. per cent

Globe Fire and Life ditto, 114½. per cent.

Albion ditto ditto, 2½. per cent. prem.

Hope ditto ditto, 25½. per Share. prem.

Rock Life Assurance, 4½. ditto.

East London Water-works, 46½. prem.

West Middlesex ditto, 000½. per Share.

South London ditto, 80½. per Share. prem.

Golden-Lane Brewery, 80½. per share

London Institution, 84½. per share

Surrey Institution, 33½. ditto.

Commercial Road, 114½. per cent.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE new wheats, in some districts, have not been found to rise from the fall so good as was expected. The mildew has injured the sample, which is rather thin and light: this weighs less than the last year's by 7 or 8 lbs. per bushel. The red wheats have proved much the best, having more generally escaped the destructive effects of the blight and mildew.—Barley in some parts is quite discoloured, grown, and damp in sample. It is much to be wished that the distilleries were allowed to work the damaged barley.—Oats were generally out in the wet weather, where they were grown by the farmer for his own consumption, having lost their bright colour: this, however, is immaterial; but where the oats were grown for sale, the loss will be serious.—The latest sown turnips promise a good store stock for next spring. The seeds on the new layers are weak in plant, but level on the ground.—Pasture on grazing lands has never been more luxuriant.—The wheat sowing upon warm and forward soils bears a favourable prospect. Orders from government, for the supply of the troops abroad, have hitherto supported the markets.

Beef, in Smithfield market, 3s. 8d. to 4s. 8d.; mutton, 4s. to 5s.; veal, 4s. to 5s.; pork, 4s. 8d. to 5s.

Middlesex, October 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Oct. 15, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Middsx.	90	0	53	0	45	0	34	10
Surrey	95	4	52	4	46	8	40	4
Hertford	80	3	43	0	41	8	35	4
Bedford	85	7	49	6	41	8	37	0
Hunting	80	1			39	10	33	0
Northa.	80	4	44	0	40	0	36	4
Rutland	85	6			43	6	32	0
Leicest	83	7	47	1	41	1	35	10
Notting	93	0	57	6	44	4	31	8
Derby	90	8			47	0	35	4
Stafford	86	0			44	10	34	5
Salop	85	2	53	4	41	5	36	4
Herefor	88	10	44	9	35	2	34	7
Wor'rst.	89	9	52	1	44	5	42	7
Warwic	92	4			45	9	38	7
Wilts	83	10	52	0	48	10	41	0
Berks	93	11			47	6	41	4
Oxford	87	11			43	1	39	8
Bucks	90	2			41	0	38	4
Brecon	86	4	57	4	42	11	32	0
Montgo	79	11					34	5
Radnor.	86	1			37	8	31	7

MARITIME COUNTIES.

	Wheat		Rye		Barley		Oats.	
	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.	s.	d.
Essex	83	8	51	0	42	0	38	2
Kent	89	9	53	0	44	6	37	9
Sussex	86	0					41	0
Suffolk	79	3	49	3	39	6	31	10
Cambridge	80	10	49	0	37	10	35	10
Norfolk	80	11	53	1	39	0	33	3
Lincoln	85	8	51	5	42	2	27	6
York	87	8	67	9	40	10	29	10
Durham	89	4					27	4
Northumberland	82	0	68	0	40	0	27	8
Cumberland	84	4	53	4	42	10	27	4
Westmorland	95	10	70	0	41	8	29	4
Lancaster	82	0			40	9	31	1
Chester	78	7			42	4	28	6
Flint	84	5						
Denbigh	86	3			41	7	29	4
Anglesea							22	0
Carnarvon	90	0			40	0	38	0
Merioneth	83	4	55	0	40	6	22	6
Cardigan	79	3			38	0	22	5
Pembroke	71	0			41	0	22	7
Carmarthen	80	8			44	0	22	8
Glamorgan	77	8			49	0	22	8
Gloucester	95	0			47	11		
Somerset	86	5			39	3		
Monmouth	93	2			42	4		
Devon	82	0			35	6	28	10
Cornwall	77	0			37	8	24	0
Dorset	82	0			47	0	35	0
Hants	85	0	56	0	50	2	40	6

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 85s. 5d.; Rye 53s. 10d.; Barley 42s. 3d.; Oats 82s. 6d.; Beans 63s. 7d.; Pease 66s. 0d.; Oatmeal 50s. 11d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from SEPT. 28, to OCT. 25, 1808.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between	
Males	768	Males	672		
Females	691	Females	635		
Whereof have died under two years old		397			
				2 and 5	145
				5 and 10	50
				10 and 20	49
				20 and 30	35
				30 and 40	138
				40 and 50	140
				50 and 60	89

Peck Loaf, 4s. 8d. 4s. 8d. 4s. 10d. 5s. 1d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4½ per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, from SEPTEMBER 26, 1898, to OCTOBER 26, 1908, both inclusive.

Date	Bank 1800 Stock.	3 p Cent Consols.	4 p Cent Reduc.	4 p Cent Cops.	Navy 5 p Cent.	N. 5 p Cent.	Long Anns.	4 p Ct Scrip	Imperial 9 p Cent	Imperial Anns	Irish 5 p C/Ann	Irish S C/Ann	Sea S. Anns	India Sto	India Bonds	Esche. Bills	Lottery Tickets	Cent. for Acct.
Sep																		
26		65 1/2	Shut	Shut	97 1/2	Shut	Shut	2 1/2 dis	—	7 11-16th				1s. dis	2s. pm		54 1/2	66
27		65 1/2	Do.	Do	97 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—	7 11-16th				1s. dis	1s. pm		56	66
28		65 1/2	Do.	Do	97 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—	7 11-16th				2s. dis	1s. pm		66	66
29	holiday	65 1/2	Do.	Do.	98	Do	Do	—	—					1s. dis.	2s. pm		56 1/2	66
Oct																		
1		65 1/2	Do.	Do.	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					1s. dis	4s. pm		66	66
2		66	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	5s. pm		66 1/2	66
3		66	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
4		66	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
5		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
6		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
7		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
8		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
9		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
10		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
11		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
12		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
13		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
14	238	65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
15		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
16		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
17		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
18	holiday	65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
19	238	65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
20	238 1/2	65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
21		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
22		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
23		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
24		65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
25	holiday	65 1/2	Do.	Do	98 1/2	Do	Do	2 1/2 dis	—					2s. pm	4s. pm		66 1/2	66
26	Do.																	

N B In the 5 per Cent Consols the highest and lowest Price of each day is given; in the other Stocks the highest only.

EDWARD FORTUNEL, STOCK-BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE:

N^o LX.—Vol. X.]

For NOVEMBER, 1808.

[New Series.]

“We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.”—DR. JOHNSON.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS upon the SAMSON AGONISTES of MILTON.

Sir,

TO criticise what has already passed under the discriminating observations of Johnson may seem to some a fruitless labour; while to others, who acknowledge the force of the political and literary prejudices of that writer, it may seem a task of merit and utility. I, however, mean neither to controvert or to defend the strictures of Johnson: I intend to offer to your readers those which suggested themselves to my own mind upon the perusal of this dramatic poem.

That it is confessedly written upon the model of the Greek drama is well known; and that it should therefore have few of those qualities that belong to the theatrical productions of this country is natural. It is one of the ends of writing to please, and pleasure must be tempered to the state of the recipient. What gave delight to an ancient Greek or Roman need not necessarily give the same delight to a people removed, in time, centuries from their era; and in fact we find that in some cases it does not. It is the worst error of erudition to identify what must be dissimilar, by attempting to excite pleasure by means approved, not from their congruity but from their antiquity. All taste is founded upon feeling: and how can we hope to produce similar events by contrary causes? It is the bigotry of knowledge, or the narrowness of ignorance which would reproach a Frenchman for listening with rapture to the frigid couplets of Racine, or a German for applauding the bombast of Kotzebue. They did not create the

people, but the people created them, and they exerted their genius in the direction that had been given to it. For this reason, it seldom happens that an author is read with the same approbation by a foreign student, because a very great portion of the merit on which his reputation is built must necessarily consist of felicities of language, and illustrations of manners that cannot be felt unless understood, and cannot be understood unless known. This is true in a general sense, and it is particularly true in regard to the drama, which is still more an exhibition of national modes and customs, even when founded upon events that are *not* national; for I suppose an ancient Roman, could he be called into temporary existence, would seek in vain for Roman forms of expression or Roman ideas, in *Julius Cæsar*, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, or in *Coriolanus*. It was Addison, I believe, who said that a Roman ploughman probably spoke the Latin language with greater purity than the finest modern Latin scholar that ever existed: and in the same manner it may be said, that a Roman centurion was more truly a Roman, in his daily and most familiar thoughts, than even the pen of Shakespeare could make a *Cæsar*, an *Antony*, or a *Brutus*. It may, indeed, be considered as impossible to transfuse the national character of any country into the page which is written centuries after that country has lost its name among nations. and hence the difficulty of awakening kindred sentiments in the mind of a reader, when he is occupied with manners and customs foreign from his own knowledge of experience. If these opinions are founded in truth, it will then follow that *Samson Agonistes*

being written in imitation of a foreign model, and being founded upon an event not national, has two powerful difficulties to struggle against in its effect upon the mind.

But, to pass from a consideration of this, I shall now proceed to offer a few observations upon its execution and upon the sentiments which it contains.

The proemial monologue is written with considerable pathos, a quality not often to be found in the muse of Milton: and when Samson deplores his own blindness, our feelings of pity are at once transferred to the author. The evils attendant upon that deprivation are enumerated with force and truth: not forgetting what is perhaps the greatest and most afflictive of them, being

“in light expos’d

To daily fraud, contempt, abuse, and wrong
Within doors, or without, still as a fool,
In power of others, never in my own.”

Surely to a rational being, imagination itself cannot conceive a keener or more perpetual misery than the consciousness of constant dependence on the mercy and forbearance of man: a state surrounded with terrors that exist without diminution and almost without the hope that alleviates those terrors in the breast of any other man.

The complaint uttered in the following remonstrance is natural. When we suffer, we willingly ask why some better arrangement did not secure us from the necessity of it.

Since light so necessary is to life,
And almost life itself, if it be true
That light is in the soul,
Shine all in every part; why was the sight
To such a tender ball as th’ eye confin’d
So obvious and so easy to be quench’d?
And not as feeling, through all parts diffus’d,
That she might look at will through ev’ry pore?

The intumbrance of a chorus is very sensibly felt in this poem. It is at once unnatural and superfluous. The mind is dissatisfied with a deviation so violent from the ordinary means of human intercourse, and the judgment is offended by the employment of what might be omitted with advantage. Milton, however, was

doubtless satisfied with what he considered as a happy adaptation of the Grecian muse to the English language. The pride of learning was propitiated at the expense of good taste and good sense.

I have always thought that there is an irreverent use made of the name and power of the deity in the following lines. Samson deplores the circumstance of having given an opportunity to the Philistines of magnifying and extolling their idol *Dagon*, as the power by whose means he is now captive and blind among them: but he adds,

This only hope relieves me, that the strife
With me hath end: all the contest is now
’Twixt God and *Dagon*: *Dagon* hath presum’d,

Me overthrown, to enter lists with God,
His deity comparing and preferring
Before the God of Abraham. He, be sure
Will not connive, or linger, thus provok’d,
But will arise, and his great name assert
Dagon must stoop, and shall ere long receive

Such a discomfit, as shall quite despoil him
Of all these boasted trophies won on me
And with confusion blank his worshippers.

Surely no degree of enthusiasm for the genius of Milton can consider this with pleasure. The idea of a personal contest between a true and a false god reminds us rather of the absurdities of pagan mythology, than of the reverential solemnity of christian worship.

There seems to be in Milton, more perhaps than any other writer, an obscurity and confusion in his conceptions of the omnipotence of the deity. Forgetting that the idea of *omnipotence* annihilates the necessity of *means* for the accomplishment of an end, he perpetually represents to us the supreme power as producing consequences not by its immediate act and will; and seems to wonder that by an apparently inadequate medium it is enabled to perform certain actions. But it is consonant to our ideas of divine omnipotence, to suppose that what it wills it can perform merely by its own resolution and act: and therefore it is inconsistent in Milton to make the chorus exclaim

O madness, to think use of strongest winds
And strongest drinks our chief support of health;

When God with these *forbid'n made
 choice to rear
 His mighty champion, strong above com-
 pare,
 Whose drink was only from the liquid
 brook.

This is puerile, for the deity, by his own act, *might* have given to the pliant sinews of infancy corporeal strength even beyond that of Samson. To that power which finds every thing possible, only human weakness can imagine limits.

The most spirited and energetic part of this poem is the colloquy between *Samson* and *Dalilah*; and this he doubtless wrote with feeling acrimony from the recollection of his own conjugal infelicity. Dr. Johnson says, that in all his writings he expresses a more than Turkish contempt for women. This, however, is not true, for surely he exalts the female character in *Paradise Lost*. It does not indeed appear, from the accounts of his biographers, that he had much reason to entertain an exalted notion of the sex: and when he attributes to them fickleness, wantonness, and deceit, he does not wander far from truth.

Can it be doubted by any one who knows the domestic history of Milton, that he wrote the following with self-conviction of its verity:

Out, out, hyena! these are thy wonted
 arts,
 And arts of every woman false like thee,
 To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
 Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
 And reconcilement move with feign'd re-
 morse,
 Confess, and promise wonders in her
 change,
 Not truly penitent, but chief to try
 Her husband, how far urg'd his patience
 bears,
 His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
 Then with more cautious and instructed
 skill
 Again transgresses and again submits:
 That wisest, and best men, full oft be-
 guil'd
 With goodness princip'd not to reject
 The penitent, but ever to forgive,
 Are drawn to wear out miserable days
 Intangl'd with a poisonous bosom snake,
 If not by quick destruction soon cut off
 As I by thee, to ages an example.

The bitterness of this reproof can

be heightened only by the reflection of its truth.

The same personal feelings which prompted the above probably dictated the following, in which that allusion is made to individual merit which Milton might proudly claim:

It is not virtue, wisdom, valour, wit,
 Strength, comeliness of shape, or amplest
 merit,
 That woman's love can win or long inherit.

This is dignified: but what solemnity of countenance can withstand the conclusion?

But what it is, hard is to say,
 Harder to hit,
 (Which way soever men refer it)
 Much like thy riddle, Samson, in one day,
 Or sev'n, though one should musing sit.

That the muse of Milton has cowered her lofty wing when soaring where human enquiry is not permitted to pierce, is confessed; and it is palliated by the boldness of the attempt: but that he who wrote the first three books of *Paradise Lost* should write the above is an anomaly not easily accounted for. Yet this is not all, for in this same speech of the chorus are to be found lines, surpassing perhaps those already quoted in absurdity of construction. I will transcribe the whole, because the poet still indulges in his invective against women and the infelicity of the conjugal state. But what are printed in Italics are those which I would exhibit as puerile and ludicrous.

Is it for that such outward ornament
 Was lavished on their sex, that inward gifts
 Were left for haste unfinish'd, judgment
 scant,
 Capacity not rais'd to apprehend
 Or value what is best
 In choice, but ofttest to affect the wrong?
 Or was too much of self-love mix'd,
 Of constancy no root enfix'd,
 That either they love nothing or not long?
 Whate'er it be, to wisest men and best
 Seeming at first all heav'nly under virgin
 veil,
 Soft, modest, meek, demure,
 Once join'd, the contrary she proves, a
 thorn
 Intestine, far within defensive arms
 A clearing mischief, in his way to virtue
 Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
 Draws him away enslav'd
 With dotage, and his sense deprav'd

When God with these *forbidd'n made
choice to rear
His mighty champion, strong above com-
pare,
Whose drink was only from the liquid
brook.

This is puerile, for the deity, by his own act, *might* have given to the pliant sinews of infancy corporeal strength even beyond that of Samson. To that power which finds every thing possible, only human weakness can imagine limits.

The most spirited and energetic part of this poem is the colloquy between *Samson* and *Dalilah*; and this he doubtless wrote with feeling acrimony from the recollection of his own conjugal infelicity. Dr. Johnson says, that in all his writings he expresses a more than Turkish contempt for women. This, however, is not true, for surely he exalts the female character in *Paradise Lost*. It does not indeed appear, from the accounts of his biographers, that he had much reason to entertain an exalted notion of the sex: and when he attributes to them fickleness, wantonness, and deceit, he does not wander far from truth.

Can it be doubted by any one who knows the domestic history of Milton, that he wrote the following with self-conviction of its verity:

Out, out, hyæna! these are thy wonted
arts,
And arts of every woman false like thee,
To break all faith, all vows, deceive, betray,
Then, as repentant, to submit, beseech,
And reconciliation move with feign'd re-
morse,
Confess, and promise wonders in her
change
Not truly penitent, but chief to try
Her husband, how far urg'd his patience
bears,
His virtue or weakness which way to assail:
Then with more cautious and instructed
skill
Again transgresses and again submits:
That wisest, and best men, full oft be-
guil'd
With goodness princip'd not to reject
The penitent, but ever to forgive,
Are drawn to wear out miserable days
Intangl'd with a pois'nous bosom snake,
If not by quick destruction soon cut off
As I by thee, to ages an example.

The bitterness of this reproof can

be heightened only by the reflection of its truth.

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thorn
Intestine, far within defensive arms
A cleaving mischief, in his way to virtue
Adverse and turbulent, or by her charms
Draws him awry enslav'd
With dotage, and his sense deprav'd

To folly and shameful deeds which ruin
ends

What pilot at expert, but needs must
wreck

Embark'd with such a steerage at the
helm?

Favour'd of heav'n, who finds

One virtuous, rarely found

That in domestic good combines:

Happy that house! his way to peace is
smooth:

But virtue which breaks thro' all opposi-
tion,

And all temptation can remove

Most shines, and most is acceptable above.

Therefore God's universal law

Gave to the man despotic pow'r

Over his female in due awe,

Nor from that right to part an hour

Smile she or frown.

So shall he least confusion draw

On his whole life, not way'd

By female usurpation or divinity'd.

In this passage there is, I believe, enough to offend both the critic and the moralist, for neither wisdom nor humanity can sanction the doctrine of tyranny as laid down by the poet. It partakes of more than "Turkish contempt," and approaches nearer to the vulgar brutality of those beings who identify the oppression of the unresisting with the vigorous controul of the rebellious. If Milton practised what he taught, who shall wonder that his wives deserted him?

The dignity of the tragic style will not admit of that minor species of wit which is sometimes included in punning: yet Milton could not always resist the temptation, when he wishes to express contempt. Thus Sampson says to Harapha,

Therefore without feign'd shifts let be as-
sign'd

Some narrow place inclos'd, where sight
may give thee,

Or rather sight, no great advantage on me.

And, again, the chorus observes,

Fathers are wont to lay up for thy age,

Thou for thy son art bent to lay out.

Nor is the expression *giantship* applied to Harapha consistent with the solemnity expected in a dramatic poem.

While noticing the errors of this work, I will advert to one or two more. In the following lines the simile is mean and vulgar:

But he tho' blind of sight,
Despis'd and thought extinguish'd quite,
With inward eyes illuminated,
His fiery virtue rous'd
From under ashes into sudden flame;
And as an evening dragon came
Assailant on the perched roosts
And nests in order rang'd
Of tame villatic fowl.

Surely a nobler comparison might have been found, if sought for, than an irruption into a hen-roost, to illustrate the horrible destruction of a multitude by the sudden falling in of the building which contained them.

The ludicrous flow of the following couplet needs no comment:

Some dismal accident it needs must be;
What shall we do, stay here or run and
see?

These are minute faults, yet they should not be beneath the notice of him who seeks to improve by illustrative criticism. To ascend as high as Milton can scarcely be hoped by any one: not to sink so low is within the power of all who have mental powers capable of exertion. Let this defend the apparent unimportance of my strictures.

I will conclude this letter by pointing out a passage, perhaps imitated from Massinger, an author doubtless familiar to Milton. The chorus in *Samson Agonistes* exclaims,

Of good or bad so great, of bad the sooner,
For evil news rides post, while good news
bait.

In the *Picture* by Massinger is a passage very similar to the above:

"Ill news, Madam,
Are swallow wing'd, but what's good walks
on crutches."

If these critical observations meet your approbation, you will much oblige a constant reader by giving them a place in the next number of your Magazine; and I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, Nov. 7, 1808.

M.

On the MISMANAGEMENT of PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

WHENEVER a complaint is made against any abuse, in raising or expending public money, there is a certain description of men always ready to alarm the minds of

the multitude with the danger of making innovations; and they tell them, the evils complained of are merely cheese-parings and candle-ends, when the candle is divided in the middle, and the cheese pared to the very core. There was a time when the prevention of evil was thought much better than the applying a remedy, before cheese-parings and candle-ends were allowed to be annexed as privileges to those who fill public stations; and it is much to be feared that, since they have been permitted to be taken, they have had a direct tendency to corrupt the morals of such persons as share the spoils. When depredatory innovations are suffered in any department in the state, they will thrive like noxious plants in a prolific soil, and they who are to gather in the harvest will be tempted to violate that positive command, which says, "thou shalt not steal."

It is in vain to inculcate the precept, when you suffer it to be counteracted by practice. Do we think that religious and moral duties are as easily adopted and discarded, as the putting on and taking off a garment? And is it from this erroneous notion that our labourers and artificers are called upon to spend the sabbath at their daily task in public works?

The history of the French revolution ought to have taught us the danger of making innovations in such essential points. It is by the observance of the sabbath we preserve among men the memory of this fundamental article of our religion, that God is the Creator of the world. The wilfully breaking the fourth command implies a denial of this great truth, and consequently of the infinite wisdom, the unbounded goodness, and the omnipotent power of God, which are manifested in all his works; nor can the proclaiming a fast one day in the year ever keep up a lively sense of the attributes of God in the minds of the people, if they are compelled to perform their daily task on the sabbath.

Is it not strange, that while we are lamenting the irreligious and immoral habits of the common people, and are devising means to give them instruction, that they should be called

upon to hurry on public works on the sabbath, which will not be finished in eleven years? Can there be any absolute necessity for it? Are the dangers of an invasion any longer feared? Or have we now any thing to fear from it? Is not the maritime force of our inveterate enemy not only diminished and nearly annihilated by the sudden change which hath happened in our affairs and our prospects? And do we not send away our troops to assist the oppressed nations on the continent? And as difficulties increase with Napoleon, the scourge of Europe and the disposer of nations, are we not altering and extending our defensive operations the same as if his fleet were blocking up our ports?

But though there is so much reluctance in making any innovation to reform abuses, there seems to have always been a tendency in men, in public stations, to introduce them, and our statute-books offer us strong proofs of it.

When our Saxon and Norman kings first emancipated cities and towns, and gave them charters with privileges, it was necessary that they should give them courts of justice; for the compact was reciprocal between the contracting parties, and the people for their freedom were to perform certain stipulated services: they therefore had sac and soc, toll and team, to compel every member of their community to contribute his part towards discharging the expense of the service required of him.

That the privileges which the king granted might not be employed to his prejudice, and that he might not be defrauded of his fines and amercements, he had an officer, called a bailiff, who sat on the bench with the magistrates of a corporate town, to collect the king's dues. This was the practice when trespasses and other offences were compensated with fines; for the Wit, the Were, and the Mund, were imposed prior to transportation and death.

Though every transaction in the inferior court was under the cognizance of this officer, still there was reason to think, that innovations might introduce some encroachments.

in their practice, if there was no check on their proceedings.

As early as the 9th of Edward the Third, chapter the fifth, it was enacted, that the justices of assize, gaol delivery, Oyer and Terminer, should send all their records and processes determined, and put in execution to the Exchequer at Michaelmas in every year, to be delivered there.

This statute might restrain the innovating spirit of the bailiff and the magistrates for a time, but it did not entirely suppress it; for it was enacted again, the 11th of Henry the 4th, chapter the 3d, that justices, acting under the commission of the king in counties, were to cause to be delivered into the king's treasury all the returns of assize of novel-dessein, Mort D'ancestor, and of certification, and all the appurtenances and appendancies before they determined every second year; that the pleas might be concluded, and judgment given, without more delay; and that all pleas real, and personal, and others where judgment is given, and enrolled, and things touching such pleas, shall in no wise be amended, nor impaired, by any new entering by the clerk, or the recorder of things certified, in witness, or commandment of our justices in the term, after that such judgment in such pleas is given and enrolled.

This act of Henry the Fourth was as little regarded as that of Edward the Third; for we learn in the preface of the statute, passed in the 22d and 23d of Charles the Second, chap. 22, that abuses and mischiefs had arisen, and were practised by not timely certifying and estreating the fines and forfeitures; and also by sinister practices among officers in sparing, discharging, and not certifying at all; and if they did certify, yet by miscertifying and estreating the said fines and forfeitures into the exchequer. To remedy such practices it was again enacted, that all fines, pastines, issues, amerciaments, forfeited recognizances, sum or sums of money, paid, or to be paid in lieu of satisfaction of them; and all forfeitures whatsoever, which already are, or hereafter shall be set, imposed, lost, or forfeited in his Majesty's court of King's Bench, Common

Pleas, and Exchequer; and all fines and forfeitures before any judge, or judges of assize, clerk of the market, or commissioners of the sewers, throughout the kingdom of England; and all, and every clerk, and clerks of the peace, and town clerks, and every of them within the kingdom of England, at the time assigned them to certify, shall do it under the penalty of fifty pounds. And further, if any of the aforesaid officers spare, take off, discharge, or wittingly and willingly conceal any indictment, or forfeiture whatsoever, in any of the said courts, or before any judge, he shall for every such offence forfeit and pay treble the value of such fine, past fine, and amerciaments, one-half to the king, and the other moiety to the person who will sue for it; *and he shall lose his office, and be forever incapable of being employed in any place where any part of his Majesty's revenue is to be managed or paid.*

As a further preventive of this innovating spirit for doing wrong, all the different officers in the before-mentioned act were, by the statute of the 4th and 5th of William and Mary, chap. 24, section the 5th, obliged to take the following oath:—

You shall swear that these estreats, now by you delivered, are carefully made up and examined; and that all fines and amerciaments, recognizances and forfeitures, which were lost, imposed, or forfeited, and in right and due course of law ought to be estreated in the court of Exchequer, are to the best of your knowledge and understanding therein contained; and that in the same estreats are contained and expressed all such fines as have been paid into the court, from which the said estreats are made, without any wilful or fraudulent discharge, omission, misnomer, or any defect whatsoever.

[To be concluded in our next.]

SHAKSPEARE and MASSINGER.

Sir,

IN your Magazine for January last, (p. 27) there is a letter from a correspondent, who endeavours to illustrate the contested reading in

Shakspeare's *Macbeth*, "My May of life is fallen into the sere, &c." by a parallel mode of expression from *Much Ado about Nothing*: and though in my own mind I never had a doubt respecting the beautiful image intended to be conveyed by the poet, yet I was pleased to see him thus made an authority for himself. Next however to such authority, is the practice of contemporary poets and those immediately succeeding; and it may perhaps to serve to give conviction to some minds, when they find Massinger (a dramatic writer inferior to Shakspeare only in those sudden bursts of inspiration which so often illumine the pages of the bard of Avon) using the very same mode of expression in the *Picture*, a play built upon a wild incident, but containing many fine scenes and displaying much truth of character. *Honoria*, in her attempt to shake the conjugal fidelity of *Mathias*, exclaims,

Tho' vet reason
Was ne'er admitted in the court of love
I'll yield' you one unanswerable. As I
urg'd
In our last conference, you have
A pretty promising presence; but there are
Many in limbs and feature who may take
That way the right hand file of you. Be-
sid's,
Your May of youth is past and the blood
spent by wounds, &c

Though perhaps upon a nice distinction, the expression above may be considered as a pleonasm, yet the *spirit* of it coincides with the usual reading of Shakspeare's line, and in that respect may help to confirm what may be dubious in the estimation of some.

I remain, Sir, &c.

Stamford, Nov. 6, 1868.

Z.

For the Universal Magazine.

IMITATIONS AND PARODIES. BY
MR. FLETCHER.

I. P—TT.

IT poured with rain; but I wrapped myself up in the sweetness of sensibility, that fleecy hosiery of the soul: and though I was wet to the skin, I reached my lodgings, at least, with a dry heart.

The old woman received me at the door with the accustomed curtsy. "Poor creature," I mentally exclaimed, "how little difference there is between us, save in the under-fined essence of the mind: you have been washing,—I have been washed!"

She had lighted a fire in my room. This, said I, smells comfortable: 'tis like the face of a friend, which chance restores to us, after a long absence passed in the kennel of adversity.—Happy comparison! For friendship is indeed a fire, an *ignis fatuus*.

My sensibility was again assailed by a family circumstance of no common interest. Poor Laura had been brought to bed of six little ones. She was lying on the rug, her head resting on a volume of my *Gleanings*,* stretched out as it were to recruit her exhausted frame, under the cheering influence of the magnetic blaze.—Lovely, interesting, Laura! never, never shall I forget that moment, while I know what pathos is!

"I have drowned the kittens, sir," said the old woman. It was enough. I shuddered.

"Oh, hell-k're! what, all?"

"What all my pretty ones? did you say all?"

"At one fell swoop?" MACBETH.

The reflux blood curdled round my heart, and the bellows dropped from my hand.

II. GRAY.

Shout, warriors, shout, that Spain is free,
Your voice shall reach the flying foe,
The thund'ring sounds of victory
Shall fill their coward souls with woe!
Panic-struck the murderers fly,
Trampled in dust their bloody eagles lie—
Shame now pursues, where desolation led,
And Spain, victorious Spain, has conquered
while she bled.

III. SHENSTONE.

Adieu to my flocks of white sheep,
And adieu to the vales where they fed
For though many the tears that I weep,
The devil a tear have they shed!

Ye lambs and ye lamkins adieu,
From the Leasowes your poet is off;
Farewel to each ram and each ewe,
For I've got a most damnable cough!

* This work may now be had complete of all the booksellers, price, &c.

The devil may watch you for me,
I'm sure he'll be sick of the job!
For your Corydon's off, do you see,
Without ever sobbing a sob.

IV. SHAKSPEARE.

Julius Cæsar.

If you have oaths, prepare to vent them
now:

You all do know these breeches. I remember

The first time Thomas ever put 'em on,
'Twas on a winter's morning, on his bed,
That day he over-turned his mistress
Look, in this place ran muddy water
through:

See, what a mess his shattered knee pan
made:

Through this the too officious surgeon cut,
And as he took his clumsy knife away,
Mark how the gore of Tom's thigh followed it,

As rushing out of Tom, to be revolved
If I, his wife, so kindly slashed or no
For I, as you have heard, am Tom's own
nub

* * * *

Good folks! what! stare you, when you
be't behind

My goodman's breeches spoiled? look! you
here,

Here is himself stretch'd out upon a shut-
ter

V DELLA CRUSCA.

Little, sylphid, fluttering creature,

Flitting light on any wing,

Well I know each pigny feature,

For, alas! I've felt thy sting!

Thou art, all inspiring Cupid,
Friendly to both young and old.

And though blind, thou art not stupid,
If all's true of thee that's told

Pretty, little, tiny fellow!

Take this letter to my love

Tell her, hissing straggler, tell her,

She is Venus, you her dove!

VI. CHEVY CHACE.

Prince Arthur met ten thousand French,

With thirty thousand fighting men,

And conquered too, but great Sir Hew

Said, "Gemmen, you may go again!"

VII. W-L-T-R S—TT.

1

Dinner* was over up stairs, you must know,

And all the good things were gone below,

Beef that was boiled, with cabbage enow;

Were gone to the kitchen out of the hall,

For the servants to dine on, great and

small,

Lord† have mercy upon us all!

* See the opening of the Lay of the
Last Minstrel

† "Jesu Maria shield us well," ib.

I would you had been there to see

How the butler joked with the cookmaids
three.

'Twould have done your old heart good, I
trow,

To see, while they ate, what a precious
row

They all kicked up for the fat:

They swore that the lean was tough and
salt,

The cook said he'd prove 'twas the but-
cher's fault,

"You lie," said the housemaid, flat:

2

You'd have marvelled to see, had you
been there,

How the bores they pick'd so clean,
Bones that were round, and bones that

were square,

For well in these hard times, I ween,

These merry men all had nothing to spare,

Their stomachs were set so keen

Yet † whether they ate or slow or fast,

It was but beef they ate at last

3

The coachman tall said, "I'll pray you a
priyer,

If you will all vow a vow,

That you will none of you laugh nor stare,

Because I'm a methodist now

"Jesus forbid it!" they all replied,

"Jesu Maria forbid!"

Says the waiter, "I'll buffet the first man's
hide

"That does not do as he's bid."

4

The coachman then,—"We've done a
sad job,

"For the cart is before the horse;

"The Holy Spirit you'd all of you rob,

"(And your own master too, which is

worse)

"You've all forgot my grace to say,

"Though you've cleared the eatables all

away,

"And a gallon of port or drank full;

"But your poor sinful souls I'll thus re-
trieve,—

"For what we are going now to recite,

"The Lord make us truly thankful"

VIII. COUNT R——D.

To make a cheap and nutritious soup.

Take your maid, and send her for a
cow-heel, the larger the better; put
it into one of my digesters, with such
old bones, potatoe parings, cabbage
leaves, &c (vulgo hog-wash) as you
may be able to find; together with a

† "For come it slow or come it fast,

"It is but death that comes at last"

MARNION.

pint of oatmeal. To these ingredients add water, *ad infinitum*. To give the whole a flavour, (for it will have none without) throw in a few hand-fuls of salt: or, if you live near the coast, sea water will answer the purpose in the first instance. Let your soup "inwardly digest" over a slow fire, (use one of my grates) till the bones disappear. Don't skim it, that's an expensive *system* which I have exploded. You may sell this wholesome mess to the poor, at a quart a penny, and gain three farthings a quart upon the *gross* amount, after feeding your own family, including hogs and other friends.

P.S. To be served up in a silver tureen: [if you have got one.]

[To be resumed.]

REPLY TO "LITERARY QUERIES."

SIR,

A CORRESPONDENT in your last number, who signs himself J. L. requests to know whence was derived the able and discriminating character of D'Alembert, inserted in your Magazine for August, p. 115. I inform him, for his satisfaction, that I translated it from the *Posthumous Works* of D'Alembert; and the same extract may be found in the *Magazin Encyclopédique*, vol. III. p. 213.

The other query of J. L. respecting his mode of living with the great, as I know not to what it alludes, so I cannot answer it.

I remain, Sir, &c.

Nov. 5, 1808.

† * †

OLD ENGLISH MANNERS and CUSTOMS.

SIR,

IN 1699, an enlightened Hollander, who accompanied William the Third to this country, and resided here some years, published at Utrecht, in the Low Dutch language, an octavo volume, entitled, "Memorable Remarks, by a Traveller, in 1697 and 1698, in England, Scotland, and Ireland." These remarks are classed under heads; and the following are translated for the amusement of your readers.

I remain, &c.

W. H. REID.

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. X.

The English.

THE inhabitants of this celebrated country are of good stature, handsome, well made, fresh, fair, strong, brave, deep-thinkers, religious, lovers of the arts, and as capable of improving in the sciences as any men in the world. I know not whence the report originated, nor upon what authority it rests, which I have heard in France and elsewhere, "that the English are traitors." Strange indeed that such an evil report should be spread of a nation whose generosity will not even suffer two men to contend in arms, excepting they are upon equal terms. In case of attack or defence, should any person attempt to wound another with any weapon with which his opponent should be unprovided, the whole populace would be upon him, so that it is highly unjust to place treason or want of good faith among the failings of the English.

Other nations accuse the English with the want of politeness and respect, because when they meet they never put their hands to their hats, and that they have not that superfluity of civility in their mouths which is common to the French and Italians. I once saw a private gentleman at a horse-race approach one of the first lords of the land, and pay him some money which he had won, without even moving his hat! This, which would appear ridiculous in France, is not so in England. The fact is this, the English place very little dependence upon the external behaviour and professions, which are frequently assumed as a disguise. Indeed, *Englishmen* think as little of pulling off their hats when they meet, as the *women* do of pulling off their caps.

Generally speaking, the customs of the English are very different from ours: every country has its own, and as it is too common to despise others, it is not surprising that the English and French, who live together, are continually censuring and bickering with each other. People of understanding, however, take no part in these ridiculous proceedings; they look upon customs and manners, as things indifferent in themselves: they observe this maxim, "*Cum fueris*

3 D

Romæ, Romano vivite more." I believe the English have their particular failings as well as other people; but taking the whole into the account, and reckoning altogether, I am convinced from some years experience which I have had, that the more strangers become acquainted with the English, the more they will respect and esteem them. How many brave and worthy people do I know in England! what moderation, what generosity, what integrity of heart, what piety and beneficence! Yes, there are persons in England of that disposition, which may be called perfect; people who are wisdom and goodness itself, if these qualities may be applied to any less than the Supreme. May peace and prosperity attend England for ever!

Burials.

When a corpse is ready to be carried out of a house for interment, and the coffin nailed up, the maids, or men-servants, bring sprigs of rosemary and distribute them to all the company, who carry them in their hands till the body is lowered into the grave, when they throw the rosemary in with it. When the mourners return it is a common custom to treat them with wine and other liquors. A Mr. Butler, who kept the Crown and Sceptre in St. Martin's lane, informed me that a hog'shead of wine was drank at his wife's funeral, exclusive of spirits, &c.

Inns.

There is nothing like our inns in England; it is not common there for travellers to remain where their coaches and carriages are laid by. One or two persons might get a bed, but not three or four. Neither are there any houses where people can sleep, or obtain their meals at a proper time for so much per head, excepting in one part of London, where within a short time since, some houses have been opened for the accommodation of gentlemen foreigners. It is only in the best towns in France where dinners and suppers are to be had at a given price per head. The manner of getting a lodging in London is as follows:—You must get a friend to find, or recommend you to a ready furnished

lodging, for a certain weekly consideration. A stranger coming to London, or wishing to pass some time there, must apprise his friend or correspondent of his intention, and engage him to procure a bed or chamber for him, otherwise he might be much embarrassed. As for eating, there are various means for that: there are a number of *Roasting Houses* in every quarter of London. Some nations would think themselves demeaned were they to be seen going into houses of this description; but in England, even an English gentleman has no scruples of this nature. I have often dined at a place of this description with a friend of mine, a rich man, a member of the lower house of parliament.

It is certain that an Englishman, who has an income of fifteen or twenty thousand pounds sterling, does not look for half the homage that a Frenchman would expect with a tenth part of that sum. To represent the "Roasting Houses" as they are, I ought to enter into some detail. You will there see generally four spits one above another, each of them containing five or six pieces of beef, veal, pork, and lamb: but you can get nothing else; no fowls without bespeaking them. Of the roast meat, they will cut you what you please; fat or lean, rare or well done. With a little salt and mustard upon the edge of your plate, and a slice of white bread, your business is completed. Those who wish to contract for dining, &c. for one or two guineas (weekly) per head, may repair to the celebrated *Pontac's*; but they can seldom find this kind of accommodation elsewhere.

Pudding.

This is a kind of food, which, besides naming the ingredients of flour, milk, eggs, butter, sugar, marrow, raisins, &c. is very hard to describe. It is baked in an oven, cooked together with meat, and in short, fifty different ways. The English plume themselves not a little upon the discovery of *pudding*. It is a *manna* that suits every taste, and like that of the wilderness, people are never tired of eating it. What a noble thing is an English pudding! To come in

pudding time is the most fortunate thing that can happen. Of the desert one must say nothing: that is only a morsel of cheese! Fruit is to be found exclusively among the great, and only among a few of them. It would, however, be unjust to take what I have said about pudding, strictly according to the letter; for every thing is to be had in England though the produce of other places: but then the art of English cookery is not equal to that of the French.

Besides the English make no scruple of breaking wind in company, and at table. An Englishman with whom I once spoke upon this species of indecency, gave me to understand that he could see no more impropriety in that to which I objected, than to sneezing or coughing in company.

Garden Stuff.

The common people in England indulge in the silly idea, that there is nothing in any other country so good as their own; and that in *France* in particular, people live upon herbs and roots. It has always been thought that the common people were weak; but I have never had a stronger proof of this weakness, than the present; for it is certain that more roots, and fruit are eaten in England than in France. However, from the children to the oldest people in this country, any contradiction to the received opinion in this respect would only be answered with a laugh: this is the consequence of becoming mere echos to others, and repeating hearsay evidence for truth.

Lamps.

In the room of lanterns in London, you may observe a lamp at the door of every tenth house. This improvement was made by Mr. Edward Henning, about ten years since. The light streaming through two or three sides of the lamp, if necessary, is sufficient to light the passengers along two sides of the street which is better paved than the rest. They are lighted at Michaelmas, and continued till Lady Day. They burn from six in the evening till midnight; and from the third day after each full moon, till the sixth day after the new one.

Sports and Diversions.

What an Englishman calls a *fight*,

or *fighting*, is truly pleasant; but though these fights are not so common among grown people as children, they frequently happen with the former. If a hired coachman is discontented with his fare, and any difference occurs between him and a gentleman which occasions a challenge from the latter, the coachman must accept it or lose his money. The gentleman then lays by his sword, stick, gloves, and cravat, and the contest is decided in the usual way. I once saw the late Duke of Grafton, in the best part of the Strand, fight with a coachman, and beat him most piteously. In other countries such people as coachmen are chastised with sticks, and sometimes with the flat side of a sword; but in England no man can venture to beat another, not having such weapons, without running a great risk. Should some unlucky foreigner (for such a thing could not enter an Englishman's head) ever draw his sword against any man without one, it is certain that a hundred people would fall upon him at once, and perhaps put it out of his power to rise again.

Prize Fighters and Fencers.

It is but a few years since a sort of prize fighters were to be seen about London, in their shirts, to the loins, with their sleeves tucked up, with swords in their hands, and a drum beating before them. When a match was made, the persons concerned paid so much a head. The edges of these swords were rather dull, and the object of the fighters was not to hurt each other. However, as it was indispensable that blood should be drawn, or to return the money, I have seen a wound given much longer and deeper than was intended: but there have been very few of these conflicts for these eight or ten years past.

Tobacco.

There is a great use of tobacco in England particularly in smoking. Even the women chew this herb in the western provinces of Devonshire and Cornwall. At this some people are surprised: but these women are as much astonished in their turn to find that the women in *Middlesex* neither smoke nor chew tobacco. I

know no reasons in moral or natural philosophy why tobacco should not be as salutary for women as men. Pray does not the taciturnity and gloom of some Englishmen originate in their use of tobacco? However, they say it makes them very profound divines. No men in the world smoke better than English parsons. Now, what a fine thing it is to be a profound divine! I think, the most simple, the most comprehensive, and the most wholesome doctrines make the best divinity; but this can only be relished by some plodding people of mean capacities, who never endeavour to find any thing out more than is necessary for their salvation. But tobacco has produced some moral philosophers, as well as others fond of mysteries.

Whales.

In St. James's Palace Yard, there is the rib of a whale twenty feet long. Beyond all doubt if the swallow of this fish bore any proportion with the other parts, Jonas could not want elbow room in his belly.

Hanging.

This is a common punishment in England, and is performed at Tyburn, a small distance from town; but some times offenders are hanged before their own doors. Five or six at a time, and scarcely ever less than three, are to be seen going in a cart to this place. Gentlemen sometimes get permission to go there in a coach. After the cart is driven from under the male-factors, the executioner gives himself no trouble either to pull the feet or press upon the shoulders of the criminals: this he leaves to their relations and friends, who not only pull the feet of the sufferers, but also give them violent blows upon the stomach, to shorten their pains.

The English are people who laugh at the tenderness of other nations, because they seem to make hanging appear to be such a shocking thing! Their great courage leads them to look upon hanging as a trifle, and they think nothing of the pretended disgrace which strangers suppose is attached to the families of persons thus executed. As soon as a male-factor is apprized of his execution, he thinks of nothing but to get clean

shaved, and, if he has them, to wear either his wedding suit of white, or otherwise a suit of mourning. Sometimes they will even have their coffins carried with them in the cart. Nothing pleases even these kind of people better than the thought of being decently buried. Assured of this their minds are at rest. Sometimes the ordinary who attends them, receives a written paper to be printed after their decease; and sometimes young women in white have preceded the procession strewing flowers and oranges. However, here and there about the streets an air of cheerfulness and gaiety is generally assumed: yet I have seen some go to Tyburn very wretched in appearance, both in body and mind; and I once met a very fine young woman, very well dressed in St. James's Park, lamenting for the loss of her father, who had been executed a month before *only* for counterfeiting the coin of the kingdom; but every country has its peculiar laws and customs.

Prostitutes.

It is now three or four and thirty years since M. Monconneys wrote his account of his tour through England, when he observed that he passed through a street near Lincoln's-Inn, which was inhabited by common women only! Since that time, I find things are much altered; at present these ladies have spread themselves all over the town.

[To be continued.]

ANNOTATIONS on the TEXT of SHAKSPEARE.

NO. VI.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.—SC. I.

ACHES *contract and starve your supple joints!*

Mr. Kemble's *aches* were "harped upon" at the time, until they almost *literally* took possession of our heads. Yet I am unconscious of its having been hitherto observed, that so late a writer as Otway has the word in two syllables:

"Kind Heaven, let heavy curses
Gall his old age; cramps, *aches*, rack
his bones! Venice Preserved.

Some critic in the Universal Magazine had a recollection of perusing it in Hudibras, but did not give the passage :

"The natural effects of love
As other flames and *aches* prove."

Part 3, V. 704.

It is also found in Beaumont and Fletcher's Knight of the Burning Pestle :

"Or meets with *aches* in the bone."

Much of the language in use during the æra of Shakspeare was prevalent in the reign of Charles II. : we might not perhaps expect to find a word of such antique rust as *tynd*,* employed by Dryden and Lee :

"Sharp consciences, of proof against an oath

, and ready-*tynd* for a rebellion."

D. of Guise.

Act III.—Sc. I.

When he is sick to death, let not that
part of nature

Which my lord paid for, be of any
power, &c.

Mr. Steevens observes properly, that the nutriment which he had received at Timon's hospitable table, is considered as forming a large portion of his animal system. It is well known that the particles of the human frame are in a constant state of flux. Bernoulli calculates that the person of a man of fourscore years has been completely renovated about twenty-four times.

Sc. III.

That I should purchase the day before
for a little part, and undo a great deal
of honor.

By taking the opportunity of purchasing yesterday an advantageous bargain, I have not the means of acquiring credit, by a prompt assistance of Timon.

Sc. V.

'Tis honor with most hands to be at odds.

Alciades merely intends to assert, that contention, with unqual numbers or advantages, is honourable to the resisting party; as instanced in his own opposition to the power of

Athens and the Senate. On the recommendation of the *Revisal*, *lands* has been unnecessarily substituted into the text.

HAMLET.

Act I.—Sc. II.

Frailty, thy name is woman!

Compared with these few and energetic words, how tasteless is the expansion of another author, who was much in vogue about the age of Shakspeare, in common with the most eminent poets of Italy :

Nel onda solca, e nel arena semina,
El vago vento spere in rete accogliere,
Che sue speranze fonde in cor di femina!

Sannazaro, *Ecl.* 8.

Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.

I do not regard you in the light of my subject, but as a friend.

In my mind's eye, *Horatio*.

● Vitium quod ad lumina mentis

Transit. — Ovid, *Met.* 4, 200.

Sc. II.

His beard was grizzled? No?

The interlocutors are, I suppose, understood as giving silent tokens of dissent to Hamlet's question.

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,

But bear me stiffly up!

Every reader will recollect the situation of Polydore in the *Orphan* :

"Limbs do your office, and support me well!"

Sc. III.

'Tis in my memory lock'd;

And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

Dryden says of a confident, in the first scene of Don Sebastian :

"You have the key; he opens inward to you."

Act II.—Sc. I.

Come, go we; to the king,

This must be known; which, being kept close, might move

More hate to hide, than grief to utter,
Lo, &c.

The passage should be thus punctuated, and the infinitive, to hide, understood as a nominative: the interpretation is,—

* "To quench the flames which she had *tynd* before."—*Spenser*.

"Come, let us depart; this (circumstance) must be known to the king; for, if it be kept close, our concealment (of Hamlet's love) might hereafter move (occasion) more enmity towards us, (from the king and queen) than our reluctance to mention it will procure us love (or goodwill) from the prince."

Mowin has possibly some alliance with *move*:

"For who is that ne would her glorifie, To make in such a knight to live or die?"

Troilus & Cressida, Boke 2, V. 1594.

Sc. II.

*Nor no matter in the phrase,
That might indite the author of affection.*

Probably, of the correctness of his literary taste being in any degree affected, or swerving from propriety.

When the wind is south-west, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Hawk is perhaps an instrument of offence. An observer on Warton's History of English Poetry, 1782, page 9, disputes Mr. W.'s interpretation of a "*falcon brode*," to which he attributes the meaning of a broad *falconion*, and not a *falcon*, that the *Soudan* was stated to carry "in his fist."—A *bill* was a warlike weapon; and the nature of birds might also supply other denominations in the time of Shakspeare.

Act III.—Sc. I.

*Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them.*

The *Oedipus Tyrannus* of Sophocles has the same metaphor,—

Εἰς ὅσον κλύδωνας θυνῆς συμφορᾶς ἐλθόντων
V. 1533.

Sc. II.

*Whom I have heard other's praise,
and that highly; not to speak it profanely.*

"To speak" means to *term* it. The praise was so excessive, as to be almost profane.

Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

If I appear too bold in performing the duty which is enjoined to me, you must ascribe it to my attachment for your welfare.

Why do you go about to recover the wind of me?

This can scarcely refer, as Mr. Tyrwhitt thinks, to a change of posture, but rather to their lying in wait for his sentiments.

Act IV.—Sc. II.

It is but squeezing you, and, sponge, you are dry again.

It is difficult to say whether Shakspeare took this idea from the *Arcana Aulica* of his contemporary, Walsingham, or the latter from our author.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act I.—Sc. I.

Why should I war without the walls of Troy,

That find such cruel battle here within?

Τὶ γὰρ βλαψαμὲ ἑξω,

Μάχῃ; ἔσω ἰχθύος;—Anacreon—ὁδ.

xiv—i.e. *Le Fevre*—ed.

Thou laist in every gash that love hath given me

The knife that made it.

You aggravate my love, by recalling the perfections of its object.

Sc. II.

Women are angels, wooing.

That is, while being wooed. This use of participles is frequent in Shakspeare, and neuters have sometimes an active sense, as in *King Richard* the 3d,—

"Tear falling pity dwells not in this eye."

Act II.—Sc. II.

*And do a deed which fortune never did;
Beggar the estimation which you prize
Richer than sea and land?*

To be discontented with what you possess, when Fortune has not lessened its value.

Sc. III.

*Smear's not to himself, but with a pride
That quarrels at self-breath.*

It is said of Cassius, in *Julius Caesar*,

"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit,

That could he mov'd to smile at any thing."

Act IV.—Sc. I.

*We in silence hold this virtue well;
We'll not command what we intend to
sell.*

They were about to exchange Cressida for Antenor; and Paris dexterously shifts the subject of conversation.

Sc. II.

*Good, good, my lord! the secrets of
neighbour Pandar
Have not more gift in taciturnity.*

Even Pandarus cannot preserve a secret with more caution than myself.

Sc. V.

*Oh like a book of sport thou'll read me
o'er!*

So in Spenser, B. 6, C. 1. st. 4,—
“Both their persons “rad,” for
“observed.”

Act V.—Sc. II.

*Where reason can revolt
Without perdition, and loss assume all
reason
Without revolt.*

Credulity, although foolish and without reason, is necessary to preserve him from insanity, on account of the perfidy of his mistress.

OTHELLO.

Sc. I.

O thou deceiv'st me Past thought!
As Brabantio apostrophizes his daughter, and is bewailing his past opinion of her filial duty, I should prefer the lection of *my*.

Sc. III.

*I never yet did hear
That the bruis'd heart was pieced thro'
the ear.*

Was consoled, or that its wounds were healed. To *piece* is to repair, or, in a neuter signification, to close. So, in All's Well that Ends Well,—

*“Pierce the still PIECING air,
That sings with piercing; do not touch
my lord!”*

To *piece* is also to join together, as in the *Humorous Lieutenant*, A. 5, S. 4,—“Faith, Princes, 'twere a good point of charity to *piece* them, &c.” i. e. to match them in marriage. It occasionally signifies to *repair*, as in the first scene of the *Pilgrim*, where

it ludicrously adverts to a broken constitution,—

“None of your *piec'd* companions,
your pined gallants,
That fly to *fitters*, with every flaw of
weather.”

Act II.—Sc. III.

*And passion having my best judgment
collied.*

Read *choler'd*; or, perhaps, the text may be explained, by the sense in which Mr. Burke uses the “soft collar of social esteem.”

*What, are you hurt, Lieutenant?
Ay, past all surgery.*

Compare Spenser, F. Q. 6, 6, 5.

Act III.—Sc. III.

*Who steals my purse, steals trash;
'Twas mine; 'tis his, and has been slave
to thousands.*

Ager Umbreni sub nomine, nuper
ofelli

Dictus, erit nulli proprius, sed cedet
in usum

Nunc mihi, nunc alii.

Horat. Sat. 2, 2, 13^o.

*It is a green-ey'd monster, that doth
mock*

The meat it feeds on.

I cannot but think the *Revisal's* exposition correct; which supposes the meat to be “mocked,” because *dis-appointed* of any beneficial effect, from the nature of the monster here deprecated. Jealousy is eager for those subjects of suspicion, in which, if found, it takes no pleasure; and its food may be therefore termed a mockery.

Act IV.—Sc. II.

*Had it pleased Heaven
To try me with afflictions; had he
rained, &c.*

Heaven denotes the Deity in these dramas and all our antique stage-authors: but it is impossible to pass without animadversion the strange ignorance of Dryden, who erroneously censures a line of Ben Jonson, in the Defense of the Epilogue to the C. of Granada,—

“Though Heaven should speak with
all his wrath at once.”

On this he observes, that *his* “is a
syntax with Heaven.” This is the

more singular, as he appears acquainted with our author in the Essay on Dramatick Poesie.

To make me

*A fixed statue, for the hand of scorn
To point his slow unmoving finger at.*

Either *unmoving* or *and moving* is defensible: for the finger of scorn might never move from the *object*, although it constantly followed it. We have, in Act 4, of the *Knight of the Burning Pestle*,—

“To be a say to Fortune in her changes,”

by which the latter of the two expressions may perhaps borrow a distant confirmation.

[To be continued.]

OBSERVATIONS upon the NATURAL HISTORY of the ELEPHANT and its EXISTENCE in EUROPE formerly.
By J. J. VIREY.

[Concluded from p. 306.]

For the Universal Magazine.

SINCE the most remote ages the elephant has captivated by its moral qualities, and excited by its enormous bulk, the admiration of man, and it has become an inexhaustible treasure of knowledge. Its manners and customs, its instinct and its conformation, have been alternately the source of various enquiries in natural history: happy, if the illusion of error have not obscured with its veil the simplicity of truth. We are indebted to Buffon for one of the best and most eloquent histories of the elephant: he purified it from all those ridiculous suppositions with which the accounts of other writers were loaded. But, recent observations have given new light to several points that were obscurely understood from the relations of travellers, at the time he wrote.

It appears to be demonstrated that there exists, at least, two species of living elephants very distinct in their organisation.* And those numerous gigantic bones which are found buried in the most polar regions of

Asia,* those which are scattered over the vast deserts of North America,† and those which are found even in our own regions,‡, do they not seem to have belonged formerly to a species of elephant that have now yielded to the sceptre of destruction, and which, being totally swept from the face of the earth, shew that the empire of life has already submitted to the exterminating power of death? The bony remains of the *Mammoth*,§

* Teutzelius, the Gmelins, Messerschmidt, Pallas, &c. See also Daubenton. In No. 446, of the Phil. Trans. fig. I. Breyn has represented several bones which have a great analogy with those of the elephants of Asia.

† Two Frenchmen, Longueil in 1739, and Fabri 1748, and the Englishman Croghan in 1766, found, on the banks of the Ohio, large bones scattered about, belonging to an animal which the Americans called the *father of oxen*. The form of its teeth seemed to approximate it to the hippopotamus. Pennant (*Synopsis of Quadr. p. 92*) imagines that this animal may yet be existing in some of these immense countries which no traveller has yet explored. He calls them *American elephants*. At Doubes, in Peru, are also found bones very similar to those on the Ohio.

‡ See Merk, letter III. on the fossil bones of elephants and of the rhinoceros, which were found in Germany. *Darmstadt*, 1786, 4to. Cuvier says, that in the black mountain near Henault were found the remains of a species of elephant resembling the *tapir*. Those of another, as large as the common elephant, but similar to the preceding one in its teeth, are found in the earth at Comminge. There exist also in the environs of Paris the bones of an intermediate species between the tapir, the rhinoceros, and ruminating animals.

§ The inhabitants of the north imagine that the animal which they designate under this name, and to which these bones belong, lives underground like the mole. It has been also thought, that the remains of the walrus, a species of aquatic animals, may have been deposited on these frozen lands.

* Cuvier: Mem. des sciences physiques, et mathemat. de l'institut national. tom. II. p. 4 et suiv.

and of other colossal species, now extinct, from causes of which we are ignorant, differ essentially from those now known and existing.* Perhaps, in their conformation these may have been adapted for the severe climates of the poles, though it may be objected that these immense and sterile solitudes do not seem capable of furnishing sufficient nourishment to such large herbivorous quadrupeds, for nature, bound by the power of frost is sparing of her vegetable productions.

The elephant of Africa, more fierce and more untameable than the Asiatic elephant, is, at the same time, less bulky: he delights to plunge into marshes, and to bathe upon the rural and wild shores of the rivers that water the burning plains of Lybia. Flying to the depth of gloomy forests, escaping also from the slavery which man prepares for him, from the snares of the negro,† and from the intolerable heat of a blazing sky, he lives in peace with his companions. Sociable by nature, like the

elephant of Asia, and like all herbivorous animals, they march in devastating bodies, and destroy the hopes of the harvest and the ornament of the land. The forehead of the African elephant is smooth, convex, and more inclined and flattened at the top than that of the Asiatic; and it should seem as if the same almighty hand, which stamped a various form upon the countenance of the negro differing from that of the European, had also varied the head of the African elephant.

However considerable the head of the elephant may appear, it is not to be concluded that they have a great extent of brain. Their intelligence does not depend solely upon this organ, because it has been long known that it is but very small, and that it forms, altogether, scarcely $\frac{1}{10}$ of the total mass of the individual. But what augments greatly the volume of the head is the amplitude of the olfactory and nasal ducts, which extend to the very top of the head; especially in the Asiatic elephant. This great latitude of the organ of smell, the perfection of this sense of the imagination, as J. J. Rousseau would call it, has doubtless a prodigious influence upon the intelligence of this animal, for, creatures endowed with a great sagacity in this respect, are also most perfect in the moral qualities. Of the truth of this the dog presents a striking instance.

The ponderous head of the elephant being, on account of its weight, necessarily placed upon a very short neck, which does not permit the animal to obtain its food upon the ground, nature has obviated the inconvenience by giving it a flexible and moveable trunk. The fineness of this delicate and sensible organ, which unites in it the sense of touch and smell, rivals in some degree the hand of man, and elevates the elephant above all other quadrupeds. Experiments have been made upon those in the menagerie of Paris of the effect of harmony and musical rhythm. They were very sensible of them, and particularly the female, who seemed almost transported. The rapid modulations and the loud accents agitated extremely these animals.

Antiquity has celebrated with the
3 E

* Cuvier, Memoir above quoted, p. 5. He gives, p. 21, the specific characters of two fossil species. The *elephas mammonteus maxilla inferiore obtusiore, lamellis molarium tenuibus rectis*, and the *elephas Americanus, molaribus multicuspidibus, lamellis post detritiorem quadrilobatis*.

† The negroes catch them in order to eat their flesh in a semi-putrescent state. They traffic also in their tusks; and they believe that the tail of this animal, or only a single hair plucked before it is dead, is a talisman fruitful in marvellous properties and a sovereign remedy in the most desperate diseases.

Philip Pigafetta, in his description of Congo, says that the Africans esteem the hairs of the elephant's tail very highly, because both men and women use it as a personal ornament. It is also held in great esteem in the East Indies, and particularly in the kingdom of Siam and in the island of Ceylon. The Indians use it to cure themselves of vertigos, &c. and to preserve them from the fatal influence of pestilential air. See the *Observations of Redi on various subjects of natural history*, &c.—*Collection academique*, tom. IX. p. 557.

highest praise the superior intelligence of the elephant: yet a modern observer, J. Corse, Esq.* who examined them attentively during many years residence in their own country, (Tipperah, a province of Bengal) has considerably limited this reputation of superior intelligence, of modesty, of sagacity, of powerful memory, of gratitude, &c.; qualities which have been lavished liberally upon this astonishing animal. From the year 1792 to 1797; he had the direction of the hunting the wild elephants, and in the year 1789 he gave a very detailed description of the method practised † Into an enclosure of stakes, which is secured from egress at one end, and which is called *keddah*, the *komkees* or wild elephants, attracted by tame females who are instructed how to act, and which are called *goondales*, enters and loses his liberty. The fatigue which overwhelms him from trying in vain to break the cords which confine him; hunger, which they make him endure; the shackles of slavery which they impose upon him; the feelings of love also towards the females who surround and provoke him by enticing manners; all conspire to reduce him, to tame him, and to subjugate his independence. Yielding at length to the yoke of domesticity, if he afterwards escapes, if he returns to live in liberty in the depth of forests, his primitive and hospitable residence, he has not sense to avoid the same snares; he suffers himself to be again caught by similar means, and yields easily to the proud servitude to which man dooms him: he bends a submissive brow to the voice of the *cornah*: he fears, his eye, flaming with rage, and his look, full of anger and displeasure.

The mere smell of the tiger is sufficient to alarm and put to flight the elephants, who smell him at a great distance. They are not furious; and are untameable only during the season of love. Then they become

agitated and impetuous: they feel the influence of that passion which embraces universal nature, and they display its characteristics with ardour.

On the projected NEW REVIEW, to be
Edited by RICHARD CUMBERLAND.
Omne ignotum pro Magnifico.

SIR,

THE abuses of anonymous criticism have been long and loudly complained of, nor is it likely that any remonstrance will diminish the evil. As long as men can attack, secure from retaliation, they will do it: for the leaven of malignity and envy is too deeply engrafted in our nature not to ferment into action when it can be done with impunity.

By superficial minds it has been thought that the most effectual remedy for this evil, would be the certain knowledge of the writers in these literary slaughter-houses; and, as far as the abolition of abuse is concerned, they thought rightly. Doubtless a man who affixes his name to what he writes will write more temperately in some cases than he who does not: but if we recollect that the misuse of the critical function is not so great as is represented, it will hardly be thought that every thing will be gained when that misuse is diminished.

Let it be recollected, that in reading an anonymous criticism, we read it without the possibility of bias or partiality: if it have merit, that merit is allowed to have its due effect upon our minds. We judge of it by itself, without any reference to the qualifications of the author: we are not influenced by a name.

With regard to the projected work, it is not likely that the *optimates* of modern literature will be concerned in it. We shall not see the names of a Roscoe, a Stewart, a Gillies, a Farr, affixed to the criticism. They would disdain to be thought the retainers of any bookseller. They know better how to maintain the dignity of the literary character; and if the talents of such men are out of the question, who is to step forward and fill their places? Will the public judgment defer to the *learning*, or *genius* of a Godwin, a Holcroft, a Walter Scott, *cum multis aliis*, even supposing they

* See Phil. Transac. 1799, p. I. and II. pp. 31 & 205.

† See the Asiatic Researches, Vol. III. (London edit. from the Calcutta edit.) 1779, 4to. Art. X. p. 229 et seq.

would write for it: and, if not, and we must go still lower, what authority I ask will be attached to the obscure names that must necessarily be produced? Is it to be imagined that the mere knowledge of the writer is to operate like a charm, and that in consideration of knowing *who* he is, we are to be indifferent about *what* he is? Is it to be supposed that we shall prefer *acknowledged* dullness, or insipidity, of praise, to *anonymous* wit, and learning, and genius? It is well known, that at present, many of the first literary characters write secretly for the established critical journals: it is a relaxation from severer study, and it is an employment of their talents not unworthy of them: but they would shrink from the responsibility attached to a formal avowal of their labours.

If, as I have already said, this new Review is to be sanctioned by such names as I first enumerated, something might be hoped: but if we are to behold only second rate talents, or, still worse, no talents at all, but in lieu of them, a *name*, it does not, I think, require any extraordinary prophetic power to predict the *dura quies* of this projected work.

Neither is there much wisdom in the principle itself. The rigid integrity of a Brutus or a Cato is not to be found in a modern author. Literary men are acquainted with each other, and the feelings of friendship and esteem will be perpetually clashing with the duties of the critic. Will the man who has dined at my table to-day, and partaken of my hospitality and kindness, sit down to-morrow and avowedly endeavour to sink my character in the public estimation? No, unless he would be hunted from society, he must conform to what are considered as its social duties: and though the book I publish may be bad, or vicious, or erroneous, yet its condemnation must not come *publicly* from the hand of my friend. The cause of sound literature will therefore be injured by this process, and criticism will sink into a civil interchange of compliments and courtesies.

I will only add that I am sorry to see the respectable name of Cumberland joined with an undertaking

which appears to be merely a speculation of the trade. But I cannot say of him that he ever much respected the dignity of literature.

I remain, &c.

Nov. 10, 1808.

X.

THREE ORIGINAL LETTERS to WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, Translator of the LUSIAD.

We have been favoured with the following letters to the ingenious translator of Camoens. Two of them are written by Dr. ARMSTRONG, the elegant author of the Art of Preserving Health, and the other is from CUNNINGHAM, the pastoral poet.

SIR,

London, May 12th, 1767.

I am ashamed to have so long delayed my acknowledgments for the agreeable present with which you have honoured me. Your Poem is to my taste one of the best Imitations of Spenser that I have seen; and besides the general moral, I find many Reflections in it upon human Life, which appear to be the result of a sound Understanding and a good Heart.

I remember your worthy Father with great pleasure, and shall be extremely glad of an Interview with you the first time you make a jaunt to London.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,
JOHN ARMSTRONG.

DEAR SIR,

London, 25 May, 1769.

I am ashamed to have been so long in your debt for an agreeable Letter, which I rather chuse to answer in a hurry than any longer delay my acknowledgments.

I gave Miss Mickle a few directions as to diet, &c, which I thought more to the purpose in her case than any the Apothecaries' shop could afford. She promised to call again; but as she has not yet been so good as her word, I am sorry, and it really makes me unhappy, that I don't know where to find her. I wish you would tell her so by the first Post, or let me know where I can wait upon her.

I have not seen your second Edition, but was much pleased with a

Quotation from it in one of the Chronicles. I am, Dear Sir,

Your faithful humble servant,
JOHN ARMSTRONG.

To Mr. Mickle, at Mr. Prince's,
Bookseller, at Oxford.

Sir, Sunderland, April 16th, 1764.

I was agreeably surpris'd at the receipt of yours, for I imagin'd myself hid in a corner where no sagacity could find me. Your letter has made the tour of the North, from Edinburgh it was sent to Stockton, from Stockton to Whitby, from Whitby to Sunderland, and here it found me last week, so scrawled on the outside with different Post Marks and directions, that 'twas scarce intelligible. I am much oblig'd to you for the trouble you took in enquiring after me, and shall think myself happy if you favour me with your Correspondence. I should be glad to know your proper address, as we are told the Privilege of franking will expire, enclosing to you will not be so convenient. I could have wish'd the Whitby Prologue had not reach'd the St. James Mag. at least with my name, for I would have endeavour'd, had I thoughts of inserting anything, to have sent up something a little more to the purpose: however, Sir, I am oblig'd to you for your partiality in thinking it deserv'd a place there. —Direct for me at the Post Office, Sunderland, near Durham. I shall stay here about two months, and have no thoughts as yet of quitting the neighbourhood, my Situation being attended with more profit than it was in Scotland; and as I am nearer to y^e Metropolis, if any accident or frolick should call me that way. I thank you for your Compliments, in regard of my intended Collection. I own I am diffident and indolent, and design to give it a little more time to grow to a Maturity — Occasional things rise which, in time, may add to its bulk, if not to its merit. I am with hopes to hear from you.

My Dr. Sir,

Y^r. Sincere friend and servt.

J CUNNINGHAM.

Direct for Mr. Gantlemⁿ, at the Post Office in Malton, near Scarborough: he's married there.

A DESCRIPTION OF BAGDAD.

[Extracted from the *Travels* of the late
Abraham Parsons, Esq.]

BAGDAD is seated on both banks of the river Tigris, in latitude 33 20 N. and longitude 43 51 E.

The communication is by a bridge of boats from the one side, which is in Mesopotamia, to the other, situate in Persia; or, as geographical books call it, in Irak Arabi.

The Persian side is more than twice as large as the other, both in breadth and length. on the banks of the river they are nearly equal, an extent of upwards of three miles. The breadth of each side is very irregular. I shall first attempt to describe the Mesopotamian side. It has neither wall, gate, nor castle; and the breadth is so irregular as to defy description. Beginning at one end, on the banks of the river, and walking round (as nearly as possible) until I came to the other extremity on the same banks, I found the distance to be four thousand two hundred and twenty-five of my paces, exclusive of that side next the banks of the river.

This division of the city is governed by an aga, called the great aga, with other inferior agas, whose houses are situated at such a convenient distance from each other as to enable them easily to assemble, to quell any riot or disturbance. An officer, and a certain number of janissaries, mount guard at or near the houses of each of the agas: this is the military government. The civil magistrates are, the cadi or judge, and a mufti, who is chief of the law and of religion; both these are dependant on, and appointed by, the great cadi and mufti of Bagdad, properly so called; the agas are appointed by the pasha of Bagdad.

As the other side is the residence of all the chief men, (the court or the pasha's seraglio being there) as well as all the public offices, there are not to be found in the bazars any thing, except provisions, worth noticing, the opposite side being the great mart for merchandize from all parts of Persia and India, by the way of the Persian gulph, through Bussora and Arabia. No khans, or caravanseras of any note, for the reception of merchant strangers and their goods, are built in

this district; yet the inhabitants have advantages which those of the other side do not possess; first, in the articles of provisions, which they have cheaper and in greater variety; as the many hords of Arabs, who supply the city with all kinds of diet, are in the neighbourhood. Besides, house-rent is cheaper; as they have in the suburbs many handsome broad streets, with large houses and pleasant gardens, for the most part inhabited by eminent merchants, who find it more convenient to reside here, though they transact their business in their magazines (warehouses) in the khans on the other side, to which they repair every morning, and return in the evening, on horseback. Here are also the houses of many eminent men in public stations, who go daily to the other side, to the duty of their respective offices, and return in the evening to their houses, which are so open and airy, with large gardens, as to supply the place of country houses. For several miles in the environs the country is much more pleasant and convenient for the inhabitants, with their families, to make the little excursions, which they frequently do, by way of giving their wives and children little airings and exercise on horseback, previously sending their servants with a tent and provisions, as there is not any town, village, or caravansera, nearer than three hours ride fit for people of condition to resort to. The greatest part of the public gardens and meadows are likewise on this side, which occasions cheese, butter, milk, fruit, and garden-stuff, to be cheaper than on the other; all which advantages make it a much more desirable situation than the great city, (which the other is called), especially to those who have leisure to pass frequently from each.

From the banks of the river, on each side, and directly opposite to each other, are built two immense walls, which project from the banks into the river, which are sixty-six feet in length, by twenty-eight in breadth. These walls serve as jetty heads, and are built of excellent and well-burnt brick, so high as not to be overflowed when the water is highest.

The bridge consists of thirty-five

boats, all of the same construction and dimension, the bows being sharp like the London wherries, the stern likewise bearing a near resemblance; their length is thirty-four feet six inches, and their breadth fourteen feet eight inches. The distance from the jetty heads to the first boat on each side is eight feet six inches, the space between each boat six feet four inches, which makes the river Tigris, at Bagdad, to be, from bank to bank, eight hundred and seventy-one feet and four inches broad. From one side of the river to the other two massy iron chains are extended; the iron bars, with which the links are made are as large as a man's wrist; the ends of those chains are fastened to the rings of two extremely large anchors, which are buried in the earth, two within the wall of the great mosque on the Persian side, the other two within the wall of a great warehouse on the opposite side. Each of those chains pass over the bows of twenty-nine of the boats, and are kept in their proper places by one of the links being placed over an iron bolt, which stands erect on the bow of each boat. Over these twenty-nine boats a stage is laid, made of strong planks, gravelled over, with railing on each side nearly four feet high; the space between each railing is near twenty-four feet, which gives the breadth of the bridge. The other six boats of which the bridge is formed, are contrived so as to be moved when rafts or vessels pass down the river from Mosul (the ancient Nineveh), or up the river from Bussorah, or any other place, which is performed in this manner: from the jetty heads a stage is laid to the first boat, which reaches across that boat; from this boat another is laid over the second and third boats, which reaches and is fastened to the stage on the fourth, as the stage over the first boat is fastened to that over the second on each side. When boats or large vessels want to pass, it is sufficient to loosen the first boat on that side where the boat or vessel chuses to pass; the boat with the stage on it immediately swings off itself with the current, and is soon replaced; but when large rafts pass, the next two boats with the stages on them must

likewise be let loose, which causes an impediment to the passage over the bridge for at least half an hour.

People who walk over the bridge ought to be very careful, as a great concourse of people on feet, as well as on horses, mules, and asses, are continually passing and repassing; particularly early every morning, when many hundred beasts come loaded with every kind of provisions from the Mesopotamian to the Persian side; and as in the middle of every boat timbers are placed across to secure and fasten the ends of the planks together, which, projecting above the gravel, form so many ridges, and are the occasion of many falls. No loaded camel is permitted to pass over the bridge.

A toll of one para (three farthings) is paid for the passage of every loaded horse or mule, and half a para for a loaded ass; but nothing by foot passengers, or even by those on horseback, who go over the bridge, nor for any beasts which are not loaded.

For moving one boat only, on either side, to let boats or large vessels pass, one piastre (two shillings and sixpence) is paid; for moving the three boats three piales. The bottoms of the boats are quite flat, and draw six inches water at the bow, and four at the stern.

There are always boats ready to supply the place of any of those which form the bridge, when they leak or want any kind of repair. They are placed in less than ten minutes, without moving either railing, planks, or even the gravel on the bridge; it is effected in the following manner.

The defective boat is loaded with stones sufficient to sink her so low as to prevent her from bearing any part of the bridge; at the same time the bolts in the bows, which are let into a link of each chain, are likewise loosened; the boat thus liberated, is moved in a minute, and the new boat (being previously loaded as the other was) is hauled up in her place: the loading is, by means of many hands, quickly taken, until she bears her proportion of the bridge, when the iron bolts are introduced into the links of the chain.

I have seen three boats shifted in this manner, each of them in less than

ten minutes of time, which is mostly spent in loading the one so as to liberate it, and in unloading the other so as to supply exactly its place.

The current of water causes the bridge to have a great curve. The two chains on either side from the first boat, over which they are placed, and from thence to the walls of the buildings which they pass through, are only visible for about twenty feet from each of the boats; and for the same distance from the banks of the river; the remainder, owing to their great weight and length without support, being under water.

As all vessels of every size on this river are flat-bottomed, they pass over the chains without the least obstruction.

From November to the latter end of March, boats and vessels of all sizes can come from Bussora up the Tigris to the bridge of Bagdad; in the other months they do not attempt it, as the current runs so very strongly against them, and the wind being for the most part in the western quarter, increases the difficulty; in the interval, goods from Bussora, intended for Bagdad, are brought up the Euphrates to Helah, (mostly by tracking,) and from thence across Mesopotamia, by camels, to Bagdad.

May the 16th. I arrived on the seventh of this month, and as I rode over the bridge was greatly surprised to see the current run with such great velocity, and not then knowing the distance of Bagdad from the Gulph of Persia, I imagined that there was a regular tide, and that it was (at the time of my passing over the bridge,) the middle of an ebb tide; the current seemed to me to run at the rate of seven miles an hour. On this day (the 16th) in the evening, being the first time that I had leisure to make observations, I went on the bridge, and observing that the current still ran down, in all appearance, at as great a rate as on the 7th, I concluded, as before, that it was ebb tide; and, without asking any questions, I made a mark on the wall of the custom-house coffee-house, which projects so far into the river as to be washed even when the water is at the lowest. I returned next morning, and found that the current still ran as before,

which it continued to do all that day, and that my mark on the wall still remained even with the water's edge; I was then convinced that there was not any flux and reflux, but that what I had observed was owing to a fresh in the river, occasioned by rains in the interior part of the country. On enquiry, I was informed this was the case, and that in about a month the water would be at the highest, and remain, with little variation, several days, and would then gradually decrease, and continue decreasing until the middle or latter end of September, when it would be at the lowest. That some time in October it would begin to encrease again, the current always running out, but with less velocity as the water ebbed; insomuch that when the water was at the lowest the current was very little.

It now remains to describe Bagdad on the Persian side.

This part of the city has a very large citadel at the west end of the town, which reaches to the banks of the river, capable of containing upwards of five thousand men in garrison; at present it has in it upwards of three thousand. There are forty brass guns mounted, eighteen and twenty-four pounders.

From the citadel the wall commences, which extends quite round, and terminates at a large castle that stands on the banks of the river at the east end of the town. The walls are upwards of thirty feet high from the bottom of the ditch, which is dry, and is thirty-five paces broad, and thirteen feet deep from the top of the glacis: it can be filled with water at pleasure.

The walls form an irregular pentagon, with ten bastions and four gates. Six of the bastions have sixteen guns mounted on each; on each of the other four are mounted ten; over each of the two gates are mounted six, and over each of the other two, are mounted eight guns; the former on two demi-hexagons, and the two latter on two demi-octagons; besides these, there are upwards of thirty guns, from twelve to twenty-four pounders, round the ramparts, and thirty-six mounted in the castle at the east end of the town: all the guns are brass. There are ten brass mor-

tars, which, at present, are in the meydan, or great square, where the horses are trained and exercised. The ramparts are supported by strong arches, built regularly within the walls, so as to have a very pretty effect. In the walls, within these arches, are apertures, about three feet in height, and nine inches in breadth; the same kind are on the upper part, or the parapet round the ramparts, but these are intended for musquetry, as well as arrows. The carriages of the guns are many of them broken, and the parapet walls are in many places in a shattered condition.

The esplanade is as even as a bowling-green, and very spacious, extending from the citadel at the west, to the castle at the east end of the town. I paced round the walls, close to the glacis, from the citadel to the castle, and found the result six thousand three hundred and forty-six of my paces.

Near the west end of the town is the pasha's seraglio, which is a very large building, and close to it is another spacious structure, without window or door, on the land side, which is the harem, or ladies' apartment, having a communication with the palace or seraglio, through a long and lofty covered gallery, supported by a range of arches. Between the banks of the river and the seraglio is a spacious garden, the walls of which are so close to the river, that they may be said to make part of its banks, as there is not room for a man to pass, the water washing them when at the lowest. In the centre is a gate with steps, to which the pasha's barge comes occasionally. On the land side of the seraglio is a large area, sufficient to draw up three or four thousand janisaries; besides which, there are a military school, offices and apartments for domestic officers, the mint, stables for many hundred horses, with lodgings for the grooms and their dependants, several large granaries, an arsenal with barracks for the foot and horse guards, all inclosed with a high wall, with only one gate for an entrance. There are not any houses or buildings near to the walls of the seraglio. I believe the circumference of the whole is more than an English mile.

About half a mile from the seraglio is the great mosque, to which the pasha goes in great state every Friday morning, attended by the great officers, both military and civil, all mounted on excellent horses, so superbly caparisoned with gold and silver embroidery, inlaid with pearls and jewels of every kind, as to surprise every stranger who sees them. The janisaries and spahis on those days wear their best accoutrements, and make a noble appearance.

Between the seraglio and arsenal is a great square, called the meydan; on the side near the walls of the arsenal the horses are trained and exercised; at one end is one of the gates of the city, on the other a high wall, which reaches from the walls of the seraglio to those of the arsenal, along the banks of the river, without any aperture. On the side next the city, and opposite the arsenal, are shops of all kinds, with many coffee-houses and in the open space a continual fair is kept in booths, built with boards and covered, but open all round. The goods are brought in the morning, and carried home in the evening. The rent of these booths is considerable, and is the property of the kyah (the pasha's lieutenant), who is always governor of the arsenal.

Within the walls is a spacious place, which extends the whole length of the city. On the one side is the town wall, with flights of steps in many places, to mount up to the ramparts; on the other side are the walls of the gardens of those houses, which lye contiguous to the town walls. These houses are mostly large, and the upper rooms overlooking the walls, being very pleasant, are consequently inhabited by the people of fortune. In going round the town through this street, you pass by all the gates; the second gate from the arsenal is walled up; so that there are only three which are made use of. The bazars or marts for all kinds of goods and merchandize, are many and well filled: the two principal are each above half a mile long, but not arched like those at Aleppo; instead of which, there are sheds made of boards, which project from the walls on each side so far, as only to leave an opening of about three feet in the

middle, which is sufficient to give light, and to shade the shops from the sun, as they have but little rain in this country. Here are only two bazars arched with brick. The principal merchants who are inhabitants, and all foreign merchants, carry on their business in khans, (called by Europeans caravanseras) as being more secure from fire and thieves, having only one entrance from the street, with strong gates, which lead into an area generally square. On the sides are magazines for goods, strongly arched, and above, a gallery, which extends quite round, well covered, in which are lodging rooms, arched in the same manner. The roofs are flat and terraced over (as indeed all the houses are); there is a fountain of water in them all, and I am informed that there are upwards of eighty such khans in Bagdad, which is by no means surprising, when it is considered that this is the grand mart for the produce of India and Persia, Constantinople, Aleppo, and Damascus; in short, it is the grand oriental depository, there being a continual intercourse by caravans between these ports, excepting the communication with Bussora, which is carried on by water on the rivers Tigris and Euphrates.

[To be continued.]

PLAGIARISM of H. K. WHITE and of MICHAEL BRUCE.

Sir,

IN Southey's "Remains of H. K. White," recently published, I have been a little surprised to find that one of his Sonnets, (Vol. II. p. 111.) which, on account of the peculiarly happy turn of thought in it, may perhaps be considered the most beautiful of the series, is not an original, but is a literal translation of a once-celebrated Ode of BARREAU, (beginning "Grand Dieu, tes jugemens sont remplies d'équité,") which Ode is spoken of in terms of high approbation by Addison, Bayle, &c.

From the amiable candour and ingenuousness which were so conspicuous in the character of young White, it is impossible to construe the want of acknowledgment, otherwise, than into an undesigned omis-

sion; but possibly in a subsequent edition of the work the editor may see it right to notice this.

I will avail myself of this opportunity to point out a more singular omission. In the sketch of the Life of *Michael Bruce*, given in the 3d Vol. of the "Literary Hours," Dr. Drake lays before his readers (Pages 522-3) a letter addressed by Bruce to his friend Mr. Pearson, and remarks upon it in terms of great, and doubtless well-grounded praise. But it appears to have entirely escaped the acute editor, that the praise belongs not to *Bruce* but to *Dr. Young*, from whose "Centaur not fabulous" (p. 132, Cooke's Ed.) nearly one-half of the letter is transcribed *verbatim*, (though *without any acknowledgments*) and which *half* must be supposed to contain the "truly affecting passages" which the Doctor alludes to.

A *solitary expression*, it is easy to conceive, may become so *naturalized* that all trace of connection shall be lost in the mind of the source from whence it was derived: but how this can be the case with *whole paragraphs* is not so easily imagined.

I am, Sir, yours,
Newcastle-upon-Tyne. C. N. W.

THE BEE.—No. XIII.

Floriferis ut apes in saltibus omnia libant,
omnia nos. LUCRETIUS

MOTTOES.

THE French have a happy term to express the motto to a device or emblem: they call it *l'ame*, or the soul.

TRI-COLOURED COCKADE.

This badge of rebellion, consisting of red, blue, and white colours, was adopted by the French Revolutionists in consequence of the Duke of Orleans' livery being the same; and he, in the commencement of the revolution, was the idol of his faction, though he afterwards deservedly perished on the scaffold.

ENGLISH SPLENDOUR IN THE 12TH CENTURY.

When Becket, the chancellor of England in Henry II.'s reign was in the height of his glory, Fitz-Stephens, UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. X.

his historian and secretary, says "that his apartments were every day in winter covered with *clean straw* or *hay*, and in summer with *green rushes* or *boughs*, lest the gentlemen who paid their court to him, and who could not by reason of their great number find a place at table, should soil their fine clothes by sitting on a dirty floor."

ADMIRAL BYNG.

In the vault belonging to the Torrington family, in the church of Southill in Bedfordshire, is the following epitaph upon the monument of Admiral Byng:

To the perpetual disgrace
of Public Justice

The Honourable John Byng, Esq.

Admiral of the Blue,

fell a martyr to political persecution

March 14, in the year 1757,

when bravery and loyalty

were insufficient securities

for the life and honour of

a naval officer.

THE ANSWER of ANTHONY HENLEY,
Esq. to the CORPORATION of
SOUTHAMPTON, on their ADDRESS-
SING HIM to OPPOSE the EXCISE
SCHEME:

"Gentlemen,

"I received yours, and am surpriz'd at your insolence in troubling me about the excise.

"You know what I very well know, I bought you; and I know what perhaps you think I don't know, you are selling yourselves to somebody else; and I know what you don't know, I am buying another borough.

"May G—'s curse light on you all! may your houses be as open and common to all excise officers, as your wives and daughter, were to me when I stood for your scoundrel corporation! Your's, &c.

"Anthony Henley."

SIR WILLIAM JONES AND THOMAS
DAY, ESQ.

Upon removing some books at the chambers of the former, a large spider dropt upon the floor, on which Sir William, with some warmth, said, "Kill that spider, Day, kill that spider!" "No," said Mr. Day, with that coolness for which he was so very conspicuous, "I will not kill

that spider, Jones. I do not know that I have any right to kill that spider. Besides, suppose when you are going in your coach to Westminster-Hall, a superior being, who perhaps may have as much power over you as you have over this insect, should say to his companion, 'Kill that lawyer, kill that lawyer!' how would you like that, Jones? and I am sure a lawyer is a much more noxious animal than a spider."

LORD COKE.

A statesman told Lord Coke that he meant to consult him on a point of law. "If it is *common law*," said Coke, "I should be ashamed if I could not give you a ready answer; but if it be statute law, I should be equally ashamed if I answered you immediately."

A STRONG CONCEPTION.

Not even a spot unfought, the hero gave,
Nor, till his foes had earn'd it, not a grave!
Wesley of King William III.

STUPIDITY.

Filippo di Matteo Villani tells us that Boccaccio wrote his own epitaph—"lui vivente"—*while he was alive!*

A MEMOIR of JOB, an AFRICAN HIGH-PRIEST. By Dr. TOULMIN.

[Continued from p. 209]

JOB's stature was five feet and ten inches, his limbs were straight, and his constitution naturally good, though the fatigues he underwent and his practice of religious abstinence gave him a weakly and lean appearance. His countenance, though grave and composed, was exceedingly pleasant; his hair, very different from that of the negroes commonly brought from Africa, was long, black, and curled.

His natural parts were remarkably good: his head clear, his judgment solid, and his memory tenacious and quick in recollection. There was nothing overstrained, trifling, or dissembling in his reasonings: but his manner of arguing and debating was marked by strong sense, joined with an innocent simplicity, a strict regard to truth, and a desire to find it. Notwithstanding it was natural for him

to have prejudices in favour of his own religious principles, it was very observable that he would reason upon any question of that kind in conversation with great temper and impartiality; at the same time he framed his replies in a manner calculated at once to support his own opinion, and to oblige or please his opponent. It was a considerable disadvantage to him in company, that he was not sufficiently master of our language; yet they who were accustomed to his way, by making proper allowances, always found themselves agreeably entertained by him.

The acuteness of his genius appeared upon many occasions. He readily conceived the mechanism of most of the ordinary instruments subjected to his inspection. When a plough, a grist-mill, or a clock was taken to pieces before him, he was able to put them together again without any farther direction. It is a proof of the powers of his memory, that at the age of sixteen he could say the whole Koran by heart. While he was in England he wrote three copies of it without the assistance of any other copy, and without so much as looking to one as his guide in writing the others. He would often laugh at his friend, Mr. Bluett, on hearing him say he had forgotten any thing; he told him, "that he hardly ever forgot any thing in his life, and wondered that any body should."

There was a happy mixture of the grave and cheerful in his natural temper. His gentle mildness was guarded by a proper warmth. To all in distress he was kind and compassionate. He was commonly very pleasant in conversation; and would every now and then divert the company with some witty turn or agreeable story, but never to the prejudice of religion and good manners. It was visible that, notwithstanding his usual mildness, he had on necessary occasions sufficient courage. A story which he told shewed this. Passing one day on his way home through the country of the Arabs, with four servants and several negroes which he had bought, he was attacked by fifteen of the wild Arabs, the common banditti or robbers in those parts. On the sight of this gang Job

prepared for defence; and, setting one of his servants to watch the negroes, he, with the other three, stood on his guard: One of his men was killed in the fight, and Job himself was ran through the leg with a spear. However, two of the Arabs together with their captain and two horses being killed, the rest fled, and Job secured his negroes.

His aversion to pictures of all sorts was exceedingly great: and with great difficulty was he prevailed on to sit for his own. He was assured that pictures were never worshipped in this country, and his was desired for no other end but to preserve the remembrance of him. He at last consented, and it was drawn by Mr. Hoare, who, when the face was finished, asked in what dress it would be most proper to draw him? Job desiring to be drawn in his own country dress, the artist replied, that unless he had seen it, or it were described by one who had, he could not draw it. Job remarked upon this, "if you can't draw a dress you never saw, why do some of you painters presume to draw God, whom no one ever saw?" Many of his repartees in company shewed him to be a man of wit and humour. He expressed a disapprobation of christianity as not allowing divorces. It was once observed to him that a christian takes a wife for better or for worse, Job replied, "What, if she prove *all worse*?"

Though he was a Mahometan, he did not believe in a sensual paradise, nor adopted many other ridiculous and vain traditions, which pass current among the generality of the Turks. He was very constant in his devotion to God. He called one afternoon on the learned Dr. David Jennings, an eminent dissenting minister, after the family had dined. It was found that he had not broken his fast that day: some pastry was procured and sat before him, but he would not partake of it till he had retired into another parlour for devotion. He said, that he never prayed to Mahomet, nor did he think it lawful to address any but God himself in prayer. He was so fixed in the belief of one God, that it was not possible to give him any notion of a Trinity. A New Testament in his

own language was put into his hands; when he had read it, he told Mr. Bluett he had "perused it with a great deal of care, but could not find one word in it of three Gods as some people talk." On all occasions he discovered a singular veneration for the name of God, and never pronounced the word *Allah* without a peculiar accent and a remarkable pause. His notions of God, Providence, and a future state, were indeed very just and reasonable.

His learning, considering the disadvantages of the place from whence he came, was far from being contemptible. The books in his country, amounting to not more than thirty in number, and all on religion, were in Arabic and in manuscript. The Koran, he said, was originally written by God himself, not in Arabic, and God sent it by the angel Gabriel to Ababuker before Mahomet's birth; the angel taught Ababuker to read it, and no one can read it but those who are instructed after a different manner from that in which the Arabic is commonly taught.* Job was well acquainted with the historical part of our Bible, and spoke very respectfully of the good men who are mentioned in it, particularly of Jesus Christ, "who," he said, "was a very great prophet, and would have done much more good in the world if he had not been cut off so soon by the wicked Jews, which made it necessary for God to send Mahomet to confirm and improve his doctrine."

Job, in his captivity, comforted himself with reflections on the providence of God directing all events; and would, on proper occasions, speak in conversation justly and devoutly of God's care of all his creatures, and particularly of the remarkable changes in his own circumstances, all of which he piously ascribed to an unseen hand. He frequently compared himself to Joseph: and when he was informed that the King of Futa had killed a great many of the Mandingoes on his account, he said with a good deal of concern, "if he had

* The difference, in Mr. Bluett's opinion, depended only upon the pointing the Arabic, an invention of late date.

been there he would have prevented it, for it was not the Mandingoes, but God, who brought him to a strange land."

Job had heard by vessels from Gambia, that after Captain Pike sailed, his father sent down several slaves to purchase his redemption; and that Sambo, King of Futa, made war upon the Mandingoes, and cut off great numbers of them, upon account of the injury they had done to his school-fellow.

It was an instance of Job's good sense and foresight, that the reason of his learning from the sailors and writing the names of the headlands on the English coast was, as he told Mr. Bluett, "that if after his return he should meet with any Englishman in his own country, he might be able to convince him that he had been in England."

[*To be continued.*]

DESTRUCTION of an ENORMOUS SERPENT in the ISLE of RHODES, by the CHEVALIER DE GOZON.

SIR,

I HAVE sent you an account (extracted from a very old French work) of the destruction of an enormous serpent, or crocodile, in the Isle of Rhodes, about the year 1330, by D. D. Gozon, one of the Knights of the celebrated Order of St. John of Jerusalem; and if you think it will in any way conduce to the instruction or amusement of the numerous readers of the Universal Magazine, you are welcome to make use of it in any shape you may think proper.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient servant,

Stratford, J. G. BRISTOLIENSIS.

Nov. 14, 1808.

A CHARITABLE spirit and prudential views caused Pleſion de Villeneuve, Grand Master of Malta, to forbid all the knights, under pain of being deprived of their habit, attacking a serpent or crocodile, (a kind of amphibious animal) which lived in the marshes and near great rivers. This crocodile was of an enormous size, caused much disorder in the island, and had even devoured some of the inhabitants.

The retreat of this furious animal was in a cavern situated near a morass at the foot of Mount St. Etienne, two miles from Rhodes. It often came out to seek its prey, and devoured sheep, cows, and sometimes horses, and even shepherds who watched over their flocks; many of the bravest knights had separately set out to endeavour to kill it, but they had never returned. As the use of fire-arms was not then invented, and as the skin of this kind of monster was covered with scales, proof against arrows and the sharpest darts, it may be said that their arms were not equal, and the serpent could thus in an instant destroy them. This was the motive that induced the Grand Master to forbid the knights attempting any further an enterprise which appeared to be above human powers.

They all obeyed, except a single knight of the language of Provence, named *Dieu Donné de Gozon*, who, notwithstanding this prohibition and without being deterred at the fate of his brethren, secretly formed the design of fighting this carnivorous beast, resolved to perish, or to deliver the Isle of Rhodes from it. Some attributed this resolution to the determined courage of the knight, whilst others pretend he was incited to it by the raillery with which they treated his courage at Rhodes, saying that he several times departed from the city for the purpose of fighting the serpent, but that he was content to look at it at a distance, and that in this enterprise he had shewn more prudence than valour.

Whatever might have been the motives which determined the knight to attempt this adventure, he did not delay to put it into execution, and for this purpose went into France and retired to the Château de Gozon, which remains till this day in the province of Languedoc. Having learned that the serpent he was about to attack had no scales on its belly, upon that information he formed the plan of his enterprise. From the idea which he had preserved of this enormous beast, he had made a wooden or pasteboard figure of it, and he especially endeavoured to imitate its cries. He then trained two young mastiffs to run to his cries, and to at-

tach themselves immediately to the belly of this frightful beast, whilst he mounted on horseback, his lance in his hand and covered with his arms, feigned to give it blows in several places. The knight employed himself for many months every day in this exercise, and he no sooner saw his mastiffs sufficiently trained to this kind of combat than he returned to Rhodes. He was scarcely arrived in the island ere (without communicating his design to any one) he had his arms secretly carried near a church situated at the top of the mountain of St. Etienne, and shortly after repaired there himself, accompanied only by two servants which he had brought with him from France. He entered the church, and after having recommended himself to God, put on his armour, mounted his horse, and ordered his two servants (if he perished in this combat) to return to France, but to come near him if they perceived he had killed the serpent, or that he had been wounded by it. He descended from the mountain with his two dogs, and marched straight towards the marsh and haunt of the serpent, who, at the noise he made, ran with open mouth and sparkling eyes to devour him. Gozon struck the serpent with his lance, which the thickness and hardness of the scales rendered useless.

He prepared to redouble his blows, but his horse, frightened with the hisses and the odour of the serpent, refuses to advance, draws back, and throws himself on his side; and he would have been the cause of the loss of his master, if Gozon, with great presence of mind, had not jumped off his back. Then taking his sword in his hand, and accompanied by his two faithful mastiffs, he again advances towards this horrible beast, and gives him many blows in different places, but the hardness of the scales prevented him from penetrating them. The furious animal with a blow of his tail knocked him down, and would infallibly have devoured him, if his two dogs had not attached themselves to the belly of the serpent, which they lacerated in a most dreadful manner; and the serpent, in spite of all its efforts, could not induce them to let go their

hold. The knight favoured by this help rises, rejoins his two mastiffs, burrs his sword up to the very hilt in a place that was not defended by the scales, he then made a large wound from whence issued streams of blood. The monster, being mortally wounded, falls upon the knight, which knocks him down a second time; and the enormous weight of his body would have stifled him, if his two servants, spectators of the combat, seeing the serpent dead, had not run to the assistance of their master. They at first thought he had been dead, but found he had only swooned away. After having taken him, though with much difficulty, from beneath the serpent, they took off his helmet, and, after having for some time thrown water on his face, he at length opened his eyes. The first object and the most agreeable which could present itself to his view, was that of seeing his enemy dead, and of having succeeded in such a difficult enterprise, where so many of his brethren had fallen.

His victory and the death of the serpent were no sooner known in the city than a crowd of the inhabitants came out to meet him. The knights conducted him in triumph to the palace of the Grand Master: but in the midst of these acclamations the conqueror was surprised when Ville-neuve, casting some indignant looks on him, asked him if he was ignorant of the prohibitions he had made of attacking this dangerous beast, and if he thought to violate them with impunity. This severe observer of discipline would not hear him, nor suffer himself to be turned by the prayers of the knights, but sent him immediately to prison. He then convoked a council, where he represented to them that the order could not dispense with rigorously punishing a disobedience, more prejudicial to discipline than even the life of many serpents would have been to the beasts and inhabitants of this canton: the council ordered him to be deprived of the habit of the order. Gozon had the grief of seeing himself stripped of it, and he passed but a short space of time between his victory and his punishment, which he found more rigorous than death itself.

But the Grand Master, after he had satisfied himself with the chastisement he had inflicted for the maintenance of discipline, returned to his quondam character, naturally soft and full of goodness. He restored him his habit, and loaded him with favours. But they never equalled the sincere praises of a people who sovereignly disposes of glory, whilst princes, however powerful they may be, cannot dispose but of the honours and dignities of the state. They stuck the head of this serpent or crocodile upon one of the gates of the city, as a monument of the victory of Gozon.

Monsieur T  venot, in the relation of his voyages, reports that it was in the Isle of Rhodes even in his time, or at least its effigy; that he had seen it there; that it was much thicker and larger than that of a horse; that the mouth extended from ear to ear; had large teeth and eyes; that the nostrils were round; and that the skin appeared to be of a greyish white, probably on account of the dust which by a length of years was attached to it.

By this occasion Gozon acquired great reputation, especially among the people of Rhodes, who looked on him as their deliverer.

FURTHER REMARKS ON GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE. *By Mr. BURDON.*

SIR,

THE Saxon and Norman styles of architecture possess little beauty, except the latter towards its termination, and are chiefly remarkable for the simplicity of the one and the ponderous grandeur of the other: their principal features are the semicircular arch, the heavy cylindrical pillar, and the zig-zag mouldings of the Saxon: to these may be added, in the Norman, small pillars sometimes twisted, capitals enriched with foliage and flowers, spiral and other lines round the cylindrical pillar, the profuse enrichment of doorways by a variety of mouldings and grotesque figures, and arcades formed by a number of intersecting arches. The Saxon churches were in general of no very large dimensions, and were often, after the example of the Roman temples from which they

were sometimes altered, circular at the end and without any side aisles. They had abundance of painted glass, and were generally without towers. The Normans first began to erect those immense edifices, some of which now remain, and of which the most complete is Durham: their towers were low and strong, like that of Winchester; and some of them were surmounted with tall wooden spires covered with lead, all of which have been either thrown down by wind or removed.

The Norman style was brought into England a little before the conquest, and prevailed till the latter end of Henry II. The origin of the pointed arch, which has caused so much trouble to antiquarians, and given birth to so many ridiculous conjectures, seems now to be completely settled, and the credit of that settlement is due to Dr. Milner, the historian of Winchester. Before Bentham's time, the same idea had struck some persons; for he says, "Some have imagined that the pointed arch might have taken its rise from those arcades we see in Norman and Saxon buildings on walls, where the wide semicircular arches form at their intersection a series of narrow and pointed arches." A similar series in the upper part of the upper north cross of Canterbury cathedral gave me, in the year 1803, the same idea; and at that time I had seen and thought very little of sacred architecture. The pleasure I have enjoyed from the discovery, and the full confirmation it has since received, have fully repaid me for the time employed in the study of our ancient English edifices; and if I should be the humble instrument of increasing the number of those who take delight in so pleasing a recreation, I shall think that my time has not been altogether wasted.

The origin of the pointed arch is placed by Dr. Milner as early as the latter end of Stephen; and he produces the church of St. Cross, as containing the first rudiment of it, in the intersecting arcade over the altar, which being pierced to form a window, gives the first pointed arch that can be found in England, though the ruins of Malmsbury abbey may seem to give it a claim to an earlier origin.

I believe, however, the foundation of that building to have been later than is generally supposed. The circular arch was by no means laid aside on the first adoption of the pointed, but continued to prevail till the middle of Richard I.

Early in the reign of Henry III. the lancet arch was fully and completely established. Its progress is accurately and judiciously traced by Dr. Milner, in a short essay on the subject, included among those published by Taylor of Holborn.

The peculiar beauties of this style of English architecture must now be briefly explained, after first premising that what should properly be called English, and has hitherto been called Gothic, may be divided into three distinct styles; viz. the early, which began about 1147, in the reign of Stephen, and continued till the commencement of Edward I. about 1276; when another style appeared, which gained its acme or highest excellence about the end of Edward III. continuing till the reign of Henry VI. and may justly be called the pure; for the style which succeeded it sacrificed grandeur and proportion to profuse ornament and minute delicacy: this style, which terminated with the art itself in the reign of Henry VIII. has acquired the name of Florid. The heavy cylindrical pillar which till the time of Henry II. supported the Norman arch, began, at that period, to be irregularly clustered, and the capitals to be enriched with flowers and foliage, in place of those rude and grotesque figures with which they were before attempted to be adorned. The low, broad, and circular headed window lessened by degrees into the tall pointed one, divided into three lights by the mullion.

The walls of this early style, being more extensively pierced with windows, and the pillars being more slender than those of the Normans, caused the introduction of those massy buttresses which are found in all our early English sacred edifices, so that though they gained much in elegance they lost nothing in solidity. The ornaments which are peculiar to this style continued to prevail, with considerable additions, till the decline of the art; and they are chiefly can-

nopies, pinnacles, trefoils, quatrefoils, and cinquefoils; a few examples of tracery and fretwork may be found in this early style, but they are in general very sparingly laid on: indeed its peculiar beauties are simplicity and chasteness of ornament;—beauties which have stood the test of time, and will ever continue to be admired, though they must yield the palm to the style which succeeded.

The cathedral of Salisbury, begun by Bishop Poore in 1217, and finished in 1258, is the most complete specimen of the costly English architecture; it is the only one built all in the same style, and, till it was spoiled by Mr. Wyatt, was one of the handsomest in England.

The commencement of the reign of Edw. I. was the æra at which the early English architecture began first to depart from its original simplicity, and, by adopting a greater profusion of ornament, to lose its distinctive character; so that by the latter end of that reign, a new style may be said to have commenced; and of that the most beautiful specimens are the crosses erected by Edward in memory of his beloved wife Eleanor; three of those only are now in existence:—Queen's Cross, near Northampton; Waltham Cross; and one at Geddington, in Northamptonshire.

The completion of this style is due to that illustrious prelate and architect William of Wykeham. It differs little from the stile which preceded it, except in a greater profusion of ornament, and greater delicacy of workmanship, and in the windows having but one light, though divided by stone mullions of great beauty and variety. The last and most beautiful specimen of the pure style of English architecture is the chapel on the bridge of Wakefield, erected by Edward IV. in memory of his father, who was slain on Wakefield plain. During the reign of this monarch, and till that of Henry VII. few ecclesiastical buildings were erected; and even that last and most beautiful specimen of the art, King's Chapel, was suffered to stand still till the commencement of a happier reign; when Henry VII. who, though accused of meanness and parsimony, was a liberal patron of the arts, recommenced the unfinished

work of his predecessor, and nearly finished that structure which has not unjustly been called the eighth wonder of the world. And here terminates the sacred architecture of the English, after having continued above four hundred years, not all the time in equal beauty, for if a preference is to be given to any of the three styles, it is due to that which began in the time of Edward the First, and continued till that of Henry VI.; because it unites elegance of proportion with simplicity of ornament, and lies between the two extremes of the other, the first of which may be thought too simple, and the latter too profusely and minutely adorned.

The civil architecture of the English, which I earnestly desire to see adopted in our modern buildings, having arisen from a union of the sacred and military, it will be requisite to say a few words of the latter, so far as to explain the origin of that already mentioned.

The Romans built many fortresses in this country, of which not one now remains; they were in general round, and not very extensive. The Saxons repaired many of the Roman castles, and built many of their own, few of which now remain. The Danes also left not a few, of which not one is now in existence. The Normans built many of very great strength, some of which are now standing. A Norman castle was generally square, though some few are round: they mostly

contained within their walls an immense mound of earth thrown up from the deep fosse or ditch by which they were always surrounded. The fortresses of the Normans did not contain much ground within their walls, though they were usually high and strong.

The truly English castle commenced in the reign of Edward the First, the model of which is supposed to be brought from the Levant and the Holy Land by that monarch; the greater part of these castles contained a variety of apartments for the use and convenience of a family, though they formed but a gloomy residence; the windows and doors were nearly the same in shape, though not in size, with those that prevailed in sacred architecture. In process of time they lost some of their most warlike features; and in the reign of James I. were completely softened down into the castelated house: about that period, too, many of the larger abbeys and priories were adapted by their owners to the purposes of modern convenience; and out of the two has arisen a style of building peculiarly suited to the English gentry, as being wholly English, and uniting the greatest possible beauty and accommodation.

I remain, &c.

W. BURDON.

Hartford, near Morpeth,
Nov. 12, 1808.

CRITICISM.

"Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam."

THE CONTRAST: *including comparative Views of Britain, Spain, and France, at the present Moment. In Two Parts. Addressed to an English Nobleman. By S.J. PRATT, Esq.* pp. 24. 1808.

WE have read this Poem with great pleasure, and feel ourselves justified in bestowing upon it much commendation. The subject indeed is such as might warm the coldest mind; and it has dignity enough to merit all that genius can give it. But in the present moment of uncertainty, the poet can only sti-

mulate to great enterprise and hope for glorious success; the final issue of the noble struggle in which Spain is engaged is in the hands of Him who sways alike the destinies of nations and the fate of man:

Shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Yet the generous and the feeling mind cannot but anticipate the termination it wishes. Hope believes every thing possible, and rests self-satisfied in the delusions of its own creation: it shrinks from the admission of doubt or uncertainty, and

loves to riot in the pleasing future which it has tricked out by its own act. And surely there is not a heart in England which does not at this moment fervently hope that Spain may rise triumphant from the contest; shine with renewed glory among the nations of Europe; and teach a tyrant and the world, that a people, bravely fighting for their homes, their liberty, and their lives, are to be subdued only by extermination, and can bequeath to their subduers not a country, but a desert. May this proud feeling swell the bosom of every Spaniard; and in the hour of battle, may it give to their arms the vigour which commands success; or, if they fall, may it brighten the last moment with the reflection that they fell beneath the ruins of their country, and at an instant when life would be worthless if it could be enjoyed. But the humble page on which this is written will never meet the eye of those whom (were it necessary) the writer's pen would fire with resistless energy; yet it is pleasing to participate a common sentiment; a sentiment that animates millions; and it is honourable to express what it is honourable to feel.—We pass, however, to the line and subject of our duty.

Mr. Pratt's advertisement shall here be extracted.

"THAT part of the following Poem, addressed to the Nobleman* alluded to in the *Title*, and which relates to the long-delayed and as long-wished return of him and of his family to England, from the country which forms one of the principal CONTRASTS in that Poem, was written very soon after his arrival. The kindness with which the MSS. was received by those who saw it, induced a desire to render it more deserving that reception, by a careful revision. A tedious illness, however, and various occupations which could not yield even to the plea of indisposition, withheld for many months the power of bringing to the task the necessary degree of unembarrassed attention.

"In the mean time, those wonders—I had almost written, the miracles—

in the south of Spain began to be performed, and have ever since continued in radiant progress. My very soul followed their track of glory; and almost every day has enlarged my hopes, and diminished my fears, on their heart-commanding subject. I devoted the first hours of my convalescence, and the first impulses of my enthusiasm, to this new and animating theme. On recurring to the unfinished Poem, I was struck with the possibility of running the two subjects together; or, rather, of making both more powerful by union. I am warm in the hope that the public mind will feel they assimilate; at least that they are brought very strongly to bear in way of CONTRAST; tending thereby to promote a cause, which is the echo of every voice, and the vibration of every heart; and certainly a cause the most important and sublime that has, for many centuries, "rivetted the undivided attention of Europe."

We cannot, however, concur in opinion that the junction of the two parts of this poem is either judicious or natural. However meritorious the character of the Earl of Shaftesbury may be, or however exalted the virtue which adorns his life, yet they can have no right to be identified with the subject of the second part. Far be it from us to insinuate that patrician excellence should not be celebrated by the poet's pen: *when* that excellence is found, poetry can seldom be better employed than in extending its celebrity, and in stimulating to its practice. But in the present instance, the mere return of the nobleman from Spain, seems scarcely sufficient to entitle him to a union with the events now taking place in that country.

With regard to the eulogy itself which is bestowed upon his lordship's character, we can answer nothing for its verity; but, willing to give it credence, we will here extract a portion of it.—

"Escaped from these, and his imperial doom,

"Of half mankind the butcher and the tomb."

Thou con'st, my lord, when ev'ry smiling grove
Glows with the charm of Beauty and of

* Earl of Shaftesbury.

When Zephyr woo's and wins the bloom-
ing May,
And Flora weaves for both her garlands gay;
When, on her fav'rite Season, she bestows
Her sweetest violet and her tend'rest rose;
When ev'ry well-remember'd object round
Conspires to deck thy lov'd paternal bound.

To Mem'ry precious these, to Fancy dear,
And the full heart receives them with a tear:
And these shall greet you; but not these
alone,

For, ah! yet prouder blessings are your
own;
A thousand voices raise th' inspiring sound,
A thousand echoes the glad notes rebound:
Each zephyr wings them thro' your fair do-
mains
Till Winborn's farthest meads repeat the
strains.

And, ah! the lov'd associates of your life,
The blooming daughter and the faithful
wife,
Dear, dear companions of your foreign care,
Proud ev'ry grief as ev'ry joy to share:
Those who your sorrows soften'd, while
they bore,
'Mid War's dread clamours, on a hostile
shore;
Say—for you best can tell—with what de-
light
Will these in all your gracious acts unite;
Explore with you each recollected shade,
And view the happy being you have made;
O'er the wide circuit of your bounty roam,
And see, at ev'ry pause, some blissful home,
Survey each well-known cottage of the
green,
There the gay garden, there the orchard
scene,
Here, or the swain's or housewife's pride;
and there,
The domes of learning, industry, and pray'r!

And, oh! the Dome where in profound
repose—
Secure from foreign or domestic foes;
Secure from ruffians, diff'ring but in name,
Patriots or hirelings, their vile end the
same;
For equal he, who, mask'd in midnight
gloom,
Disturbs for gold the tenant of the tomb;
Or who, obedient to a tyrant's nod,
Worships his idol, or blasphemes his God;
The mob's vain idol, gibbeted or crown'd,
For what excess can mad ambition bound?
A saint, or devil, canoniz'd by turns,
As faction rages or ambition burns;
Alike, who force the chambers of the dead,
Plunder the trophied tomb or briery bed:—
Safe from all these, within the hallow'd
shrine,
Repose the relics of the COOPER line.

Proud of her husband's honour, fame,
and life,

Your great progenitor, the tender wife,
With fond affection, and with pious care,
The marble rais'd—to mark his virtues there.
The noble Ashley, too, whose taste refin'd,
And polish'd wisdom, spoke th' ennobled
mind.

Illustrious band! whom Piety reveres,
Whom Virtue honours, and whom Love
endears!

E'en views of frail mortality, my lord,
To British minds a solace can afford;
And, France! thy sacrilege, oppos'd to
these,
May teach the softer forms of grief to
please.
Beyond the grave the CONTRAST may ex-
tend,
For Britain guards the ashes of a friend.

Go, then—receive the richest, proudest,
store
That Rapture's tributary tide can pour!
If those, my lord, who ne'er a sorrow knew
Since first their wants and cares were known
to you,
Can poor be call'd—your happy poor attend
To hail, with tears of joy, their Parent
Friend!
From genial cots, your bounteous gifts,
they come,
To greet your blest return to them, and
home
Around, in jocund groups, exulting throng
The grave, the gay, the aged, and the young:
They come in prayer, their incense to im-
part;
Incense that heav'n best loves—a grateful
heart!
Share, then, oh! share this transport of
your plains,
The bosom jubilee of blissful swains;
Those blissful swains which still your boun-
ty bless'd,
When thou kind patron, captive and op-
press'd
Amid the clamours of th' embattled host,
Was far remov'd from Albion's peaceful
coast:
Himself unseen, his almoners dispense
Th' untroubled stream of warm Benevolence.

'Tis thus that heav'n sends bounties from
above,
While favour'd mortals its indulgence prove.
Thus falls its dews on drooping plant and
flow'r;
Fraught with abundance, thus descends its
show'r;
Thus springs the fanning breeze, thus sun-
beams shine,
Soft, silent, calm—to mark a hand divine!
With one uncheck'd and undiminish'd force
The blessing's seen—invisible the source!"

This praise is at least elegant; and if truth point its elegance, it is dignified.

The second part of this poem is written with more vigour than the first. Mr. Pratt rises with his subject—not indeed to its full height, for who can hope to do it?—but he becomes energetic, bold, and impressive. It contains some weak lines, but it has also many good ones. The following are perhaps among the best:—

“Oh! cast once more the retrospective glance

O'er the degenerate sons of hapless France!
Behold, in hordes, from clime to clime,
they pour,

Fraught to grasp immeasurable pow'r;
Fraud in their oaths, and ruin in their smile,
Rav'nous, and thick, as locusts of the Nile:
With maniac rage they impotently dare
—O, dire extreme of envy and despair—

To threat Britannia, who, from yonder main,
Conterms the menace with a proud disdain!

Whilst one, sublimely tow'ring o'er the rest,

The greatest, meanest, passion in his breast,
Whom, nor the awful pow'rs of godlike speech,

Nor Reason's force, nor Satire's shaft, can reach;

Nor e'en the magic of the melting lyre
One touch of cherub mercy can inspire;
But, greatly daring, still defies the dart
That strikes with terror many a harden'd heart,

Mocks human feeling, scorns Compassion's tear,
And spurns at conscience, as the coward's fear;

Of war, at once the terror and the shame,
Whilst bleeding Nature shudders at his name;

'Mid bonds of peace intent new chains to forge,

Hell's dread vicegerent, or heav'n's awful scourge.

But, ah! what visions, awful and profound,

Pregnant with happier omens, crowd around:

What kindling glory bursts upon the sight,
Fair as when chaos hail'd the birth of Light;
When the first sunbeam on the mass was shed,

And utter darkness from the radiance fled;
Swift as the lightning's flash, the thunder's roll,

Th' effulgence rushes on the startled soul.

Lo! as it spreads into more perfect day,
Exulting myriads bless th' expanding ray;
Pursue th' illumin'd track their fathers trod,
Rise to new life, and feel th' inspiring God.
From heav'n, from highest heav'n, descends
the flame,

To point and guide the way to gen'rous fame.

'Twas thus the pillar'd fire its beam display'd,

To gild the sacred path that heaven had made.

Full many a blood-stain'd year its course had run

Ere men divin'd from whence their wrongs begun:

By turns alarm'd, disturb'd, seduc'd, carress'd.

Flatter'd, cajol'd, corrupted, and oppress'd:
With specious shews of Freedom now ammus'd,

And now with real Slavery abus'd:
Fals'hood, ambition, rapine, all their aim;
Th' assassin mask'd beneath the hero's name:

The solemn treaty, and the banquet gay,
Insidious each, as each might best betray;

The cheated world ensnar'd by an embrace,
To fix its axis on an upstart race;

Empire on empire hurl'd, and throne on throne,

By robbers, bent to make that world their own;

Till kingdom after kingdom swell'd their pow'r,

And privileg'd the Monsters to devour!

But, broad and general while the ruin spread,

One gen'rous nation rose, as from the dead;
E'en from its ashes, as by heav'n's command,

In fire it rose, the phoenix of the land!

Yet, ah! it was not the fierce meteor's glare,

That burns awhile, then dissipates in air;

'Twas not the madd'ning ferment of an hour,

Nor meaner struggle for a change of pow'r;

'Twas not a sordid, mercenary race,
That move to battle with a hireling's pace;

Nor the plann'd contest that from party springs,

Nor partial strife of yet inferior things;

Nor yet the multitude's unlicens'd rage,
That for vile gold on either side engage:

No! 'twas the magnet, which all Nature draws

To one supreme and universal cause,
That touches at a thousand points the heart,

Wakes us to bliss or agonizing smart;
That rocks the cradle where our infants lie,

Throbs in each pulse, and breathes in ev'ry sigh;

That guards the dwellings where our loves
reside,

The father's transports, and the matron's
pride;

And in the forms of parent, child, or wife,
Endears the sweet affinities of life.

Yes, 'twas the attraction which, where'er
we roam,

True as the polar needle, points to home;
All that can bind us to this world of care,

Chief source of ev'ry joy, of ev'ry pray'r:
Nay, all that soars beyond this mortal span,

And lifts the nobler hopes of favour'd
man—

Oth! 'twas the magnet, above earth's con-
troul,

Which to sublimer regions draws the soul;
Astends, with force divine, the blest abode,

And, finding there its centre, points to
God!"

Another extract and we have done:—

"Warriors, proceed! and tho' you ho-
mage pay

To deathless Heroes of Spain's dawning
day;

Tho' her first chiefs with laurels still you
crown,

Chiefs who your battles fought and fix'd
your throne;

Who work'd thro' mountains and dread
caves their way

When base Usurpers made your land their
prey,

Preferring freedom and a barren soil,
Incessant peril and unwearied toil,

To smiling regions and the fertile plain,
Where Slavery dogg'd th' ignominious
chain:

Tho' these, your champions and forefathers,
claim

Th' unfading wreath of recollected fame,
Still reverence yourselves, and hold to view

The model after-times shall take from you:
To glad posterity, yourselves a guide,

May Truth diffuse that great example wide!
Your great example to mankind shall prove

You fight for Freedom, Loyalty, and Love.
Then shall the captive nations nobly rise,

And take again the track where glory lies!
Austria renew'd, her spirit still unbroke,

Th' unblemish'd Charles may rescue from
her yoke;

Deluded Russia may redeem her fame,
And feel the tinge of mingled rage and
shame,

For just revenge may arm her hardy race,
Redeem'd from serpent Galia's loath'd em-
brace;

Misguided DENMARK meet Britannia's
hand,

And even degraded Prussia's fetter'd band,
As from the mould'ring mansions of the
dead,

Haply may raise once more her shrouded
head.

Haply may raise once more her shrouded
head.

Thrice noble SWEDE! of an undaunted
line,

In this vast strife our hopes, our pray'rs,
are thine!

Illustrious son of an illustrious sire,
Whom honour, virtue, and the Muse in-
spire!

Conquest attends, enamour'd of thy name,
And none than Britain more adores thy
fame!

And thou, rever'd and sympathizing
land,

Prompt to extend the ever-helping hand
Where'er Oppression lifts his iron rod,

Hostile to man, and impious to his God;
Friend to the friendless or by flood or field,

Thy vanquish'd foe's best buckler, spear,
and shield:

O! native ALBION! from whose heav'n-
blest store

Flows the rich tide of bounty to each shore;
By foreign rage or homebred tumults cross'd,

All the fierce passions in thy mercy lost:
In war, in peace, to thee the sufferers come,

Exiles from ev'ry clime, and find a home;
Find the soft solace of thy sheltering arms,

And, like a cradled infant, safe from harm;
The heavy laden lay their burthens down,

While Pity's tearful smile succeeds thy
frown:

Thou, Tyrant's envy, and thou, Patriot's
boast,

Still give thy aid to wrong'd Iberia's coast;
Assert her cause, assist her just defence,

AND GREATLY PROVE HER SECOND
PROVIDENCE!"

With this the Poem concludes;
and we terminate our remarks with
a full approbation of the subject, and
no mean praise of the execution,

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A PICTURE OF LISBON; taken on
the Spot: being a Description, mo-
ral, civil, political, physical, and
religious, of that Capital, with
Sketches of the Government, Cha-
racter, and Manners of the Portu-
guese in General. By a Gentleman,
many years resident at Lisbon.—
1809.

FRONTI nulla fides! This post
dated work we consider merely
as a compilation, got up (to use a
significant term) for the occasion.
While every body is talking about
Lisbon, it was thought somebody
might wish to read about it: a "gen-
tleman," resident in London, was
employed to collect from various
sources, and it was dated three months
posterior to the real time of publica-

tion that it might not grow old too soon. All this is in the spirit of trade; and to all this we have not much objection in the present instance, because it is laudable and fair to meet the public curiosity, and because, from our inspection of the volume now before us, it appears to have been compiled with tolerable accuracy.

The work is divided into distinct beads, which embrace all those several points which it might be expected a reader would wish to be instructed upon. A few of those which are most remote from common knowledge, and most consonant to truth and precision, we will extract.

"REBUILDING OF THE CITY.

"A great part of Lisbon was overthrown by the earthquake of 1755, and a still greater part was consumed by the conflagration, which was its consequence. In an instant half of the houses and palaces of this capital, almost all the churches, and all the public edifices, disappeared."

* "M. Dumouriez says, concerning the state of Lisbon in the year 1766:

"Lisbon is situated in an amphitheatre on the banks of the Tagus, upon seven mountains, and a great number of smaller hills: including the suburb, it is more than two leagues and a half in length, and one in breadth. Its geographical position is 38° 42' 51" lat. and 8° 06' 15" long.; according to some antiquarians, it was built in the year of the world 1935, 278 years after the deluge, by a grandson of Noah, named Elisa; it was afterwards rebuilt by Ulysses, who named it Ulisiponna, the name which it still retains: it was a municipal town of the Romans; it has been the seat of a Patriarch since the year 1708, and of a very opulent and respectable Chapter, all the canons of which take the title of Monseigneur, and belongs to the first families in the kingdom; the patriarch, when officiating upon solemn occasions, is habited like the pope, and the canons like the cardinals.

"This capital contains thirty-seven parishes, many chapels, thirty-two convents for monks, and eighteen for nuns. Lisbon is defended on the sea side, in the direction of Cascaes, by

"The Marquis de Pombal, then first minister of state to King Joseph I. displayed a well-directed zeal and surprising activity in repairing the damage which the city had sustained by this two-fold calamity: his fertile genius created and discovered resources in the very bosom of the desolation. This minister undertook to rebuild

two ports, the artillery of which produce a cross-fire, and completely command the bar; the one is called the Fort of St. John, and the other Fort Bagio; between these two forts is the bar of Lisbon, divided into two by a ridge of stone, called Os Cachopos, which begins at about a musket-shot's distance from Fort St. John, or St. Julien, and runs more than half a league to S.S.W.

"Lisbon contains at present 38,000 houses, and 246,000 inhabitants. The streets are full of filth, and as they are all upon a descent, and very ill paved, no other vehicles are used than chariots drawn by two mules. There is, however, a fine piece of ground on the sea-side, which forms a plain of half a league in length, and about a thousand paces in breadth. This spot is called the *Recreio*. Here the Count d'Ovaras has constructed a fine pile of buildings, uniform houses, streets perfectly straight and well paved; and it is intended further to embellish the situation with a quay, an arsenal, and a custom-house. The port of Lisbon is one of the finest in Europe, it has a channel of two leagues sheltered against every wind. Vessels of every size can enter it with the greatest facility.

"The city of Lisbon is one of the largest and most opulent capitals in Europe. The houses are uncleanly in the highest degree; goats, bugs, remain of every description, render the abode in them insupportable, and the slight construction of the roofs and walls is insufficient to shelter the inhabitants against the rigour of winter and the northerly winds. The streets are full of every kind of filth, very ill lighted and insecure in the night, and infested with innumerable dogs that pass the night in barking. There are computed to be upwards of 80,000 of these animals constantly in the streets.—About eight o'clock in the evening,

Lisbon. He wished to render it a city remarkable for the regularity of its edifices, the beauty of its streets, the number of its squares. He immediately set all hands to work, engaged architects, encouraged labourers, and facilitated to private individuals the means of defraying their necessary expences.

"New edifices soon arose, new squares were laid out, new streets opened: Lisbon began to assume a different aspect; it became a new city."

"The plans of the Marquis de Pombal have been prosecuted to the present day. During the space of forty years, this renovation of the city has been nearly completed. Many new streets have been opened, the old ones enlarged, the too high elevations levelled, and the too low situations raised; the too abrupt ascents and declivities have been rendered more gradual; almost all the houses that had been overthrown, or consumed, have been rebuilt, and new ones erected in places where formerly were none."

The wretchedness of the inns upon the continent has been a fruitful subject of complaint to English travellers, accustomed as they are in their own country to accommodations on the road, which a Portuguese, a Spaniard, or an Italian, might be allowed to doubt without the imputation of incredulity. The following conveys some idea of the extreme misery of these public receptacles in Lisbon:—

"A stranger has scarcely landed at Lisbon, when a score of *Galegos* present themselves, and dispute who shall carry his luggage, which they take from him without ceremony: they traverse with rapid paces the streets, the alleys, and the squares; they climb, they ascend, they descend, and pass on without giving themselves any trouble to see whether the stran-

all the citizens and populace are seen at their doors reciting their rosaries in a kind of chant: this noise continues a full hour, during which the streets are inundated with thieves, chamber-pots, dogs, and police-officers."

Etat présent du Royaume de Portugal.

ger is following, them or not. They enter an inn of their own choosing, namely, that in which they are best paid for bringing a customer. The stranger follows with hastened steps: he arrives at the place of his destination, and finds himself housed and fixed for the night, without knowing where, without having had an opportunity to ask whither he was going, or intimating to what place he might wish to go.

"Often his stomach is turned at the first sight of his new lodgings.—Smoked walls, a greasy table, chairs which sink under the weight of his body, a wretched truckle-bed of a still more inauspicious aspect are the first objects that strike his attention. If he quits his cell, a dirty kitchen, with filthy utensils, a dresser never cleaned, four copper pots upon the fire, and a cook of the most squalid appearance present themselves to his view. When the hour of repast arrives, he is accommodated with a napkin that has been eight days in use, an iron fork covered with grease and rust, cracked dishes, plates with their edges worn off by long service, a soup in which water is almost the only ingredient, a ragout which operates more powerfully than agreeably upon the olfactory nerves, a sauce in which salt is the only seasoning, a dish of roast meat burnt to a stick, served up on a table as dirty as the floor upon which it stands."

"The stranger does not know where he is, he does not know where to go; he is acquainted with no one; he knows neither the streets nor any other inns; he is therefore obliged to remain where he is, till having made himself better acquainted with the town, he is able to provide himself with other accommodations."

"Lisbon has a great number of inns, among which there is not a single good one: in some, the lodgers eat at the table d'hôte, at a stated price; in others they take their meals where they please, and pay according to what they have."

"Those of the former class are of different kinds, and differ in their charges. Two of these, which are the only tolerable good ones, are the *Piedmontese* and the *Calçada da estrella*. The charge is six testons, or about

three shillings each meal. The fare is pretty good, but not adequate to the price which is charged. In these inns one is lodged a little more decently than in any of the rest: the charge for lodging varies according to the apartments one occupies; the lowest is two testons per day.

"There are four or five in which the charge is four testons per meal, and two testons per day for lodging. You have here abundance to eat; but the victuals are very coarse and ordinary, and but very rarely well dressed. These inns are principally frequented by the captains of trading vessels.

"In several the charge is three testons per meal, and six or eight vintems per day for lodging. In these the fare is very bad and uncleanly, the company are of the inferior order, and the apartments are wretched, almost without any furniture, and always dirty.

"Those of the second class are very numerous; you may there have your choice of six or eight different dishes, each of which has its fixed price. Every one calls for what he chuses, and pays according to what he has. Nothing, however, of a delicate or elegant kind is to be had here; the ragouts are detestable, salt and water are almost their only sauce. Every thing is uncleanly and disgusting; so that a man must be very poor, very penurious, or very hungry, to induce him to resolve upon going to one of these places. In some of these inns, the charge for lodging is a teston per day; but the rooms are dark, bare, filthy, and disgusting; a chair, a crazy table, and a bed as dirty as the room and the kitchen, constitute almost the whole of their furniture. Almost all of these are kept by Portuguese.

"The inns kept by Portuguese are the worst, those that have foreigners for their landlords are much better.

"It is difficult to procure private furnished lodgings at Lisbon; there are scarcely forty houses in all this city which let private lodgings, notwithstanding the opulence of the strangers that are attracted hither by its court and commerce. Those which are kept by Portuguese are scarcely habitable on account of their want of cleanliness: those that are

kept by English or French are far more decent in their accommodations. The ordinary rent paid for furnished lodgings is about thirty-five shillings sterling per month: some let as low as twenty-six, but these are very bad."

We think it by no means necessary to criticise the language of this performance, yet the following deserves to be extracted for its curiosity:—

"These chaises are very disagreeable vehicles. One is dreadfully cramped and confined in them in summer: if one closes the leathern curtains, one is smothered; if one opens them, one is scorched by the sun and covered with dust: in winter, however carefully one may close them, one is exposed to the cold, the wind, and the rain. They have here no other carriages; these are the only kind one sees among the nobles, among private gentlemen, and with those persons who let them out for hire."

From the frequency of this mode of expression, in other parts, we should suspect that much of the present volume has been derived by some unskilful translator from the French.

The following conveys a sad idea of the state of the police in Lisbon. It may be hoped that an amelioration in this particular will be the result of our late *glorious* success there:—

"I suppose it ten o'clock in the evening; I walk through some of the streets by the light of a flambeau, which my footman carries before me: I find a person groaning and lamenting, who has just been robbed and stripped, while a dagger was held to his throat to dispatch him in case he should make any resistance. Unable to render him any service, I return to my dwelling, reflecting upon this incident. Half an hour after, I hear a piercing cry; I run to the window; I see nothing; some plaintive moans strike my ear; I hasten into the street, and there find a man who has just been poinarded, and who is already dead. Every door, every window is shut; robbery, assassination is perpetrated; the Portuguese hear what is going forward, but they take no measures for the succour of the unfortunate persons who are attacked; they shut themselves up in their houses.

" These things are common in Lisbon; it is a city the most fit for encouraging robbery and assassination, it is a city in which these crimes are the most frequently committed, and yet none can be worse guarded: it is a truly dangerous place.

" The streets of old Lisbon, or that part of the town which resisted the shocks of the earthquake in 1755, are narrow, irregular, crooked, full of turnings, and present numerous projections and nooks.

" Those of new Lisbon, or the part which has been rebuilt since the earthquake, are, for the most part, straight and sufficiently wide; but they are frequently interrupted by open spaces of ground, which have not yet been built upon, and which are incumbered with earth, stones, and rubbish, heaped together in an irregular manner. Several of these streets are as yet only built from space to space; the houses are at distances from each other, and in some of them one side has no houses at all; empty spaces, projections, recesses are numerous; mould, rubbish, building materials, are every where in the way; the middle of the squares is often obstructed by heaps of mud, earth, gravel, and enormous masses of hewn stone.

" Both in the old and in the new part of Lisbon, most of the streets have very steep ascents and declivities, while the main streets are intersected by very numerous cross streets, situated very close to each other.

" It will readily be conceived how dangerous such a town must be in the night-time, especially as it is not lighted; how many convenient lurking places nocturnal depredators must be able to find in it, where they can lie in wait for passengers, attack them without danger to themselves, and speedily escape out of the reach of pursuit.

" It is enough to make one tremble when one considers that Lisbon has a population of three hundred thousand souls, that half of this population consists of persons of the lowest order, that a tenth part consists of persons that have no ostensible occupation, no house or home, no place to pass the night in except the streets, and sailors of all nations who leave their

vessels and ramble about the streets and public-houses without restraint.

" The police nevertheless takes no pains to provide for the safety of this town; the Intendant considers it an object beneath his attention; he might indeed save the lives and the properties of many individuals; but this is a matter of no consideration to him, as he would derive no particular advantage to himself from it.

" This head of the police, however, has made an effort worthy of his genius: he has thought fit to station every night in the streets, at certain distances from each other, a number of men provided with rattles.

" The idea of employing this instrument for the security of the town is a singular one: it was suggested by the practice which prevails in cloisters of summoning monks to the duties of the Holy Week by means of it. —Did he imagine that the sacredness of the instrument, or of the use to which it is appropriated, would cause it to operate as a preservative against crimes?

" It is no part of these men's business to seize criminals, their functions are confined to making a noise with their instruments whenever any one passes them; they are also, when they see any malefactor, to give the alarm by springing their rattles, upon which the next watchmen spring theirs, and thus the alarm is transmitted from one to the other till, in a short time, it reaches the remotest parts of Lisbon.

" And what is the good that results from all this?—Noise, and nothing more.—The men with rattles remain quietly in their places; no one is appointed to seize the malefactors; and even those who transmit the alarm do not know in what street the crime has been committed. The depredators are in no wise frightened by the rattles, they know there is no person to pursue them, and in fact they are in the utmost safety.

" These watchmen are all of them labouring people, who are taken from their homes to perform this service, for which they receive no pay, who are fatigued with the labours of the preceding day, and must recruit their strength to enable them to go through those of the ensuing one. They therefore often pass the night in sleeping

under the gateways, and give themselves no concern about what may be passing in the streets.

"The Intendant has also established *patroles*, which are called *rondas*. This is an expedient for the promotion of public security no less singular than the former. Their appearance is terrific: they resemble gangs of robbers much more than they do *patroles*, destined to watch over the safety of the inhabitants.

"Twenty-four men, wrapped in cloaks, stalk solemnly through the streets by two and two, having at their head a minister de Bario, a kind of under-delegate of the police, who however often dispenses with accompanying them himself, and has his place supplied by his clerk. The leader is wrapped in his cloak as well as the rest.

"These numerous *patroles* may be heard to approach at a considerable distance; they do not easily alter the slowness and solemnity of their march; they consist of labourers, artificers, fathers of families, who are obliged, each in his turn, to go upon this service, and who, so far from endeavouring to stop a malefactor, are very glad to escape the blows which they might receive from them. The minister himself and his clerk are equally afraid for their skins, and expose themselves still less.

"These *patroles* traverse only a small number of streets, and finish their rounds at an early hour, especially when the weather is inclement, and when consequently it is the most convenient for the perpetration of nocturnal crimes. Both the minister and his clerk think it more agreeable to lie in bed than to run after robbers, whom they are afraid to meet, and accordingly these *patroles* never take up any of them.

"Can it then, after all that has been said, be a matter of surprise that robberies and stabbing should occur every night at Lisbon, that assassinations should be so frequent, since it hardly ever happens that a robber or an assassin is apprehended? Indeed, it is rather to be wondered at that such crimes do not occur still more frequently. However, nine persons were assassinated in one night, in the year 1794. In the winter of 1794 and 1795,

passengers on foot were stopped and robbed, though accompanied by a servant with a lighted flambeau; even carriages were sometimes stopped, notwithstanding the retinue of servants with lighted flambeaux that attended them.

"The Portuguese are so habituated to these occurrences, that they pay no attention to them; but persist in maintaining that the streets of Lisbon are perfectly safe."

As a companion to the above our readers may accept the following, and bless themselves that live neither in Lisbon nor Edinburgh, where, though the nuisance is not quite so general, and means of bringing offenders to justice are more practicable, yet similar offences are very often committed.

"At nine o'clock in the evening the windows are opened, a multitude of chamber-utensils are advanced, and there falls from all quarters a deluge of pestilential matter, against which I can guard myself only by walking close against the wall.

"I escape the worst effects of this unexpected and general attack: but the next morning I go out and walk the streets in broad day-light, when suddenly I am assailed and surrounded with a vortex of filthy fetid substances, my head is covered with them, a suffocating stench rises from every part of my body, I stand confounded and almost bereft of my senses.—Bursts of laughter break forth, the mob collect about me, they survey me with inquisitive scoffing looks from head to foot; no one attempts to succour me, to help me to dry myself, to console me; they only laugh at my misfortune. I run home to change my clothes, to wash myself, to get rid of the pestilence that hangs about me: indignation fills my soul, my heart throbs with vindictive rage; but all my projects of revenge are vain, I must swallow my chagrin and hold my tongue.

"These accidents are very frequent in Lisbon; one cannot walk the streets of this town without danger of being inundated and covered with ordure. The people throw out of their windows water clean or dirty, the washings of the kitchens, the collected filth of a whole domestic establishment, and

what they do at all times, both of the day and of the night, without giving any notice, without looking whether or not any one is passing. Not a day passes but some one walking in the street is thus drenched, bedaubed, poisoned with the fetid pestilential matters thus discharged upon him.—The Portuguese only laugh and jeer at the wretch whom this misfortune befalls. It is not sufficient that they see him wetted, bedaubed, infected, they must also hoot, taunt, and ridicule him.

“What does the police with respect to these nuisances?—Nothing. The magistracy is too prudent to oppose the good old customs of the Portuguese, to interrupt their pleasures, to curtail their means of gratifying their refined sensuality: they reject all complaints that are brought before them on this subject, but they severely punish those who presume to revenge themselves for the insult they have received. Such is their equitable impartiality: they imitate the gardener’s dog, who, barking continually himself, will not suffer other dogs to do the same.

“The individual who has thus been bemired, bedaubed, poisoned, has no other resource than to institute a process before the ordinary tribunals. Writings are drawn out, informations are laid, enormous quantities of paper are scribbled; the judges, the registrars, the advocates, the attorneys, vie with each other who shall shear the unfortunate plaintiff the closest; and after all, he never obtains a verdict. The process is lengthened out to five, six, eight years; it seems likely never to have an end, and the expenses are continually accumulating. The plaintiff almost always, at length, gives up his suit in disgust, or through incapability to defray the expenses with which it is attended; often after having expended more than thirty times the value of the clothes which he has had stained, spoiled, and rendered unfit for use. He cannot even recover those clothes which he had deposited in the registry; they are for ever lost to the imprudent complainant, for the registrar, who is not over-burthened with superfluous delicacy, has them washed, scoured, girded, converts them to his own use,

makes his children or his domestics wear them, or sells them to the dealers in old clothes: and these he calls his perquisites.”

We will conclude our extracts from this volume with the following:—

“The men and the women seem in Portugal to form two different nations. The men are diminutive, ill made, squat, swarthy, without dignity in their gait, without grace in their air: the women are well-formed, well-proportioned, well-grown; fair complexioned, animated, full of grace and attractions; they have beautiful eyes, fine skins, slender shapes, elegant insinuating manners; in short, they combine every thing that can please and attract.

“They are, at the same time gentle, amiable, affectionate; they know how to render themselves interesting; they have natural good understandings, which, if cultivated, would unfold themselves very agreeably; but their education is altogether neglected; they see no company; they are left entirely to themselves, and it is to nature alone that they are indebted for those amiable affable manners and other agreeable qualities by which they are so greatly distinguished.

“Love renders them ingenious and contriving: their inventive wit, fertile in resources, never fails them in time of need. Early exercised in the art of feigning, they excel in it: their countenance is never disconcerted; dissimulation disguises itself in their features under the mask of innocent candour; an ill-timed blush never betrays their thoughts, never disturbs their pleasures; they appear to have truth upon their lips, but it rarely resides in their minds.

“They are real Proteuses: they assume whatever form they please, whatever accords with their secret interests; however, they are good, obliging, affectionate, generous, interesting friends, and sufficiently kind-hearted to consider it incumbent upon them to contribute to the happiness of many.

“Lisbon has many convents for nuns; it is not however usual to place young ladies in them as boarders, but they remain with their friends till they get married.

“They do not, however, on that account enjoy the more liberty; for

they are never suffered to go out alone, but are kept continually under the eye of their mothers. Some of them never go out at all, not even on Sundays to church, but hear mass in the oratory of their house. All intercourse with young persons of the other sex is interdicted them; these are never admitted upon a familiar footing in any family in which there are unmarried young ladies.

"This practice seems calculated to keep the young ladies out of the reach of seduction; but they find a thousand means of eluding the precautions which are taken to guard them.

"External constraint, want of employment, a warm and always premature constitution develop in them an inventive genius: there is no stratagem which they do not contrive, no expedient which they do not put in practice, always upon friendly terms with the female domestics to whom the care of them is usually entrusted, they seduce them or suffer themselves to be seduced by these mercenary and faithless keepers.

"If their mother absents herself for a moment, they immediately avail themselves of her absence. The mother sleeps after dinner; she sleeps at night: these are precious opportunities, which the young ladies do not fail to employ to the best advantage, with the ever-ready aid of their officious maids.

"They cannot communicate with their lovers by letters; most of them cannot write; but they possess a language which is very familiar to them, which the Portuguese understand with ease, but which is unintelligible to strangers. They converse in open day with their lovers from the window to the street; they speak without uttering a syllable; signs are sufficient for their purpose, and these signs are made with their fingers: thus they carry on long conversations and express every thing they wish to express. These mute conversations are sometimes very animated; they move their fingers in every possible direction with a rapidity difficult to be conceived.

"All the young ladies wish to be married: they see in the nuptial state an appearance of liberty, an exemp-

tion from the constraint to which they are subjected. Accordingly they do not easily let slip an opportunity to get a husband whenever it presents itself; be he old or young, handsome or ugly, amiable or disgusting, a foreigner or one of their own nation, a catholic or a protestant, still he is a husband, and that is sufficient for them: they therefore take him without further deliberation. Their desire for marriage is so powerful, that they do not hesitate to give up their clandestine lovers for the first comer who makes serious proposals, though generally with a mental reserve that they will indemnify themselves when they are able.

"Hence it is very easy for a gentleman to find a wife: he is almost certain of not meeting with a refusal.—Hence, however, many unhappy marriages, in which disgust follows close upon the nuptial ceremony; in which the husband, almost always a victim to the tricks, the caprices, and carelessness of his wife, curses a thousand times the union which he formed with too great facility.

"Unlucky is he who has had the indiscretion to make a promise of marriage, whether verbal or in writing, to a young woman, whether in a high or a low sphere of life; for he is soon compelled to marry her. Every thing unites against him, the relations of the young woman, the priests, the monks, the laws of the country, the tribunals of justice; and it requires a very powerful protection to evade the dilemma. The court sometimes interferes with an order commanding the rash promiser to complete an union destined to render the rest of his life miserable. He must obey: the order is issued by a minister in the name of the Queen, who knows nothing of the matter; but it is not on that account the less imperative.

"The abuse was formerly carried to an incredible height. Promises were frequently pretended to have been made, and the performance of them was demanded, without any other proof than the declaration of the woman, whatever her age might be: it was sufficient if the man had visited her. The present queen, however, limited the operation of the law to those whose extreme youth seems to render

them most liable to seduction, fixing the age of eighteen, beyond which a suit cannot be preferred on behalf of a woman to compel a man to marry her on the above-mentioned plea.

"This is a wise law; nevertheless it is evaded every day, so that it becomes almost useless. The courts of judicature adhere strictly to it, and nonsuit an action brought by a woman who has passed the age specified by law; but, will it be credited, the law becomes useless, its operation is frustrated.

"Whatever may be the age of the young woman who pretends to have been seduced, whatever manœuvres and contrivances she herself may on the contrary have used in order to seduce, there are always abundance of monks ready to take her cause in hand. And what is not this cowed race capable of doing in Portugal?

"The monks cry out against the scandal, declaim on the necessity of supporting good morals, making reparation to violated honour, vindicating seduced innocence, which sometimes is an innocence of twenty-five years well tutored and abundantly experienced; they raise the other monks, the confessors, and the nuns; these united procure the interest of some of the nobles and the ladies of the court, they gain some of the secretaries over to their party, and at length obtain from ministerial despotism an irrevocable order for the marriage. This order must be obeyed, though contrary to the tenour of the law of the state, under pain of incurring the indignation and vengeance of the minister who has issued it in the name of a queen who has heard not a word concerning the matter.

"The formalities which the church requires to be observed in Lisbon, with respect to marriages appear very repulsive to strangers, and they oppose great obstacles to their becoming married.

"Impediments without number are laid in their way relative to their country, their birth, their age, their state of celibacy or widowhood, their having been previously married or not, their being catholics or protestants, &c. &c.

"Upon all these points they are so much harassed, and kept so long in

suspense, that many renounce the idea of marrying; but those better acquainted with the usages of the country, know how they may speedily remove every difficulty. With the interest of the great, or by money conveyed privately into the hands of a secretary, a commissioner, or a registrar of the ecclesiastical court, they immediately obtain permission to prove by witnesses every thing they wish. Two witnesses are sufficient, and these are easily procured. These witnesses, without having ever seen or known any thing of the man who is about to marry, affirm upon their oath, that he was born on such a day, in such a year, at such a town in France, Spain, Italy, Germany; that such a one is his father; that he never was married either in his own country, or in Portugal, or any where else; that he is a true member of the Apostolic Roman Catholic Church, &c. &c.; and after this slight formality has been gone through, the banns are published, permission to marry is obtained, and the nuptial knot is tied within a few days.

"All these difficulties, however, disappear at the imperious voice of a monk; they also disappear in those forced marriages which are entered into contrary to the inclination of the bridegroom, and to which he submits merely in order to escape the tyranny of the ministers and the vengeance of the monks. In these cases the marriage is performed without delay, without ceremonies or formalities, without any enquiry respecting the birth or religion of the intended husband, without examining whether he is of the age authorized by the law, without ascertaining whether he is a bachelor, widower, or has actually a wife living: it is necessary he should marry now, whatever he may be, and all remonstrances are vain.

"The nuptial ceremonies may be performed in Lisbon in the most accommodating manner possible; they may be performed at any hour of the day or night, in a church or at a private house. If you prefer the latter, you send for the priest to come to your house, and he marries you at the bedside, so that a single step takes you from the feet of the pastor into the nuptial bed. Money does every thing

in this matter; this metal removes all difficulties.

"Many marriages take place at Lisbon, between protestants and catholics; but they cannot be solemnized without having previously obtained a dispensation from the Pope; it is also necessary that the intended bride be the person of the two that is of the catholic religion, for a catholic man is not permitted to marry a protestant woman. The cause of this distinction lies in the influence which the wife is supposed to have over her husband, whereby it is hoped that she will gradually gain him over to embrace her religion. The children by such marriages are brought up in two different religions; the boys in that of the father, and the girls in that of the mother.

A singular ceremony is observed in the solemnization of marriages between catholics and protestants. The protestant is not suffered to enter the church; but the marriage ceremony is performed at the door, the bride kneeling within the church, while the bridegroom remains without. The priest, however, takes the protestant money as readily as catholic; he refuses the heretic admission into the church, but he does not refuse the heretic's money admission into his pocket."

It will be seen from our excerpts that the present work is not without that sort of merit which will probably accomplish the object of the publisher at a time like the present.

The POETICAL WORKS of VINCENT BOURNE, M. A. consisting of Originals and Translations. To which are added his Letters. 2 vols. 8vo. 1808.

THIS republication of Bourne's poems is presented to the world without any biographical notice of the author whatsoever: but in lieu of that, the following eulogy from one of Cowper's Letters is prefixed to this first volume:—

"I love the memory of Vinny Bourne. I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in his way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to him. I love him too, with a love of

partiality, because he was usher of the fifth form, at Westminster, when I passed through it. He was so good-natured, and so indolent, that I lost more than I got by him; for he made me as idle as himself. He was such a sloven, as if he had trusted to his genius as a cloak for every thing that could disgust you in his person; and indeed, in his writings he has almost made amends for all. His humour is original—he can speak of a magpie or a cat in terms so exquisitely appropriated to the character he draws, that one would suppose him animated by the spirit of the creature he describes. And with all his drollery, there is a mixture of rational, and even religious reflection, at times, and always an air of pleasantry, good-nature, and humanity, that makes him in my mind one of the most able writers in the world. It is not common to meet with an author, who can make you smile, and yet at nobody's expense; who is always entertaining, and yet always harmless, and who, though always elegant and classical to a degree not always found in the classics themselves, charms more by the simplicity and playfulness of his ideas, than by the neatness and purity of his verse; yet such was poor Vinny."

This is too scanty, for if his works were worth republishing it may be presumed the author's life was worth commemoration.

With regard to the poems themselves, they consist of translations into Latin of various English pieces, and some original Latin verses. From the praise given by Cowper, we see no reason to dissent: Bourne is usually very happy in his phrases: yet it is such felicity as cannot be difficult for a man to acquire who has been many years occupied in the tuition of the Latin tongue. We speak thus, because the principal merit of Bourne seems to lie in translation, for of his original compositions we do not feel inclined to speak very highly: and yet perhaps they have as much excellence as modern Latin poetry can have, where memory may suffice for genius and taste.

We will select as a specimen the following translation of Gay's well-known ballad, "All in the Downs," &c.:—

GULIELMUS

SUSANNA VALEDICENS.

I.

In statione fuit classis, fuscisque per auras
 Ludere vexillis et fluitare dedit;
 Cum navem, ascendit Susanna; O dicite,
 nautæ,
 Nostræ ubi deliciae sunt? ubi noster amor?
 Dicite vos, animi fortes, sed dicite verum,
 Agminibus vestris num Gulielmus inest?

II.

Pendulus in summi Gulielmus vertice mali
 Hinc agitabatur fluctibus, inde, maris;
 Protinus, ut vocem bene notam audivit, ad
 infra
 Præmit gemitum, nec piger ipse sequi:
 Vixque manu tangens funes, et præpete
 labens
 Descensu, alati fulguris instar, adest.

III.

Sic alto in cælo tremulis se librat ut alis,
 Si sociis accipiat fors alauda sonos,
 Devolat extemplo; clausi-que ad pectora
 pernis,
 In charæ nidum præcipitatur avis.
 Basia, quæ Susanna suo permisit amanti,
 Navarcha optavit maximus esse sua.

IV.

Suave meum, et vitæ Susanna O charior
 ipsa,
 Sunt mea, quæ vovi, sunt tibi vota rata;
 Pendentem ex oculo da gemmam exosculer
 illam:
 Gravior ut reditu sit, Gulielmus abit.
 Quo velit, inclinet ventus; te verget ad
 unam
 Cor meum, ut ad boream nautica vergit
 acus.

V.

Ferrâ degentes vitam, tua pectora fida
 Tenebant dubio sollicitare metu;
 In quovis portu, sed noli O! credere, di-
 cent,
 Nauta, quod accendat mobile pectus,
 habet.
 Quæ O! quin credas; quodcumque invi-
 sculo litus,
 Tu mihi, tu præsens ignis et ardor eris.

VI.

Sive Indus gemmarum, eboris seu fertilis
 Afer,
 Sem mihi visendus dives odoris Arabs:
 Esse domi cunctas tecum reputabo relictas,
 Quas ostendet Arabs, Afer, et Indus, opes.
 Quodcumque egregium, pulchrum, vel dul-
 ce videbo,
 Occurret quiddam, quod memorabo, tui.

VII.

Nec, mea lux, doleas; patriæ si causa re-
 quirat,
 Ut procul amplexu poscar ad arma tuo;

Qui tibi, bellorum qui fulmine tutus ab
 omni,
 Post aliquot menses restituendus ero.
 Ne dulces istos contristet fletus ocellos,
 Mille avertendo tela, cavebit Amor.

VIII.

Solvere naucleri jussit vox ferrea navem,
 Vela tumescentes explicuere sinus;
 Dixit uterque, vale; et lacrymis simul os-
 cula miscens,
 Addidit hæc gemitus, ille recline caput.
 Invita et tarde ad terram Susanna recessit,
 Et niveâ repetit, vive, valeque, manus.

From our author's original compo-
 sitions we extract the following:—

SÛCIDA.

MUSCA meam volitat circum importuna
 lucernam,
 Alasque amburit jam prope jamque suas.
 Sæpe repello manu venientem, et, ineptula
 musca,
 Quæ, te, inquam, impellit tanta libido
 mori?
 Illa tamen redit, et, quanquam servare
 laboro,
 Instat, et in flammæ exitiumque ruit.
 Exiguam tibi nolo animam, quam projecis,
 ultra
 Servare; et si sis certa perire, peri.

In the second volume there are
 two letters from the author, which
 we will extract. The first is written
 in a pleasing strain of morality, and
 reminds us sometimes of the moral
 disquisitions of Addison; and it
 also leaves a doubt whether Bourne
 was not qualified to have left higher
 memorials of his mind behind him:—

*"A Letter from the Author to a Young
 Lady.*

"I am just come from indulging
 a very pleasing melancholy in a coun-
 try church-yard, and paying a re-
 spectful visit to the dead, of which I
 am one day to increase the number.
 As the solemnity and awfulness of the
 place does instantly affect the be-
 holder, the solitude and silence of it
 does equally dispose him to attention
 and meditation; so that we no where
 find a more useful and improving re-
 tirement. Every monument has its
 instruction, and every hillock has its
 lesson of mortality.

"I have, by this means, in a short
 space of time read the history of the
 whole village; and could tell the
 names of its principal families, for the

last thirty or forty years: I might perhaps go a little higher; but here, by the injury of time and weather, the register begins to be interrupted, and the letters are generally so defaced, that if an inscription can be made out, it is not without much difficulty and conjecture.

"It is not however without great compassion I see the kind endeavour of the survivor, to preserve the memory of a departed friend, so soon frustrated and disappointed. To continue the remembrance of the deceased, though by a mound of earth, a turf of grass, or a rail of wood, is an instance of affection and humanity, equal to the most costly monuments of brass and marble, in every thing but expense and duration: and yet how perishable are even those! how fruitless is the expense, and how short the duration!

"The church-yard I look on as the rendezvous of the whole parish, whither people of all ages and conditions resort. It is the common dormitory, where, after the labours of life are over, they all lie down and repose themselves together in the dust. The little cares and concerns they had when living, are here entirely forgotten; nor comes there hither any uneasiness or cunity, to disquiet or interrupt their rest. The jealousies and fears, the discontents and suspicions, the animosities and misunderstandings which embitter men one against another, are all determined; here end all resentments, and contentions.

"We have this satisfaction withal in death, that it is a state of perfect equality. The rich and the poor, the young and the aged, the wise and the foolish, all lie down together, and are blended in the dust. Here it is that no one is greater or less than another; for rottenness admits of no distinction, and corruption has no superiority. The fairest shall be a stench, and the most beautiful shall be loathsome. Rejoice, thou then that art despised; and be comforted, thou that art lightly esteemed; for the time cometh, when the haughtiest shall be made low, and the meanness of the great be as thine; the despatchfulness of the proud, and the loftiness of the scornful, shall be humbled together, and

the foot of the beggar shall trample on them.

"I will allow that the pomp of a great man may adorn his funeral, and flattery may attend it with coronets, pedigrees, and banners: whatever is beyond, is nuisance only and abhorrence. The sepulchre too may be painted without, but within is full of filthiness and uncleanness; and the corpse may be wrapt in velvet and fine linen, yet in velvet and fine linen it shall rot: the leaden coffin and the arched vault may separate it from vulgar dust; but even here shall the worm find it, nor shall his hunger be satisfied till he strip it to the bones. In the mean while, the laboured epitaph is mocking it with titles, and belying it with praises: the passenger must be staid, to lament its loss; and the reader is called upon to weep, that a person illustriously descended should be so like the rest of his fellow creatures—as to die.

"The procession may be long, and set off with all the finery that pride can invent, or money can purchase; in so much that women shall stand amazed, and children shall hold up their hands with astonishment: yet all this midnight shew, which has raised the curiosity of multitudes, and with purposed delays has increased it into impatience, can go no further with him than to his grave; here must all his states leave him, and the honours are his no longer.

"Having thus amused myself in contemplating the vanity of human greatness; what is it, said I, that can thus make us startle, and shrink at the thoughts of death? The mighty and the rich of the world may tremble, but what is the sting of death to those, whose life has been altogether misery? or what power has the grave over the unhappy? is it not rather a refuge from violence and oppression, and a retreat from insolence and contempt? is it not a protection to the defenceless, and a security to him who had no place to flee unto? Surely in death there is safety, and in the grave there is peace; this wipes off the sweat of the poor labouring man, and takes the load from the bended back of the weary traveller: this dries up the tears of the disconsolate, and maketh the heart of the sorrowful to forget its

throbbing; it is this eases the agonies of the diseased, and giveth a medicine to the hopeless incurable: this discharges the naked and hungry insolvent; and releases him from his confinement, who must not otherwise have come thence, till he had paid the uttermost farthing: it is this that rescues the slave from his heavy taskmaster, and frees the prisoner from the cruelties of him that cannot pity. This silences the clamours of the defamer, and hushes the virulence of the whisperer. The infirmities of age, and the unweariness of youth, the blemishes of the deformed, the phrenzies of the lunatic, and the weaknesses of the idiot, are here all buried together; and who shall see them? Let the men of gaiety and laughter be terrified with the scenes of their departure, because their pleasure is no more; but let the sons of wretchedness and affliction smile and be comforted, for their deliverance draweth nigh, and their pain ceaseth.

"With these and many other reflections, which the compass of a letter cannot contain, I left the chambers of the dead. What first occurred to me after this solitary walk, I have communicated to you: at present perhaps you may think them little worthy your regard; or look on them at best as the product of a sickly and distempered brain. A lecture of mortality, to a maiden in the prime of her health and beauty, you may suppose can come only from a gloomy and disturbed mind, to fortify and prepare the soul against the day when the face of the fairest shall gather blackness, the heart of the strongest shall fail, and the mirth of the most frolicsome shall depart from him. The prospect, I believe, may be unwelcome; but unpleasant it cannot be, while youth is subject to disease, and while beauty is deceitful. I desire you to accept of this night piece, drawn by an artless hand; and when that hand shall be mouldering in dust, to peruse the picture, and then be assured that though it be artless—it is true.

"It must be the frequent perusal of gravestones and monuments, and the many walks I have taken in a church-yard, that have given me so great a distaste for life; the usual sight of mortality, corruption, and

nakedness, must inevitably lead one to a serious reflection on the vanity of all worldly greatness. The very pride of a man, considered in this view, is his reproach, and his haughtiness becomes his shame.

"From this representation of human meanness and frailty, may be drawn excellent lessons of humility to the ambitious, and very comfortable instructions to the dejected and low-spirited.

"Amidst the various interruptions and diversions of life, which take up by far the best and most valuable part of it: there is one thought still, ever and anon, arising in the mind; which is, what shall the end of these things be! This is a thought that will not be wholly stifled and suppressed: for the answer is ready, peremptory, and convincing—The end is death.

"If death then be, as it undeniably is, a cessation from vanity, for such is almost every thing we call pleasure; what courage and constancy, what manliness and resolution, does it not require, to be at once stripped of all those dear enjoyments which engage and destroy so considerable a part of our lives.

"There lives not that man of gaiety, who would not be startled with the thought of being snatched away from his delights; yet what is more frequent!

"A prisoner, who has deluded himself with the expectation of a reprieve, would be extremely shocked to be called away from the midst of his mirth to execution."

The following is at once rational, pious, and affecting:—

A Letter from the Author, to his Wife, a few weeks before his death.

"Being warned by the hand of God that my dissolution draweth nigh, I thank the divine goodness for giving

* This letter, though rather of a private nature, is published as a testimony of the author's goodness of heart; and the reader is further informed, that from the conscientious motives therein mentioned, the author was induced to refuse some very valuable ecclesiastical preferment offered him in the most liberal manner by a late noble duke.

me this timely notice, and not cutting me off suddenly in the midst of my sins: that he has granted me leisure, and a due sense of my follies and corruptions, and thereby enabled me to make my reconciliation with him, before that I am no more seen. I esteem it as a great instance of his mercy, that he has not afflicted me with any delirium, or disease that would have deprived me of my memory or senses; but has visited me with a distemper, which, however otherwise grievous, has given me time and opportunity to look back into my past life, and with seriousness and attention to consider my latter end.

"Upon recollection, I find the offences of my youth and the transgressions of my riper years are so many, that, were not the mercy of God as infinite as his justice, I might despair of pardon. But, through the merits and intercession of a crucified Saviour, I humbly hope forgiveness. As the Almighty has himself declared that he delighteth not in the death of a sinner; I beseech him that his extensive compassion may reach even unto me: and in dutiful confidence thereof, I submit myself to his holy will, with resignation, constancy, and cheerfulness.

"For that part of my behaviour that relates to my fellow-creature man; if that should happen to be less exceptionable; if I have not willingly and deliberately injured my neighbour, by calumny, oppression, or extortion, not unto me, but unto God be the praise. I hope it may in some measure compensate for my many other misdeeds, and so far procure the favour and candour of all those who are so sensible of their own failings as to overlook and forget mine.

"There is one thing which I have often heard myself charged with; and that is my neglect of entering into holy orders, and a due preparation for that sacred office. Though I think myself in strictness answerable to none but God and my own conscience; yet, for the satisfaction of the person that is dearest to me, I own and declare, that the importance of so great a charge, joined with a mistrust of my own sufficiency, made me fearful of undertaking it: if I have

not in that capacity assisted in the salvation of souls, I have not been the means of losing any: if I have not brought reputation to the function by any merit of mine, I have the comfort of this reflection, I have given no scandal to it, by my meanness and unworthiness. It has been my sincere desire, though not my happiness, to be as useful in my little sphere of life as possible; my own inclinations would have led me to a more likely way of being serviceable, if I might have pursued them; however, as the method of education I have been brought up in was, I am satisfied, very kindly intended, I have nothing to find fault with, but a wrong choice, and the not knowing those disabilities I have since been truly conscious of: those difficulties I have endeavoured to get over; but found them insuperable. It has been the knowledge of those discouragements, that has given me the greatest uneasiness I have ever met with: that has been the chief subject of my sleeping as well as my waking thoughts, a fear of reproach and contempt.

"To the question, what I now am? I answer, an unhappy composition of Weakness, Folly, and Sin; but what I shall be hereafter, is that which startles and perplexes me. Here I am lost in amazement and dread! The most pleasing and the dearest engagements of this world, as having nothing in them solid, sincere, or lasting, I could readily forego: but the looking-for of that unknown state, into which I am to enter when I put off this body of frailty and corruption, is confounding and terrible. The prospect into futurity is all darkness and uncertainty; nor can the nearest relation or friend, who is gone before me, re-pass the gulph that is fixed between us, to give me the least notice or confirmation of it. It is this thought that forbids me, polluted as I now am, though ever so much wearied with life, to wish for my dissolution; this reminds me, that, though the body be sleeping and mouldering in the grave, the soul dieth not, nor yet slumbereth: the place and condition of unbodied spirits, who of all mankind knoweth! What thought can conceive that which the eye never saw, nor the

ear heard of! Who shall inform me of that state, from whence there is no return?

"Surely there is a reward for the righteous; the souls of the faithful after they are delivered from the burden of the flesh, are undoubtedly in joy and felicity; but then where shall the ungodly and the sinner appear? where shall I, who have spent many years in idleness and vanity, and have no merit of my own to plead for me! where shall I, who have not treasured up one good work to bespeak the favour of the Almighty; and have only the sufferings of Jesus Christ, and those very sufferings often slighted, trampled on, and rejected by me, to offer in my behalf?

"But oh! may the goodness of God, if there be still mercy left for me, while it is yet called to-day, before the night cometh on, so assist me with his grace in working out my salvation, that neither the desire of life, nor the dread of death, may withdraw my thoughts from him! but that, in this my day, I may consider the things which make for my peace, before they are hid from my eyes. In humble confidence thereof, and in full assurance of his most gracious mercy to all returning sinners, I will endeavour to fortify and prepare myself against the terrors of death."

POEMS, by the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE, LL.B. Third edition. 1 vol. 8vo. 1808.

IT is not often that the labours of a reviewer are of that pleasing nature so as to make him contented with himself and his author. Called upon, as he most generally is, to expose the absurdities of false taste, the errors of ignorance, the unabashed boldness of impudence, and the pretensions of dullness, he is necessarily driven to harshness of language and severity of sentiment. It is a delightful repose to him when he happens to meet with a work whose merits are so numerous and conspicuous, and whose errors so few and unimportant, that he has little else to do than to resign his mind into his author's hands, and placidly to receive instruction and delight. Such has

been the case in perusing the poems of Mr. Crabbe, and we hasten, with unfeigned pleasure, to communicate to our readers a portion of the pleasure we have felt.

The name of our author is familiar to every reader, though he has buried himself in voluntary oblivion for so many years. In our juvenile days we remember to have read, in *Selections and Beauties*, the "*Parish Workhouse*," the "*Village Apothecary*," &c. and to have read them with delight; and riper years have only sanctioned with our judgment what was before the approbation of our feeling.

The first poem in the present volume, "*The Village*," was read in MS. and approved of by Dr. Johnson: his words were, in a letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, "it is original, vigorous, and elegant." To this praise, thus expressed, no reader will object.

We hope, however, that if pastoral writers have drawn too placid and happy a picture of rural innocence and manners, Mr. Crabbe has, on the other hand, sketched too dark and gloomy a one. It is pleasing to think that man, assembled into small societies, will be less depraved than where he mingles with fortuitous characters, and finds vice spreading by contagion like the rapid gangrene: it is pleasing to think, that where nature reigns in fields and vallies, the tenants of those fields will be less corrupt than the inhabitant of towns, who breathes an infected moral atmosphere from his birth. But Mr. Crabbe tell us no.—He paints village manners as approximating in their general character to the universal manners of men: and he draws scenes of vice and misery, which fancy had hitherto banished from the cottage.

"Yes, thus the Muses sing of happy Swains,
Because the Muses never knew their pains:
They boast their Peasants' pipes: but Peasants now
Resign their pipes and plod behind the plough;
And few amid the Rural-tribe have time,
To number syllables and play with rhyme;
Save honest Duct, what son of Verse could share
The Poet's rapture and the Peasants' care?"

Or the great labours of the Field degrade,
With the new peril of a poorer trade?

From this chief cause these idle praises
spring,

That themes so easy, few forbear to sing;
For no deep thought the trifling subjects
ask,

To sing of Shepherds is an easy task;
The happy youth assumes the common
strain,

A Nymph his mistress and himself a Swain,
With no sad scenes he clouds his tuneful
prayer,

But all, to look like her, is painted fair.

I grant indeed that Fields and Flocks
have charms,

For him that gazes or for him that farms,
But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace
The poor laborious natives of the place,
And see the mid day sun, with fervid ray,
On their bare heads and dewy temples play;
While some, with feeble heads and fainter
hearts,

Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their
parts;

Then shall I dare these real ills to hide,
In unseel trappings of poetic pride?

No; cast by Fortune on a frowning coast,
Which neither Groves nor happy Valleys
boast,

Where other cares than those the Muse
relates,

And other shepherds dwell with other mates;
By such examples taught, I paint the Cot,
As Truth will paint it and as Bards will not
For you, ye Poor, of letter'd scorn complain,
To you the smoothest song is smooth in
vain,

O'ercome by labour and bow'd down by
time,

Feel you the barren flattery of a Rhyme?
Can Poets sooth you, when you pine for
bread,

By winding myrtles round your ruin'd shed?
Can their light tales your weighty griefs
o'erpower,

Or glad with airy mirth the toilsome hour?"

While enumerating those whom
poetry had found at the plough, or in
the labours of husbandry, he might
have added the name of *Burns*, and
perhaps that of *Bloomfield*, who, con-
sidered merely as an unlettered song-
ster, merits some praise.

Mr. Crabbe's manner frequently
reminds us of Cowper, particularly
when he is half ironical, half sarcastic.
He has not indeed the vigour of
Cowper, but he has his humour and
his playfulness.

The following truth is feelingly and
forcibly expressed. Addressing the

rich and proud, who prate about the
humble content and wholesome sim-
plicity of the peasant's fare, the poet
exclaims,—

Oh trifle not with woes you cannot feel,
Nor mock the misery of a stunted meal;
Homely, not wholesome, plain, not plen-
teous, such
As you who praise would never deign to
touch

Mr. Crabbe excels in felicitous si-
miles. The following is very happy.
An old man, complaining of his length
of years and necessity of toiling, says,

"Why do I live, when I desire to be
"At once from life and life's long labour
free?"

"Like leaves in spring, the young are blown
away,

"Without the sorrows of a slow decay;

"I, like yon wither'd leaf, remain behind,

"Nipt by the frost and shivering in the
wind,

"There it abides till younger buds come
on,

"As I, now all my fellow swains are gone;

"Then, from the rising generation thrust,

"It falls, like me, unnotic'd to the dust."

The first book of the *Village* ends
with a highly wrought picture, which
we will extract:—

Thus groan the Old, till, by disease op-
prest,

They taste a final woe, and then they rest.

Theirs is yon House that holds the
Parish Poor,

Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken
door,

There, where the putrid vapours flagging,
play,

And the dull wheel hums doleful through
the day,—

There Children dwell who know no Parents'
care,

Parents, who know no Children's love,
dwell there,

Heart broken Matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsoaken Wives and Mothers never wed,

Dejected Widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled Age with more than child-
hood-fears,

The Lame, the Blind, and, far the happiest
they!

The moping Idiot and the Madman gay.

Here too the Sick their final doom re-
ceive,

Here brought amid the scenes of grief, to
grieve,

Where the loud groans from some sad
chamber flow,

Mixt with the clamours of the crowd be-
low;

Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow
 scan,
 And the cold charities of man to man :
 Whose laws indeed for ruin'd Age provide,
 And strong compulsion plucks the scrap
 from pride ;
 But still that scrap is bought with many a
 sigh,
 And pride imbitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
 Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose ;
 Who press the downy couch, while slaves
 advance
 With timid eye, to read the distant glance ;
 Who with sad prayers the weary Doctor
 cease,
 To name the nameless ever-new disease ;
 Who with mock patience dire complaints
 endure,
 Which real pain and that alone can cure ;
 How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
 Despised, neglected, left alone to die ?
 How would ye bear to draw your latest
 breath,
 Where all that's wretched pave the way
 for death ?

Such is that room which one rude beam
 divides,
 And naked rafters from the sloping sides ;
 Where the vile bands that bind the thatch
 are seen,
 And lath and mud are all that lie between ;
 Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd,
 gives way
 To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
 Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
 The dropping wretch reclines his languid
 head ;
 For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
 Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes :
 No friends with soft discourse his pain be-
 guile,
 Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
 Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the
 walls ;
 Anon, a Figure enters, quaintly neat,
 All pride and business, bustle and conceit ;
 With looks unalter'd by these scenes of
 woe,
 With speed that, entering, speaks his haste
 to go ;
 He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
 And carries Fate and Physic in his eye ;
 A potent Quack, long vers'd in human ills,
 Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;
 Whose murder's hand a drowsy Bench
 protect,
 And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the Parish for attendance here,
 He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer,
 In haste he seeks the bed where Misery lies,
 Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes ;

And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
 Without reply, he rushes on the door ;
 His drooping Patient, long inur'd to pain,
 And long unheeded, knows remonstrance
 vain ;
 He ceases now the feeble help to crave,
 Of Man ; and silent sinks into the grave.

But ere his death some pious doubts a-
 rise,
 Some simple fears which " bold bad " men
 despise ;
 Fain would he ask the Parish Priest to prove
 His title certain to the Joys above ;
 For this he sends the murmuring Nurse,
 who calls
 The holy Stranger to these dismal walls ;
 And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
 He, " passing rich with forty pounds a
 year ? "

Ah ! no, a Shepherd of a different stock,
 And far unlike him, feeds this little Flock ;
 A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's
 task,
 As much as God or Man can fairly ask ;
 The rest he gives to Loves and Labours
 light,
 To Fields the morning and to Feasts the
 night ;
 None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
 To urge their chace, to cheer them or to
 chide ;
 A Sportsman keen, he shoots through half
 the day,
 And skill'd at Whist, devotes the night to
 play ;
 Then, while such honours bloom around
 his head,
 Shall he sit sadly by the Sick Man's bed,
 To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
 To combat fears that e'en the pious feel ?

Now once again the gloomy scene ex-
 plore,
 Less gloomy now ; the bitter hour is o'er, }
 The Man of many Sorrows sighs no more.
 Up yonder hill, behold how sadly slow
 The Bier moves winding from the vale be-
 low ;
 There lie the happy Dead from trouble free,
 And the glad Parish pays the frugal fee :
 No more, O Death ! thy victim starts to
 hear
 Churchwarden stern, or kingly Overseer ;
 No more the Farmer claims his humble bow,
 Thou art his lord, the best of tyrants thou !

Now to the Church behold the mourners
 come,
 Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb ;
 The Village Children now their games
 suspend,
 To see the Bier that bears their ancient
 Friend ;
 For he was one in all their idle sport,
 And like a Monarch rul'd their little Court ;

The pliant bow he form'd, the flying ball,
The bat, the wicker, were his labours all:
Him now they follow to his grave, and stand
Silent and sad, and gazing, hand in hand;
While bending low, their eager eyes explore
The mingled relics of the Parish Poor:
The bell, tolls late, the moping owl flies
round,

Fear marks the flight and magnifies the
sound;

The busy Priest, detain'd by weightier care,
Defers his duty till the day of prayer;
And waiting long, the crowd retire distressed,
To think a Poor Man's bones should lie
unblest."

We pass over some verbal inaccuracies in the above, because we shall notice them and some others in another part of our criticism. The passage itself is conspicuous for vigour, truth, and feeling.

The second book of the Village falls far below the first; and the hyperbolic praise of Lord Robert Manners, of whom it can only be said that he died in the 24th year of his age, fighting for his country, carries its own censure with it, for who now remembers him? And yet, to read the following lines, who would not suppose that he had filled the world with his name like a Nelson or a Bonaparte?

"So THOU, when every virtue, every
grace,
Rose in thy soul, or shone within thy face;
When, though the Son of GRANBY, Thou
wert known
Less by thy Father's glory than thy own;
When Honour lov'd and gave Thee every
charm,
Fire to thy eye and vigour to thy arm;
Thou from our lofty hopes and longing
eyes,
Fate, and thy Virtues call'd Thee to the
Skies;
Yet still we wonder at thy toiling fame,
And losing Thee, still dwell upon thy Name.

Oh! ever honour'd, ever valued, say,
What Verse can praise Thee, or what Work
repay?

Yet Verse (in all we can) thy worth repays,
Nor trusts the tardy zeal of future days;—
Honours for Thee thy Country shall prepare
Thee in their hearts, the Good, the Brave
shall bear; [true
To deeds like thine shall noblest Chiefs as-
The Muse shall mourn Thee, and the
World admire.

In future times, when smit with Glory's
charms,
The untry'd youth first quits a Father's
arms;—

"Oh! be like him," the weeping Sire
shall say;
Like MANNERS walk, who walk'd in
Honour's way;
"In Danger foremost, yet in Death sedate,
"Oh! be like him in all things, but his
fate!"

Would all this exuberance of praise have been bestowed, had a young midshipman, the son of some obscure tradesman, died as bravely?—No. But for a Lord to perish so early it was quite another thing! Poetry is debased to prostitution when she gives to title what ought to be given to truth: The praise in the above lines is meanly hyperbolic; and we are surprised the author should retain it in 1808, when he finds that all those honours which he prophesied for his hero have been wisely withheld by his country.

We will make one extract more from this second part:—

"And hark! the riots of the Green be-
gin,
That spring at first from yonder noisy Inn;
What time the weekly pay was vanish'd
all,
And the slow Hostess scor'd the threat'ning
wall;
What time they ask'd, their friendly feast
to close,
A final cup, and that will make them foes;
When blows ensue that break the arm of
Toil,
And rustic battle ends the boobies' broil.

Save when to yonder Hall they bend
their way;
Where the grave Justice ends the grievous
fray;
He who recites, to keep the Poor in awe,
The Law's vast volume—for he knows the
Law—
To him with anger or with shame repair
The injur'd Peasant and deluded Fair.

Lo! at his throne the silent Nymph
appears,
Frail by her shape, but modest in her tears;
And while she stands abash'd, with con-
scious eye,
Some favourite Female of her Judge glides
by: [p. t's fate,
Who views with scornful glance
And thanks the stars that made her Keeper
great:
Near her the Swain, about to bear for life
One certain evil, doubts 'twixt War and
Wife;
But, while the faltering Damsel takes her
oath,
Consents to wed, and so secures them both.

Yet why, you ask, these humble crimes
relate,
Why make the Poor as guilty as the
Great?
To shew the Great, those mightier sons
of Pride,
How near in vice the lowest are allied;
Such are their natures and their passions
such;
But these disguise too little, those too
much:
So shall the man of Power and Pleasure
be
In his own Slave as vile a wretch as he;
In his luxurious Lord the Servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate
mind:

And each in all the kindred vices trace,
Of a poor, blind, bewild'rd, erring Race;
Who, a short time in varied fortune
past,
Die, and are equal in the dust at last.

And you, ye Poor, who still lament your
fate,
Forbear to envy those you call the Great;
And know, amid those blessings they
possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress;
While Sloth with many a pang torments
her slave.
Fear waits on Guilt, and Danger shakes
the brave."

[To be continued.]

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ON RICHES.

BOAST not to me Peruvian Ore,
Or Coromandel's glowing shore,
Where richer gems are found;
The bliss of these is specious show,
So Nature thought, when deep below
She hid them underground.

Tho' polish'd fine, by toil of art,
Say, can the brilliant blaze impart
The vivid glare of health?
Or bid, when life no longer charms,
The bosom beat to joys alarms:
Then tell me—what is Wealth?

Oh say! when o'er the couch we bend,
Where droops some dear departing friend,
Can wealth his flight delay?
Or when the spark of hope is fled,
Despair still hovering near its dead—
Can wealth revive the clay?

What Nature asks indeed is small,
A little compass circles all
The wants that gold supplies:
But trace the wants of mind in man,
'Tis then, you'll find the boundless plan
Extends to distant skies.

One only substitute below,
And ah! how few the blessing know
To be believ'd and love;
For since 'tis love that gives delight
In regions where, 'midst purer light,
Superior beings move.

Mile End.

M. M.

TO ANNA.

ON Anna's cheeks the lovely bloom
To beauty lent a ray;
But deadly "Cold" now fix'd their doom,
And drove each rose away!
Since either cheek no longer glows,
Two lilies now appear,
And, in the absence of the rose,
Place angel whiteness there.

Thus Nature feels for Anna's sake,
And sees her loss with pain;
Gives the pale lily to each cheek,
Her beauty to retain.

Oh happy Girl! since Nature's hand
O'er thee her favours strew,—
The lilies rise, at her command,
Where blush'd the rosy hue.

Majestic as the silver moon,
With paleness in her look,—
Thus Anna still in Beauty shone
When Bloom her cheek forsook.

Like the pale orb, the lilies end
Their transitory reign;
For Nature bids the sun ascend,
And roses bloom again.

ANNA'S FRIEND.

SONNET TO MORNING.

DEEP lowing murmurs wake the jocund
day,
In pale fire quick gleams the spiral light;
The orient kindling sheds a silver ray,
And half unveils the landscape to the sight.
Night's shadows swiftly pass; the rosy Morn
Blushing ascends from yon white fleecy bed;
The dew-drop, sparkling, trembles on the
thorn,
The fragrant flower unfolds its beaut'ous
head!

All Nature smiles! the cheerful song of
praise
Floats on the gale,—wild warbled thro' the
grove:
Man! silent, grateful adoration pays,
Creation teems with life, and health, and
love.

Blest Inspiration! seeks the holy hour,—
Pensive the Poet soars, and owns her sac-
red pow'r.

Prince's Place, Vauxhall-
Road, 2d Nov. 1808.

C. H. T.

SONNET TO EVENING.

HAIL, placid Eve! as faintly to the sight
Thou I discern in yon dim western sky,
That beams around thy sober soften'd light,
And tells to Nature thy mild reign is nigh.

Come heav'nly Guest! that lov'st the silent
hour!

Sister of Eve, meek Twilight! thee I woo:
Come, and o'er anguish shed Lethean pow'r,
Chac'd spectr'd Care, each bitter thought
subdue.

With balmy slumbers weary eye-lids close;
Hush'd is the scene, Creation owns thy
sway:

Exhausted Nature sinks to soft repose,
The sweet refreshment from the toils of day.
See at thy shrine, still Eve! a suppliant
bend,

And oh! thy Empire to *this heart* extend.

*Prince's Place, Vauxhall-
Road, 2d Nov. 1808.*

C. H. T.

TO THE MOON.

O THOU! who climb'st the steep of
night,

Why 'neath thy paly beams
Roam I alone in weeds bedight,
Secluded from the world's delight,
Wrapt in illusive dreams?

Why does my ear transported dwell
On sounds from secret lyres?

Say, why within yon dewy cell
Clasp I at eve my plaintive shell,
And sweep its warbling wires?

Can such romantic scenes impart

A joy to Memory dear?
Can they ameliorate the smart
That preys within my canker'd heart,
Or chase Misfortune's tear?

Ay! they can soothe the doting mind—

Can still the lab'ring breast—
And yield th' Enthusiast's soul refin'd,
What language never yet defin'd,
Nor music yet express!

Hence, lonely haunts I e'er revere,
Illumin'd by thy light;

Hence, visionary strains are dear
That vibrate in the welkin clear,
When thou adorn'st the night.

Yes! gentle Moon! I love to roam
Beneath thy silvery beams,
Those flowery walks, whose rich perfume,
Surrounds my Blackshaw's holy tomb,
That near the willow gleams.

For unmolested there I stray,
Deep-musing on thy fate:
There far from noise resume the lay—
There watch the placid beams decay—
While Contemplation points the way
To Heaven's imperial gate.

Grafton-street, Oct. 1808.

J. G.

ODE TO THE SWALLOW,

On its Departure.

FAREWELL, fond guest! from Albion's
clime

Why wing'st thou now thy dubious way
To where, in heav'n's blue vault sublime,
Augmenting suns prolong the day?

No more in Albion's lucid skies
To sport beneath the solar beam;
No more in air to fall and rise,
Or sweep, with rapid wings, the stream.

Say, do the chilling gales that blow,
Heralds of Winter's reign, alarm thee?
Some ill forebode and bid thee go
Where winds nor snows have pow'r to
harm thee?

Or has some envious blast destroy'd
(Of such a deed 'tis pain to think)
The nest which all thy care employ'd,
High built beneath the chimney's brink?

And so depriv'd of every charm
Thy bosom owns in Albion's air,
In grief thou fliest to climes more warm,
In hopes to find protection there!

If such thy plight, this tender breast
Compassion's purest pang shall know,
Of deeper sorrows unpossess'd,
It feels for e'en a Swallow's woe!

But if vain fears thy wings excite,
Prompt thee to quit the vocal vale,
And o'er the main to wing thy flight,
Regardful of the warning gale;

Let me intreat thee still to stay
On Albion's shore, nor heed the wind
That bleakly blows, and seems to say—
"The tyrant, Winter, lags behind."

For through the pathless realms of air
What friendly pow'r shall guide thy
wing!

Who, when long toils thy strength impair
Shall see thee sport, or hear thee sing?

And as those weary wings subside,
Who shall support thy drooping form?
Who pluck thy pinions from the tide,
And snatch the dart from death's strong
arm?

No tree blooms on the boundless main!
No cottage-chimney there is found!
No shelter from the wind and rain,
When heav'n's loud tumult roars around

If on some bark thy hopes rely,
When heav'n is gloom'd with wrathful
clouds,

The pilot may thy pray'r deny,
And chase thee ruthless from the shroud:

Then stay in Albion's clime with me,
Here sing the gloomy tide away
Beneath my roof, from dangers free,
And warm'd by comfort's genial ray.

The sole reward of thee I'll crave,
When Winter's gloom shall be forgot,
Is here thy well pois'd wings to wave,
And circle round my rural cot.

Then while I view thee, with fond eye,
Both wisk and sing around the dome,
I'll to thy grateful song reply—
Seek here again thy Winter's Home!

Tilshead, Wiltshire. WM. TUCKER.
Downs, Nov. 1.

THE BEGGAR-WOMAN'S PETITION.

WITH hunger faint, worn down by age
and grief,

A wretched Woman trembles at your door;
Oh! give for once some morsel of relief,
And Heav'n, approving, will increase
your store.

These rags will scarce my nakedness conceal,
Or shield me from the pinching pains of
cold;

These trickling tears declare the pang I
feel,

These wrinkles prove I'm miserably old.

Starving with want, to yonder lofty gate

I took my weary, solitary way;

With humble accents told my wretched
fate;

With all the fervency of grief I'd pray.

Unhappy me! no pity could I find,

Not one small bit my hunger to allay;

Not one kind look to ease my troubled
mind;

The gate was shut, and I was forc'd away.

Ah! little think the thoughtless, busy
throng

How fickle Fortune turns her giddy
wheel;

Her smiles to-day with you may glide along,
Her frowns to-morrow you like me may
feel.

Once with youth and happiness was blest,
Unknown alike to age, and want, and care:

But now, alas! this poor afflicted breast
O'erflows with grief, and sinks beneath
despair!

Weak, rais'd age o'ertakes the bloom of
youth,

And health has bidden me a long adieu:
Still more severe the melancholy truth—
No friend I have, save Charity and you.

Oh those in Poverty's cold region bred,
Sorrows like these may sore affliction
bring;

But yet on me, who happier days have led,
They harder press, and wound with deeper
sting.

Riches, indeed, may various joys impart,
From hunger's gnawing pains may set
us free;

Yet never more delight the feeling heart.
Then when bestow'd to feed a wretch
like me.

What tho' by Fortune you have favour'd
been,

'E'en tho' she still may on your prospects
'shine;

The scene may change — misfortunes un-
foreseen

May plunge you into misery deep as mine.

Believe me, then, while yet you have the
pow'r,

'Tis but a morsel that I humbly crave:

This, aching heart once distant thought the,
hour

Itself should beg the boon it freely gave.

The ways of Heav'n what mortal shall
dispute;

Perhaps my woes proceeded from design;
Perhaps they are meant to call from you
the fruit

Of faith, of love, and charity divine.

I then, tho' poor, neglected, and forlorn,
Immortal blessings to your soul may give;

And while your morsel feeds me till the
morn,

My poverty may make you ever live.

These fault'ring words are not the dismal
tale

Of one who would on charity impose:

They flow, alas! (to Heav'n I dare appeal)
From real grief — unutterable woes.

Give then, oh! give, some portion of relief,
And Heav'n hereafter will the gift re-
ward:

As pious Christians, be it your belief—

"Who gives to me, will lend unto the
Lord."

HUMANUS.

SONNET.

ALONG these paths, where erst at even-
ing hour,

My love and I sojourn'd from every foe,
And gave our souls to soft Affection's power,
I'm left to wander with remorseless woe:

Oft 'neath the covert of yon fragrant bower,
We sat alone and heard the streamlet
flow;

There oft we shelter'd from the passing
shower,

Pleas'd with the beauties of the glowing
bow:

Then frenzied Rapture flam'd this troubled
breast,

Lovejoyful led the laughing hours along:
Then hasty Time, with dappled flow'rets
dress'd,

Smil'd 'midst the skies, nor thought his
journey long!

But sullen Death, wrapp'd up in comely
guise,

Breath'd on my Darling's lips, and flamm'd
her radiant eyes!

Grafton-street, Oct. 1808.

J. G.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. JOHN WATSON's, of Bloomsbury, for certain Improvements in the art of Soap-making; by which the article is in several respects ameliorated.

AFTER the soap has been formed or made in the usual manner, by boiling fat or oil with soap lees, or the solution of a considerably pure alkaline salt, and separated by the addition of common culinary salt, it is not put into the forms in order that it may become indurated for sale, but is diffused in a large quantity of pure water, with or without the assistance of heat, as may for the sake of expedition be preferred. The said soap is separated by the addition of common culinary salt; and repeated a greater number of times if necessary; the principal intention of the said process being to render the soap more perfectly neutral, by separating any uncombined alkali which may have subsisted in the first making, and also to throw up any uncombined oil, in case the boiling should not have been carried to the precise point which is needful for the formation of good soap. The same process is made use of for purifying and perfectly neutralizing such soaps as have been already made and completed in the common way; in order to which, it is convenient that the solid soap should be rasped, or scraped, or dried and pulverized, or otherwise divided by mechanical means, for the purpose of expediting the diffusion and solution, or suspension of the same in the fluid. A soap of uncommon beauty, closeness, and uniformity of texture is manufactured by the use and application of alcohol, or ardent spirit, as follows:—Pure soap is made, or soap already made, purified, by using the processes described; or, in case the soap intended is sufficiently pure, it is taken without any farther preparation, and subdivided into shavings, or small portions; a mixture is made of about one part, by weight, of the spirit, and two parts, or thereabouts, of the pure soap, but these proportions admit of considerable variations; it is caused to unite by moderate boiling, and in this state is poured into moulds, to be divided into lengths, or squares, or cakes, for sale; and the said lengths, squares,

&c. are exposed in a fit place, or apartment, kept at a proper temperature for drying, or evaporating the solvent or spirit, or a considerable portion thereof, in order that the density and consistence of the said soap may increase, and its parts become so intimately applied to each other, as to produce a beautiful degree of transparency. In some cases a portion of sugar, or saccharine matter is added to the mixture, when a less degree of firmness is required; and as occasion may require, such well known materials are added, as may be needful, to give any particular odour, or scent, or colour, as may be thought or found most agreeable to the purchaser.

Mr. JOSEPH WILLMORE's, and Mr. JOHN TONK's, of Birmingham, for a new Method and Process in the manufacturing of Nails.

A NAIL-ROD is taken, of a size suitable to that of the nail intended to be manufactured, and applied to a common screw-press, mounted with proper cutters, and which cut off from the end of the rod two pieces at once, obliquely across in one place, and directly across in another. Two studs, or stops, are set up, which are attached to the press, and are adjustable by screws or other means, the stud being adjustable or moveable in the direction of the rod, for the purpose of ascertaining the length of the nail, and both being adjustable in the cross direction of the rod, so that the rod being gently pressed, the obliquity of the cut, according to the kind of nail to be made, is thereby determined, as well as the length of the nail; and the length of the two pieces may either be nearly equal or unequal, by means of the said adjustments, as will be evident on due consideration. This may be called the first operation.

The second operation is to anneal the pieces so cut off, if the iron should not be sufficiently malleable, which is done in the usual and well known manner.

The third operation is that of heading, which, for clasp-head nails, consists of two parts, one for gathering,

and the other for forming the head of the nail. The first part of this operation is performed by putting a piece cut off the rod of iron, as before described, into a pair of clams, leaving as much of the thick end projecting above the clams as is sufficient to form the head. These clams have steel bits let into them, with sharp edges, which press only against the two opposite sides of the piece, and which have the effect of two chisels, when the punch of the press is brought down upon the piece with considerable force, and raise or gather up the iron on each side, towards forming the head. The second part of this operation is to put the piece thus prepared into another pair of clams, having bits formed to correspond to the under side of the head; and the punch, having the impression of the upper side of the head engraved or sunk into it, is brought to press strongly upon the head in the clams, and thereby the clasp-head is properly formed. For nails intended to have rose heads, or any other kind of heads, except clasp-heads, the first part of this operation is not absolutely necessary, though it is thought advisable to be done, but the bits, which for clasp-nails must have sharp edges, must, for other kind of nails, have blunt edges, to prevent the under cutting. For the second part of this operation, the piece is put either into a pair of clams, or into the tool commonly called a bore, and then pressed with punches, properly engraved, or sunk, according to the kind of head wanted. By the first operation the piece cut off the rod of iron is formed something like a mortise-chissel; the present, or fourth operation, is to point it, which is done by putting the piece into a bed of steel, in which is cut a nick, or groove, having parallel sides, but the bottom rising towards the end where the point of the nail is to be formed; the punch, and the end which presses upon the point of the nail, is made to project farther than the other part, so as to meet the corresponding part of the bed, when the punch is brought upon the nail. The groove or nick in the bed should be just wide enough to receive the piece easily, but prevent it from twisting, when the impression is made. The piece is put twice into the nick, once with the chissel end lying horizontal, and next turned a quarter round to press the chissel edge into a pointed form. If the nails, by the strong pressure which is necessary in this operation should become too hard to clench, in such case they must be annealed in the ordinary way, which may be called the fifth operation.

The 3d, 4th, and 5th operations, above described, are applied to nails, or pieces cut off from sheet or rolled iron in the ordinary way; but as they in consequence of the fifth operation, which is necessary to give them the quality of clenching, are apt to be too soft to dry well, a sixth operation is applied:—viz. quenching them, when red hot, in water or other proper fluid, which gives them stiffness enough to drive without destroying the quality of clenching.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

On the Decomposition of the Alkalis.

MR. DAVY has had the pleasure of learning that a happy experiment, made upon his principles by the French chemists, has now put it into our power to procure potassium in considerable quantities. In the process alluded to, the great precaution necessary is, that the pot-ash should be as dry as possible. The metal obtained is rather heavier than that procured by electricity, and seems to contain a little iron, but it is proper for all analytical purposes.

It will indubitably appear that the French chemists have not only repeated Mr. Davy's experiments on pot-ash and soda, but also confirmed the accuracy of his researches by obtaining similar results by a different process. The following are the documents lately come to hand, to which we allude —

M. M. Gay and Thenard have succeeded in deoxidating pot-ash by means of iron. The event is announced in *Correspondence sur l'Ecole Imperiale Polytechnique*, No. 10, in the following terms:

"A letter from London, dated 23d November, 1807, announced that Mr. Davy had succeeded, by means of a strong galvanic pile, in decomposing the two alkalis of pot-ash and soda; and that Mr. Davy had read, to the Royal Society of London, a memoir, in which he concluded that these two alkalis were metallic oxides.

"On the 6th of December, 1807, Messrs. Gay and Thenard repeated at the laboratory of the Polytechnic school the experiments of Mr. Davy, and actually obtained at the negative pole of a pile, with large plates, the two new metals, the existence of which had not been even suspected previously to Mr. Davy's experiments.

"The above two chemists, however, continued the enquiry in a new point of view; they proposed to themselves the discovery of a substance sufficiently oxidizable to take off the oxygen from the alkalis, which had been ascertained to be metallic oxides, and their experiments were followed with the greatest success.

"On the 7th of March, 1808, Messrs. Gay and Thenard informed the Institute of France, that upon treating pot-ash with iron, in the fire of a reverberating furnace, the iron deoxidated the pot-ash and made it pass to the metallic state."

"On the Apparatus best adapted for deoxidating Pot-ash by Iron. By M. Hachette :

"The gentlemen pages to the emperor being desirous of seeing the new metal obtained from pot-ash, I repeated, at their chemical laboratory, the experiment of Messrs. Gay and Thenard, in presence of the governor to the pages, M. d'Assigny.

"The apparatus is equally simple with that for the decomposition of water by means of iron, and every thing proceeds in the same way as in this last experiment. We put into a gun-barrel a quantity of iron filings, sufficient to fill that part of it which was inserted in the furnace: caustic pot-ash was introduced into one of its ends not inserted in the furnace, and the extremity was luted; a tube of safety was adapted to the other extremity of the gun-barrel, and a strong heat was then applied.

"The furnace I used upon the occasion, was 25 centimetres in diameter, with double blast bellows. While the furnace was strongly heated, I cooled with ice that part of the gun-barrel which contained the pot-ash; after continuing a strong heat for an hour, I melted the pot-ash by means of a small portable furnace of sheet iron; the gun-barrel being a little inclined towards the tubes of safety, the fused pot-ash came in contact with the iron: in an instant the hydrogen of its water of crystallization was disengaged by the extremity of the tube of safety, which was inserted under water.

"This disengagement of hydrogen is a certain mark of the success of the experiment. When it slackens, from the liquid pot-ash having cooled the iron, we may remove the small furnace placed under the pot-ash, which keeps it liquid, and restore to the iron the temperature necessary for receiving new liquid pot-ash.

"This last effect is, as we see, completely similar to what takes place in the decomposition of water; for if we pour too much water on the red-hot iron, the metal is cooled, and the water passes off in vapour, without being decomposed."

"Before fusing the pot-ash, in order to bring it over the iron, I placed in ice that part of the gun-barrel to which the tube of safety is adapted, and which serves as a refrigerant.

"In about half an hour from the moment at which the pot-ash is fused, the disengagement of hydrogen ceases, and the operation is concluded."

"When the furnace is quite cold, the safety tube is taken away, and the extremity of the gun-barrel is closed by a plug. In order to extract the metal, the gun-barrel is cut at the commencement of the part which has served for a refrigerant and the metal (*potassium*) presents itself in the form of small brilliant laminæ, adhering to the sides of the gun-barrel; the greatest quantity is found close to the refrigerant; another portion is not condensed, until it is very close to the plug of the safety-tube; this last portion adheres very slightly to the gun-barrel, and the least effort is sufficient to detach it: it is even partly

oxidized by air admitted during the cooling of the furnace; and when the whole is received over into naphtha, the oxidized part is detached in laminae, and exposes to view a white and brilliant metallic surface.

"As to the portion of pot-ash condensed nearer the furnace, it must be detached by means of a sharp chissel, and in the largest pieces we can possibly break off; for if it be in small molecules, it inflames in the air, even at a very low temperature. When it cannot be detached in large pieces, it must be kept in a gas deprived of oxygen, or in naphtha; it was by plunging it in oil, that I extracted it from the gun-barrel.

"We also find in the gun-barrel portions of amalgamated iron and potassium; they adhere very strongly to the part of the gun-barrel which occupies the middle of the furnace, they become green in the air, and are easily decomposed: the pot-ash returns in a very short time to its first state.

"In order to obtain the potassium conveniently, and on a large scale, we must procure a gun-barrel of a large diameter, which must be heated throughout a great part of its length, and with a tube at its extremity, in which liquid pot-ash is kept. This tube must be disposed in such a manner, that we may be able to let fall whatever quantity of oxide of liquid pot-ash we please; and we should volatilize it before putting it in contact with the iron; we should place another gun-barrel, in two pieces, at the extremity of the former; the barrel composed of two pieces would serve as a refrigerant, and could be opened in order to collect the metal."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

Account of a floating light, calculated to save the lives of persons who have the misfortune to fall overboard in the night from any ship. Invented by Mr. Wm. Shipley.

MR. SHIPLEY'S floating light consists of a hollow vessel of tinned iron plate made in the form of a boat, 27 inches long, 13 broad in the middle, and 12 deep; from the gunwale of this boat a handle projects on each

side, intended for the man who has fallen into the water to lay hold of, and thus support himself; the buoyancy of the boat being amply sufficient to keep a man from sinking. A frame work and gimbals are affixed above the middle part of the deck of the boat, for the reception of a swinging lantern, which is to contain a lamp, and which, by means of the gimbals, will always adjust itself to a position nearly vertical. It is recommended that this float be placed every night under the care of the officers on watch: that its lamp be frequently trimmed, and supplied with fresh oil, and its wick moistened with oil of turpentine, in order that it may take fire with the least touch of a lamp or candle. When a man falls into the water the lamp is immediately lighted, and the float which carries it is to be let down into the water by a small cord attached to an iron reel; the remainder of the cord is then made fast to the reel, and both thrown into the sea, in order that the weight of the reel may cause the cord to hang vertically, and thus be in no danger of entangling the legs of the unfortunate man. The light will direct him to the float, and as soon as he has reached it, (for it is supposed he can swim) he is to take hold of the handles, and may move it very fast which way he pleases, only by striking his legs in the same manner he does when he swims. The ship on tacking about is directed by the light to the float; and having come near it, the man is rescued from the watery element by the following process.—a lantern with a rope-ladder is to be let down by a cord from the ship, till a cross bar below the lantern (but not at the bottom of the ladder) touches the water, which the mariners in the ship may see by means of the light from the bottom of the lantern; and thus the man in the water may lay hold of the cross bar, and fix his feet on one of the steps of the rope-ladder, when he may lay hold of the iron handle of the float with one hand, and hang it on a hook projecting from the ladder above the cross-bar; which being done, the man and float may be both safely raised into the ship.

NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF FRANCE.

On the Signals of the Antients. Read by M. Mongez.

[Concluded from p. 343.]

CÆSAR, in his Commentaries, speaking of the Romans who had been massacred at Genabum (Orleans) says, "When any event of importance, and which concerns the general interests of the nation, happens amongst the Gauls, they communicate the intelligence of it by loud cries across the fields. These cries are heard by others, who, in like manner, repeat them to their neighbours. This was done on the present occasion; for before the end of the first watch, the inhabitants of the borders of Averni (Auvergne) had been made acquainted with what had been transacted at Genabum (Orleans) at sun rise, though the interval be about 160,000 paces (23 myriametres, 55), or 49 leagues of 2,500 toises."

Some experiments being made in the *Place des Invalides* the results were, that in calm weather, or at a distance from hills or houses, which cause an echo, or in a plain, one or more words cannot be distinctly heard, though loudly vociferated, at a greater distance than 280 French feet. It may however be extended to about 300 feet by persons with strong voices, who are habituated to this kind of exercise. The same result does not happen with respect to inarticulate sounds, or the cries or exclamations used by bargemen, sailors, officers giving the word of command, who pronounce only the last syllable distinctly, &c. These exclamations may be understood at much greater distance; and certain travellers inform us, that the American savages inform their companions of their danger by means of cries, which are understood at the distance of half a league.

Supposing then, first, that these cries of the Gauls were intelligible at the distance of about 50 toises; secondly, that the persons employed in the correspondence had been stationed in a direct line from Genabum (Orleans) to Gergovia, distant from each other about 53 leagues, it would appear that 4630 men, or 50 for each league, would have been required. If so considerable a number had been

employed in transmitting the intelligence, we must suppose that they were stationed before hand for that particular purpose, or what is still more improbable, that they had been engaged from the beginning of the war. The narrative of Cæsar, then, does not appear to be accurate; but it may be brought nearer to probability, by supposing, that they were signals, the nature of which had been carefully concealed from the Roman General, and which, deceived by the popular rumours, he had been induced to believe to be only certain cries. These beacons might have been placed near the scite of the town of Bourges, at Toul-Sainte-Croix, and Puy de Dome. Each of these distances is less than that from the promontory of Lilybœum to Cape Bon.

It is a mistake to suppose that the ancients used instruments for the purpose of increasing the strength and loudness of the voice; and the word *clamour*, in this passage of Cæsar, expressly does away every idea of it. The speaking-trumpet of the moderns has not been invented two hundred years. Would the ancients have so often praised particular men on account of the extraordinary strength of their voices, if by such an instrument they had been able to quadruplicate the strength and extent of the human voice? Would Homer have several times mentioned Stentor, if a speaking-trumpet could have enabled Agamemnon to give his orders in such a manner, as to be distinctly heard and understood by his whole army?

Cleomenes, the Astronomer, says, "Xerxes stationed men at various places from Susa to Athens, for the purpose of speedily conveying intelligence to Persia, of the event of his warlike operations against the Athenians. By this means news arrived in Persia from Greece, in the space of one night and one day." On the maps of Danville, the distance in a direct line, from Athens to Susa, is about 490 leagues. But as this correspondence is not said to have been carried on by means of carrier-pigeons, and the Ægean sea would have interrupted the vocal transmission, we must add to the distance the extent of road between Athens and the Hellespont. The real distance thus becomes

520 leagues; and for such a mode of correspondence as is mentioned by Cleomenes, no less than 26,000 men would have been required; and it is quite incredible that so great a number should have been so employed.

What Diodorus Siculus relates of Eumenes, is still more marvellous. He says, that being encamped on the banks of the Tigris, and wishing to be joined by 10,000 archers, from the most remote parts of the Persian empire, he employed for that purpose the vocal correspondence established in that country; and that by this means his orders were transmitted in the course of a single day, to provinces at the distance of 30 days journey. It is necessary to remark here, that Diodorus expressly says, that for this business they chose such persons as had the strongest voices; from which it may be concluded that they did not use any kind of speaking-trumpet. A day's journey in Asia is usually reckoned to be about 5 myriametres; the 30 days journey would accordingly be equal to 150 myriametres, (or about 308 leagues); and 15,408 men would have been required.

Is it probable that Xerxes should have employed in a single line of correspondence 26,000, Eumenes, 15,000, and the Gauls 3,000 men? Is it not more natural to suppose, that this vocal correspondence was a false report, circulated by the respective governments for the purposes of draw-

ing off the attention of the enemy from the signals, by means of which the correspondence was actually carried on? Diodorus himself authorizes this conjecture; for in the same book where the passage relative to Eumenes is found, he says of Antigonos, another of Alexander's Generals, that "he stationed throughout all Asia fire beacons and messengers, that his orders might be promptly communicated and executed." The real means, then, employed, for the quick transmission of intelligence, were various kinds of signals and couriers.

Thus Herodotus, whose veracity is acknowledged by all, does not attribute any other to the Persians; neither does the author of the "Treatise de Mundo," which is found in the collection of the works ascribed to Aristotle. The latter says expressly "the kings of Persia had stationed in the country of Asia, subject to their sway, couriers on horseback, centinels, and fire beacons, that they might have intelligence sent them in one day of any commotions that happened in Asia, from the confines of the empire, to Susa and Ecbatana."

It is true that these means, being confined in number and position, could convey only the substance of the news; but couriers soon after brought the details, and in this manner the correspondence by means of our modern telegraphs is still conducted.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

THREE volumes of Essays on the Art of War and on Modern Military Tactics, is preparing for the press, by the editor of Letters of a General Officer to his Son on entering the Army, under the title of the Military Mentor.

Dr. Carey intends publishing a Familiar English Grammar, intended as an easy introduction to the more difficult grammars, and formed to facilitate the business of English prosody and versification.

Mr. J. Murdoch, known as the author of several elementary works on the French language, intends to pub-

lish by subscription a Dictionary of Distinctions, consisting of three alphabets, containing:—1st, words the same in sound, but of different spelling and signification, with which are classed others that have any similarity of sound; 2d, words that vary in pronunciation and meaning, as accentuated or connected; 3d, the changes in sound and sense produced by the addition of the letter *e*. The shades of difference are pointed out and noted according to the plan of Mr. Walker's dictionary.

The prospectus of a new work, by Mr. A. Walker, Lecturer on Physio-

logy, &c. has been issued, under the title of "The Archives of Universal Science," to be published quarterly. Its grand object will be to give in detail all those subjects which other journals embrace, with some that they omit, &c. &c.

Mr. Cumberland has consented to place his name at the head of a new Review, the professed object of which is to rescue literature from the tyranny and knavery of anonymous criticism. The writers in anonymous reviews are charged with having impudently imposed upon the public confidence so far as to threaten the total confusion of all right and wrong, and with having practiced tricks little superior to those of advertising money-lenders.

Mr. Robert Kerr Porter, since his return from Russia in consequence of the war, has been engaged in preparing for publication, a collection of drawings, representing the costume and manners of Russia and Sweden, and a journal of his travels into remote parts of the Russian empire.

The Rev. Mr. Daniel, author of *Rural Sports*, intends to publish, in one volume quarto, a History of the Horse, containing directions relative to the breeding, rearing, training, &c. the race-horse, the hunter, the hackney, the carriage, and the cart-horse, for the different uses of the turf, the field, &c. with anecdotes appertaining to each class, with the method of treating the disorders of horses.

A work on *Capital Punishments* is in considerable forwardness, which will contain, amongst other articles, extracts from the writings of Judge Blackstone, Dr. Johnson, Beccaria, Sir Thomas More, Montesquieu, and Dr. Paley, on this very important subject.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

There is at present, in London, a man in the situation of porter to a nobleman, who has successfully attempted to copy several paintings of the most eminent masters, and whose labours have been so highly approved of by some of the most distinguished lovers of the arts, that his copies have obtained a place in several of the most splendid collections of modern paintings.—A *Belisarius* of this new artist,

copied from one of the last productions of Opie, was lately disposed of for 25 guineas; it was put up by lottery at a guinea a piece to 25 subscribers; amongst whom were some of the most distinguished patrons of the arts; it fell to the lot of Mr. Longman of Pateinoster-row, and is now in his possession. Other pieces copied by the same hand from paintings of celebrity have obtained places in the cabinets of the Rev. Dr. Todd, Mr. McDonald, of Spring Gardens (son to the Lord Chief Baron), Mr. Thomas Hope, Lord Yarborough, and the Marquis of Stafford.

Vegetable Tallow.—At Gratz, in Silesia, a dissertation has lately been published to recommend the institution of a new candle manufactory. The author states, that the blossoms of the *populus nigra*, or black poplar, yield by pressure, an oil, or resin, which consolidates in the usual temperature of the atmosphere, and which, when made into candles, is found to give a light cheaper than tallow, and more brilliant than that of wax. The only inconvenience, and this the author hopes by chemical bleaching to overcome, is, that these new tapers have a tawny colour, duller than that of bees wax, or of resin soap.

Mr. Fieyline has extracted a large quantity of saccharine matter from the black mulberry-tree, which may be obtained in a state of syrup, or concrete sugar. The syrup may be had by extracting the juice, clarifying it with the whites of eggs, and afterwards evaporating it to a proper consistence.

An improved mode of making White Lead.—Take any quantity of lead ashes and dissolve them by the action of a gentle heat in a sufficient quantity of diluted nitric acid. Pour off the solution, and precipitate it by dissolved chalk. The precipitate washed and dried, gives the purest and most beautiful ceruse which can possibly be seen.

An experiment, to ascertain whether by soiling or grazing the greatest increase of weight could be obtained, attracted particular notice at the last Workington Agricultural Meeting. Two west highland cows had been selected; the one soiled was aged, and had gained from the 14th of May to

the 3d of October, 16 stone; the other was four years old, and had gained 9 stone 9½ pounds. Six other small islanders, put up to feed on the 29th of June, had on an average increased 8 stone, or one pound and a half per day.—This experiment is highly important to the farmer, and cannot fail of pointing out the advantage of soiling.

To restore the lustre of glasses which are tarnished, by age or accident.—Strew on them powdered fuller's earth, carefully cleared from sand, &c. and rub them with a linen cloth.

The following recipes are now in circulation on the continent, for the destruction of caterpillars, ants, and other insects.—Take about two pounds weight of black soap, the same quantity of flower of sulphur, two pounds weight of truffles, and 15 gallons of water; the whole must be well incorporated by the aid of a gentle warmth. Insects on which this water is sprinkled die immediately.—Query, is this liquor effectual in destroying that noisome vermin, the bug? If so, its composition cannot be made too extensively known; as we do not perceive that it is likely to damage bed-furniture, &c.

Mr. Hall, of the City Road, having purchased several of the natural curiosities that belonged to Sir Ashton Lever's Museum, his exhibition now consists of several hundred stuffed birds, beasts, insects, and reptiles, in the highest state of preservation. In one case, a pair of goldfinches are exhibited, billing and cooing,—a bellfinch singing, "Life let us cherish,"—a starling singing the Marquis of Granby's march,—and a thrush his wild notes, besides a canary bird, &c.

America.

Travels in Upper and Lower Canada, written by Mr. E. A. Kendal, now in the press, abroad, will be published in England at the same time it appears in America.

An important publication is also in the press at New York, viz.—"The Natural, Civil, and Political History of Chili," translated from the Italian of the Abbé Molina, with notes from the Spanish and French versions, and

a copious Appendix, consisting of a translation into English heroic verse, of the most striking and interesting passages in the celebrated Spanish epic poem, "The Araucana," by Don Alonzo Ercilla. It will form two 8vo. volumes, illustrated with a map of the country. This work has obtained high reputation. The author, a native of Chili, and for a long time resident in that country, is eminently distinguished as a writer and a natural philosopher. Whether considered in relation to its natural productions, or its civil and military transactions, Chili affords an interesting subject for the historian. Blessed with a most salubrious and delightful climate, with a soil wonderfully fertile, and adapted to the productions of almost every country, rich in mines of gold and silver; it offers to the naturalist a wide field of curious research. To the moral philosopher it also furnishes a subject still more interesting from the character of its original inhabitants, the brave and hardy Araucanians. Their gallant and successful resistance to the best disciplined troops of Spain, then in the meridian of her military glory, and their firm support of their national independence, exhibit a picture novel, highly impressive, and strongly contrasted with that of the other American nations. This work will also be reprinted in England.

East Indies.

It being a matter of the highest importance to obtain the genuine cochineal insect alive from South America, the government of Madras has offered a reward of 5000 star pagodas or 2000*l.* to any British captain who shall bring it to the Indies in good condition. The following description of the species of insect, for which this reward will be paid, and of the mode recommended to be pursued for the accomplishment of this object, is published for general information. There is a distinction in trade of four kinds; viz. Mestique, Compreschane, Tetruschacé, and Sylvester, of which the first is accounted the best, and the last the worst. The three first derive their names from the situation of their produce; the last is found wild, and though perhaps superior to the spurious insect procured in the East Indies,

is not considered as a desideratum. If either of the other three kinds above specified could be procured, it is suggested that the live insect may be preserved on the plant, during the voyage to Madras; but as the success of this experiment on a sea voyage must be precarious, every other practicable mode that could be devised, should be attempted for the purpose. The following is understood to be the mode practised by the Spaniards for preserving the insect, while propagating its species, or depositing its eggs. The insects destined for this purpose are taken at a proper time of the growth, put into a box well closed, and lined with coarse cloth; in this confinement, they deposit their eggs, and die. The box is kept close shut till the time of placing the eggs on the nopal. The animalculæ are so minute as to be scarcely perceptible. They are put on the tree in May or June, and in two months attain to the size of a dog-tick. The mode of preserving the insect on the plant should however also be attempted, especially as there is reason to doubt, whether that on which the Spanish coccus feeds be the same with the nopal andersoniana.

France.

A Translation of the Rev. J. Gordon's History of Ireland has lately been published at Paris in 3 volumes octavo.

M. Gregoire, the *ci-devant* Bishop of Blois, has published a work, entitled *De la Littérature des Negres*, in which the intellectual faculties of the Blacks, with their moral qualities, and their literature, are examined. Notices are annexed respecting such negroes as have distinguished themselves in literature, or in the arts and sciences.

M. Auaric, an apothecary at Valence, has lately made a number of chemical experiments on the saccharine matter contained in the stalk of the Indian corn; but as the expense exceeds the profit, the results have not answered his expectation. The saccharine matter thus extracted constantly retains the system of treacle, and cannot be crystallized by any known process; but the gummy extract may be used as an attenuant in medicine, in consequence of its sapo-

nacious quality. A priest of Vicenza has also invented a useful instrument for ascertaining the quantity of saccharine matter in unfermented wine, and shewing how to extract it. The instrument is called an *Euometer*, and the Academy of Sciences at Naples have vouched for its answering the purpose intended.

At a late general meeting of the Society for encouraging National Industry, at which M. Chaptal presided, a prize of 3000 francs for a loom for weaving all kinds of gold and silver stuffs was awarded to M. Jaccquard, an artist of Lyons, to whom the emperor has also granted a premium of 50 francs for each of these looms with which he may supply manufactories. A prize of 600 francs was adjudged for improvements in combs for wool, and another of 500 for an improved method of constructing brick, tile, and lime-kilns. The society voted its thanks to M. Gille, type-founder and printer at Paris for stimulating the endeavours of several engravers on wood; to M. Reynouard, printer and bookseller, and M. Peyriard, professor of astronomy and mathematics at the Bonaparte Lyceum, for having seconded the views of the society by placing wood-cuts in his editions of *Morceaux Choisis de Buffon*, and in his translation of the works of *Archimedes*. Prizes for the improvement of stroke-engraving; for a bureau to be made of wood of trees, indigenous or naturalized in France; for various pieces of machinery, &c. were proposed for the next year.

The canal to form the junction between the Atlantic and Mediterranean seas, begun nearly 40 years ago, is now resumed with great vigour. New funds have been allotted since 1807 for the completion of the whole. This canal will facilitate the conveyance of goods from *ci-devant* Bourgogne to the southern provinces, and from thence into the interior. Hay, iron, corn, and hemp, will avoid the great circuit they now make by the canals of Charloix and Auxerre, in order to reach Paris, by the navigable parts of the Seine.

A table is now shewn in the gardens of Versailles, formed from the single plank of a vine, two feet and a half in diameter.

Germany.

A child, three years old, son of one of the members of the city council of Brunn, having lately died of the small-pox taken in the natural way, the Imperial Police ordered it to be buried in the most private manner without the city, and its grave to be dug considerably deeper than ordinary. The parents were universally blamed and even despised by some of

the citizens for neglecting to have the child inoculated with the vaccine matter.

A work has lately made its appearance at Leipsig, entitled, "Remarks on the reigning Powers—of the rise, progress, and fall of German nations, in 1808: with a view of the German empire, together with the principal occurrences in the war between France and Prussia."

MEMOIRS OF REMARKABLE PERSONS.

An Account of SENOR LIONETTO, commonly called the Incombustible Spaniard. Translated from the Italian of Louis Sementi, Chief Professor of Chemistry in the Royal University of Naples.

THE Doctor sets out with an observation that it is extraordinary after so many exhibitions at Paris, &c. that in examining all the phenomena which Lionetto has offered to the public, his proposal to enter an oven, with a piece of raw mutton in one hand and an egg in the other, has not been noticed. The Doctor then assures us that Lionetto never did nor ever will enter an oven, if the oven has no particular construction which alters its nature and effects. The action of a very high temperature may be endured some time by some persons, but there is an essential difference between a place amply heated, where the air has access and a close oven where it has not.

The writer then observes "the arrival of a man calling himself incombustible, who treated hot iron in various manners, drank boiling oil, and handled liquid lead, &c. was scarcely announced, when this interesting phenomenon engaged him so much, that he left no means untried by which he might be enabled to form an opinion of it. First, it was indispensably necessary to ascertain the fact, by assisting assiduously at the experiments which Senor Lionetto, otherwise called the *Incombustible Man*, presented to the public." He observes "I approached as near to him as possible, that I might observe minutely whatever was most particular in his experiments—of which the following is an account:—

"Senor Lionetto commenced the proof of his incombustibility by putting over his head a thin plate of red hot iron, which, at least in appearance, did not alter his hair; the iron had scarcely come in contact with it, when a considerable quantity of dense white vapour was seen to arise. A second plate of red hot iron was likewise passed over the whole extent of his arm and leg. With another red hot iron he struck his heel and the point of the foot repeatedly; in this experiment the contact of the fire was longer than in any of the preceding. From the sole of his foot so much vapour was disengaged, that being very near the experiments, my eyes and nose were sensibly affected. He also put between his teeth a heated iron, which, although not red hot, was still capable of burning.

"It was announced that he had drank half a glass of boiling oil; but in fact I found that he had never drank such a dose, and that he had performed what was called drinking twice, by introducing a little into his mouth, not more than the third part of a spoonful at a time. It was likewise said that he had washed his hands and face in boiling lead; but he now practised such an experiment only in rapidly bathing the extremities of his fingers in liquid lead, and also carrying a very small portion of it on his tongue. He afterwards passed a piece of red hot iron over his tongue, without shewing the least painful sensation. His tongue, which I was able distinctly to observe in this often-repeated experiment, was covered with a crust similar to that seen on the tongues of persons in fevers; that is to say, was covered with a kind of

paste, of a dirty grey colour. He exposed his feet again to the flame of burning oil, but kept it at a certain distance. In short, he threw sulphuric, nitric, and muriatic acids on inflamed charcoal, and immediately exposed his face over the vapours which arose from those acids, keeping a small part of it in that situation.

"The experiment with which Senor Lionetto is accustomed to terminate his exhibition, is that of passing through the skin of his arm a thick gold pin, which he does without feeling the least pain. In this proof of his *insensibility*, I observed that the pin entered his skin with difficulty, requiring such a force as if it had to perforate dressed leather. Now although at first view this fact seemed to have no relation with the others practised by means of fire, yet it appeared to me to throw some light on the examination of the phenomenon relating to the pretended incombustibility."

The Doctor then proceeds to relate a series of experiments, which account for the more difficult operations executed by Lionetto. On one part of my body, says he, after trying all the known means proper for benumbing the cutaneous nerves, and clothing the skin with a substance which was a non-conductor of caloric, I repeated the frictions so often with dilute sulphureous acid, that I was finally able to pass a plate of red hot iron over the part without any injury. An accidental combination afterwards induced him to undertake a new series of experiments. Rubbing hard soap upon his tongue, he observed formed a crust; a paste made of this, triturated in a mortar, and water saturated with acidulous sulphat of alumine and potash, being agitated or boiled, was afterwards spread as a composition on his tongue, which succeeded completely. In fact to enable him to bear the action of the fire, he found it necessary, after bathing his tongue with sulphureous acid, to rub it frequently with a piece of hard soap. This preparation succeeded still better, in consequence of his covering his tongue with a stratum of fine powdered sugar, after bathing it with the acid.

Persons who wish to make similar experiments he says, should com-

mence by rubbing themselves with dilute sulphureous acid, or with saturated solution of alum. The more numerous the frictions, the more insensible the skin will become, and also the more proper to sustain the action of fire.

ANN MOOR, of Tutbury, in Staffordshire.

TO rectify and improve the accounts of this singular person, which have appeared in the newspapers and in our last magazine, (see page 376,) Mr. Robert Taylor, member of the Royal College of Surgeons, London, and resident at Lane End, Staffordshire, has published a scientific representation of her case. She is a woman, he observes, "in whom nature appears to have established a mere circulating recumbent life, without the usual essential of nutritious juices." To prevent any imposition on her part, all the persons formerly about her have been removed, and she has been taken to the house of a most decided objector to her veracity, and two persons in turn have watched her day and night. Ann Moor, it seems, has been declining in health a long time, and thinks she had not been an hour free from pain in her left side for nine years, previously to her first attack of anorexy, which she imputes to her washing out the linen of a person affected with scrofulous ulcers; in consequence of which she lost all desire of food, and gave up her work on the 4th of November, 1806. From thence till the March following her sustenance never exceeded the ratio of three ounces per day; her strongest drink being tea, but without milk or cream. Whatever she took recalled to her imagination the same strong smell of corruption which at first disordered her, and the slimy matter which she frequently vomited up from the mere recurrence of the idea, seemed to have the same appearance and scent as that which occurred to her at first.

In March 1807, she had strong fits, which naturally left the cramp in her stomach; to remedy which she drank boiling hot gruel, which though it scalded her lips, had no disagreeable effect on her stomach. Any thing of

an inferior heat gave her a sense of cold, and caused rigors. She first took to her bed for a constancy, on the 10th of April, 1807. On the 30th of May following she attempted to swallow a bit of biscuit, which was immediately rejected with dreadful vomiting and blood. In the latter end of June she took the last substance she ever swallowed, being a few black currants. Her last evacuation (e recto) was by diarrhoea, on the 3d of August, since which she has also fallen off in the quantity of fluids, sometimes omitting taking any, for two days together. Her common tea has been once varied for onion tea. Her strength she allows to have decreased, but her spirits and mental energy never have, though she is frequently taking cold from the slightest causes. Nor is her head ever free from pain. her voice is strong, and holds out the full female exercise of that faculty.

She has now even left off taking the smallest quantity of water, and finds every good effect from cleansing her mouth occasionally with a moistened rag. She has no menses: her urine, averaged at about a pint in two days, is very offensive and of a high colour. But the greatest phenomenon is her extreme emaciation. Her circumference measured round the loins is twenty inches and a half, across the chest, twenty-eight and a half; and across the hips, thirty inches. There is scarcely the trace of any viscus to be felt in the abdomen; the bladder, uterus, and its appendages, are sunk beneath the arch of the pubes, and

every thing else (that might be) is drawn up under the ribs, so that it cannot be perceived. From the lowest rib, the integuments descending to the *assa filii*, form an empty cord-like folding; and at the umbilicus the *flaccid parietes abdominis* may be readily rubbed over the lumbar vertebrae, and no kind of substance felt to intervene. The grand trunk of the aorta may be traced by the finger from the place most immediately under the ensiform process of the sternum, where the loose integument is drawn down upon it, nearly to its bifurcation. It may be drawn from its situation over the spine; and thus, by holding the skin across it with my thumb and finger, I have been able to make it apparent to the by-standers.

Notwithstanding, since this woman's removal from her home, she thinks she is better and stronger than she was six months ago. She sleeps well and enjoys a remarkably serene and happy mind. Her muscular power is such that she can conveniently raise and support herself in bed. And, notwithstanding it was the 14th month of her abstinence, her health otherwise has increased. Her pulse, it is remarked, has also kept the standard of health with daily exacerbations. Mr. Robert Taylor observes, in the conclusion of his account of her, "It is now the sixteenth day that she has been under the strictest scrutiny, and the thirteenth that she has abstained from all fluids. She is now better in health than when the examination was instituted."

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

THE convention of Cintra has roused the attention of every thinking man in this nation. The comparison between the English and French armies is too striking not to be frequently made. It is not, that there is a want of bravery in the English soldier, for that has been frequently put to the test; but there is evidently something wrong in the system, which permits such indifferent officers to be at the head of our armies. The convention of Cintra is understood sufficiently by the whole nation. If we attach credit to the gazette accounts, our officers behaved as well as men

could do, and the fault of that disgraceful act must lie with the commanders, or the ministry, or with both. A court of enquiry has been instituted. What is meant by this court of enquiry, we are to learn: it is an anomaly in our constitution. It is contrived, one would think, to prevent justice being done, and we may thank God, that there is no such in the navy, or that a safeguard of our country would soon be destroyed. It is a court without power. It cannot administer an oath, it cannot compel witnesses; every body must see its inefficiency. A court martial on the generals would

at once decide who were the guilty men in Portugal, and to what extent their guilt reached. If the guilt attached to men on this side of the water, the way to punish them is open by impeachment; and, if they are too powerful to be attacked by the legal modes of our constitution, we must lament the fate of our country.

But the enquiry has performed one good office. It has given Sir Hew Dalrymple an opportunity of speaking his sentiments, and he has come forward in a manner to do him honour. He has declared his readiness to give every possible information to the court: he does not wish to withhold a single circumstance, and he placed a fact in a proper point of view, which had been very much misrepresented, and on the misrepresentation very atrocious and wicked attempts had been made to cast the whole odium of the transaction upon him. He mentioned, that whatever might be the merits or the demerits of the convention, Sir Arthur Wellesley participated in them. He was the chief agent in the conference with Kellerman: much was deferred to him from his local knowledge, and he signed the convention by his own free will and consent. It had been intimated in the public papers, that his act was the act of compulsion in obedience to military discipline; but he was under no restraint whatever, and acted completely for himself.

This brought forward Sir Arthur Wellesley who denied that he had given, either by himself or others, the least countenance to the insinuations on this subject in the public papers: and he allowed that he had signed the convention of his own free will and consent. It will be recollected, that on the first news of the convention many of our papers were lavish of their praises on Sir Arthur Wellesley, stating that he had protested against the convention, and the greater their encomiums on this gentleman, the more violent was their abuse of Sir H. Dalrymple. It does not appear that when Sir Arthur came to England, he took one step to set the public right on this article: till the court met, the fact, to say the least of it, was doubtful. Sir Arthur has received the countenance of the court

and the ministry; Sir Hew Dalrymple stands or falls by himself. Who the men were, that took such endeavours to bias the public judgment, it would become Sir Arthur Wellesley to discover; till we know them, the degree of credit to be given to his words will remain doubtful.

We were not in the least surprised at a curious attempt to keep the public blind to the proceedings of this curious court. The gentleman, who introduced the papers, made a request, that nothing might be published, under the pretext, that it would be injurious to the cause of justice. We object to the principle of concealment; not only in this court, but in all legally-constituted courts. Publicity is the most effectual method to promote the cause of truth and justice. The editors of the newspapers have not thought fit to grant this gentleman's request, and in this they meet with our entire approbation. As to the opinion of the court upon the subject we neither know nor desire to know it. The editors of the newspapers are not at all amenable to it.

Another circumstance occurred worthy of notice. The letter of Sir Arthur Wellesley to the bishop of Oporto was not produced. We see no reason for keeping it back. It is an important document: and, if it is the same as represented in the public papers, it throws great light upon Sir Arthur's conduct. That any disposition to keep back such a paper should appear, bears a bad aspect. If it was by the desire of Sir Arthur Wellesley, he has proved himself inferior to Sir Hew Dalrymple in the outset of this business. Sir Hew has offered nobly every assistance to the enquiry. He was no friend, we think, to Sir Arthur, who could suggest the keeping back of the letter to the bishop. But we leave this curious court to itself, and turn to the consideration of more important proceedings of the constituted courts of England.

One of these was called by the Sheriff of London for the county of Middlesex, and the freeholders assembled voted an address to the King, and some resolutions which do them great credit. Several animated speeches were made on this occasion, particularly one by Mr. Byng, the repre-

tentative, who stood up manfully for the grand principle of petitioning, as maintained by the constitution, settled at the revolution, and which ascertains to the people their right in clear and decisive terms, and which cannot be violated by any one without incurring the penalties of high treason.

The address was firm, dignified, and loyal, lamenting the disgraces, fixed on his majesty's armies, and praying that a parliament might be called to make due enquiry into the ignominy of the Convention at Cintra. A resolution was also passed, that the sheriffs should publish their correspondence with the secretary of state on the subject of presenting the address, and this was done from information, that several petitions and addresses had been kept in the secretary's office, and never presented to the king. If the fact is true, and we have every reason to believe it so, we cannot too much commend this meeting for the resolution they passed; and the fact may appear to deserve enquiry as much as the Convention of Cintra for, if the officer of the crown who stands between the crown and the people, can of his own accord deliver or keep back petitions, he makes a fundamental article of our constitution invalid. In fact it appears to be a sufficient ground for the impeachment of any secretary of state, if any such has been; who has committed this atrocious crime: and no distance of time should screen him from the punishment he so richly deserves. In consequence of the resolution the sheriff published the letter they received from the secretary of state, which declared positively that the petition had been presented.

Several other places voted petitions, and in general the answer to the city of London was reprobated with just indignation. Indeed nothing could be more injudicious than that answer, and it was not, likely, that it would be passed by without notice. When it was read in the court of common council, one sentiment only prevailed upon it, and very strong and pointed resolutions were drawn up, entered in their books, and ordered to be read. These proceedings do the crown honour, and may teach courtiers

proper behaviour. The right of petitioning is equally for the interest of sovereign and subject: and we need only look to despotic thrones, to see on what an uncertain seat he is placed, who hears every thing by his courtiers only, and to whom the people have no access. Where this is the case, the assassination of the prince is frequent. He hears the murmur when it is too late, and he laments in his last moments, that he had lived in ignorance of his people's complaints. That man is a traitor equally to the king, and to the country, who prevents the petitions of the people from reaching the ears of his sovereign.

The Convention at Cintra will form an important æra in the history of England. In Portugal also it will ever be remembered. With whatever joy the departure of the French may have been seen, the conduct of the English since their arrival has by no means given general satisfaction. The want of communication between our commanders with any of the civil or military officers of Portugal on the Convention, has been viewed with a very ungracious eye; the interference in that Convention, with what belongs to the civil government of Portugal, could not but give dissatisfaction; the appointment of the regency and the management of the police by our army occasioned great disquietude. In fact our appointment of the regency is said to be resisted, and in the north of Portugal they mean to adhere to the Junta of Oporto. The real state of the case is, that we entered the kingdom of Portugal as auxiliaries, not as conquerors; that in driving out the enemy, we did not acquire the right of conquest, and that when the enemy were driven out, the rights of the Queen of Portugal were restored to their full force, just as they were before she quitted Portugal.

Whatever may have been the disquietude, it is to be hoped, that it will now naturally subside. Sir John Moore has marched with a large body of troops into Spain, to try his strength with general Junot, who was in that country long before him. This army takes the road by Salamanca, and it expects to meet the army under general Baird, which was landed on the shores of Biscay. By one of those cir-

cumstances, which seems to attend every thing that has connection with the management of our land forces, General Baird's army was kept for a long time on board the transports, till a messenger could be sent to the supreme Junta, to announce their arrival, and obtain permission for their landing. On being landed they took the road towards Burgos; and, if a junction is effected between them and Moore's army, the strength of the English will be very considerable on the right wing of the French; and with proper generalship on the part of the combined armies, the movements of Bonaparte may be considerably impeded.

The campaign is probably by this time begun, and the French emperor's designs have been shown. It will be very interesting. He has hitherto fought with armies, he must now, if the accounts of Spain are true, fight with an armed population. The conduct of the French up to this time seems to have been as prudent as that of the English and Spaniards seems to have been unaccountable. The French giving way to the rage of insurrection, concentrating their strength in the north of Spain, to the north of the Ebro, have contented themselves with a defensive position, and waited tranquilly for those reinforcements, which would enable them to pursue decisive measures. Six months have elapsed in this manner. In this time the English, having the command of the sea, and being able to land troops wherever they pleased, have not availed themselves of their strength to any purpose, but have wasted it on the coast of Portugal, with no other effect than to give France a great body of troops to co-operate in the invasion of Spain. Common sense, one would have thought, would have pointed out Biscay as the landing place for all the strength, that England could afford. There they had the opportunity of forcing the French to action: and, if the latter detached sufficient forces from Vittoria to attack the English, the remaining body would have been swallowed up by the population of Spain.

But every thing seems to have been done exactly in the manner that the French Emperor could have wished.

Inactivity has prevailed in the combined armies, till the moment, that he put himself at the head of his own troops. Whilst he was employed in feasts and conferences with the Russian Emperor in Germany, the affairs of Spain were by no means neglected: reinforcements were marching in every direction to the assistance of his brother, and at the moment of their arrival, it was evident, that they would have at their head their beloved and experienced commander. Swift as lightning, he traversed the country from Erfurth to Paris, and from Paris to Vittoria. By this time he has arranged his troops and every thing around him is in action. He is not accustomed to the delays which attend the operations of an English army.

Not knowing the strength of either the French or the combined armies, we can form but a very imperfect idea at present of the campaign. The main body of the French is somewhere near Vittoria, to the north of the Ebro: Bilboa is, it appears on the right, Barcelona on the left, but it is nearest to Bilboa. The opposing armies are on its left: Blake's near Bilboa. The English armies near Burgos, and various Spanish armies, the strength of which is not known, on the remainder of the lines towards Barcelona. It may be one of Bonaparte's first plans to prevent the junction of the two English armies; and, if he succeeds in this measure, the advantage on his side will be very great. We have to observe, that on his part the direction of every movement depends on and is known to himself alone: on the other side it does not appear, at present, that the bodies acting against him are other than detached armies, whose exertions will want that vigour which results from unity of council and design.

The Supreme Junta maintains its authority, and seems by a proclamation to have lamented the want of energy and activity in its troops. It seems to have seen the loss of time, and the imprudence of permitting reinforcements to pass the Pyrenees.—The task it has undertaken is a great and glorious one; but, if not supported by the whole energy of the nation, the arts of the invader may still pre-

vail. He does not fight only with steel; and the abuses of the old government were so great, that he may easily point out to the Spaniards a variety of reforms which the Supreme Junta has neglected to suggest, or to give any reason to believe that they will be introduced. The contest is assuredly the grandest since the French revolution; and it will show whether the wicked and miserable government, under which Spain has groaned for the two last centuries, has or not had the effect of paralysing its strength, and how far it is possible after long degradation to bring back the human mind to its wonted energies.

Whatever we may think of the moral qualities of Bonaparte, we cannot but admire his activity, and energy, and spirit. We left him last month feasting with the Russian Emperor in the heart of Germany, devising without doubt some great plans, in which he would find a ready coadjutor. These will be developed in due time, and in the mean time it is ascertained that the two Emperors met and parted with the greatest cordiality.—The affairs of Sweden were adjusted probably at this conference, and Finland guaranteed to Russia. The state of the Ottoman empire would come under discussion, and the two potent Emperors would find no great difficulty in carving out their respective portions. But the most important effect of the conference was probably the paralysing of Austria. Much has been said of its hostile intentions, yet its ambassador was present at the conferences, and it does not appear that the least motion has been made on the part of Austria to embarrass the plans of the French, or to take advantage of the departure of their Emperor from his kingdom.

Austria may be waiting the effect of this new war. If Bonaparte is beaten it may expect to make a figure again in the affairs of Germany; if he succeeds, her policy is to be quiet. The English politicians expect, that all Europe is to be filled with our animosity against the French Emperor; but they do not recollect the obligations many nations are under to him for destroying the feudal governments and petty tyrannies under which they groined. The court of Austria may

be as angry as it pleases, but it must smother its anger till it has learned to govern wisely, and to secure the affections of its people.

Bonaparte remained but a short time in Paris in his transit through France. It was time enough for him to receive the addresses of thanks of the legislative body, for the grand exposé he had made to them of the resources of his country and his future designs. In this exposé all the circumstances which a good government should promote are detailed with great skill: if they have been executed as well as described, their sovereign deserves the thanks of his country for his exertions. Very few sovereigns can claim such merit, but perhaps their high birth is to screen them from performing the duties of royalty. The legislative body may vote what he pleases, yet it is certain that this appeal to public opinion must curb in a great measure the rigour of despotism. If he rules by military prowess, he certainly does not shew his power merely by the burden of taxes. The melioration of the country and the introduction of good laws occupy the attention of both the legislative and executive body, and we do not hear that he finds it necessary to secure a majority in his senate, by paying its members in military or civil appointments.

Sweden is completely foiled in this last campaign with Russia, and Finland is now torn, probably for ever, from his crown. Some bloody battles have been fought in that country, and the result has been to the disadvantage of Sweden. The Russian fleet is also sailed from Port Baltic, and is ready for operations in the Gulph of Bothnia, as long as the season will permit. Our fleet must leave the Baltic for the winter, and the Swedish fleet can hardly cope with that of Russia. Thus the Russians may pour in what troops they please into Finland, and the King of Sweden will find it difficult to send reinforcements. He may now relate to his states the brave feats he has performed since the beginning of the French revolution, and at what expense he has earned the title of King of Chivalry.

Of Denmark we know little. It is completely under French influence,

and makes a number of English prizes. Holland is employed in making laws in commerce, which are hourly broken. The Italian states remain quiet. We hear little of the Pope. The French have captured the island of Capri, and made prisoners of many of our soldiers. The King of Naples is looking towards Sicily, and will soon make an attempt upon that island.

The Ottoman empire seems to be sensible of its approaching fate, and its Vizir is determined to meet it with spirit and resolution. He is calling forth the whole strength of the empire to counteract its destiny. The Grand Signor has a nominal authority, the Grand Vizir is every thing. He acts without controul, with great severity, and is introducing those reforms which his predecessors attempted in vain. The necessities of the times will assist him, but he must find it a difficult task to introduce European tactics. Constantinople, it is however said, has not for a long time enjoyed so great tranquillity. An attack from Russia is evidently feared, and they are so situated, that they know not who are their friends, or their foes. Their best security is to consider all as infidels, and to rely on their own resources.

The Brazils seem to be consolidating very fast their government, and great plans are on foot for carrying on a great trade with this country. The revolution in Portugal will not induce the Prince, at least for some time, to return. The English are now permitted to trade in the Plata, and the Spaniards throughout South America receive us as friends. They cannot as yet tell whom they must obey, and the conflict seems likely to end in their independence. This will introduce new changes in the political world, and future times will determine whether the follies of the mother country

will pervert the new system. In North America the embargo continues; and the subjects of the United States, who are not engaged on the seas, are subduing the earth in the best way, by bringing vast tracts into cultivation.

Since we began this report, the letter of the Lord Mayor has informed the public that a requisition had been presented to him to call a common-hall to consider of the propriety of an address to the crown on the subject of the Convention of Cintra. To this requisition his lordship has been pleased to answer, that as the king has appointed a Court of Inquiry, he deems the object of the requisition to be unnecessary. This answer is not likely to satisfy the livery of London. The present Court of Inquiry may not be of a nature agreeable to their wishes; and in fact, if the object of the requisitionists was merely to have an enquiry of this nature, the Lord Mayor might think with propriety that the object was obtained without farther trouble. But the requisitionists might have looked forward to a parliamentary enquiry, and then their address to the king would have been to call his parliament without delay. This latter measure is in fact the only thing to satisfy the country. The ministers as well as the generals must be put upon their trial. The liverymen who signed the requisition are to deliberate on the farther steps to be taken on this occasion, and they will end probably in the calling of a common-hall, in which the answer of the King and the answer of the Lord Mayor will be fully discussed.

We regret to say, that on the moment of delivering this to the printer, the intelligence from Spain was melancholy, the situation of our armies critical, and the advance of Bonaparte's main army very threatening.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"P. M. W." in reply to *Sophos*, came too late for insertion in the current number.

"A. Z." is informed that his doubts respecting the authenticity of the tale of *Julla* may be satisfied by referring to p. 37 of our Magazine for July.

"An Enquirer" respecting the verdict of James has been received.

We must beg leave to decline the verses of "Mary M." on *having marriage decided*. Is she single?

"A Reader of the Universal Magazine" gravely informs us, that if we insert such pieces as those of *Sophos*, we must expect "a decrease in the number of our subscribers."

BOOKS PUBLISHED NOVEMBER 1808.

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APOLLONIAN CRITIC.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."

The Forest of Hermanstadt, a Melo Drama, in two acts, performed with universal applause at the King's Theatre, Haymarket. Translated from the French, by Thomas Dibdin, Esq. The Action by Mr. Farley. Composed by Mr. Jouve. 6s.

THERE is a want of originality and variety in this composition, which renders it a mere trifle; in short, it is a production (in our estimation) not at all creditable to the talents of Mr. Jouve. We dislike very much the key-note (in most of his airs) being used as a fundamental bass; it is more calculated to produce a *sameness*, than to assist the performers, in a variety of

action which must necessarily occur in the incidents of a melo drama. We lament very much also that foreigners are so frequently employed by our theatrical managers to compose music for pieces, the story of which being related in a language they do not understand, must suffer greatly by the mistaken ideas of the composer; whose ingenuity can only substitute *pretty*, though *unmeaning* airs, for those which ought to be both effective and scientific, as well as judiciously arranged.

H.

Six Serenades, with Variations for the Piano Forte, and an Accompaniment
3 M 2

for the Violin. Composed by Dr. John Clarke of Cambridge, and dedicated to his friend François Cr mer, Esq. &c.

We are happy to find that the more we see of this author's works the more reason we have for being pleased with them.

In the composition before us, there is a species of unaffected simplicity blended with science, that is rarely to be met with in the compositions of our modern English composers. The melodies are replete with an originality and sweetness that is highly creditable to the taste of the author: the variations are well imagined, and the passages are laid out in a masterly manner for the hand of the performer on the piano forte. The violin accompaniment also is very judiciously arranged, and well calculated to display the powers of that instrument as well as the abilities of a finished performer thereon, and that Dr. Clarke is one, we have no doubt from the knowledge that he has evinced in this arrangement. The fourth variation in the first serenade produces a novel and pleasing effect, it is performed by

striking the strings of the violin with the back of the bow, during which time the piano forte is "silent." In short the whole of the work exhibits an admirable specimen of taste and science, and is well worthy of the attention of performers on both instruments.

H.

The celebrated Air "Adown, adown, adown in the Valley," composed by Mr. Sanderson, arranged as a Rondo for the piano forte, by T. H. Butler, author of *Lewie Gordon*. &c.

This pleasing air of Mr. Sanderson's, which Mr. Butler has arranged as a rondo, is so well known, and generally admired, that it needs no commendation from us. Mr. Butler, as a rondo writer, has long been a favourite with the public; but we think that "Adown, adown in the Valley," will still add to his reputation; for it is really a skilful little performance:

J.

. We have to apologize for the brevity of the Apollonian Critic this month;—but unavoidable circumstances have occasioned it.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

KING'S THEATRE.

THURSDAY, Nov. 10.—This evening was performed a new melo-dramatic opera, called *The Exile*. The following are the principal characters:—

Count Ulrich	Mr. Pope
Count Cabnar	Mr. Incedon
The Governor	Mr. Munden
Baron Alltradoff	Mr. Liston
Servant	Mr. Fawcett
Prince	Mr. Young
Baroness	Mr. Cresswell
Muski	Mr. Murray
Farmach	Mr. Chapman
Widow	Mr. Jefferies
Empress Elizabeth	Mrs. St. Leger
Catharine	Mrs. Dickens
Alexina	Mrs. H. Johnston
Anna	Mrs. Gibbs
Anna	Mrs. Liston

Sketch of the Fable.—Count Ulrich, a nobleman of distinction, after acquiring great reputation in the Russian army, is nevertheless banished

to Siberia, through the base influence of Prince Lowenstern over the Empress Catharine. He is thither followed by Sedona, his wife, and his daughter Alexina. Romanoff, the nephew of the Governor of Tobolskow, frequently visiting the wretched family at their retreat in the neighbourhood, a mutual attachment takes place between him and Alexina, which his uncle suspecting, in order to prevent his future visits, and to compel him to marry the niece of Prince Lowenstern, banishes him beyond the frontiers, and endeavours to force Alexina into a marriage with Welzien.—Romanoff assumes the name of Daran, goes to St. Petersburg, and, in the disguise of an Indian, gets into the service of Baron Alltradoff, a nephew of Prince Lowenstern, a pert, vain coxcomb, and in that capacity accompanies him to Tobolskow, whence the Baron is journeying to claim the hand of Catharine, the governor's niece, whose affections he in vain attempts to win

by his skill in music and dancing, her heart being already devoted to Count Calmar, by whom she is beloved with equal ardour. Romanoff, aware of the ruin preparing for Count Ulrick, to conceal his benevolent design, assumes a ferocious aspect, and expresses a deadly hate to the Exile and his family, by which means he completely blinds the governor as to his intentions, and, jointly with Welzien, (the enraged and rejected suitor of Alexina) is entrusted with the execution of the empress's orders; in pursuance of which Ulrick is dragged from his retreat and imprisoned in Tobolsk, and they are sent in pursuit of Alexina, who has set out, accompanied by Yermach, a faithful domestic, on the desperate undertaking of travelling to St. Petersburg, to solicit her father's pardon. In this undertaking Daran completely frustrates the vindictive designs of Welzien, and Alexina reaches the neighbourhood of Moscow in safety. The rejoicings of the inhabitants of that city announce the grateful tidings of the succession of Elizabeth to the throne of Russia, and of her approaching coronation. Alexina hastens thither, rushes into the presence of her new sovereign; and, notwithstanding the influence of the Patriarch, (a near relation of Prince Lowenstern) she procures, through the means of the disguised Romanoff, the pardon she solicited, and immediately departs for Siberia, without waiting for the deed of pardon to be completed; by which means she is again subjected to all the bitterness of sorrow, and, in order to save herself and family from immediate destruction, is compelled to marry the supposed Daran.—The governor at length receives the royal mandate from court for the liberation of Count Ulrick, and by it he becomes acquainted with the villainy and disgrace of Prince Lowenstern, which reconciles him to the union of his daughter with Count Calmar, to whose protection she had fled, after escaping from her uncle's house by the ingenuity of Servitz. Romanoff, not Daran, claims Alexina for his bride, and the Exile is restored to his former honours.

In this pretty piece, which does not exhibit much novelty, either of situation or character, the actors dis-

tinguished themselves in such a manner as to give it considerable effect; and it was announced for repetition by Mr. Young, amidst the loudest applauses. To be fashionable, however, it was not without its allusions to the present state of Spain.

The Covent Garden Company, which were to have removed on Monday the 28th, continue another week at the King's Theatre, as the Little Theatre cannot be got ready in proper time.

DRURY-LANE.

Nov. 9.—This evening a new drama was performed, called *The Siege of St. Quintin; or, Spanish Heroism*.—In this new piece, and which is attributed to Mr. Hook, the author has dexterously seized many of the circumstances in the history of the Siege of St. Quintin, and applied them with great felicity to the scene that is now passing in Spain. In the mouth of Count Egmont, a Spanish commander, he puts a most forcible description of the savage atrocities perpetrated by the French, and of the courage, the intrepidity, the perseverance, and the wisdom, by which the unprincipled invasion of the enemy is resisted, discomfited, and confounded. The more pointed passages were seized with avidity, and hailed with the most enthusiastic applause. The interest of the piece turns almost exclusively on the fortunes and sufferings of Count Egmont and his countess, Adriana, who fall into the hands of De Courcy, the governor of the castle, by whom they are immured in separate prisons; Egmont, in a cold subterraneous cave, the entrance into which is covered over with a ponderous iron-grating. De Courcy is enamoured of the charms of Adriana; and, among the other dark shades of his character, endeavours to win her affections from her husband, and fix them on himself. His stratagems are, however, frustrated by the ingenuity and presence of mind of Adriana, who gains to her interest her keepers, Bertrand and Rosa de Valmont, from whom she contrives to procure the key to the door of Egmont's prison, extricates him from his confinement, and shuts up De Courcy in his stead.

Egmont, by the help of his son, who is a prisoner, obtains the password, and thus deludes the guards, and returns to his commander in chief, Emanuel Philip, with whom he concert, and afterwards executes the attack and expulsion of the enemy, in which enterprise he is nobly seconded by an Irish officer, Sir Leinster Kildare.

The following are the principal characters:—

Spaniards.

Emanuel Philip (Duke of Savoy) Mr. Putnam.
Count Egmont (the General) Mr. Elliston.
Theodore (his Son) .. Master Wallack.
Everard (the Minstrel) Mr. Braham.
Bertrand Mr. De Camp.
Alvarez Mr. Ray.
Miguel Mr. Millar.
Adriana (Egmont's Wife) Mrs. H. Siddons.

English.

Sir Leinster Kildare .. Mr. Johnstone.
Captain Mr. Maddocks.
Jack Mr. Penley.

French.

De Courcy (Governor of the castle) Mr. Raymond.
Lafroche Mr. Smith.
Rosa De Valmont Miss Ray.
Margaret Miss Tidswell.

The piece abounds in glowing sentiments of patriotism, and in energetic descriptions of the acts of injustice, oppression, and cruelty, exercised against the generous Spaniards by their ferocious enemy. Here is its chief merit as a composition. There is much ingenuity in the contrivance by which Egmont is liberated from his dungeon; but some of the incidents want probability. In the delineation of the characters there is not much novelty or niceness.—Egmont is a bold and generous Spaniard; De Courcy a stern tyrannical Frenchman; Sir Leinster Kildare, a courageous, warm-hearted Irishman; Adriana, a constant and affectionate wife. Such characters, no doubt, are every day to be met with; but brought together under the circumstances in which they are placed in this piece,

they could not fail of exciting a powerful interest.

Egmont and Sir Leinster Kildare had most able representatives in Elliston and Johnstone. Nothing could be more tenderly affecting than Mrs. H. Siddons's Adriana. Braham is introduced as a military minstrel, animating the Spaniards to battle; he had two airs, and they were given with his usual taste, and were received with the accustomed applause.

The part of the vocal performance which excited the greatest applause was a beautiful duet between Masters Dourouset and Huckle, (pupils of Mr. Corri, the composer) which was rapturously encored. The Overture and Music are composed by Mr. Hook, and do much credit to his taste and science. The scenery is all new and of uncommon beauty. The dresses and decorations are appropriate and magnificent.

From the beginning almost to the end the piece was listened to with the deepest attention, and interrupted only by frequent bursts of applause. When it was given out for a second representation, some attempts were made at censure, but they were soon overpowered by cries of *bravo* and a tumult of approbation.

Wednesday, November 23.—The Comedy of the *Three Chances* was performed at this theatre this evening. Elliston's *Don John* is an admirable piece of acting: it was light, gay, and airy; the raillery and mirth were those of a gentleman. There was no approach to the rampancy of a city buck. His performance was entirely unmixed with any alloy of vulgarity. *Don John* is the model in which the *Rangers*, the *Archers*, and all the swaggering rakes of modern comedy have invariably been cast. But the Spanish cavalier is infinitely superior to this hasty brood. There is in the character of *Don John* the splendid, chivalrous gaiety of the Spanish gentleman; that gaiety which prevailed in Spain, when Spain was the court of the world and the mirror of European manners. Elliston most admirably hit the points of this character; and it gives us pleasure to proclaim his unrivalled excellence in performing it. Whatever can be said

of Elliston's *Don John*, may be reported of Mrs. Jordan's *Constantia*. The part is short, and did not afford sufficient scope for her powers; but the few scenes in which she had an opportunity to exhibit her talents, were given in that chaste style of

comic colouring which distinguishes her in every part she delineates.

A kind of Ballet Dance, of little or no value, has been performed, with neither praise nor blame, at this theatre.

ADDITIONS TO, AND CORRECTIONS IN, FORMER OBITUARIES.

LADY DACRE, (p. 270.) For a considerable time after the death of her Ladyship's second husband, Trevor Charles Roper, Esq. she wholly secluded herself from society, and when she again made her appearance she wore the hat and used the walking cane of her deceased lord. A habit of the colour of his clothes, and made after the same fashion about the waistcoat, formed her general dress. The boots, spurs, and gloves of Lord Dacre were placed every morning in the hall, by the servant who had attended him in his life time. A portrait of his lordship hung in the dining parlour, and a plate, with a knife and fork, was placed at table, as if for him.

The period of the year in which Lord Dacre expired, was always held sacred by her, and because the meadows were then being mowed, and his lordship, the day previous to his death, had sat at the window to observe the hay-makers, the meadows were every year afterwards mowed on the same day; the chair in which his lordship sat was placed by the side of the window, and as she placed herself beside it, she seemed to converse with the spirit of her departed spouse. In all this there was no derangement of intellect: in most things a strong

masculine perception and extensive prudence were the characteristics of her ladyship. She was benevolent to the poor, but economically so; and though not sparing of her beneficence, she knew the great secret of doing much good at a small expense. She walked about the village of Lee in all weathers, frequently entered the cottage of the sick, chatted with the aged, and encouraged the industrious. The respect and affection for her memory, which was shewn at her funeral on Tuesday the 20th of September, was very great: the churchyard and the lanes leading thereto, were crowded by numbers of all ranks, and the poor bewailed their loss with tears and lamentations. Her ladyship's age was no more than 54, but her appearance and her masculine attire, made her to be thought full ten years older. She was rather short and bulky in her person. Her features were small and pleasing, but being embrowned by her manner of living, possessed a forbidden harshness to a casual observer. Condescension, cheerfulness, and benevolence, were indeed soon perceived by those who conversed with her, and she seemed to take an interest in the affairs of others, that endeared her to many.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

ON Thursday, October the 27th, the Court of Common Council met to receive his Majesty's Answer to the Address of the City (p. 367) on the subject of the Convention in Portugal.—The report of the proceedings of the last day, and his Majesty's answer being read:—

Mr. Waithman, in a speech of some

length, said, that it was constitutional to consider the Address as that of his Majesty's advisers, and therefore any observations on it could not be disrespectful to his Majesty himself. He declared that the right of petitioning the throne was claimed and insisted upon at the revolution, and that persons exercising that valuable right should be free from reprehension and reproach. For twenty years there had

been no petition for the redress of public grievances, but no occasion had been lost for offering congratulation. Yet to this one petition for redress they received an answer in the most repulsive style. It was, to put it into plain English, nothing more than this—"Gentlemen, I am perfectly convinced of your loyalty and attachment to me, you have told me that so very often, that it was unnecessary to tell me over again what I knew before. As to your advice, I could very well dispense with it." An answer such as this was undoubtedly insulting to the City of London, the first corporation in the empire. If ever there was an occasion which made it necessary for the City to exercise its right of approaching his Majesty with their petitions, it was upon that occasion, where not only the honour of this country, but the interests of their allies for whom the British nation felt so strongly, had been completely sacrificed. In the exercise of that right and duty, they had received an answer from his Majesty's ministers, which was more repulsive, and more in the language of reproof, than any ministers had ever addressed a British King to use to his City of London. Mr. W. concluded by moving as follows:—

Resolved, That his Majesty's Answer be entered on the journals. That at the same time this Court cannot forbear declaring it as their opinion, that the Address and Petition presented to his Majesty by this Court on Wednesday the 15th inst. was conceived in the most dutiful and respectful terms, that it is the undoubted right of the subject to petition, and that this right ought at all times to be freely exercised in all matters of public grievance, without obstruction or reproof.

That they are, therefore, at a loss to know by what construction of their said Petition, however strained or perverted, his Majesty's advisers could attribute to them any intention or design, to pronounce judgment, without previous investigation.

That they are equally at a loss to know why his Majesty's advisers should have deemed it necessary to remind them, that it was inconsistent with the principles of British justice, unless to throw an unmerited odium on

this Corporation, and raise a barrier between them and the Crown, on all occasions where their object is free and constitutional inquiry.

That had this Court refrained from expressing to his Majesty their feelings at the humiliating termination of the campaign in Portugal, they must have ceased to feel—to think—to act as Britons, and have shewn themselves unsusceptible of that patriotism so essentially necessary for the preservation of their liberties—the maintenance of their national honour—and the independence and security of his Majesty's crown and dominions.

They cannot, therefore, sufficiently express their concern, that they should, by any suggestions, have met with obstruction and reprehension in the exercise of this undoubted and invaluable right.

That they particularly regret that his Majesty should have been advised to express a hope "that recent occurrences would have convinced them that his Majesty is at all times ready to institute inquiries on occasions in which the character of the country, or the honour of his Majesty's arms is concerned; and that the interposition of the City of London could not be necessary for inducing his Majesty to direct due enquiry into a transaction which had disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation."

Because it appears, that during the eventful period of the last fifteen years, various enterprises and expeditions have been undertaken, "in which the character of the country, and the honour of his Majesty's arms, were concerned," which have grievously failed, and "disappointed the hopes and expectations of the nation," and in which "due enquiry" has not been made. That in one of the recent occurrences to which his Majesty's Answer refers, it is not known, even at the present moment, by whose advice the Commander in Chief was appointed, or on what account such commander was selected.

During all these calamitous events, and wasteful profusion of blood and treasure, the public burthens have been patiently borne; and his Majesty has not been called upon by "the interposition of the City of London" (if their humble supplication must be

termed) to institute inquiries into these failures; although it appears to them that such "interposition" might have been highly necessary and beneficial to the country, and, by promoting "due inquiry," precluded the necessity of their late application.

That during these unhappy reverses, and while his Majesty's subjects submitted to so many privations, the most shameful and scandalous abuses and speculations have prevailed, into which due inquiry has not been made, so as to bring to justice such great public delinquents.

That whoever advised his Majesty to put so unfavourable and unwarrantable a construction on their late Petition, has abused the confidence of his Sovereign, and is equally an enemy to his Majesty, and the just rights of his people.

That they do not attribute guilt to any one, much less do they pronounce judgment without previous investigation. They ask for investigation, prompt and rigid investigation, and the punishment of guilt wherever it may be found.

Mr. Waithman's resolutions were seconded by Mr. Quin, in a speech of considerable length, and carried by a very great majority.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Married.] At Mary-le-Bone, the Right Hon. Lord George Beresford, to Miss Harriet Schutz.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Sir George Bowyer, Bart. to Miss Douglas, eldest daughter of the late Sir Andrew Snape Douglas.

At St. John's, Hackney, Samuel De Zoete, Esq. of Mincing-lane, to Miss Emily Paine, of Hackney.

Died.] On the 8d of November, at his house in Essex-street, between the hours of six and seven in the evening, in the 89th year of his age, The Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, formerly Vicar of Catterick, in Yorkshire. This living he resigned in the year 1773, from a conviction that the service of the Church of England, as far as it involves the doctrine of the Trinity, is repugnant to the precepts of our Saviour and his Apostles, and particularly to the great commands of God, solemnly promulgated to the Jews,

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and urged with the strongest emphasis by our Saviour—Thou shalt have no other Gods but me. In consequence of this conviction, and the ineffectual attempts to obtain redress for the clergy in the subscription to the 39 Articles, having resigned his living, and quitted Yorkshire, he came to London; and in the year 1774, encouraged by the application of several persons of high respectability, who were earnest in the same cause, he opened a room in Essex-House for the worship of the only true God, in which he performed divine service, according to the Liturgy of the Church of England, reformed by the celebrated Dr. Clarke, with some variations, adapted to his own more improved views of the subject. Four years afterwards he preached a sermon on the opening of the chapel in Essex-House, which has since that time been dedicated to Unitarian worship. Here his services as a minister were most acceptable to a numerous congregation; and whatever disapprobation his opinions might excite among the uninformed of different denominations, even they could not but esteem a character of such benevolence, honesty, and integrity. The attachment of those, who were most intimately acquainted with his virtues, was unbounded; for seldom is to be found a man who has fixed so deeply in his heart the grand characteristics of the Christian religion—Love to God and love to man. He lamented the divisions amongst Christians, owing to the unreasonable adherence of many to tradition, merely of human or political authority, in opposition to the language of Revelation. The whole tenor of his preaching was Benevolence and the easy yoke of Christ—ardour in the study of the Scriptures—humility in the sight of God—and the rejection of that false piety, which lays undue stress on external circumstances.

In these useful labours he was engaged to the 70th year of his age, when he resigned his pastoral office, dedicating the remainder of his life to the great objects of promoting scriptural truth, in which service he continued occasionally to employ his pen. No man was a more sincere friend to civil and religious liberty; no one

more attached to those principles which placed the Brunswick family upon the throne. To these principles he never failed, when a proper opportunity offered, of bearing his testimony with consistent firmness and characteristic mildness; for mildness, benevolence, and humility, founded on piety and entire resignation to the will of God, and combined with habitual cheerfulness, were the striking features in his character. During the latter part of his life, the infirmities of age gradually pressed upon him; but he bore them all without a murmur;—and his favourite maxim, on which he dwelt emphatically almost in his last moments, and when utterance became difficult, was—What God wills is best.

Thus far we have copied the account given in the Morning Chronicle; and the justice of it will be acknowledged by all who had any connection with this ever-to-be-revered minister. The reform, which he proposed, and which he executed in a great degree, is of the highest importance, as will be seen by a comparison between the Prayer Book used in Essex-street Chapel, and the Prayer Book of the religion by law established. In the latter is much to confound the pious Christian; as for example, the absurdities in the Athanasian Creed, and its wickedness and uncharitableness in denying salvation to all who do not believe such nonsense; the second, third, and fourth addresses in the litany; and the strange invocation to the Supreme Being to hear us by the circumcision of Christ. Other circumstances might be pointed out; and the reformation of the prayer-book is much to be desired by all, who pay at least the same attention to their addresses to the Supreme Being that they would do to an earthly superior. From all these points, and many others, foreign to the Christian religion, Mr. Lindsey's liturgy is free; and the use of it in our churches would tend to remove many religious differences now on foot which ought not to agitate the Christian world.

On the 11th, the remains of this revered pastor were conveyed to Bunhill-fields, where he was buried agreeably to his own request, privately.—

A hearse, and one mourning coach, formed the whole of the procession. Several of the congregation in Essex-street, and other friends of the deceased, were at the burial-ground, to pay this tribute of affection and respect to his memory. On the Sunday following a funeral sermon was preached in Essex-street Chapel, to an overflowing congregation; and on the Sunday after was a funeral sermon at Hackney; both of which we understand will be printed. Several sermons also have been printed in different parts of England, as at Birmingham, Hull, Portsmouth, Exeter, Chester, &c. Such a tribute was due to this excellent reformer. Luther and Calvin mixed politics with their reforms. Mr. Lindsey's was not contaminated with such a mixture. He appealed to the Scriptures only, and made every individual Christian the sole judge in this important cause. And assuredly it is of far greater consequence for a man to examine, whether his faith is agreeable to the words of Christ, than to make it conformable with the dictates of Luther and Calvin, the assembly's catechism, or the thirty-nine articles.

At Stoke Newington, the Rev. Mr. Barbauld, who formerly kept the celebrated academy at Palgrave, in Norfolk, and husband of the lady so highly distinguished for her numerous productions for the improvement of education, both religious and moral, equally devoid of superstition and fanaticism.

In the rules of the King's Bench Prison, Henry Edwin Allen Caulfield, Esq. once "the gayest of the gay," and celebrated in the *Beau Monde* for his personal and elegant accomplishments. He was the son of a Major Caulfield, in the North of Ireland, a relative of the house of Charlemont. At a very early age he obtained a commission in the Guards, but having acquired much celebrity as an amateur tragedian, he exchanged the sash and gorget for the buskin, and appeared as *Hamlet* at Covent-Garden Theatre, with some success. Being unfortunately implicated in a *crim. con.* which from heavy damages involved him in pecuniary embarrassment, Capt. Caulfield gradually declined in appearance, and grew so

dejected as to bring on a consumption, which terminated in his premature decease. Among his other accomplishments, he was esteemed the best skaiter that ever exhibited on the Serpentine river.

GALLANT ACTIONS.

Admiralty Office, Oct. 25, 1808.

His Majesty's ship Seahorse, off Skuro, July 6, 1808.

MY LORD,—I have the honour to inform your lordship, that yesterday evening we observed two Turkish men of war and a galley coming round the east end of the island of Scopolo, towards which we immediately made sail. On coming near enough to make out that they were both single-decked ships, I determined to bring them to action, having every confidence in the officers and crew of this ship. The action began at half past nine, the Turks going a little off the wind under easy sail, and continually endeavouring to run us on board; indeed I early saw that their chief attention was directed to this object, and as the largest ship appeared of great force and full of men, I kept this ship in a position not to be boarded. At ten o'clock, observing a good opportunity of more particularly attacking the small ship to advantage, we dropped alongside of her, and after a quarter of an hour's hot fire, at half pistol shot distance, her fire having totally ceased, we left her in a state of the greatest distress and confusion, with her sails mostly down, and just before we had left her, she had partially blown up forward. By this time the large frigate, which, from having fallen a little to leeward, had not been able to assist her consort, had again got pretty close up, and the action between us soon recommenced: still so obstinate was the resistance of the Turks, that it was not till a quarter past one we rendered her a motionless wreck. As they now would neither answer nor fire, I conceived it most prudent, knowing the character of the people, to wait for daylight, to send on board her. At daylight, observing her colours upon the stump of the mizen-mast, we poured a broadside into her stern, when she struck, and I had the pleasure to take possession

of the *Badere Zaffer*, a very fine frigate, of the largest dimensions, carrying fifty-two long brass guns, twenty-four pounders, on the main-deck, except two, which are forty-two pounders, and twelve-pounders on the quarter-deck and fore-castle; she had a complement of five hundred men, and was commanded by captain Scanderli Kichue Alli, who, I am informed, was only prevented by his own people from blowing her up. Her loss in killed and wounded is prodigious, one hundred and sixty-five killed, and one hundred and ninety-five wounded; our's comparatively small, five killed, and ten wounded. Our mizen-mast fell soon after the action, which is the greatest injury we have sustained. The other ship was named the *Als Fezan*, carrying twenty-four thirteen pounders, and two mortars, commanded by Captain Daragardi Alli, with a complement of two hundred and thirty men. I understand they took most of the men out of the galley before the action, and sent her away.

Having now, my Lord, given you the details of this affair, there only remains the pleasant office of recommending to you the officers and ship's company, who, during a tedious night action, where much depended upon working the sails as well as the guns, behaved in a manner to command my utmost gratitude. The disparity of force, with the loss in the enemy's ships, will prove the greatness of their exertions, to which I shall add, that thirty men were absent from the ship. Mr. Downie, the first lieutenant, is an officer of merit, ability, and experience; and I beg strongly to recommend him to your lordships protection for promotion. Mr. Lester, master's mate, who has passed, is also very deserving of promotion. Thomas Hully, gunner's mate, and an excellent man, acted as Gunner; and from his conduct, is very deserving of such a situation.

I am now proceeding with the prize for any port I can get first into among the islands, as it is with difficulty we can keep her above water.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) JOHN STEWART.

The Right Hon Lord Collingwood,
Commander-in-Chief, &c. &c. &c.

I enclose copy of a letter from a white man on board the *Africa*, giving an account of the action between that ship and the Danish gun boats:

"*His Majesty's ship Africa, off Copenhagen, Oct. 20, 1808.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—" I offer sincere thanks to Almighty God; for his infinite mercy in preserving my life this day, during a very severe action with the Danish gun boats. We sailed from Carlscrona, in Sweden, about a week since, with a convoy under our protection of near 200 sail of merchantmen, for Malina. Our convoy got into the wished-for port, all, I believe, except one taken, and three on shore, which were burnt by our people, to prevent their falling into the hands of the Danes.

"The *Africa* kept between the convoy and the Danes, to cover and protect them. About one o'clock this day it was quite calm. We saw the Danish gun boats rowing towards us to the number of 32 boats, perhaps you do not know, but for your information I tell you, when a large ship is becalmed, she is quite unmanageable, a mere log on the water, which was our case. The Danes with their oars took the opportunity to come on our quarters and bows, where they knew we were weakest, and endeavoured to take us. About half past two o'clock they came within gun-shot of us, and we opened a brisk fire on them, from as many of our guns as we could bring to bear on them. They continued advancing, and stationed themselves some on the quarter, and some on the bows.

"These boats have in a calm much superiority over a ship: by means of their oars, they can pull round a ship in any direction, and being small, comparatively only like a speck on the water, they are no mark to aim at like a large ship. They amounted, in all, as far as we can learn, to about 1920 men, 124 guns, 32% and 46%, with swivels. To do them justice, they shewed much courage, in coming near us, for our shot went far over them.

"I was stationed on the lower gun-deck, to hand powder from the magazine; and I confess I shuddered to see the poor sailors knocked down in our

ship, as I could sometimes, through a slit in a thick flannel screen, which was hung round the hatchway on which I stood, to prevent any fire from the flashes of the guns communicating to the powder as it was handed up to the people above us, immediately over the magazine. I confess my weakness; my standing over the powder room, the shots pouring in, in every direction, together with shells, I thought the magazine would be blown up. I endeavoured to bear up against my fears, and succeeded.

"Their grape-shot could only be likened to showers of stones or dust thrown into the ship by shovels. The skreen round me was soon knocked away entirely, by splinters. A cartridge of powder, of 4lbs. which I held up over my head to the man above me, blew up, the lid of the cartridge-box being off, without hurting me, except a slight stroke on the eye. I cannot think how I escaped, but by an over-ruling providence, from destruction. Several large shots came through the ship's side, close to me. Two iron stanchions, six or seven inches in diameter, were shot through and broken to pieces. The man over me to whom I handed the powder, was wounded in both arms, and in the breast.

"At half past seven, those that remained of the enemy began to pull away from us. I am informed by our people who were on deck, they supposed the Danes suffered extremely by our fire, as they saw several boats sink, and they were picking up the people out of the water. Some had not more than five men left in them. The darkness of the night finished the business.

"At the conclusion we find that we have eight men killed outright, and in wounded many badly. The total is 61.

Our colours were twice shot away. The enemy supposing we had struck, buzzed and pulled nearer; we buzzed and pelted away at them; they drew back.

"We expect the masts to fall if we should have much wind, before we can reach port; in short, we have many shots between wind and water, and some such large pieces knocked out of the side, that I could almost creep through, and we are a mere

wreck. Our boats are shot all to pieces, an arm-chest on the poop blown to pieces by their shells: but thank God we beat them off. We suppose their loss in men must be three times greater than ours, considering their numbers; and from what those on our decks saw. Those now in the ship, and who were in Lord Nelson's last action at Trafalgar, say, this surpassed it for hard fighting.

"The enemy shewed great courage. We have three Officers wounded, and the sergeant-major of marines badly. Captain Barrett is unhurt, except in his feelings for his men who have suffered. He walked the deck all the time during the action, as cool and composed as if nothing was doing, encouraging his men. He has given both his cabins to the wounded, and the officers have given them their cots.

"We are going to Carlscrona to refit. The worst is, we have nothing but empty honour for this, and hard knocks—no prize money.

"I am writing this on Saturday night. I drink all your healths and happiness in a glass of grog. This is a brave ship's company, somewhat under 400 men, and too much cannot be said in their praise.

"If the day-light had continued two hours longer, and the enemy persevered, with a little more judgment, they had killed two-thirds of us, or sunk the ship, for she will, with our captain, never strike her flag while she swims.

"I suppose we shall come to England, as our ship is above 30 years old, and quite done up. This evening (Saturday), about ten o'clock, we fell in with our commander in chief, Sir J. Saumarez, in the *Victory*. Capt. Barrett went on board to him, and got orders to go to Carlscrona to repair his damages.

"Sunday.—I have been on shore with some linen: on returning to the ship, I was surprised on viewing the ship's stern and sides. In the stern there is not a square foot without a shot striking, or a hole: there are 70 holes in it.

"We have got some carpenters from the ships here, and they are busy in repairing the damages, in order, as we suppose, to enable us to proceed to England, where I hope soon

to see you all. In the mean time, I hope that God may bless and protect you."

Copy of a Letter from Capt. Seymour to Lord Gambier:—

*Amethyst, Hamoaze,
Nov. 15, 1808.*

MY LORD,—I have the most sincere pleasure in acquainting you, that his majesty's ship the *Amethyst*, under my command, captured the 10th inst. at night, the French frigate *La Thetis* of 44 guns, and a crew of 380 men, who had served years together, and 106 soldiers, from *L'Orient* for *Martinique*. Being close to the N. W. point of Groa, she was seen a quarter before seven P. M. and immediately chased; and a close action began before ten o'clock, which continued with little intermission till 20 minutes after midnight. Having fallen on board for a short time, after ten, and from quarter past eleven, when she intentionally laid us on board, till she surrendered (about an hour). She lay fast alongside, the fluke of our best bow-er anchor having entered her foremast main-deck port, and she was, after great slaughter, boarded and taken possession of, and some prisoners received from her, before we disengaged the ships. Shortly after, a ship of war was seen closing fast under a press of sail, which proved to be the *Triumph*, which immediately gave us the most effectual assistance that the anxious and feeling mind of such an officer as Sir T. Hardy could suggest. At half past one the *Shannon* joined, received prisoners from, and took *La Thetis* in tow. She is wholly dismantled, dreadfully shattered, and had her commander (Pinsau, Capitaine de Vaisseau) and 135 men killed; 102 wounded, amongst whom are all her officers except three. *Amethyst* has lost 19 killed, and 51 wounded, amongst the former is Lieut. B. Kendall, a most promising young Officer, of the Royal Marines, who suffered greatly; and that invaluable officer Lieutenant Samuel John Payne, dangerously wounded; the mizen mast shot away, and the ship much damaged and leaky.—No language can convey an adequate idea of the cool and determined bravery shewn by every officer and man of this ship:

and their truly noble behaviour has laid me under the greatest obligation. The assistance I received from my gallant friend the first lieutenant, Mr. G. Blennerhasset, an officer of great merit and ability, is beyond all encomium. Lieutenants Hill and Crouch, and Mr. Fair, the master (whose admirable exertions, particularly at the close of the action, when the enemy was on fire, the boarders employed, and the ship had suddenly made two feet water, surmounted all difficulties), are happily preserved to add lustre to his majesty's service. In justice to Monsieur Dede, the surviving commander of La Thetis, I must observe he acted with singular firmness, and was the only Frenchman on the quarter-deck when we boarded her.

I have the honour to be, &c.

(Signed) MICHAEL SEYMOUR.

N. B. Dimensions of La Thetis:—Length, 162 feet; breadth, 41 feet, 6 inches; 28 18-pounders (24 pounds English) on the main-deck; 12 36-pounders (42 pounds English) on the quarter-deck; 4 3-pounders on the fore-castle.—1000 barrels of flour on board, beside known stores.—Inclosed is a return of killed and wounded:

Killed, Mr. B. Kendall, 2d. Lieut. Marines; 10 seamen and 8 Marines.

Wounded, Mr. S. J. Payne, 1st. Lieut. Marines, dangerously; Mr. R. Gibbons, Master's Mate, mortally; Mr. L. Miles, midshipman, severely; 48 seamen and marines, many of them dangerously.—Total 19 killed, 51 wounded.

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

BERKSHIRE.

DIED.] Suddenly, at Stubbings House, near Maidenhead, the Right Honourable Guy Carleton, Lord Dorchester, Knight of the Bath, a General in the Army, Colonel of the 4th or Queen's own Dragoons, Governor of Fort Charlemont in Ireland, and Governor-General and Commander in Chief in Canada. His lordship is succeeded in his title and estate by his youngest son. By his lordship's death a Red Ribband of the Order of the Bath is become vacant.

At Bothamstead, Mrs. Lodge, late of Newbury. Her religion was "pure and undefiled," the chief employment of her life was the imitation of him, who "went about doing good," and none, who either knew her worth or partook of her bounty—unless the inhuman and ungrateful—but will deeply lament her death and their own loss.

Deep this truth impress'd my mind—
Though all his works abroad,
The heart benevolent and kind
The most resembles God.

CORNWALL.

There was a General Ordination at Chester last September, when the following extraordinary circumstance occurred. A young man, on that oc-

casional, was ordained Deacon, who had served an apprenticeship to a mason; and, only within the last three years, had attended St. Bees School, two days in each week; working at his trade the other four. Of his attainments in the necessary branches of classical and theological learning, some idea may be formed from his having passed the examination for holy orders at Chester, with singular approbation.

The beautiful building called the Commercial News Rooms, recently erected and just opened at Chester, does honour to the founder, to the architect, and to that venerable city. The little expense and inconvenience which the subscribers have incurred in the erection of this structure, produces a confident hope of greater and more general improvements in Chester. In this laudable object the corporation are taking the lead, in the erection of a new bridge over the river.

CORNWALL.

Died.] Aged 73, at Ruan Lanyhorne, the Rev. J. Whitaker. Mr. W. was born at Manchester in 1736, and went early to Oxford. In 1771, he published his History of Manchester; and in 1772, his *Genuine History of the Britons* Asserted appeared in an octavo volume. In 1773, Mr. W. was

morning preacher at Berkeley chapel, where an unpleasant dispute gave occasion to the "Case between Mr. W. and Mr. Hughes, relative to the morning preachingship of Berkeley chapel." About 1778; he succeeded, as Fellow of Corpus Christi College, to the rectory of Ruau Lanyhorne, one of the most valuable livings in the gift of that college. He published his *Mary Queen of Scots* in 1787. Next followed, *The Course of Hannibal over the Alps*—his *Antient Cathedral of Cornwall*—the *Supplement to Mr. Potwhele's Antiquities*—his *London*, and his *Orford*—his *Origin of Ari-anism*, &c. Mr. W. was the author of the Critique on Gibbon in the English Review, and many other valuable articles. He also assisted in the British Critic, and the Anti-Jacobin Review, and contributed some fine pieces of poetry to the *Cornwall and Devon Poets*. He married a Miss Tregenna, of an ancient Cornish family, and has left her a widow with two amiable daughters. In 1783, he published a Volume of Sermons upon Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell.

CUMBERLAND.

That singular natural curiosity, the floating island, which has emerged from the bottom of Derwent water, only three times in the course of about thirty years, has recently appeared upon the surface. At first it was of a dark brown colour, but soon became covered with verdure. It contains about an acre of ground, and is quite stationary. By thrusting a pole, in several places, to the depth of three yards, the water rushed up; consequently it is of that thickness, and unconnected with the bottom. That it is also entirely unconnected with the shore, is evident, as boats have sailed entirely around it, and sounded the water with long pole, without finding the bottom.

Parliament is to be applied to, for making a new road between Cockermouth and Wigton. The greatest deviation from the present line will be between the former place and Bothel; and a considerable one between that place and Wigton. By forming this intended line, no less than nine very inconvenient hills will be avoided, the whole road will be nearly level, and the distance will be shortened, at least three miles.

Died.] In the City of Carlisle, Mr. Chisholm, architect, aged 28. Mr. Chisholm was a native of Aberdeen, in North Britain, in the university of which he received the elements of physical and moral science, on which his professional studies were grounded. The activity of his mind was shewn in the great progress which he made in architecture, engineering, and those parts of natural philosophy connected with them. But while he was studious to advance himself in his profession, he did not neglect those ornamental studies which qualify a man to take a part in elegant and polite conversation. His taste was improved by reading the best poets of ancient and modern times; and he had formed a style of writing which evinced a brilliant fancy, and a poetical imagination. Mr. Chisholm, till a short period previous to his death, enjoyed good health, and was ever active in promoting and superintending the works on which he was employed. From the union of moral excellence and ingenuity in his profession, from the amoenity of his manners, and from the justness of his observation, he had conciliated universal esteem, admiration, and respect. It is supposed that the deceased died in consequence of the bursting of an artery at the heart.

HAMPSHIRE.

The long projected plan of completing the inland navigation between the metropolis and the ports of Portsmouth and Southampton, by means of a junction of the Basingstoke canal with the river Itchen, at Winchester, is now proceeding with every probability of success. The line (which is the same that was projected in 1796) commences at the Basingstoke wharf, so that the whole of that canal will now be navigable; and there will be ten miles less to form the junction, than there would be by Alton and Farnham; besides that, the hill to be tunnelled through is little more than a third-part as wide as Ripley hill.

HERTFORDSHIRE.

Bridge water-house.—The first stone of this intended magnificent pile of building was laid lately by James Wyatt, Esq., the surveyor-general. The stone will exceed 350 feet in length, the whole will be of stone: the architecture will be *a la grec*. It

will be three stories high, and six state apartments on each of the principal stories complete the outline. The floors will be of oak, and arranged after the *Mosaic* taste. The late Duke of Bridgewater, who long had it in contemplation to build a family mansion on the spot, had collected together immense quantities of stone, which have been long lying in heaps in the neighbourhood. There are likewise three hundred waggon loads of fir timber ready, which were purchased by the present Earl of Bridgewater, (the projector of these great improvements) at five pounds per load, a short time since; this wood is now sixteen guineas. The sheet lead provided for this great undertaking is incalculable; it was bought on terms equally reasonable. It is added, that Bridgewater-house will equal, if not excel, in splendour, any of the country seats of our nobility and gentry in the kingdom. It will take seven years to perfect this magnificent structure.

NORFOLK.

Norwich has lately experienced an almost total stagnation in the supply of corn, from the conduct of the merchants, who have combined, (contrary to the custom of the market), and entered into the following resolutions:—

"That in consequence of the extensive credit given in the disposal of corn, by the merchants, and in a much greater degree by the manufacturers, it is but reasonable to expect some credit from the growers.

"That they will not purchase corn upon any other terms than one month's credit, to be calculated from the day of its delivery.

"That if payment is requested at any time previously to the expiration of the month, they will deduct one penny in the pound discount."

The corn growers, not choosing to comply with these terms, have entered into a subscription to defray the expense of an application to the Court of King's Bench, and of such other expenses as may be necessarily incurred in resisting such combination.

This business accordingly came before the Court, on Friday, November the 25th, when Mr. Garrow called the attention of the Court to a circumstance, important at all times, but more particularly so at the present moment, when the

high price of corn was so severely felt by the public. The fact to which he alluded, was a combination among certain corn dealers, of most mischievous tendency, and his application to the Court was for a Rule to shew cause why a criminal information should not be filed against them for such combination. The parties against whom he moved, were, Messrs. Palsgrave, Dawson, Crisp, Brown, Rich, Hawes, and others, whose names were inserted in the three lists he should deliver in to the Court. The affidavit upon which he moved, set forth, that a custom, time immemorial, had obtained in the Corn Market of the City of Norwich, of selling corn by sample for *ready-money*, or for bank notes equivalent to cash. The payment to be made on the delivery of the bulk, or at the next market day.—The affidavit then stated, that, on the 22d of October last, there appeared in the Norfolk Mercury, a Resolution of the Corn-dealers to the following effect:—

"Resolved, that, from and after this day, we will not purchase corn, on any other terms than a *month's credit*, to be calculated from the day of delivery."

The learned Counsel here observed, that he did not mean to dispute the right of individuals to sell or purchase corn on what terms they pleased, but he would contend, that Corn-dealers had no right to enter into a combination which had for its object great public mischief, and general inconvenience, inasmuch as it carried the supply, ordinarily brought to the market in question, elsewhere, and by imposing terms of credit upon the growers, induced them to enhance the price of their corn, to cover that credit. But there were other resolutions the Corn-dealers in question had come to; one was, if they were compelled to pay ready money, that they should insist upon *one penny* in the pound sterling, as discount, which would be tantamount to the month's credit; and another, that the dealers should meet at a given hour, on the market day, and do no business after two o'clock. Thus changing the whole course and practice of a market organised for the sale of an article of such vital importance to the country. These resolutions were signed by the parties against

which he had moved, and who had carried those resolutions into effect, by refusing to fulfil their contracts, but under the conditions stated. The mischievous effects of this combination, he said, had been felt already, and the importance of that motion, he trusted, would be felt by the Court.

Lord Ellenborough asked Mr. Garrow, in what way he proposed to state the public mischief, which, he said, ought to be suppressed, provided the Court granted a Rule to shew cause? He should imagine it must be by alledging that the practice alluded to had the effect of enhancing the price of corn, inasmuch as the growers must require a larger price for their produce, if they were obliged to give a month's credit. In other words, that by the Resolutions entered into by the Corn-dealers, terms were imposed upon the sellers of corn, which had the effect of enhancing the price of that essential article of life.

Mr. Garrow said, his lordship had a correct idea of the mischief complained of, and it was impossible to calculate the further mischiefs that were likely to arise, if the Court did not interfere to put down the combinations. The effect already produced was, that of driving the growers to other markets, and, consequently, the supply for the Norwich market was diminished, and the price enhanced. He would repeat that persons had a right to buy and sell individually, by the best terms they could make; but a body of individuals had no right to do that collectively, the effect of which was prejudicial to the community at large.

Lord Ellenborough.—As individuals they may buy and sell upon the terms they agree for. Nobody will question that right, but combining to impose terms upon the grower, such as described, is calculated to enhance the price of grain in the market, or of lessening the supply in that market, which is another cause for an increased price.—Take a Rule to shew cause, it will be the means of more amply discussing the subject, or of putting an end to the practice altogether.—Rule to shew cause granted.

An application is intended to be made to parliament, in the next session.

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tion, for an act for erecting a bridge over the river Wensum, at or near Garrow Abbey, and for making roads for connecting the same with the Trowse and Thorpe turnpike roads.

The Coursing Meeting at Swaffham was this year more than usually well attended, and afforded excellent sport to a very genteel and numerous company.—There were no less than 204 persons at the ball, among whom were many of the most distinguished ladies for beauty and fashion in the county, and all seemed highly gratified with their evening's entertainment.

A most dreadful Accident!—As a waggon, belonging to Mr. Sparke, of Westfield, was going to Norwich, it was overtaken within about half a mile of the toll-gate on the Dereham road, by two other teams, when the driver of the first waggon was forced to draw close to the side of the road, and unfortunately it happened where there was a large hollow, or gravel pit, quite open, and being dark, from some cause the horses took fright, and turning suddenly round, the wheels locked, and the axle-tree was broken, upon which the waggon, laden with forty coombs of barley, (on the top of which were riding a poor woman of the name of Sapy, with her daughter, and a brother of the driver) were all precipitated to the bottom of the pit, and the barley and waggon falling upon them, it was some time before they could be sufficiently removed to discover the unfortunate sufferers, when, shocking to relate, the mother and daughter were taken out lifeless, the former of whom far advanced in pregnancy—and both had scarcely a bone of any consequence unbroken. The poor boy was rescued, after a dreadful suspense, with very little injury, owing to part of the waggon falling in such a way as to protect him from being crushed by the barley. The husband of the unfortunate woman is a very industrious labouring man, and lives at East Tuddenham; he is left to lament his loss with eight small children, the daughter, who lost her life with her mother, was the eldest, sixteen years of age. They were taken up by the driver on the road, with a quantity of potatoes, which they were taking to Norwich, to dispose of, to-

wards, supporting their numerous and unfortunate family. The bodies were removed to the public-house at Stalls-hills, where the Coroner's inquest sat on them.—Verdict, *Accidental death*.

Died.] Suddenly, a man of the name of Bryan, in St. Peter's, per Mountergate; he was getting his breakfast, when a pain seized his wrist, which proceeded to his shoulder, and from thence to the lower part of his body, which occasioned his immediate death. His son, about twelve years of age, distracted at the loss of his parent, was instantly taken with convulsion fits, and remained in that state till the next evening, when he expired, leaving behind them a frantic widow and mother, to lament their departure. They were both interred in one grave.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

Died.] At North Collingham, John Pym, Esq. who was lineally descended from the famous republican Pym, who distinguished himself so much in the Civil Wars, and died in 1644. His only son having died abroad, this branch of the male line becomes extinct.

OXFORDSHIRE.

A plan has been adopted at Oxford for affording literary men and booksellers an opportunity of completing imperfect sets of valuable books: lists of such, with their prices, have from time to time been published; of which the following are a specimen:—

Books wanted.

1. Coverdale's Precious Pearle, 12mo. black letter, 1550, wanted at 2l. 2s.
2. La Tour Tenebreuse, by Madame L'Heritier de Villanden, printed in 1706, at—7s. 6d.
3. Keep's Monumenta Westmonasteriensia, 8vo. 1692.—2s. 6d.
4. Smollett's History of England, 8vo. vol. 9.—3s. 6d.
5. Encyclopædia Britannica, 4to. vols. 10, 17, 19.
6. Smith's Thucydides, 8vo. vol. 1.—4s.
7. Monthly Review, from the commencement to the year 1774.
8. Mountford's Plays, 8vo. 1720, vol. 2. —6s. 6d.
9. Old Ballads (Collection of) 8vo. 1787, vols. 2, 3.—15s.

10. Tacitus, Delph. 4to. Paris, 1682, 2cc. vols. 1, 2.—1l. 10s.

11. Cicero's Opera, Schreyer's, 4to. Amst. 1661, vol. 1.—10s.

12. Livius; Delph. 4to. Paris, 1682, vol. 2.—7s.

13. Arnald on the Apocrypha, 1746, 2cc. parts 1 and 2, sewed.—1l. 10s.

N.B. The four last to be sold; or the other volumes to be purchased at the same rate.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

Died.] Sir Henry Paulet St. John Mildmay, Bart. in the 44th year of his age. His complaint was a diseased liver, with which he had been afflicted for many years, and endured the suffering of a long illness with manly firmness and patient resignation. Sir Henry was a Member of Parliament for the extensive and respectable county of Hants. Sir Henry generally resided at Dagmersfield Park, near Odiham, and lived in a style truly magnificent. His hospitality, like his manners, was liberal and open; and from his general condescension to his inferiors, and his munificent donations to the poor, is sincerely lamented. Sir Henry has left a wife and fifteen children. He is succeeded in his title and estate, computed at the annual value of 25,000*l.* by his eldest son, now Sir Henry Mildmay, a young gentleman of 22 years of age.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The proprietors of the potteries in this county have resolved to erect, at Burslem, a monument or statue to the memory of the late Josiah Wedgwood, Esq. by voluntary subscription. The Etruria workmen have collected 70*l.* as a just tribute of their respect to that great and worthy character. The proprietors have it also in agitation to establish a newspaper, to be called "The Pottery Gazette."

SUFFOLK.

At a public dinner, a short time since at Ipswich, the gentlemen present subscribed 2500*l.* for the erection of an Assembly Room, Hotel, &c. which subscription they intend to continue to an amount adequate to the purpose of erecting a handsome building.

On the 21st of Sept. last, at the sale of Mr. John Thurston's farming stock

at Little Stanham, the dairy, consisting of twenty-one cows, produced 270*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.*,—two 2-year old heifers, 36*l.* 6*d.*, and his team of six geldings and mares, one of them with a foal at foot, 254*l.* 1*l.* 6*d.*

Died.] After a short illness, the Rev. Sir Henry Pix Heyman, Bart. formerly Fellow of Emanuel college, and late Incumbent of the united vicarage of Fressingfield and rectory of Witheredale, in this county. This valuable piece of preferment is in the gift of the master of that society. Sir Henry proceeded B.A. 1784, M.A. 1787, B.D. 1794.

SURREY.

The new Methodist meeting-house at Epsom was lately entered in rather a singular manner. The good people at the head of the concern had, it seems, placed up a subscription box, for the purpose of private benevolence, and the making of proselytes. Some fellow, who, doubtless, thought the money collected ought to be circulated in a different manner, got into the chapel, by means of a ladder, through one of the windows, and carried off the contents of the box, leaving behind him the ladder and following note, addressed to the treasurer, in an excellent clerk-like hand-writing:—“Sir,—It is universally admitted that ‘an exchange is no robbery,’ neither can an article bought or sold be so deemed:—you will therefore have the goodness to consider the cash received merely as the purchase of the ladder, or in exchange for it!

Your’s, &c.

JACOB.”

WARWICKSHIRE.

Died.] In the 78th year of his age, John Freeth, of Birmingham, a facetious bard of nature, forty-three years proprietor of Freeth’s Coffee-house in that town. He was the author of many popular and patriotic ballads during the American and present war. The muse of Freeth, like that of the kind hearted and philanthropic Meyler of Bath, was always in full song in the cause of humanity or benevolence.

YORKSHIRE.

Col. Thomson has been induced to part with Falconer’s Hall; and has selected a most enviable and princely domain, a residence unparalleled in

its situation, either for a man of fashion, a *bon vivant*, or a sportsman. A few days since the Colonel proceeded through York, in his way to Spy-Park, in Wiltshire, attended by a cavalcade, in the following order:—First, the Boat Waggon, held by the owner invaluable, from having conveyed not less than 3000 independent freeholders to vote for Lord Milton; it is admirably contrived for the carrying of luggage or loose dogs, covered with the skins of stags, fallow deer, and roebucks, killed by the Colonel; nets, otter spears; fishing-rods, and guns, drawn by four thorough-bred cream-coloured Arabian mares, bred by the King. Next a Dog Cart, which carried milk-white terriers, and beautiful greyhounds; these were all sheeted and embroidered with the different matches that they had won: the novelty of the sight appeared to excite particular gratification. The Huntsman, mounted upon a powerful fine grey hunter, followed by an immense pack (judged not less than 100 couple) of stag-hounds, fox-hounds, otter-hounds, and lively lap-dog beagles. A Stud Groom and four Grooms, each leading a thorough-bred horse, the descendant, as it is said, of Jupiter; deer skins covered them by way of housing. A Keeper, appropriately dressed, with three brace of pointers. The Falconer in green and silver, surrounded by hawks, and on his fist a venerable grand Duke, closed this procession. Following, we understand, there were nine waggon-loads of old wine and ale, brought from Thornville-Royal; inestimable from its age, and held by the Duke of York as the finest wine in the kingdom. These wines, moved at such an immense expense, were from 25 to 100 years old.

WALES.

Considerable improvements are going on at Newport, in Monmouthshire, by the opening of a new shipping place, under the name of Pill Gwynlyn docks. Wharfs, &c. are nearly completed, and large shipments of coal, iron, &c. have already been made. A new street, three quarters of a mile long, is also laid out, which, when completed, will have a handsome appearance, being methodically planned. The present main street is also to be

widened at the entrance into the town; the Session House, Green street, Dublin, and the new road have fortunately fulfilled. It is composed of the Irish Justice avoid the bill, will be of considerable use, of the King's Bench, Surgeon-advantage to travellers. Sir Charles Reilly, of the Medical Staff, Conn. Morgan has liberally given, all the land required for the purpose, with out the smallest remuneration. Liberty, Samuel Roushborough, secretary.

SCOTLAND.

A dreadful accident lately happened to the mail coach from Glasgow to Carlisle, at a place called Howcleugh. Between nine and ten o'clock at night, the coach had just got half way over the bridge, when it gave way in the middle arch, and the coach, passengers, horses, &c. were instantly precipitated into the river, down a fall of 65 or 40 feet. There were four inside and two outside passengers; the two outside and two of the horses were killed upon the spot, and the other passengers had a most miraculous escape; but they were all very considerably hurt; the coachman and guard were also much hurt, the former had his arm broke, and otherwise much bruised, and the guard got a severe confusion on the head. Most fortunately the other coach from Carlisle to Glasgow, was narrowly prevented from sharing the same fate; it arrived there just about the time the accident happened, from the darkness of the night, and the rate the coach necessarily goes at, must inevitably have gone into the river at the same breach in the arch, had not the cries of one of the sufferers given the alarm, by which they were enabled to save themselves from the same calamity. By the exertions of the coachman and guard of the other coach, the passengers who survived (a lady and three gentlemen), with the coachman and guard, that had fallen into the abyss, were enabled to extricate themselves, and conducted to a place of safety. The London mail and some other valuable articles in the coach were saved. One of the proprietor's servants, at the risk of his life, went down the precipice, suspended by a rope, and saved the life of the lady, and recovered the mail bags, which must otherwise have been carried down the stream.

IRELAND.

Mr. Sheridan's Commission of Enquiry into the prison abuses in Ireland, is at length appointed, and commenced its sittings on the 25th instant, at

The Arts.—At a General Meeting of the Dublin Society, the following noblemen and gentlemen were elected officers for the ensuing year:—

President—His Grace, Charles, Duke of Richmond, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.

Vice-Presidents—Archbishop of Dublin; Earl of Charleville; Lord Frankfort; the Right Hon. John Foster; the Right Hon. David La Touche; Thomas Burgh, Esq.; Gen. Vallancey.

Treasurer—The Hon. Sir Thomas Gleadowe Newcomen, Bart.

Secretaries—The Rev. Dr. Thomas Smyth, and J. Leslie Foster, Esq.

Assistant Secretary—B. M. Carthy, Esq.

A letter, dated Manchester, and signed John Bradbury, was laid before the Dublin Society, at the late meeting, stating, that the Proprietors of the Liverpool Botanic Garden had resolved on forming an establishment at New Orleans, America, with a view to collect the plants of Kentucky and Louisiana, and to transmit to England living duplicates of the plants which should be so collected and multiplied on such establishment; and desiring to be informed if the Dublin Society would, in consideration of green specimens of the same, contribute to the expense, their quota not to exceed 100*l.* per annum.

The Secretary laid before the Society a list of several valuable West-India plants, presented to the Society by Captain Burgh.

A letter from Mr. C. Kelly, stating that he had discovered the *Perpetual Motion*, was presented and read.

DEATHS ABROAD.

The Russian Privy Counsellor, Count Von Sievers, died at Bauenhoff on the 10th ult. in the 78th year of his age. His whole life was devoted to the service of his country, and of mankind in general. He enjoyed the confidence of the Empress Catharine,

in a very high degree; and in the early part of his life was employed in various missions of great importance. He expended large sums of money in erecting and endowing schools at Moscow, and many other cities and towns; and almost all the Russian universities, and Dorpat, in particular, are indebted to his bounty. To the latter he gave 48,000 roubles, for the purpose of founding exhibitions. One of the last acts of his life was to destroy a number of bills and bonds, signed by persons who might be put to inconvenience by enforcing payment of them.

Lately, the Prince of Hessestein, at Paneker, in Holstein, in his 74th year. He has bequeathed the whole of his property, estimated at a million and a half of rix dollars, to the Landgrave, Charles, of Hesse Cassel.

On the 19th of September, at St. Croix, in the West Indies, George Augustus Leathes, Esq. Lieutenant-Colonel of the 96th regiment of foot, son of George Leathes, Esq. of Bury St. Edmunds. A great sickness prevailed among our troops, at the above island, when the last dispatches left the place.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

OCTOBER 25, to NOVEMBER 22, 1808, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses.

ATKINSON W. Manchester, shoe-dealer, (Windle, John-street). Averil G. Armthage, Stafford, wheelwright, (Rudall, Clement's-Inn).

Barnes T. Colchester, saddler, (Milne and Co. Temple). **Brading J.** Newport, Isle of Wight, builder, (Wilmot, Holborn-court). **Blyth W.** Sheffield, mercer, (Blagrove and Co. Symond's-Inn). **Bowstred S.** Kingsland road, corn-merchant, (Bryant, Copthall-court). **Baker J. jun** Stafford, shoe-manufacturer, (Anstice, King's-Bench-Walk). **Beavers J.** Sheffield, builder, (Crosley, Holborn-court). **Brooker J. C.** Poultry, haberdasher, (Allingham, Saint John's-square). **Barns J.** Manchester, manufacturer, (J. and R. Willis, Warrford-court). **Bryan S.** Grosvenor-Mews, Chandler, (Robinson and Co. Lincoln's-Inn).

Connellan J. St Catherine's, ship-chandler, (Bourdillon and Co. Little Friday-st). **Colgrave J.** Red Lion-street, Holborn, wine-merchant, (Pullen, Fore-street). **Cornie J.** High-street, Lambeth, brewer, (Scath, Lyon's-Inn). **Cotton L.** Fenchurch-street, merchant, (Evitt and Co. Haydon-square). **Campbell A.** Huddersfield, merchant, (Battye, Chancery lane). **Clarke T.** Portsmouth, merchant, (Matthews, Portsmouth). **Cooper B.** Earl-street, builder, (Loxley, Cheapside).

Dewson B. jun. Wolverhampton, Japaner, (Williams, Staple-Inn). **Drew J.** Dursley, Gloucester, innkeeper, (Price and Co. Old Buildings, Lincoln's-Inn). **Dunn J.** Stockport, draper, (Ellis, Cursitor-str). **Elliott G.** Winchester-street, merchant, (Crowder and Co. Frederick's-place).

Fruit R. Broughton-ford, near Manchester, calico-printer, (Edge, Inner-Temple),

Forster G. Laster Dukesfield, Northumberland, miller, (Watson, Lamb-buildings). **Fall G. and Hutchinson J.** Tooley-street, brewers, (Holmes and Co. Mark-lane).

Goff E. Wellclose-square, coal-merchant, (Allan, Frederick's-place). **Goodman N.** March, in the Isle of Ely, liquor-merchant, (Huxley, Middle-Temple). **Gore R.** Liverpool, linen-draper, (Windle, John-str.). **Gilbert J.** Chiswell-street, grocer, (Hodge, Dorset-street).

Haughan N. Oakshaw, Cumberland, drover, (Mounsey, Staple's-Inn). **Hancock J.** Bromyard, Hereford, dealer in horses, (Pewtriss, Gray's-Inn). **Hall H.** Gutter-lane, warehouseman, (Reynolds, Casile-street). **Hughes J. F.** Wigmore-street, bookseller, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad-street). **Howard J. and Burnley, J.** Lancaster, cotton-spinners, (Wigglesworth, Gray's-Inn-square).

Jones J. Llangollen, Denbigh, shopkeeper, (Presland, Brunswick-square). **Jones D.** Pentro-Back, Merthyr-Tidville, Glamorgan, grocer, (Bigg, Hatten-garden).

Ibbetson S. Ludgate hill, silk-mercier, (Ellen, New Bridge-street). **Johnston G.** Peartree-row, Blackfriars, cabinet-maker, (Allingham, St. John's-square). **Jackson L. W.** Brownlow-street, cabinet-maker, (Patten, Cross-street).

Kitson J. Dewsbury Moor, York, clothier, (Willis, Warrford-court). **Kitching J.** Leeds, dyer, (Crosley, Gray's-Inn). **Knight T. and Mosley, S.** Lancaster, clothiers, (Townsend, Staple-Inn).

Leman J. Ramsgate, shopkeeper, (Clutton, St. Thomas's-street). **Lindley J.** Penistone, York, leather-cutter, (Wilson, Greville-street). **Lyon T.** Liverpool, mer-

chant, (Windle, John-street). Lane L. Kingclere, Hants, shopkeeper, (Kibble-white and Co. Gray's-Inn-place).

Miles G. Woolwich, tailor, (West, Clement's-Inn). Marchant T. Bridgewater, bookseller, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Miller J. Hightelmstone, bricklayer, (Ellis, Hutton-garden). Mann G. Southampton-place, victualler, (Crawford, Charles-sq). Marmth C. Pickett-street, cheesemonger, (Hard, Temple). More W. Halesworth, saddler, (Pugh, Bernard-street).

Nixon J. Newcastle Demesne, Cumberland, drover, (Mounsey, Staple-Inn). Newman C. Whitechapel, shopkeeper, (Wilson, King's-Bench-Walk).

Popplestone W. Plymouth, grocer, (Alexander, Bedford-row). Page J. Bishopsgate-street, haberdasher, (White Sweet, King's-Bench-Walk). Pearce J. Dixon W. and Allen B. Paternoster-row, money-scriveners, (Bovill, Bridge-street). Pearson T. Roughburchworth, Bemston, York, tanner, (Wilson, Greville-street). Parsons R. Lyncombe and Widcombe, Somerset, grocer, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Pearce W. Dover, cordwainer, (Allan, Frederick's-place). Parsons J. Cheapside, warehouseman, (Foulkes, Southampton-street). Potts J. White Bear-Yard, Back-Hill, cabinet-maker, (Crutchley and Co. John-street). Pink J. Gravesend, house-carpenter, (Clarkson, Essex-street). Palmer T. Goodge-street, St Pancras, tailor, (Turner, Edward street).

Roper W. P. London, merchant, (Swan and Co. Old Jewry). Rolls R. L. Southam, money-scriber, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row). Rhodes R. Newcastle-under-Lyne, grocer, (Benbow and Co. Stone-buildings). Radley B. Ossett, Dewsbury,

York, clothier, (Clarkson, Essex-street). Read R. Caroline Mews, stable-keeper, (Denton and Co. Field-court, Gray's Inn). Rhodes W. Sheshawell, warehouseman, (Whitaker, Broad-cours). Radcliff J. Depeford, brewer, (Seward, Prince's-street). Rose J. Road, Somerset, farmer, (Shephard and Co. Bedford-row).

Stamford E. York-street, flour factor, (Hunt, Warwick court). Samuel L. Le-man-street, clock-maker, (Issacs, Mitre-court). Smith J. Saffron-hill, grocer, (Jones and Co. Salisbury-square). Smith J. Great Trinity-lane, merchant, (Latlow, Wardrobe-court). Smith C. Bath, corn-factor, (Harrison, Craven-street).

Thorneley W. Cornbrook, dyer, (Ellis, Cursitor-street). Thompson R. Craven-buildings, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Thompson W. jun. Wolverhampton, grocer, (Williams, Staple-Inn).

Wright J. Hammersmith, cheesemonger, (Batsford, Jamaica-row). Walsh B. and Nisbet T. Angel-court, brokers, (Smith and Co. Chapter-House). Wright T. Cowpers-row, broker, (Mills, Ely-place). Williams T. Shoc-lane, vintner, (Salke, Dowgate-hill). Wright R. Thorverton, dealer, (Williams and Co. Prince's-street, Bedford-row). Webster H. Roll's buildings, jeweller, (Lee, Castle-street). Ward W. Leicester, and Frazer R. Cateaton-sty. London, hosiers, (Taylor, Southampton-buildings). Wilmot J. East Markham, butcher, (Rhodes and Co. St James's-Walk). Whitehead J. Kingston-upon-Hull, grocer, (Sykes and Co. New Inn). Williams R. Bedwelty, Monmouthshire, shopkeeper, (Gregory, Clement's Inn).

Young T. Machen, Monmouth, dealer, (James, Gray's-Inn-square).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.

November 21, 1808.

London Dock Stock, 121½ per Cent.
East India ditto, 125½ ditto.
West India ditto, 165½ ditto
Commercial Dock Shares, 127½ ditto
Grand Junction Canal, 128½ ditto.
Grand Surrey ditto, 60½ per share. [prem
Imperial Fire Insurance, 3½ per cent.
Globe Fire and Life ditto, 114½ per cent.
Allian ditto ditto, 2½ per cent. prem.

Hope ditto ditto, 8½ per Share prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 48 ditto.
East London Water-works, 47½ ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 10½ ditto
South London ditto, 90½ per share prem.
Golden-Lane Brewery, 78½ per share
London Institution, 84½ per share
Surrey Institution, 35½ ditto.
Commercial Road, 116½ per cent.

L^d WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

THE seed wheats in most parts have been got in as early this season as in any other remembered. An increased quantity has been sown throughout the whole island.—The turnip crops have been very greatly improved by the late rains.—The clover layers have in general worked remarkably well. A considerable breadth in the Isle of Thanet, in Kent, and the eastern counties of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, some weeks since, exhibited fine and luxurious plants.—The potatoe crops have every where turned out most abundant, and are generally secured in good condition.—If the barleys have been generally thin, oats rise well. In some counties where turnips did not promise well at first, a large extent of winter barley, tares, and rye, have been sown as substitutes. Grey-peas, beans, and oats look well.—Meino sheep have fallen considerably. Mutton is considerably cheaper: veal and pork dearer.—The wool trade, on account of the unfavourable change in Spanish affairs, is rather slack.

Meat in Smithfield market:—Beef, 4s. to 4s. 8d., mutton, 3s. 4d. to 4s. 6d.; veal, 5s. 6d. to 7s.; pork the same.

Middlesex, November 25.

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN.

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Nov. 10, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.					MARITIME COUNTIES.				
Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats		Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats	
s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.		s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	
Middsx. 100 11	58 5	49 0	39 10	Essex	90 8	53 6	51 3	39 10	
Surrey	99 0	52 0	50 6	43 4	Kent	95 3	59 0	46 9	38 0
Hertford	86 10	49 0	47 2	34 2	Sussex	93 8		49 9	38 6
Bedford	88 3	49 9	46 2	36 4	Suffolk	92 4	52 10	44 10	35 10
Hunting.	88 11		48 2	30 3	Cambridge	89 3	56 4	46 3	27 3
Northa.	89 4	50 0	44 8	37 8	Norfolk	93 7	55 2	43 4	32 2
Rutland	95 6		47 3	34 0	Lincoln	91 11	59 10	45 8	29 8
Leicest	98 5	51 9	46 0	39 2	York	91 7	68 9	42 7	32 1
Notting.	99 2	60 0	50 10	34 8	Durham	98 6		48 0	33 6
Derby	99 10		50 4	36 10	Northumberland	93 10	57 4	44 7	30 6
Stafford	98 0		50 6	36 11	Cumberland	96 8	59 0	45 1	29 11
Salop	98 9	65 8	47 4	34 10	Westmorland	100 9	72 0	43 5	31 7
Herefor	95 5	48 0	41 6	36 11	Lancaster	90 2		43 6	31 2
Wor'st.	100 9	51 4	51 2	43 1	Chester	89 4		54 0	35 0
Warwic	99 11		54 5	39 6	Flint				
Wilts	88 4		45 2	42 2	Denbigh	99 0		49 11	28 9
Berks	101 0		47 8	40 9	Anglesea			41 0	26 0
Oxford	94 8		45 7	38 3	Carnarvon	82 8		40 8	27 8
Bucks	92 1		43 4	40 3	Merioneth	93 4		43 2	24 6
Brecon	91 2	54 4	47 2	28 8	Cardigan	79 7		58 0	20 0
Montgo.	93 7		40 0	33 2	Pembroke	72 11		38 6	25 2
Radnor.	92 9		41 10	32 0	Carmarthen	78 8		41 4	23 3
					Glamorgan	89 6		46 5	26 8
					Gloucester	97 11		50 9	
					Somerset	92 8		44 6	38 8
					Monmouth	95 9		48 8	
					Devon	89 5		38 0	28 6
					Cornwall	81 4		40 0	26 5
					Dorset	89 0		48 3	37 8
					Hants	95 5		50 5	39 9

Average of England and Wales.

Wheat 92s. 7d.; Rye 56s. 4d.; Barley 45s. 10d.; Oats 33s. 8d.; Beans 65s. 11d.; Pease 66s. 8d.; Oatmeal 49s. 8d.

BILL of MORTALITY, from OCT. 26, to NOV. 22, 1808.

CHRISTENED.		BURIED.		Between		
Males	807	Males	696		2 and 5 - 173	60 and 70 - 111
Females 790	1597	Females 718	1414		5 and 10 - 67	70 and 80 - 89
Whereof have died under two years old	428				10 and 20 - 44	80 and 90 - 22
					20 and 30 - 99	90 and 100 - 5
					30 and 40 - 129	
					40 and 50 - 126	
					50 and 60 - 121	

Peck Loaf, 5s. 2d. 5s. 2d. 5s. 2d. 5s. 2d.
Salt, 20s. per bushel, 4s. per lb.

PRICE OF STOCKS, FROM OCTOBER 27, 1898, to NOVEMBER 25, 1898, both inclusive.

[illegible]

N.B. In the 2 per Cent Consols the *highest* and *lowest* Price of each day is given, in the other Stocks the *highest* only.

EDWARD FORTUNE, *Spec.*, BROKER and GENERAL AGENT, No. 13, Cornhill.

THE UNIVERSAL MAGAZINE.

Nº LXI.—VOL. X.]

For DECEMBER, 1808.

[NEW SERIES.]

“We shall never envy the honours which wit and learning obtain in any other cause, if we can be numbered among the writers who have given ardour to virtue, and confidence to truth.”—DR. JOHNSON.

SKETCH of the LIFE of Sir Hew DALRYMPLE.

WHEN we resolved upon the abolition of the portrait in our Magazine, we left our readers to consider the measure as final and unalterable; while to ourselves we reserved the discretionary power of presenting them with that embellishment, as often as circumstances might arise, by which individuals became objects of public enquiry and curiosity. This determination perfectly accords with the principle laid down in our address, (*See Univ. Mag. for July, p. 3*) and by which, while we are exonerated from the necessity of hunting out the obscure, we are at liberty to avail ourselves of the eminent. The present plate therefore, or any future ones which may occasionally be given, are to be regarded as gratuitous, by which we wish to meet, as far as possible, the expectations and approbation of our readers.

SIR HEW WHITEFORD DALRYMPLE who is, we hope, upon the point of emerging from one of the thickest clouds of calumny and popular prejudice that ever perhaps obscured any individual of eminence, seems to have been, advantageously for himself, reserved for this singular occasion. Though born, as it were, a gentleman and a soldier, hitherto all opportunities of exhibiting himself to advantage as a public character seem to have shunned him. Sir Hew was born at Ayr, in North Britain, on the 3d of December, 1750. He is the only son of John Dalrymple of Ayr, a captain of the Enniskillen regiment of Dragoons. His father was the third son of Sir Hew Dalrymple, of North Berwick, Bart. who was the third son of James, Viscount Stair.

This honourable descent, though
UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. X.

the tongue of slander has so loudly opened against Sir Hew, it does not appear he has ever degraded. If he had not hitherto distinguished himself as a military man, it is but candid to impute this failure to a want of opportunity. The circumstances of Sir Hew making a short trip to Flanders with the Duke of York, his subsequent appointment to be a district General in the north of England, and his nomination to the lieutenant governorship of Gibraltar, from whence he was called to take an active part in the recent affairs in Portugal,—were not objects the best calculated to obtain celebrity. But though forbidden to figure in the great world, we understand Sir Hew, as a true friend to discipline and improvement in the army, has always lent his advice and concurrence to every plan of amelioration which promised any share of success. To judge of these, Sir Hew's habits of intimacy with a number of enterprising and professional men, joined to his own abilities as a scholar, have eminently qualified him.

Though he did not accompany General Sir David Dundas to Prussia, shortly after the peace of 1783, when the great Frederick, to whom all Europe more or less was indebted for the discipline of its armies, and when that monarch had ordered a grand review of the whole of his forces;—yet he is known to have been extremely partial to that General's tactics, and to have approved of his *“Principles of Military Movements, chiefly applicable to Infantry.”*

It must, however, be acknowledged that the writer in question borrowed largely from the *“Elements of Tactics for the Prussian Infantry,”* by General Saldern, translated by

Professor Landman of the Royal Academy, Woblich, and from the *Essai de Tactique, par M. Guibert*. Simplicity and generality of principle are the distinguishing features of the great Frederick's military system. Orders pass to the front, or in *echelon*; accurate marching for his line in infantry; and rapid movements for the cavalry; formed its distinguishing features. When he moved, it was at the head of a strong advanced guard, behind which, his troops formed into columns were collected and combined. One part of the army was strengthened by reserves, or the guard before-mentioned, and the rest of the line refused. To gain the enemy's flank was a desirable manœuvre, and by these means he acted with effect, though perhaps in numbers he was much superior.

The system of Sir David Dundas, which, we understand, was most cordially approved by Sir Hew Dalrymple, was by his Majesty's direction adapted for the use of the army in 1792. It was accordingly printed under the title of "Rules and Regulations for the Formation, Field Exercise, and Movements of his Majesty's Forces," with an injunction that this system should be strictly followed and adhered to without any deviation whatsoever. And by no officer in the army, we believe, have these rules been followed with greater fidelity than by Sir Hew Dalrymple.

These regulations are indeed formed upon the most important principles; for instance, in marching they are calculated to preserve just distances, particularly the leading of divisions, on which every movement depends; forming good lines; changing fronts by *echelon*; wheeling by divisions from column, and at all times marching either in ordinary or quick time, by cadenced steps. The approbation and adoption of these rules must be enhanced by the consideration that, till they were published, we never had any general system of discipline which was universally and unexceptionably complied with. A few review regulations excepted, every commander in chief, or officer commanding a corps, adopt-

ed such manœuvres as he thought proper. Neither was the manual exercise then, as it is now, the same in all regiments; nor marching in quick or slow time properly regulated.—Consequently, when two or three regiments met together in the same camp or garrison, they could not act in brigade or line till the general commanding officer established a temporary uniform system. Still this new system, uniform as it was, did not meet with merited approbation till Captain Reide published his "Treatise on Military Discipline," as he observes, to show the principles on which the present system of tactics is formed, in a plain and perspicuous point of view.

With respect to Sir Hew Dalrymple, if his services previous to the expedition to Portugal are adverted to, the British expedition to Holland in 1799 was of too short a duration to afford a proper theatre for the display of great talents. Allowing the term, the whole period of Sir Hew's government of Gibraltar was a scene of *still life*. Zeal and courage, it must be admitted, are necessary qualities in a soldier. When bravery is backed by the former qualities, the greatest dangers, difficulties, and fatigues are overcome. To these must be united a natural inclination for war, in order to constitute a consummate General. It is that inward impulse which contributes most efficaciously towards effecting great achievements. It has been further observed, that appearing in arms at an early age does not contribute a little to ensure success. These qualifications united in an officer, though he has had few or no opportunities of exhibiting them in the field, will nevertheless afford sufficient indications upon which we may establish his character.

However, the major part of these may be fairly claimed by Sir Hew Dalrymple: and upon this ground, a want of an opportunity to make a proper display of them may be deemed a misfortune, but can never by any mode of reasoning be converted into a crime.

W. E. T.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

*The DEATH-BED of ST. ALBERT, and
the CONSOLATIONS of VIRTUE.*

Sir,

IF you think the following pages from a MS. work which may one day perhaps be published, worthy of a place in the *Universal Magazine*, I need only say that I should be gratified by their insertion; and

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

London, Dec. 7, 1802.

M.

* * * * * In the midst of these contemplations came the evening on, and the hour which I had appointed for visiting the youth's father. I went. The door was opened by my young friend, who, with a look expressive of silence, and a significant "hush," informed me that his father had just fallen asleep. He shut the door softly, and conducted me silently into a small room, in one corner of which was a low bed with chequered curtains that were open at the bottom. I sat down on a chair by the window which looked into a small garden, while the youth attended to something which he was preparing on the fire for his father.

I directed my eyes towards the bed. They became rivetted. Never shall I forget the sacred form that lay there extended.

His head was supported by two pillows, and the last rays of the setting sun, which shone into the room, glanced a pale red upon his pallid cheek! His hands were folded across his breast. A few grey hairs scattered thinly about his temples shaded with venerable simplicity a deep entrenched scar, the glowing crimson of which, to my mind, dignified while it upbraided the wan hue of the veteran's face. To me it seemed to bloom in conscious pride, like the flower of early spring that shows its blushing scarlet through heaps of fleecy snow drift, unmelted yet by the warm western breeze! His sleep was tranquil; he breathed freely; his lips, half unclosed, moved accordant to the inward workings of his mind. A holy resignation seem-

ed to rest upon his countenance. A few drops of perspiration stood upon his brow, which his son, affectionately bending over him, gently wiped away with a handkerchief. It awakened him.

"Henry, my child!" said he in a faint tone, "have I slept long?"

"Scarcely an hour, father," replied the youth, looking at his watch which hung at the bed-head.

"But it has much refreshed me." His eye now accidentally turned towards me. A transient blush of surprise and alarm tinged his cheek; but it passed away.—I arose and went towards him.

"This is the gentleman, father," said the youth, "who saved my life this morning, when I fell into the river, and who so kindly gave me the money."

A mingled expression of joy, gratitude, and benevolence beamed from the aged veteran's eyes as his son spoke this. A smile of peace settled upon his lips. He stretched forth his hand towards me; I placed mine in it. He pressed it feebly; and exclaimed with a fervency that struck me to the soul, "Young man! may the blessing of God rest upon thee and thine!"

I sat down by his bed side. My hand was still locked in his. "You will pardon," said I, "this intrusion. I came here from no motives of impertinent curiosity, or from busy interference. I came in the full hope that I might be able to assist, to console, and to relieve."

"Ah, Sir!" replied St. Albert, (for that was his name) "did I even merit this kindness, I have no hope from your endeavours. Exhausted nature pants for her repose; and the eager soul burns to shake off this load of corruption that presses her aspiring flight to earth. The hour of dissolution must come; and it never can come more welcome than to the weary sufferer, to whom nature is but a blank; and this so high prized world, a vain and empty show! The silken cords of pleasure and delight, which once held me a willing captive to this dim spot, are now for ever burst asunder. Suppose it pleased

Almighty God to stretch my frail thread of existence yet a few years longer, where is the distant prospect on this side the grave that can cheer my sinking heart, or lend new vigour to my tottering steps? My most enthusiastic schemes would dwindle to a span: I should but hover round the grave, pleased with the airy bubbles of a noon-day sun, and let my grey hairs stream a little longer in the fanning breezes of a summer's day. At last, to drop with the shadows of evening! No; when life becomes a pain, death is our sweetest refuge!"

"But why," replied I, "should life be painful to him, whose conscience holds no avenging rod?"

St. Albert looked steadily at me; a hectic tinge flushed across his cheek; he sighed, and exclaimed, "Every heart has its own sorrows: let no man disturb their sanctuary."

He pronounced these words with an uncommon solemnity. I was struck and remained silent.

"No, my young friend," continued he, "'tis an impiety which my heart disclaims, causelessly to repine at that gift which God hath given us to make us blest. Life is a poison. In unskilful hands its effects are always fatal; it works with deleterious power, and corrupts the sources of felicity. But to those who know its force and efficacy, whom nature has fashioned to extract its virtues, and even so, to mingle its very drugs with antidotes, to form a healthful beverage for the soul; to such, life with all its dark unfruitful spots, with all its storms and tempests that batter our poor earthly frame, becomes a blessing held on a tenure of most endearing joys. Such was it once to me, but I have lost the art of mingling its discordance into harmony."

"That probably," I replied, "is because you see through a deceitful medium. Sickness and poverty have thrown a mist before your eyes, which distorts the face of things into a thousand antic shapes that nature and reality disown. Misfortune clouds the mind, and intercepts its faculties; gives to an ideal world of shapeless deformity, that its more healthful senses would never know. To the wandering exile from his native shores the sun no longer beams with golden

gladness through the day; the moon no longer, wheeling her silent course along the starry space, sheds peace, and holy, musing, and harmony around; earth's choicest spots, her groves of myrtle, and her sparkling springs, to him bring no delight; for lovelier groves and more translucent streams he left behind; all nature saddens; unblest he wanders through her boundless stores; even man has lost all noble features; no breast receives him; no eye of love beams upon his sorrows; no tear of pity falls to soften his afflictions. In the midst of his species he is alone! Even so may it be with thee. Poverty and disease have exiled thee from all the pleasures of life. You look back with streaming eyes to those you have once enjoyed. The contrast aggravates the present. A dreary desert seems to spread around you. Every step carries you further into its glooms; and you sigh for a passport to a new existence. But oh! remember, the storm that threatens now may disappear; the bleak and desolate winds that whistle round your head, may subside into gentle zephyrs soft as the down that clothes the budding musk rose; the clouds that darken the horizon may brighten into sunshine, and quick springing flowers deck your barren path. Hope, like a beckoning angel, shall gently lead you forwards, and shadow you with her wings as you sink into the grave!"

St. Albert shook his head and sighed. He remained silent for a moment, and then resumed the discourse.

"Not the recollection of past enjoyments that renders present existence indifferent to me. To a well formed mind that recollection should rather administer increased delight. 'Tis as we should say, 'Lord! thou hast given me comfort, and peace, and happiness; thou hast strewed my path with roses, and bade contentment journey with me, hand in hand; but even as darkness and night follow the splendour of morning, so age and decrepitude and much sorrow succeed to the smiling gaiety and manly vigour of youth: yet Eternal God! I repine and murmur; invert for me thy fixed decrees; bid the young

'blood gush through my veins again;
'give to my limbs their active energy;
'restore the lustre of my languid eye;
'and let these hoary locks yield to the
'flowing grace of ebony ringlets: do
'thou thus, Great Being! or the life
'that sixty summers long, has brought
'increased delight upon its wings,
'shall now become my execration and
'my curse.'—Far be it from my heart
to harbour a sentiment so impious,
so unworthy a rational being! But
think my friend: when we look
back upon buried time, may not the
mind find other causes of dejection?"

"I firmly believe not," I replied.

St. Albert smiled bitterly, and quitted my hand. I proceeded.

"I firmly believe not; for the sorrows which may have agonized a virtuous mind in the career of life, lose their poignancy when contemplated through the mild obscurity of time. They are no longer sorrows. They become as it were the chosen companions of the breast, which harmonize with its feelings, when a soft, pensive melancholy reigns. They may dim the eye with tears, and swell with sighs the bosom; but neither are the tears wrung by internal agony of thought, nor are the sighs laden with anguish. They are like the gentle dews of heaven, which bend the floweret on its fragile stem; awhile it droops beneath the precious burden; but silently it imbibes the balmy moisture, and quickens with what erewhile bowed it to the earth. The woes of past existence, which still prick and sting us, are the avenging demons of a guilty conscience."

"Mere declamation!" replied St. Albert, somewhat peevishly. "You are a young man, and with all the venial impetuosity of youth you draw inconsequential inferences from suppositions premises. More conversation perhaps with books, and the solitary contemplations of your own mind, than with man and the world, you arraign, assert, and maintain, with a warmth incident to men whose life has been rather contemplative than active. There is nothing so extravagant or absurd, which the mind will not, by constant contemplation, learn to consider as just and rational; for solitude peoples its own world,

and assigns to its beings its own peculiar motives of action; and it is only when we bring these motives to the test of real existence, that we discover their fallacy. Yet I would not check the generous impulse of nature; thirty years ago I would have reasoned thus; but thirty years of sad experience has taught me that to reason thus is error."

"Imagine not," I replied, "that what I say is delivered as the crude notions of the moment, which is what I understand by your 'generous impulse of nature.' No. I may be wrong, and my heart shares the error; but my judgment lends its sanction to what I utter. I repeat it: the man who really shudders, or fears, or hesitates to look back upon the past scenes of existence, writhes beneath the agonies of an avenging conscience that loudly proclaims premeditated guilt. Can it be otherwise? Why should those evils which spring up in the soil of humanity beneath the foot of every wanderer; which spring up spontaneously; which, if we had the power, we would gladly crush even in the germ; why should such evils in retrospect afflict us with perpetual woes? Foolish casuists may tell us that a great part of our wretchedness flows directly from ourselves; from our vices, our luxuries, our passions, or desires; but let these men of theory new model the globe; let them reason man out of the nature which he owns, and new form his heart before they thunder forth their fulminations against the wanderings of their fellow creatures! I cannot believe that such fears for involuntary distresses can smart your bosom for a moment; and for heinous, preconceived enormity, that temperate look and mildly beaming eye, tell me your soul disowns it. Then droop no longer beneath an imaginary burden; shake off the boding terrors of a diseased fancy; look upon the days that beam upon you, and those that are closed in everlasting night: Eternal God! thou hast not doomed thy creatures to breathe in sighs, neither hast thou ordained them to pine for ever with a sorrowing spirit; to those whose griefs are many, and whose fluent tears have

flowed incessant at the shrine of woe; even to those, one drop of comfort has been given, one source of consolation which has healed their wounds; thou hast bathed their bleeding hearts in thy streams of living mercy; and though their cup has been dragged with severest anguish, yet hast thou at the bottom infused a precious balm, like manna to their fainting souls! And shall he, whose breast, but feebly stricken with the shafts of fate, bears no infixed arrows, shall he murmur? Shall he, not mindful of the prerogative he enjoys, not looking with humility to those beneath him, that wail, and weep, and gnash their teeth, but with envious, up-turned eye, gazing at the star that glitters far above him, shall he sullenly despise thy bounteous goodness because not blessed with all? No, my friend; you may have had your share of the calamities of life; but be not therefore indignant. I am indeed, as you observe, young; yet I have had my sorrows; I have lost an affectionate father; these arms have held the dying form of a beloved mother; a mother dear to me by all the sacred ties of nature; by all the tender bonds of affection and of love; I have watched the last breath tremble on her lips; I have received her blessing with the last struggle of her soul; I have followed her to the grave! My friend! these are woes that rend the human breast: that, for a time dry up even the sources of consolation; but they pass away; and I can now feed upon their remembrance in the still evening hour, or on my midnight pillow with most pleasingly solemn sensations. And why should I not?—I look around, and behold, daily, numbers of my fellow creatures treading the same path; this tells me that it is destiny unshunnable; and I am comforted. So let it be with thee! Remember, that to suffer is the melancholy birthright of man; and he alone is truly brave, and owns a god-like fortitude of soul, who bears up against the stream of adversity; who bares his unsmirched bosom to the storm, and smiles with hope when all around is sadness and desolation.—The coward and the weak tremble in the blast, and cower beneath the

sweeping ruin; but to him whose heart is chastened, and wears a heavenly paucity, ruin herself is not unlovely, for where she has trodden spring up the blossoms of eternal hope; and while her right hand sweeps the face of things with the exterminating sword, her left scatters around the amarantine flowers of everlasting life."

St. Albert was moved at this. While I was speaking I thought I perceived something like dismay painted on his countenance; my heart smote me, and I changed my theme. God forbid I should fix one thorn in the soul of dying man! As I spoke of my own losses, and the temper of mind with which I bore them, his eye brightened; the gloom faded from his face like the mists of morning before the first rays of the sun; and the last words uttered with a fervency which I felt, for I spoke from my feelings, seemed to operate like a charm. He stretched forth his hand towards me again; he pressed mine and strongly, and seemed much agitated. After a pause he spoke:

"Oh! many a year has passed since the voice of consolation from the mouth of friendship has struck my ear, and now it breathes, sweet as the gale of summer, blown from a field of spices! My heart feels a new warmth, and sends the blood in warmer currents circling through my frame. Oh, my dear young friend! (for by that name my soul already owns thee) you have brought an hour of comfort to one who long, long since has felt only the cold grasp of despair! Cheerless have been my nights, and comfortless my days! the setting sun has lighted me to my pillow, to which I have sighed the live long night; and the new born day has seen me wander forth to mourn at large! Adelaide!—"

He paused: he grasped my hand: he sobbed: that venerable face was convulsed with sorrow: he strove to hide his weakness, but nature rose superior, and a silent tear rolled down his sunken cheek! Eternal Being! spare me for ever such a sight again! The tears of woman, in all the pride of youth and beauty, fall on the heart with pleasing tenderness; they move,

agitate, transport! The tears of man, even in his prime, seem to bend our stubborn nature to more than usual sympathy: But the tears, the hard-wrung drops of aged, venerable, dying man, narrow up the soul! Nature has no sight more afflicting, more solemn!

After a short pause I ventured to ask who *Adelaide* was?

"The hapless mother," replied St. Albert, with a tremulous voice, "of that more hapless child," pointing to his son.

He was silent again. I could read in his countenance that his mind was much affected. My heart was wrung, and I reproached myself for having gone so far. The youth too, who was standing at the window, seemed to glance a look of reproach at me through his tears, (which the last words of his father had excited) as if he would say, 'Unconscious persecutor! why have you roused a thought which fills my father's bosom with agony!'—I felt indeed strongly that I had been hurried on by the impetuosity of my feelings to a breach, not only of decorum, but of humanity. I had paid too little regard to the situation of St. Albert as a valetudinarian; and I had assumed a warmth which, however it might have been the effect of my natural character, ought to have been softened by the respect which is always due to the feelings of the human heart. St. Albert felt this too; he thought I spoke with more energy than disinterestedness would warrant; the apprehension struck him forcibly: he imagined I was but a captious, headstrong, wrangling polemic, whose brain only seeks pretexts for regorging its own flimsy operations. He hesitated; he was silent. I too felt my situation; at another time I could have explained; but my heart was not now accordant; I arose hastily; bade St. Albert farewell; and as I quitted the house, I formed the silent resolution of atoning on the morrow for the errors of impetuosity. But, alas! St. Albert lived not to hear me: he had expired in the course of the night, and with his last breath sighed forth the name of *Adelaide*.

M.

On the MISMANAGEMENT of PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

[Continued from p. 390.]

THESE statutes plainly prove to us how very difficult it is to prevent men in public offices from making innovations; and the legislature seemed almost to despair of keeping them in the straight line of duty, when it was enacted, the 3d Geo. I. chap. 15, sect. 12, that the Barons of the Exchequer may amerce, from time to time, all such clerks as refuse or neglect their duty, by not returning their estreats as they are directed.

When we consider the before recited acts, the fines, the disqualification, and the oath required of those who make the returns, it would be a curious investigation to inquire by what means the law is evaded.

As a recognizance is not witnessed like a bond, but receives all its power from the record, how do the town clerks in certain cases avoid the returning of the record into the Exchequer at the time appointed by the statute? Can the magistrates respite and the clerks withhold the estreating of the record as long as they please? The statute requires a true and perfect estreat, or schedule of all fines of sessions which shall be held in every year before Michaelmas, by or upon any person whatever due to his Majesty; and yearly and every year before the second Monday after the morrow of All Souls, then to make and deliver a duplicate under the penalty of fifty pounds.

As it is a common practice in cases of bastardy to respite the recognizance and not to retain the record, is not this making the law a dead letter? Is not this depriving the king of the penalties for the persons not appearing? and are not parishes burdened by the practice?

It is certain that the legislature never intended recognizances should stand, over from sessions to sessions; for, in the statute in the third year of Henry VII. c. 1, it is required that every justice within the realm, who shall take any recognizance for keeping the peace, "that the same justice do certify, send, or bring the said recognizance to the next sessions of the peace where he is or hath been

justice; and if he make default, the same default to be recorded, and the same recognition with, the record of the default, be sent and certified into the Chancery, or afore the King in his Bench, or into the King's Exchequer."

If, through a desire of innovation, neglect, or design, recognizances and records are withheld sessions after sessions, and the king and his subjects are both injured, is it not time for the law to be put in execution? But who is to do it? Can it be expected that a private individual will be at the trouble and expense of prosecuting a clerk for the recovery of a fine of fifty pounds, when the king is to take one-half, free of all deductions, when it is well known that the other moiety will not pay the attorney's bill for the prosecution?

If it be the business of the keeper of the treasurer's Remembrance Office to prosecute delinquents for defaults upon information, why is there not some method adopted to acquaint persons where they are to apply, and to know whether the return is made? As business is conducted at present, the parish officer hath no means of gaining information upon the subject, for he is in general ignorant of what questions he is to ask; and it seems necessary that a schedule of the estreats into the Treasurer's Remembrance Office in the Exchequer should be yearly published in the county papers, that all those who are concerned may know whether there be any recognizances withheld, and for what reason; and if it should not prove satisfactory, the law may be put in execution against offenders. After persons of different denominations have been mulct for wittingly and willingly omitting, or not making full and perfect returns, it will be the means of checking that innovating spirit, which is always ready to make encroachments wherever it can be done with impunity.

It is by fearing to make innovations we suffer them to increase; and, by adhering to this narrow system, errors and evils multiply upon us.—When they are familiarised and countenanced by time, the ignorant and unthinking part of the community consider them as sacred.

If our artificers and our labourers are ordered to break the sabbath without any necessity, if they are allowed to pick a privilege annexed to their station, if those who raise and expend public money are not to give any account of their stewardship, and if those who contribute to parochial taxes are not permitted in some instances to know how or for what their money is expended, and if parish officers are driven off from time to time and cannot have a case of bastardy settled; is there not reason to lament, that if any innovation appears, it is generally hostile to the public welfare? There ought to be but one law, and one practice of that law throughout the whole kingdom; but the giving privileged jurisdictions authority under modern statutes, the same as is given to magistrates acting under the king's commission, hath been the means of introducing into corporate towns such a mixture of ancient and modern practice as calls aloud for reformation.

If it be thought that time hath worn out their old customs and it is now necessary to renovate them, then let them be compelled to hold regular sessions of Oyer and Terminer at stated times. It may perhaps be said that we cannot infringe on ancient privileges, which may be considered as the common law of the land: then the practice of their courts should be confined to their ancient customs, and they should be compelled to act up to them.

If our patriotic legislators would but turn their attention to the correcting of abuses, they would do a much more essential service to the public than they will ever accomplish by endeavouring to change the system of parochial law. Mr. Nield, by his indefatigable and unwearied perseverance, hath, through his friend Dr. Lettsom, pointed out many and grievous evils to the public, which have been for ages concealed in exempt jurisdictions; and there are many others, it is much to be feared, will continue to remain there till time and experience will convince us of the necessity of applying a legal remedy.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

THE following letter, if it meet your approbation, may perhaps be acceptable to many of your readers, as it affords in a few words abundant matter for reflection, and may serve to throw some light on the character of its distinguished author, whom you have not omitted occasionally to notice.

I remain, &c.

Z.

LETTER from THOMAS PAINE to a Friend in Philadelphia, Paris, March 16, 1790.

I LEAVE this place to-morrow for London: I go expressly for the purpose of erecting an iron bridge, which Messrs Walkers, of Rotherham, Yorkshire, and I have constructed, and is now ready for putting together. It is an arch of one hundred and ten feet span and five feet high, from the chord line. It is as portable as common bars of iron, and can be put up and taken down at pleasure, and is in fact rendering bridges a portable manufacture.*

With respect to the French revolution, be assured that every thing is going on right. Little inconveniences, the necessary consequences of pulling down and building up, may arise; but even these are much less than ought to have been expected. Our friend, the marquis, is like his patron and master, General Washington, acting a great part. I take over with me to London the key of the bastille, which the marquis intrusts to my care as his present to Gen Washington, and which I shall send by the first American vessel to New York. It will be yet some months before the new Constitution will be completed, at which time there is to be a proces-

sion, and I am engaged to return to Paris to carry the American flag.

In England the ministerial party oppose every iota of reformation: the high benefited clergy and bishops cry out that the church is in danger; and all those who are interested in the remains of the feudal system join in the clamour. I see very clearly that the conduct of the British government, by opposing reformations, will detach great numbers from the political interests of that country; and that France, through the influence of principles and the divine right of men to freedom, will have a stronger party in England than she ever had, through the Jacobite bugbear of the divine right of kings in the Stuart line.

I wish most anxiously to see my much loved America. It is the country from whence all reformation must originally spring. I despair of seeing an abolition of the internal traffic in negroes. We must push that matter further on your side of the water. I wish that a few well instructed negroes could be sent among their brethren in bondage; for until they are enabled to take their own part, nothing will be done.

I am,

With many wishes for your happiness,

Your affectionate friend,

THOMAS PAINE.

REPLY TO SOPHOS.

Sir,

THE arguments of *Sophos* pleased but did not convince me. I still retain my former opinion upon the subject, 'That virtue alone is happiness below.' *Sophos* has certainly interpreted his own meaning in a way congenial enough and sufficiently suitable to his own mode of reasoning, but how was I to comprehend his meaning? I was fully satisfied with understanding his expression. Taking this expression then in its literal and general acceptance, I certainly have prophesied well, for *Sophos* says he did not intend to combat or urge any thing against moral principle or the practice of virtue. What remains now to be

* Sir Joseph Banks, in a letter to a person in America, on Paine's construction of bridges, says, "I expect many similar improvements from your countrymen, who think with vigour, and are in a great measure free from those shackles of theory which are imposed on the minds of our people, even before they are capable of exerting their mental faculties to advantage."

decided is the true meaning and interpretation of this word *Senses*. If Sophos considers it as merely comprehending our perceptive and sensitive qualities, I will be much inclined to grant his conclusion; for wherein do they militate against the practice of virtue? But if they are set in opposition to virtue, they must be understood as sensual gratifications, or indulgence in animal appetites.

In the first instance, if we enumerate among the gratifications of sense, the sweetness and harmony of sound, the enchantment of music as it falls and swells upon the ear, the varied and melting undulations of far distant village bells, or the murmur of falling waters,—if to these we add the enjoyments of vision, the immense expanse of the heavens, the prospect of the far-extending main, the various motions of vessels gliding on its surface; the majestic swell and tempestuous heaving of its waters; or if we take the ever-changing scenery of rural and picturesque nature; fruitful vallies, gently sloping hills, and winding streams; or the vast amphitheatres of desolation, where rocks are piled upon rocks to an unmeasurable height, and from the summit of which foaming torrents fall, breaking into a thousand cascades: I say if these are included, or comprehend the gratifications of sense, Sophos is justified in his conclusion. But, as I said before, wherein do those gratifications militate against virtue? It is a matter of belief with me, that without the practice of virtue those objects will not afford so much enjoyment. A mind addicted to licentiousness, or sensual gratifications, will behold every object in that point of view, principally wherein it addresses itself most to his libidinous inclinations. The jaundiced eye sees every thing of a yellow hue, and the mind views objects according as it is influenced by good or bad principles: I say the mind views objects, because, in my opinion, they are more gratifications of the mind than of the senses. The vacant eye stares at the horizon, but sees nothing worthy of notice; it glances over the surface of the waters, but receives no pleasurable sensation from the view:—it is the mind then which receives the

gratifying impression, and therefore I am much inclined to distinguish the enjoyments above enumerated as being purely mental. The window through which I look, does it receive gratification from the object I behold?—If they are merely gratifications of the senses, why are not animals as susceptible of them as man? for they can see, hear, taste, smell, and feel as well, and generally much more acutely than he can. If then the gratifications of the senses are not mental, they must be animal or sensual. Let me take the utmost latitude of the word, and enumerate all the animal appetites that man can, and too frequently does indulge in, and I will ask what happiness is experienced in gluttony and intemperance, profligacy and licentiousness, fornication and adultery.

These are sensual gratifications, and may be adduced with great propriety in opposition to virtue, and do they make a man happy? They may give him temporary pleasure, a transitory enjoyment, but we certainly will not dignify that with the name of happiness which ultimately produces pain and disease, satiety and disgust. Now an adherence to the strict practice of virtue will at least keep a man free from those evils, and so far, comparatively, it renders a man happier.

Sophos advances childhood as illustrative of his argument, and doubtless that state and the years of adolescence may be amply explanatory of his conclusion. Before the mind is expanded we are certainly solely in a state of animal enjoyment, and in no respect do we rank higher or so high as the brute creation in general. An animal has nearly arrived at its highest instinctive perfection as soon as it is produced; while a child, were we unacquainted with the latent embryos of mind and genius which it contains, would create in us nothing but despair and disappointment. The state of childhood cannot then be a proper exemplification of the present question; it is man who is under our consideration, man in the full possession of his mental as well as sensitive faculties. To the days of our youth we generally look back with melancholy reflection and regret, as days

which we passed in innocent freedom and delight, when our cup of enjoyment was at the full, days in which we were ignorant of those evil tendencies and lurking appetites which were gradually unfolding, and equally unconscious of that mind which kept progress with those appetites to restrain and check their ruinous indulgence.

I trust that my frequent mention of mind will not be considered by Sophos as an infringement of his restriction. Man abstracted from all supernatural interference or connection whatsoever, it will be allowed, is conscious that he possesses some faculty which renders him superior to the brute creation, and which we denominate mind; it is therefore certainly not advancing any supposition upon the basis of a future state of existence. But, in my opinion, Sophos has taken refuge himself under that shelter which he denied me. I made no appeal to religion, nor did I introduce the subject; yet it forms the most prominent feature of his argument. He accuses me of calling to my aid a future retribution, but I request him to mention wherein I have intruded it.

The last observation I shall make upon the reply of Sophos is upon his misconception and false colouring of virtue. I refer to his words; they are so distinct that they cannot be misunderstood, so evident that they cannot be misinterpreted. I only wish he had added some reasons *why* he thought, that 'For mere man as a sensitive being virtue had no attraction.'—'virtue is purely a creation of the mind.'—its delights are rather imaginary than real.—'virtue is almost always a sacrifice.'—'it rarely brings with it any present, any positive delight.' These remarks appear to me truly eccentric and paradoxical, unfounded, and controvertible. It would occupy too much of your paper to take each of them severally, and produce all that might be advanced in opposition to them. Sophos says, for mere man as a sensitive being.—Now I wish much he had explained this word sensitive: but I suppose he means, for man considered as merely animal, divested of mind. If that is the case, then

indeed I will grant, that for man in such a state virtue can have no attraction. 'Virtue is purely a creation of the mind.'—Of what mind? Is this not a contradiction? first man is a sensitive being, and then he is endowed with a mind capable of creating such a thing as virtue. I certainly cannot wholly comprehend this: but of whose mind is this virtue the production? We find the minds of men differ as widely as their faces, and consequently they cannot be productive of the same effects, yet we see daily that virtue is revered, valued, and respected wherever it is met with, — the virtuous are esteemed and envied wherever known, and yet this virtue, this possession is merely imaginary.

What then shall we call a reality? We meet with men truly virtuous in principle, who have never had much intercourse with mankind, or derived much advantage from education, but who are virtuous solely from a love of virtue, from its beauty and attraction. Is the delightful impressions upon the mind after the performance of a truly charitable action imaginary? Is that sweet and inexpressible sensation, which altogether overwhelms the mind after rescuing a wretch from misery, restoring the diseased and sick to health and vigour, the afflicted and despairing to comfort and hope, is that sensation only imaginary? Then indeed there is no such thing as happiness in life. I make no reference to a future state. I am aware of my near connection, but keep myself aloof from it. These then, and in my opinion these only, constitute true happiness, and these are actions I call truly virtuous.

From the expression of 'strict practice of virtue,' I have not understood that monkish forbearance, hermetical austerity, or rigid discipline, which the severe and grave philosopher would enforce, but that cheerful kindness, sincere charity, and universal philanthropy, which all men should bear one towards another. Understood in this sense, I maintain that man is happier from a strict practice of virtue than from the gratifications of the senses.

Nov. 22, 1808,

P. M. W.

ANNOTATIONS on the Text of
SHAKESPEARE.

No. VII.

CYMBELINE.

Act I.—Sc. V.

And, like the tyrannous breathing of the
North,
Shakes all our buds from blowing.

The first line is imitated in scene 3 of Mason's *Caractacus*. With respect to *shakes*, I cannot but think that the proposal of the late Bishop of Worcester (*shuts*) is, v. r. probably, correct. He might have supported it from a passage on the action of the wind, in Fletcher's *Faithful Shepherdess*, as well as from our author's own authority:—

"If I stay behind
An everlasting dullness, and the wind,
That, as he passeth by, *shuts* up the
stream

Of Rhine or Volga, while the Sun's
hot beam

Beats back again, seize me and let me
turn

To coldness more than ice!"

Faithful Shepherdess, end of Act I.

"Thy eyes' windows fall
Like death, when he *shuts* up the day
of life."

Romeo and Juliet, A. IV. Sc. 1.

Act II.—Sc. V.

Be't lying, note it;

The woman's; fluttering, her's; deceiv-
ing, her's.

Guarido is equally civil; but we must observe that *his* interlocutor is a savage:—

"S'apri la bocca, menti; se sospiri,
Son' mentiti i sospiri; se movi gli
occhi

Estimolato il guardo; in somma, ogni
atto,

Ogni sembiante, e ciò che in te si
vede,

E ciò che non si vede, o parli o pensi,
O vada, o miri, o pianga, o rida, o
canti,

Tutto è menzogna; —"

Pastor Fido, A. I. Sc. 5.

Act III.—Sc. IV.

Some jay of Italy

*Whose mother was her painting, has
betray'd him.*

Dr. Johnson says, properly, that *mother* means that which produces or constitutes her sole attraction. It may

be exemplified by a passage in the *Pilgrim*, where *imp* has the sense assigned to it by Mr. Tooke:—

"None of your pined gallants,
None of your *imp'd* bravadoes."

Here an *imp'd bravado* is one whose pretensions are artificial. Our old writers appear partial to this strained metaphor; as in Rule a Wife and have a Wife:—

"Credit I can redeem; money will
imp it."

And Massinger's *G. D.* of Florence:

—"With chaste discourse as we
return'd,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of
time."

But to make sense, the last line should be read, (being accidentally misprinted),

"Who fly to fitters with every flaw
of weather."

See also two other lines from the *Pilgrim*, in the comments on *Othello*.

Act V.—Sc. V.

Quench'd of Hope.

This is analogous with a line of Milton's, on *Ceres*:—

"Yet *virgin* of Proserpina from
Jove"

Here *virgin* is an adjective; and evidently means, that she was not yet the mother of Proserpine by Jupiter. Upton has much senseless cavil on the verse, in his Preface to his *Critical Observations*; second edition, 1748.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act I.—Sc. I.

Gregory, o my word we'll not carry
coals.

Mr. Douce says, that to "carry coals was metaphorically used for any low or servile action." His quotation does not explain the phrase: it is but a paltry quibble upon it, as is also Gregory's reply. My opinion of its origin has already appeared*; and if it wanted corroboration, the following would be ample, in my opinion:—

"This is the *living coal*, that, burn-
ing in me,
Would flame to vengeance, could it
find a vent."

*Almeria, in Dryden's Don
Sebastian, A. 1, Sc. 1.*

"For self same wind, that I should
speak withal,
Is kindling coals, that fire all my breast."

Richard, in the Second Part of
King Henry VI.

Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold,

Τὴς γὰρ ἐν αἷς παρθένος, ἀναπνεύσας
τοῖς κάρσις ὑπόδυσσε ἔρω καλὸν ἔρασιν.

Lúrian; ed. Amst. 1687.
p. 133.—Túmon.

Feather of love, bright smoke, cold fire,
sick health.

These absurd antitheses are precisely in the style of Southern Europe:—

Dannoso quadagno ed util danno.

Trionf. d'Amore, capit. 4.

Por tus efectis

Te Uaman muerte viva.

Lope de Vega.—Romances. X.

Act I. Sc. II

She is the hopeful lady of my earth,
The heiress of my estate, in expectation.

Such among view of many, mine,
being one.

Read, "among such."

Act II.—Sc. II.

Thou art thyself, though not a
Montague.

Your merit would be sufficient to
distinguish you, without birth.

Sc III.

With Rosaline, my ghostly father? No.

As this play is now acted, there is an absurdity in omitting Romeo's passion for Rosaline; for Mr. Elliston is introduced woefully articulating the name of Juliet at his first appearance, and yet does not know her person at Capulet's house!

Act III.—Sc. I.

Mercutio, thou consorts't with Romeo.

This word was probably employed in reference to two associates, in general.

In the *Honest Man's Fortune*, we have, in allusion to a married couple,

"You two will make a pretty hand-
some consort."

With one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other
sends

It back to Tybalt, while dexterity
Reverts it.

Unless they fought with sword-and-dagger, the former for attack, the latter for defence, *hand* is used for a motion of the hand, or thrust.

Act III.—Sc. II.

That runaways eyes may wink, and
Romeo

Leap to these arms, untalk'd of and
unseen!

Conjectural criticism is always hazardous; but if we at once consider the emendation of sense and metre, together with the *class* of persons who are likely to be abroad at night and interrupt her lover, I read, without hesitation, REVELLERS, and think the present text a corruption.

Act V.—Sc. III.

Beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson, on thy lips and on thy cheeks;
And Death's pale flag is not advanced
there.

Ritogli a morte quel ch'ella n'ha tolto,
E s'ij on le tuç insegne nel bel volto.

Petrarch—Canzone 2.

Ah me! this sight of death is as a bell
To warn my old age to a sepulchre.

Cernere hoc audes, nimis
Vivax Senectus.

Hercules Furens, 1026.

PERICLES.

Act I.—Sc. III.

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
Who once no more, but as the tops of
trees,

Which fence the roots they grow by, and
defend them,

Make not my body pine and soul to
languish,

And punish that before that he would
punish.

An intricate passage, from the words being somewhat misarranged by the author, for the sake of metre. Understand *make* in the imperative, conjoined with the substantive *care*, and *before* in the last line, as preceding *would*. Pericles wishes that his regard for his subjects may cause him not to yield to useless dejection, and (*punish* or) impair his bodily powers, when his (*soul* or) mind would, if properly blessed, remain at peace; but rather, &c. (understand by implication).

Act II.—Sc. II.

*I can compare our rich misers to nothing
so fitly*

*As a whale; he plays and tumbles,
Driving the poor fry before him,
And at last devours them all at a mouth-
ful.*

So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's
False One :—

*"The huge Leviathans of villainy
Suck up the merits, nay the men and all
That do them service, and spout them
out again*

*Into the air, as thin and unregarded,
As drops of water, that are lost in the
ocean."*

Act II.—Sc. III.

*By Jove I wonder, that is king of
thoughts,
These cats resist me, she not thought
upon.*

The poor gentleman complains that, if he endeavours to reject the thoughts of his mistress as they arise in his mind, he loses his appetite at the same time. For Jupiter, "that is king of thoughts," to suffer his pre-dominance of his "ideal goddess," he thinks a subject of "wonder."

Act III.—Sc. IV.

*And, for an honest attribute, cry out
She died by foul play.*

Honest attribute is, the reputation of honesty.

There are some coincidences of Shakspeare with contemporary writers, which are "in form so palpable," as to negative any doubt of the author's acquaintance with the corresponding work. Of these the following were selected and reserved for their present station. Our author being universally known, I have thought it unnecessary, in so very few examples, to quote his text in every instance, but merely to mention the interlocutor and drama which I conceive to possess a similarity of language or sentiment. The next number will conclude these notes, with a few cursory remarks on the learning of Shakspeare, and some other questions which respect the productions of our illustrious dramatist.

SOLIMAN AND PERSEDA.

Per. "Ay, watch you 'vantages?"

So in the third part of King Henry VI; at the scene of courtship with Lady Elizabeth, Gloster observes on his brother,—

"God forbid that! for he'll take
vantages.

PERICLES.

"She starves the ears she feeds, and
makes them hungry,
The more she gives them speech."

The eulogy is applied to Marina, and Hamlet utters the same reflexion on his father's attachment to Gertrude :—

"As if increase of appetite did grow
By what it fed on."

SPANISH TRAGEDY.

Viceroy. "Wherefore sit I on a regal
throne?

This better fits to hear a wretch's moan.
[He falls to the ground.

Is it possible not to sympathize with
Lady Constance?

"This is my throne; kings come and
bow to it!" King John.

Lorenzo. In time the savage bull does
bear the yoke. Act II.

Benedict has too many admirers to
be easily forgotten,

Hieronimo. "The murder of a son or
so? a thing of nothing, my lord."

Much Ado about Nothing.

"The king's a thing?—of nothing!"
Hamlet.

These lines of Hieronimo are how-
ever thought to be supposititious.

Lorenzo ——"I list not trust the air
With utterance of our pretence herein."

There are few readers whose souls
have not been harrowed up on the
same occasion: one villain in confi-
dence to another.

King John—Hubert.

Isabella. "This herb will purge the
eye, and this the head;

Ah! but none of them will purge the
heart."

We all know indeed, that "therein
the patient must minister to himself."

—(Macbeth with the Doctor.)

Hieronimo reproaches himself in
the latter part of the fourth act with
his own insensibility at his son's mur-
der, in a strain not much unlike the
sentiments of Hamlet, on his "lack

of gall, in effecting the revenge of his father.

But, soft, break we off, — these passages have already too much swelled the extent of this paper; and if any curiosity exist upon the subject, they are perhaps fully sufficient to quicken its dormant instinct.

[To be concluded in our next]

OBSERVATIONS on the COMMERCE of this COUNTRY.

SIR,

IF we consider how frequently both in philosophy and legislation, the knowledge, the interests, and the happiness of the human race, have been sacrificed to a blind acquiescence in the systems and theories of celebrated men, little apology, perhaps, will be needed for the presumption of an author, who submits to the public eye, opinions, which he freely confesses, are diametrically opposite to the maxims laid down by almost every preceding writer, on the subject of which he treats.

Unappalled, however, by the formidable phalanx with which he is under the necessity of contending, the author of these few observations entreats the attention of his readers to arguments, which, though novel, he will venture to assert, are founded on the plainest and most undeniable truths, and will prove to be of considerable importance to the 'wealth, safety, and happiness, of this kingdom.

Our commercial writers have universally laboured to establish a principle, from whose effects are derived many of the evils under which this country suffers. The principle I allude to, is simply this—that *exports are beneficial, imports disadvantageous* to a state. In a restricted sense this position is undemiable, we admit that the *exportation of superfluities is advantageous*; the *importation* of them *prejudicial* to the country. But the maxim has been taken in too general and unlimited a sense. Every effort has been made to *extend* our *export* trade, and to confine our imports within the narrowest bounds. This has produced a grandeur and prosperity, which, I much fear, will not prove to be real

or solid. It has created that immense balance of trade in our favor (as it is called) so much boasted of by the politicians and merchants of this country, but which, we conceive, will not prove to be a blessing to the state, but rather an injury to its real interests.

The first commercial dealings of mankind were carried on by barter, the shepherd exchanging his sheep for the skins of the hunter, or the productions of the artist. But this mode was soon abandoned, when the advantages and necessity of trade became more apparent; and it was found requisite to fix upon some sign or symbol, which every one agreed to consider as a kind of universal promissory note, or representative of property, to a certain amount, and this sign or symbol was various in different countries. In some it was determined that a piece of leather should represent a sheep, or some article of domestic utility—this being given by one individual to another, of whom he had received some goods of equal value, signified that the donor engaged to deliver upon demand the sheep, or article which is represented; the receiver again passed this symbol to a third, who possessed some commodity more useful to him than the sheep for which he had received the sign or representative before-mentioned, and upon the third person's consenting to part with his property, he received in return the piece of leather, which entitled him to call upon the original issuer for the sheep or other article it represented. In other countries it was agreed upon, that a certain number of small shells should answer the same purpose, and become in like manner the symbols of property. Iron supplied other nations with this representative, and the convenience of this mode of carrying on commercial dealings, becoming every day more evident, the old mode of barter was by degrees abandoned, and all trade transacted by means of symbols. The metals gold, silver, and copper, at length being generally preferred to the perishable representatives of property, which, till then, were in use, as shells, leather, &c. became the universal mediums of commerce, and have now been, by the consent of all nations, established for many ages as

the sole representatives of wealth till of late years; when the custom of using paper symbols have been introduced to a vast degree.

From this slight survey of the origin of money, it will be immediately perceived by the judicious reader, that money is not in reality wealth, but merely the sign, symbol, or representative of it; in fact a mere promissory note, signifying that the original issuer is willing to deliver goods to a certain amount, to the person with whom he exchanges it for other commodities. I have been thus diffuse, that the real nature of specie may be clearly understood, as it is for want of sufficiently considering this subject, that the error has originated, which it is my purpose to detect.

It having been once premised that money is in reality only the symbol of wealth, and no real good in itself, it will be extremely evident, that, if any nation exchanges its commodities for specie, and does not convert the whole of the specie so received into real property, all the money remaining in the coffers of the state is in reality useless; and if this residue increases each year, the quantity of property in the country must lessen every day, while its representative increases.

Now to apply this argument to the subject before us. It is well known that we annually export an enormous quantity of goods and manufactures, and that in return, we import other commodities, but not to an equal amount. On the contrary, to increase the disparity between our exports and imports, our government lays very heavy duties on the goods imported, and gives every facility to the export trade, by allowing drawbacks and bounties to the exporter—this produces a very great balance in our favour: i.e. we receive a large portion of the value of our exported goods in specie, or bills; now I must contend, that, as this balance occurs every year, we must be accumulating an immense quantity of the circulating medium, which, not being real property, must be detrimental to the state, by raising the price of every article within the country. Can this balance of trade, then, be a benefit to the kingdom? Is the property of

a merchant increased, when he has sold 100 clocks, swords, or bales of silk, and received promissory notes in payment, which he never calls upon his customer to honor. Now this is precisely the case with our commercial system. We export goods to a greater amount than our imports, consequently receive a certain sum in specie, which is but the symbol of property, or, in other words, a promissory note, and as this balance continues to accrue every year, we must continually increase the quantity of money already in our hands.

It is useless to observe, in reply, that the balance of Russia is applied to purchase goods in Holland, or vice versa. Taking our commerce collectively, there must be a balance on the whole; nor is this balance again converted into goods the ensuing year for then our imports in that year would exceed our exports by the sum of the balance in our favor the preceding year. Now this is so far from being the case, that a second balance arises, and thus we yearly add million to million of the promissory notes above mentioned. To make this clear, I shall again have recourse to the simile adopted before.

Suppose two merchants, A. and B. to represent this country, and the rest of the globe. If A. supplies B. with goods and manufactures in the year 1780, to the amount of 20,000*l.* and receives from B. articles to the amount of 10,000*l.* and promissory notes at one year's date for the rest. If, in 1781, instead of paying those notes B. takes 20,000*l.* more of A's goods, returns again 10,000*l.* in his own, and gives notes to be paid in 1782 for the balance against him (now 200,000*l.*) If, in 1782, he does the same a third time, and gives notes for a balance of 30,000*l.* If, in short, he thus increases his balance every year 10,000*l.* and defers payment by new notes, he will, at the conclusion of the year 1802, have a balance against him of 130,000*l.* If, at this period, he is found to be insolvent, and incapable of paying any part of such balance, is the property of A. increased by being in possession of B.'s notes? On the contrary, has he not sustained a loss of 130,000*l.*?

The application is obvious—Eng-

land is A; the nations she trades with B. She has yearly a balance of millions in her favor; this balance is never converted into the article it represents, but we continue to receive the mere symbol—money—and this balance increases daily. Thus our tradesmen and manufacturers labor to produce goods for the benefit of foreigners, without receiving any return, and thus we yearly make a present of articles to the amount of many millions, for which we receive nothing but promissory notes in return; of course we every year throw away the labor and the property of some thousands of Britons.

The reader will excuse my being thus diffusive, as I wish him perfectly and clearly to comprehend the difference between real property, and money, which is only its representative. As these ideas are generally so confounded and blended in the mind, as not to be easily separated; and it is from blending these ideas, that our celebrated commercial writers, going on the erroneous ground that specie is wealth, have led the country into danger, by encouraging us to encrease this balance of trade, which threatens to swallow up the comforts and the strength of the country. Having made this observation, I shall request permission to offer another illustration of this point.

Supposing this kingdom to be possessed of 1000 times the money it contains at present, and that to obtain this money we had parted with all the productions of the kingdom, of every kind. Let us suppose too, that by any political convulsion, we were absolutely cut off from *all communication whatever*, with the rest of the globe, of what utility should we find our immense hoards of silver and gold? Should we derive the smallest benefit from them? Should we have more clothes, more houses, more cattle, more land; more furniture, more provisions? Must we not produce all our comforts, luxuries, and manufactures, from among ourselves?

Is it not then evident, that if we never convert the money we received in exchange for our exports, into the commodities which it represents, but continue to receive the symbol, and exclude the real property; this specie

cannot be of any real utility to us, and adds nothing to the comforts, the resources, or the *real wealth of the state*; and that consequently our exports can be only advantageous, by bringing us the produce of foreign countries in return, and that every guinea produced by those exports, which is not expended in *imports*, is actually lost, unless the next, or some succeeding year, our importation exceeds our exportation by that guinea, so that it is actually converted into some article or other, and not suffered to remain in the national coffers, a mere ideal wealth, a mere representative of property.

Having thus, we trust, clearly detected the fatal, the ever to be lamented error, into which our merchants, our legislators, and ourselves, have been led by the fallacious arguments of our commercial writers, we shall, in our next essay, proceed to unfold some of the innumerable and melancholy evils which have been its natural and inevitable consequences.

The balance of trade, within these few years, has, according to the custom house documents, amounted to a most enormous sum. This accumulation of specie has (as I shall endeavour to prove) been one of the collateral causes of the crushing load of taxes with which this country is oppressed, and which ruins the very commerce from which it took its rise. That our commerce will ultimately be ruined by the pressure of our public debt, is evident to every observer, as the heavy taxes it produces must encrease the price of our commodities to so exorbitant a degree, that we shall be underworked by every nation in Europe.

As almost every evil which we suffer is greatly encreased and aggravated by the weight of debt with which the nation is encumbered. If I can trace any of its causes, I presume I shall have rendered a service of some importance to the community; and one of those causes I shall endeavour to shew is, the extent of our trade.

In the first place, the wars from which these burdens have arisen, have been generally caused (mediately or immediately) by our commerce. *Immediately*, on account of a colony (whose value computed in the encou-

agement it afforded to our trade) or in defence of some branch of trade, or some privilege which we conceived indispensable to its welfare; or *mainly* from the envy excited in other nations by our apparent prosperity, by their anxiety to share in that commerce exclusively possessed by this country, by their hatred to our trading system, the first principle of which is to discourage their produce; and lastly, by the pride of our own ministers, founded on what they imagined the superiority and resources of their country.

Secondly, in prosecuting these wars, much larger sums have been necessarily expended than would have sufficed a century back, on account of the depreciation of money, (i.e. the lowering of its comparative value) occasioned by the increased quantity of the circulating medium, which increase is so great that 1000*l.* now will not purchase the same articles which in the year 1700 might have been obtained for 250*l.* Now, I conceive it has been already proved that plenty of money is neither prosperity nor opulence, consequently the nation has expended four times the riches it need have done, merely because it contained an enormous number of what I shall stile "*memorandums of lost wealth*," for in that light must every guinea be considered, which we have received on account of our balance of trade.

Your's, &c.

M.

[To be continued.]

REFLECTIONS ON THE NATURE OF
MAN, suggested by the Letter of
SOPHOC. (See Univ. Mag. p. 289.)

"Know then, this truth, (enough for man
to know)

"Virtue alone is happiness below."

Pope.

(See)

THE following reflections were occasioned by reading "*Sophoc*" on the question, "Are men happier from the pleasures and gratifications of the senses, than from the strict practice of virtue?" I shall not enter into a particular criticism on his arguments, but merely state my own

thoughts in the order in which they occurred to my mind.

Man, considered as a rational, as well as a sensitive being, is furnished with a variety of passions or affections of the mind by which he is continually influenced; and their gratification is the principal source of human pleasure. But when these passions become corrupt, or when we place the whole of our happiness in their indulgence, they then lose their power and become our tormentors.

That man is a sensitive long before he is a rational being is what no one can deny; and that the pleasure he enjoys, in the days of infancy and childhood, is derived from the senses is equally incontrovertible. But what is the reason of this? Is it not because his mind is not yet arrived at maturity, that he can draw no pleasure from the operations of intellect?—As his mental faculties expand, he begins to feel the unsatisfying nature of sensual delights; he feels something within him which rejects these mean and bestial enjoyments, and seeks for pleasure in some other sphere. What pre-eminence has man in the scale of creation over the brutes, if he can derive no pleasure from the exercise of reason? But so far from this, it is here and only here that he can find any real enjoyment.

The pleasures arising from the gratifications of sense are not to be compared with those which flow from the researches of intellect. These yield us solid and permanent pleasure; "they add lustre to our youth, delight us in old age, are ornaments to prosperity, and afford refuge and consolation under the frowns of adversity."

The gratifications of sense are incapable of giving us real satisfaction: they continue but for a moment, and repetition destroys the pleasure we at first received from them. We soon become cloyed, and turn from them with disgust. And there is not only a limit at which these pleasures soon arrive, and from which they ever afterwards decline, but by excess they absolutely incapacitate us for indulging in them. These are the fruitful parents of most of those diseases which attack mortality in every frightful shape, and render life a burden.

And as we are principally formed for mental, so excess in sensual enjoyments tends very much to destroy this source of pleasure. They enfeeble and relax the mind, make it unfit for reflection, and incapable of acting with energy and vigour in any arduous undertaking to which it may be called.

But, supposing sensual gratifications do not become insipid, or create disease, but acquire fresh powers of pleasing by repeated indulgence, yet there is a period hastening when the common course of nature will prevent our enjoying them. As old age advances we lose all relish for these gratifications, and nothing but the retrospect of a life spent in the performance of virtuous actions, and a consciousness that we have rendered some service to our fellow creatures, can then give us any satisfaction.

The foregoing reflections are founded upon the supposition that we have the power of gratifying our appetites to their full extent, and that we meet with no obstacle to our inclinations. But where is the man that possesses this power? It is what the greatest favourite of fortune cannot boast.—No: he frequently meets with something to baffle his projects, and frustrate all his schemes of happiness. Some unforeseen occurrence arrests him in the pursuit of his favourite object, and he falls the victim of chagrin and disappointment. Hence arises another proof of the futility of sensual pleasures to contribute to our real happiness. These delights so seldom fall in our way, that if we place the whole of our happiness in them, the greater part of our time will be joyless and uncomfortable.

But the practice of virtue, allowing it to be attended with some difficulty, and that we are obliged to make some sacrifice in the pursuit, is followed with so much real pleasure, as fully to alleviate every pain and amply compensate for every loss.

It is by pursuing virtue, and virtue only, that many of the propensities of man can be gratified; and in this pursuit they may be to their full extent. For instance,—Is the man an ambitious man? Is he desirous of power? Let him exercise the power he possesses in diffusing happiness

around, and in doing good to those beneath him, and he soon feels that his enjoyments are unbounded; he sees every one endeavouring to exalt, and no one seeking to degrade that man who applies his superiority to such excellent purposes. It is the virtuous man, and the virtuous man only, who commands the esteem and admiration of his fellow men. Every one contributes all he can to his happiness, and exerts his utmost abilities to serve him. On the other hand, let a man exert his power on his own individual pleasures, unloving and unloved, his senses may be acted upon for awhile, but his heart can know no joy.

Is he desirous of praise? and it is what all are more or less sensible of. Let him become strictly virtuous, and he will ensure it. For as we are formed with an original desire of pleasing, and an aversion to offending our companions in life, so we are formed with an equal desire of rendering ourselves the objects of approbation. And as virtue is generally admired and vice detested, so the only method of obtaining this approbation is by becoming truly virtuous. And the consciousness of having done a good action, and rendered ourselves worthy of the praises of men, is a source of the greatest pleasure, even if those praises should not be actually bestowed upon us. "We are pleased not only with praise, but with having done what is praiseworthy."

Is the man anxious for fame? It is the practice of virtue only that can secure this satisfaction; and it is virtuous fame alone that can give him pleasure. "Fame for talents without virtue is odious; for virtue without talents is delightful; and for talents united to a strictly virtuous heart is the summit of human happiness."

Again,—Is he addicted to the pleasures of love? How transporting are the enjoyments derived from virtuous love, compared with those we receive from the mercenary smiles of the harlot. While the former pleasures increase by possession, we turn from the latter as soon as enjoyed with dissatisfaction and disgust.

We are also the subjects of many malignant passions, which, if indulg-

ed, become their own tormentors.— These may be curbed, and in some measure destroyed, by the habitual practice of virtue.

Is the man a slave to anger, or what we commonly term a passionate man? Does any one offend him? what rage and fury fill his breast! how eagerly does he seek for revenge! and in these moments of temporary insanity he frequently does that of which he feels the ill-effects during the remainder of life, and which he can never repair. What society can there be with such a man as this? He may be feared, but cannot be loved. Or if the passion flow in a more silent stream, he frequently sinks into a fretfulness and moroseness of temper which makes him miserable to himself and the object of hatred to all around him. The man of moderation, who has learnt to subdue these unruly passions, is a most amiable character; he is beloved by others, and consequently happy in himself.

To how much pain and uneasiness is the proud man subject? It is pride that occasions most of the wretchedness and misery of human life. This chiefly arises from the false estimates we make of our own characters. Some people do not see the excellent qualities we imagine ourselves to possess, others do not sufficiently admire them, while others darken and disguise them, by joining with them our imperfections. This mortifies our vanity, and makes us unhappy.— Pride magnifies every little neglect we may receive into a direct affront, and every affront into an unpardonable offence. It makes a man discontented with his lot, for he fancies he does not possess those comforts, or fill that station in life, to which his merits entitle him. But humility, by teaching a man to think meanly of himself, secures him from many of those vexations and disquietudes to which the proud are exposed, and makes him contented in a low and obscure situation. It has been very justly remarked, that "what will break a proud man's heart will scarcely break a humble man's sleep."— Thus humility advances the happiness of the individual who possesses it, and secures to him that admiration

from others which the proud man seeks for in vain.

Thus then have I proved, that to be virtuous is to be happy; and that whatever fancied pleasure we may derive from the gratifications of the senses, it is only from the exercise of reason and the strict practice of virtue that we can reap any solid satisfaction and delight.

London, Dec. 5, 1808.

C. S.

On some VERSES of the YOUNGER RACINE.

Sir,

WHO can read the following verses of this author, in his poem on *Religion*, without shuddering? He is speaking of the day of judgment.

En sortant de la poudre une seconde fois,
Le genre humain tremblant, sans appui,
Sans refuge,
Ne voit plus de grandeur, que celle de son juge.
Ebloui de rayons dont il se sent pèrcer,
L'impie avec horreur voudroit les repousser.
Il n'est plus tems : il voit la gloire qui l'opprime
Et tombe enseveli dans l'éternel abîme,
Lieu de larmes, de cris et de rugissements.
Dans ce séjour affreux quels seront vos tourments
Infidèles Chrétiens, cœurs durs, âmes ingrates,
Quand, malgré leurs vertus, les Titus, les Socrates,
(Malas, jamais du ciel ils n'ont connu les dons)
Y sont précipités ainsi que les Catons!
Lorsque le Bonze étale en vain sa penitence,
Quand le pale Bramine après tant d'abstinence,
Apprend, que contre soi bizarrement cruel
Il ne fit qu'avancer son supplice éternel.
De sa chute surpris le Mussulman regrette
Le Paradis charmant promis par son prophète.
Et loin des voluptés qu'attendoit son erreur,
Ne trouvoit devant lui que la rage et l'horreur.
Le vrai Chretien lui seul, ne voit rien qui l'étonne,
Et sur ce tribunal que la foudre environne,
Il voit le même dieu, qu'il a crié sans le voir
L'objet de son amour, le fin de son espoir.
Mais il n'a plus besoin de foi ni d'espérance!
Un éternel amour en est la récompense.

Is it possible, can a rational being entertain such ideas of an all perfect creator, of a deity who is regarded as the divine similitude of justice and goodness? Poor Socrates—you also are not saved! Unhappy Titus, thou hast likewise lost all thy days, notwithstanding you suffered but few to pass that were not distinguished by some act of virtue, or else you yourself regarded them as lost. Vain Cato! thou too hadst done better, if thou hadst bowed thine head to the powerful vices of thy time; thy self-control was but madness—thy unshaken courage, folly. I pass over in silence those poor deceived ones, whose lives upon earth have, by a fatal delusion, been only a preparatory passage to hell, and who now receive, as a reward, tortures which render those of a Damion nugatory, and which in duration are to exceed calculation. But thou, innoxious *Bramin*, who hast but the more incurred heaven's anger by thy abstinence, and who art pale with meditation; thou who believedst, that in the rays of the sun you beheld the irradiations of eternal goodness and of the all supporting spirit of life,—thee I pity, for thou deservedst at least a better fate than many of our prelates who have not sinned by abstinence, and than many of our dignitaries who have not grown pale with pious meditation.

Incredulous Mussulmen, your harems were not, to be sure, temples of chastity, neither did your luxurious baths cleanse you from sins, but, to rouse the fire of lasciviousness which already raged in your veins, still stronger, you adopted the philosophy of Epicurus without knowing it.—With strict propriety might the motto of Epicurus have appeared over your gardens:

Hic summum bonum voluptas est.

But, as a counterpoise to this, you had much evil to sustain. How often have the three destroyers of human happiness, the iron scourges of Nemesis—War, Fire, and Pestilence—disturbed your peace. And how many things are you forced to forego, with which the Christian adorns and embellishes his paradise. The whole charm, which the fine arts spread

over the path of pleasure, you knew not, and our Ninons and Babets understood better how to create around them a fairy happiness than all your Roxanas and Rosalidas. Even the spoiler of the human breast; when sorrow clips the wings of joy, and all around us and within us is dark and obscure—the juice of the grape, that sovereign Lethe; touches not your lips.

Shall then the simple diversity of opinion rob you of those future joys which are promised to the good?—No. Let us not believe the poet whose religion dictates to him a dogma so abhorred. Humanity and reason proclaim aloud that it will not be so, and let us submit in confidence to their dictates.

I remain, &c.

Everton, near Liverpool,
Dec. 1, 1808.

A. Z.

LOVE AND GRIEF.

Sir,

IT is about a year since my botanical pursuits conducted me to the environs of a village in Cumberland. While traversing the romantic mountains of this district, I met, one day, with a woman, who supposed I was “culling of simples.” I perceived that she wished to speak to me, and, without having the least surmise of what might be her motive, I undertook to commence the conversation. She then told me that she was very unhappy; that she had a young daughter, who was her only consolation; that she loved her more than life, but that she was upon the point of losing her, for she was dangerously ill and given over by the doctor.—She at last begged of me, with tears in her eyes, to visit her: she entreated me not to refuse. It would have been useless to deny her request: and even if I could, why rob her of the momentary consolation of hope, the only refuge from months of uncertainty and tears?

I followed her till we reached the village. We entered her cottage, and I saw in the room her daughter, who was lying upon an old bed, round which were drawn tattered curtains.

She was leaning on one of her arms: her looks were haggard, her

cheeks red and burning, her mouth contracted, and her breathing short. She appeared to be about seventeen years: her features were not remarkably pretty; but there was a soft and tender expression diffused over them, which would have rendered charming a face less handsome.

"Susan," said the mother, "here is a gentleman of great skill who will certainly cure your disorder."

She turned her face away, gently smiling at the same time.

"Susan," continued I, "do not abandon yourself to unnecessary despair, there are remedies for every thing."

She lifted up her head, and looked steadily at me. "By examining attentively," I continued, "the symptoms of your disorder, I shall doubtless discover some remedies that will relieve you."

She smiled again, and withdrew her hand gently from mine. Her mother quitted the apartment. I know not what feeling took possession of me. I walked up and down the room: my imagination was busied in forming a thousand conjectures: the young girl interested me. I returned and sat down by her. She sighed. I again took hold of her hand, and she pressed mine as I held it.

"Susan," I exclaimed, laying my hand upon her heart, "it is there where you suffer."

She gently closed her eyes, and a calm melancholy settled upon her countenance. A tear stole down her cheek which she tried to conceal.

"Yes," she replied, "I am indeed unhappy."

I pronounced the word *love*, in a subdued tone of voice. A crimson flush tinged her cheek, and a deep sigh burst from her bosom.

"A stranger," I continued, "has no right to probe the wounds he cannot cure. Yours is a disease that defies the power of medicine."

"No medicine," she answered, "can assuage the sorrows of the mind; and if it could, I have no wish to be restored. In the grave I shall find the only solace which this heart can ever know." She then paused for a moment, and added, "Why should I talk in mystery? The hours are few between me and eternity, and

it will be some consolation to tell my sorrows ere I depart."—I bowed assent.

"It is but a simple story," she continued. "I have loved, and been beloved. The sanction of our parents smiled upon our affection, and happiness bloomed around us. The dawn that woke me to my rural occupations, found my heart light, and the evening twilight witnessed my peaceful bliss. But sorrow was near at hand. Robert had a mother, whom he tenderly loved, and who was afflicted with a contagious fever. He never quitted her bed side till she died, and when he was taken ill, I flew to his cottage, and tended him with anxious care. The doctor gave no hopes of his recovery. Oh! how I prayed that I too might draw infection from his kisses, or breathe it from his mouth as I hung over him in anguish and despair. But no; my prayers were denied me, and I had to see him stretched a pallid corse before me. I followed him to the grave. That is but three weeks since; and grief has been busy with me. This world has no longer any charms, and I sigh for dissolution; nor shall I sigh in vain. I feel that a few hours will sign my release from this state of misery, and then my dust will mingle with that of Robert's."

Poor Susan was right. Before evening she expired. In another state of being may she enjoy a purer communion with her beloved, than any intercourse in this world could have bestowed! D.

Dec. 1808.

CRITICAL OBSERVATIONS upon the TRAGEDY of SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR,

I HAVE lately been much pleased with the perusal of a tragedy called *Sir Walter Raleigh*. The name of the author, as it is subscribed to the dedication, is *George Sewell*, and the date of the edition (which however is the second) is 1719. It was acted at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields.

Who this *George Sewell* was, or whether he ever wrote any other work I know not. The word of an author is not always to be trusted, when he proclaims his intention of

renouncing the pen; for if it were, we are told by Mr. Sewell that this play is his "first, and, in all probability, his last;" and in another part of the preface he informs us that he is "a young author." The preface itself is written with considerable vigour and elegance.

It is dedicated to the popular statesman Cragg, and it has all the meanness of such addresses. He says that the "best judges of tragedy" are great and noble spirits, because they find in the language and sentiments of tragedy a similitude to their own; of course a principal secretary of state cannot be less than a "great and noble spirit." When I read such flattery, my pity is divided between the giver and receiver, only with this difference, that I pity the latter as a sufferer, and the other I at once pity and scorn as the offender.

It was not however for the purpose of praising the preface, or censuring the dedication that I sat down to write the present letter; but to offer a few remarks upon the language of this play, which is, I think, sufficiently vigorous, elegant, and poetical, to entitle it to something more of celebrity than I believe it to possess.

I intend to confine myself to the diction, because it is that alone which is entitled to commendation. The plot is meagre, the characters are not well drawn, or well discriminated; the incidents are too rapidly hurried upon each other, and no room left for the allowed operation of human passions in their production. For this reason it resembles more a narrative than a dramatic action. These faults however may be attributed to that youth and inexperience which the author has pleaded: while the energy of his language, and the correctness of his imagery would have remained, and dignified the more elaborate efforts of maturer years.

Mr. Sewell seems to have taken Otway for his model, in the construction of his language. I can discern, at least, more of his manner, and forceful mode of expression in the sentences of this play, than of any other dramatic writer. They have none of the cold regularity and torpid accuracy of Rowe.

The *Dramatis Personæ* are:—

Sir Walter Raleigh.
Howard.
Young Raleigh.
Salisbury.
Gundamor.
Lord Cobham.
Sir Julius Cæsar.
Carew.
Wade. Lieutenant of the Tower.
Lady Raleigh.
Olympia, Salisbury's daughter.
Elorella

Howard, Carew, and Sir Julius Cæsar, are the friends of Raleigh. *Salisbury*, and *Gundamor*, (the Spanish ambassador) are his enemies, and by their machinations he is made, finally, to perish. *Young Raleigh* is beloved by *Olympia*, and a trifling diversity of incident is produced by her influence over her father, and her use of that influence to save the life of Sir Walter, for the sake of his son.

The play opens with a dialogue between Sir Julius Cæsar and Carew, of which the following part is surely entitled to commendation

Sir J. Cæsar. Sure, as e'n now we pass'd
the council dom
I saw Lord Gundamor; and if these eyes
Discern'd aright, his visage seem'd to bear
*A mixture of uncertain cheerfulness
Like hope corrected by some cautious fear.*
I like it not—for tho' we cannot read
The wiles of statesmen in their public
looks;
Yet, when alone, the soul works undis-
guis'd
And prints its meaning on the outward
form.
Carew. That face ne'er bod'd good to
British hearts;
For, trust me, as I lov'd my country dear,
As I revere her monarch's sacred head;
Yea, as I wish prosperity may crown
That faith our fathers witness'd in the
flames:
So much I fear that busy statesman's art
Is working up some cursed scene of woe
To stain those dearest names with foul
disgrace,

And fix a mark of hatred on their friends.

Sir Julius. Curse on the droll, and his
•intriguing mirth,

His studied jokes, and insolence of wit:
By this he wind the women in his toils,
Fashions the flatter'd sex to all his views,
Rouses the curious devil in their souls,
That knows no rest, but tortures without
end,

Till it has wrung each purpose of the state

From the fond husband-fool, who trust
betray

His king, his God—to set his wife at ease.
I tell thee friend, dissimulation dwells,
As at her home, in every shille he wears,
That face has laugh'd us into deeper shame,
Than we can suffer from his monarch's frown,
Tho' heighten'd with the pride of new Ar-
madras,

All Europe's princes, and his Indian gold.

In this speech there is much felicity of expression, a vigour of language, and great smoothness of versification. I have put in italics what I think most worthy of being noted.

In the character of *Howard*, I can trace some resemblance to the rough manly virtue of *Pierre*. *Howard* is a sea captain, who had accompanied *Raleigh* in his expedition to *Guiana*, and he is devoted to his interest. He joins the preceding interlocutors, and the discourse turning upon the trial of *Raleigh*, he exclaims, speaking of the lawyers employed,

I heard the deep mouth'd pack, they
scented blood

From the first starting, and pursued their
view

With the law music of long winded ca-
lammy.

*Well I remember, one among the tribe,
A reading cut-throat, skull'd in parallels
And dark comparisons of wondrous likeness,
Who in a speech of unchew'd eloquence,
Muster'd up all the crimes since Noah's
days,*

To put in balance with this fancied plot,
And made e'en Cataline a saint to Raleigh.
*The sycophant so much o'erplay'd his part,
I could have hugg'd him, kiss'd the unskilful
lies.*

Hot from his venal tongue.

The latter part of this speech will remind every one of the expression of *Pierre*.

I could have hugg'd the greasy rogues,
me. *Venice Preserved.*

To the above *Carew* replies,

He was the same,
Who, starting from the question in debate,
And, when corrected by a calm rebuke
Catch'd all the scandal malice could sug-
gest,
Search'd to the heart, and cram'm'd plain
Atheist

Down his brave opponent's throat.

Sir Julius Caesar. Vain insolence!

But 'tis the curse and fashion of the times;
Whom prejudice and strong aversions work

are Atheists.

Now 'tis a term of art, a bug bear word,
The villain's engine, and the vulgar's terror:
The man who thinks and judges for himself;
Unsway'd by aged follies, reverend error,
Grown holy by traditionary dullness
(Of school authority, he is an Atheist.
The man who hating idle noise, preserves
A pure religion seated in his soul,
He is a silent, dumb, dissembling Atheist?

Howard. I had forgot it—yes, the base-
tongu'd gownman

Did call him Atheist.—So men judge at
home,

Who never trac'd a providence at sea,
And saw his wonders in the mighty deep.
The atheist sailor were a monstrous thing
More wonderful than all old ocean breed.
But I will witness for my Raleigh's faith,
Yes; I have seen him when the tempest
rag'd

When from the precipice of mountain waves
All hearts have trembled at the gulph below,
He with a steady, supplicating look,
Display'd his trust in that tremendous Pow'r
Who curls the billows, and cuts short the
ragings

Of the rude whirlwind in its midway course,
And bids the madness of the waves to cease.

O! fellow soldier! were that folly thine,
Tho' thou wert dearer than the love of honor,
To my old bosom, I would pluck thee hence
Tho' my heart crack'd.——

It must be allowed that these senti-
ments are natural in the character that
utters them, and they are besides just
and poetical. Nor will any of your
readers, I believe, dissent from the
opinion of honest *Howard*, in the fol-
lowing:

O! how I hate this tribe of kissing cour-
tiers!

There is some flavour in a woman's breath,
And nature bids us meet it with a gust,
But these new kissers, with their Spanish
air

Make perjury conclude where lust begins.

The character of *Lady Raleigh* is
purely feminine. She is soft, tender,
and deploring. Her character of her
son is happily executed.

These eyes shall ne'er behold
A form so delicate: all other youths
Seem'd cold and lifeless images to him.
A soul so rich in virtue, it chas'd
Vice without speech, and utter'd thro'
his eyes

Silent persuasion: in the field of war
Cautious as age, and daring as despair,
Yet humble as the conqueror when vic-
torious.

The following remonstrance has truth and nature to recommend it.

Vain empty words,
Of honour, glory, and immortal fame.
Can these recal the spirit from its place,
Or re-inspire the breathless clay with life?
What, tho' your fame, with all its thousand
trumpets,
Sound o'er the sepulchre, will that awake
The sleeping dead, and give me back my
son?

No, no.—

The first scene of the second act introduces *Sir Walter Raleigh* to our notice, and he utters the following monologue, which is at least, removed from the common imagery of common poets.

Not yet the shadows of retreating night
Disperse, nor dawns the day spring from on
high;
And yet, I thank thee, heaven, I bless thy
pow'r,
That has unseal'd my eyes and wak'd my
soul

To life, to action, and to think on thee.
*There is no instant in the tide of time,
But man may seize, and fill the vacant space
With useful searches of improving thought.
The light attracts him with ten thousand
views,*

*Offering her objects to the sense unsought,
That ask, and court, and press him to be
known.*

Then, soon as night succeeds, the darken'd
air

Warns him to sweet retreat, and silent
musings,
That trace the past ideas through the brain,
Now mix, and now divide the various heap,
Then form anew the separated kinds
Trying all ways to feed the greedy soul.

Thus even here I'm happy, thus disjoin'd
From pomps and thrones, from camps, and
noisy war,

The boasted scenes and glory of my youth.
Well—they are past: this prison now is
all,

And this I will enjoy—there's something
here

I never tasted in the courts of kings.

The philosophic dignity and content
which this passage breathes, are suf-
ficiently accordant with the character
of the speaker.

The following is at once poetical
and true.

O Reputation! dearer far than life,
Thou precious balsam, lovely, sweet of
smell,
Whose cordial drops once spilt by some rash
hand,

Not all thy owner's care, nor the repenting
toil

Of the rude spiller, ever can collect
To its first purity and native sweetness.

Better converse whole ages with the
dead,

Pore on a broken marble, to retrieve
A single letter of a brave man's name
Who died at Marathon or Agincourt,
Than spend one moment with deceit and

I know not whether the subsequent
lines may not aspire to something of
the manner of Shakspeare.

Were I a subtile sprite that sucks the
air,

And lives on dew drops of the misty morn,
That whispers love to maidens in their
dreams,

That stands at statesmen's elbows in their
closets,

And dictates blood and treason to their
hearts,

Then I might tell of plots, intrigues, and
death,

Of falling kingdoms, and of worlds on fire.

I will now select several passages,
which I consider as felicitous in
thought or expression, or both. A
lover exclaims of his mistress:—

O? I could bless her at the dawn of
light,

And with the morning fragrance mix her
name,

Invoke her in the thursty noon-day heat,
And cheer the sober evening with her
plume.

Vice in a flattering mirror views man-
kind,

Judging of others from its own similitude.
The good are few, and known to fewer
still.

Think not I hold that vain philosophy
Of proud indifference, that pretends to
look

On pain and pleasure with an equal eye.
To be, is better far than not to be,
Else nature cheated us in our formation.

And when we are, the sweet delusion
wears

Such various charms and prospects of de-
light,

That what we could not will, we make our
choice,

Desirous to prolong the life she gave.

Madmen and fools may hurry o'er the
scene,

The wise man walks an easy, sober pace,

And though he sees one precipice for all,
Declines the fatal brink, oft-looking back
On what he leaves, and thinking where he
falls.

When Sir Walter is informed of his
approaching dissolution, he exclaims,

O death! I have sought thee in the
list d field,
Midst shouting squadrons and embattl'd
hosts,
Pursu'd thee in the noon-day sweat of war,
And listen'd for thee on the midnight
watch.

In frozen regions, and in sun-burnt climes,
In winds, in tempests, and in troubled seas,
In every element I sought—But thou
Hast shunn'd the searcher in each danger-
ous path,
Spar'd him in seas, in battle, and in storms,
To seize the weary wanderer at his rest,
And sink him in the coward arms of peace.

To his friends who flatter him with
hopes and assurances of posthumous
glory, he replies,

Go, cast a curious look on Helen's tomb;
Do roses flourish there, or myrtles bloom?
The mighty Alexander's grave survey,
See, is there ought uncommon in his
clay?

Shines the earth brighter round it to de-
clare,
The glorious robber of the world lies
there?

What, Egypt, do thy pyramids comprise?
What greatness in the high rais'd folly
lies?

The line of Ninus this poor comfort brings,
We sell their dust and traffic for their
kings.

These are the natural consolations
of one who's trying to reconcile him-
self to what he cannot escape.

In his parting discourse with his
son, Sir Walter gives him the follow-
ing advice:—

Follow not fortune, nor aspire to Court;
If call'd to honour hold thy country's good
First in thy view, that comforts all disgrace.
For know, a mighty statesman is so plac'd,
One good or guilty thought may damn or
save him,

And turn the fate of millions in an hour.
For me, regardless of thy father's fate,
Pursue his pattern in all acts but one.
Contract no friendship with an o'ergrown
greatness:

Falling it crushes thee: and standing long,
Grows insolently weary of support,
And spurn the props that held it up be-
fore.

The last speech of Sir Walter, be-

fore he goes off to execution, deserves
to be transcribed.

' Farewel my friend.

The glass is almost run, the scene is short,
Presenting but one object to my view.

O eloquent! O just! O mighty death!

Who shall recount the wonders of thy
hand?

Whom none could counsel thou hast well
advise'd,

And whisper'd wisdom to the deafest ear:
Whom all have trembled at, thy might has
dare'd;

Whom all have flatter'd, thou alone hast
scorn'd,

And swept, poor deify'd mortality,
With common ashes to an humble grave.

Long have I pluck'd thy terrors from my
heart,

Call'd thee companion in my active life,
My solitary days, and studious hours;
Made thee familiar to my couch as sleep.

Come then my guest—the guilty soul de-
pends

Twixt doubt and fear—but thou and I are
friends.

I think the most fastidious reader
will be willing to allow, that in the
above there is enough to deserve
praise, and little to merit censure.

Let me also observe, that I have met
in this play with an expression, which
I have always admired in Gray, as
peculiarly happy. Sir Walter says,

May my fame die among the rotten
names

Of *summer friends*, court spies, &c.

And Gray, in his *Ode to Adversity*,
has the following lines:—

Light they disperse; and with them go
The *summer friend*, the flattering foe.

I do not mean to infer that Gray
ever read the tragedy of Sir Walter
Raleigh, or consequently that he is a
plagiarist: but as the expression is
highly figurative, the coincidence is
remarkable.

I did intend, when I sat down to
write these remarks, to have noticed
the affected, bombastical and turgid
phraseology which is occasionally to
be found in this play; but I know of
no good that such an examination
could produce. I hope however that
the passages I have cited will authorise
me to say, that as the production of a
young writer, they indicate a soil
from which excellent fruit might be
expected: and I should be glad to
learn from any of your correspondents,

whether Mr. Sewell ever produced any other dramas, or work of any kind.

I remain, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
Dec. 4, 1808. X. X.

The EARL of ARGYLE'S EPITAPH.

Sir,

MR. Fox, in his History of James the II. d. gives a pathetic detail of the execution of Argyle, and notices the lines which he wrote on the evening previous to his execution. But that historian only quotes a part,* and perhaps it may not be unacceptable to your readers to peruse it entire, as well as an elegant translation of them into Latin, by the Rev. Mr. Jamison of Glasgow.

Thou, passenger, who shalt have so much time
As view my grave, and ask what was my crime,
No stain of error, no black vices brand
Did me compel to leave my native land.
Love to my country, truth condemn'd to die,
Did force my hands forgotten arms to try.
More from friends' fraud, my fall proceeded
Than foes, tho' thrice they did attempt my death.
On my design tho' Providence did frown,
Yet God, at last, will surely raise his own;
Another hand with more successful speed
Shall raise the remnant bruise the serpent's head.

The following is the translation by Mr. Jamison, in which it may be remarked how much common thoughts become dignified when transfused into a foreign, and especially a classical language.

Audi, hospes, quicunque venis, tumul-
lumque revisis
Et rogatis quali crimine tinctus eram.
Non me crimen habet, non me malus ab-
stulit error
Et vitium nullum, me pepulit patria.
Solut amor patriæ, verique immensa cu-
pido
Dissueta jussit sumere tela manus.
Opprimor, en! rediens, vi sola et fraude
meorum,
Hostibus et sævis victima terna cado.
Sit licet hic noster labor irritus, haud Deus
equus

* See Fox's History, and Universal Magazine, for October, p. 329.

Respiciet populum sæcula cuncta suum.
Namque alius veniet fatis melioribus ortus
Qui toties ruptum fine beabit opus.
Sat mihi credo (quamvis caput ense sece-
tur)

Hinc petor æthere lucida templa poli.

I remain, Sir, &c.
Leeds, Dec. 9, 1808. W. T.

The SNAKE STONES of the DRUIDS.

SIR,

IN one of your late numbers you gave an account of the Snake Stones of the Druids; (*See the Bee, No. XII.*) and since reading that I have met with the following poetical account of the same subject, which you will perhaps admit into your pages, as tending to shew how far poetry can exalt the simplest topics. It is from the pen of Mason.

But tell me yet
From the grot of charms and spells,
Where our matron sister dwells;
Brennus, has thy holy hand
Safely brought the Druid wand,
And the potent adder stone,
Gender'd fore th' autumnal moon?
When in undulating twine
The foaming snakes prolific join;
When they hiss, and when they bear
Their wondrous egg aloof in air;
Thence, before to earth it fall,
The Druid in his holy pall,
Receives the prize,
And instant flies,
Followed by the evenenom'd brood
Till he cross the silver flood.

I remain, &c.
Dec. 4, 1808. A. B.

A DESCRIPTION OF BAGDAD.

[Extracted from the *Travels* of the late
Abraham Parsons, Esq.]

[Concluded from p. 408.]

THE mosques in this city are innumerable, ornamented with handsome domes and lofty columns: with the exception of the dome of the great mosque, which is covered with lead, they are all cased with painted and glazed tiles, which have a pretty effect; though, when the sun shines bright, the glare is hurtful to the eyes. The mosques, excepting the great one, which is of stone, as well as every house in the city, are built of

excellent bricks, which are well burnt. The principal houses have all large outlets, either yards or gardens, or both, in which many trees are planted, the loftiest of which are the palm or date trees, which are so numerous, that in July, August, and September, dates are sold at about a half-penny a pound; all other kind of fruit are indeed exceedingly cheap. The water melons are much coveted for their excellence, and are sent by water as presents as far as Bussora, which is near seven hundred miles distant, either by the Tigris or Euphrates. The streets are all built in a straight line and paved, excepting the bazars. The houses make no appearance on the outside, as nothing is to be seen except brick walls and lattice windows; yet the principal ones are very commodious, and have all subterraneous apartments arched, and ornamented with handsome stucco-work, to which the families retire about ten in the morning, where they dine, and remain until about an hour before sun-set.

In the months of June, July, and August, to avoid the excessive hot weather, every one sleeps at night on the terrace, on the tops of the houses, as the subterraneous apartments are at that time very hot, although they are cool in the heat of the day. The air at Bagdad is so hot in these three months, that the mutton and fowls which are killed early in the morning, if not eaten by noon, become putrid. The butchers and poulterers kill their meat twice a day, so that it has hardly time to cool before it is dressed: yet, notwithstanding, this hot wind is not sickly, but the reverse, as there is not a more healthy place in any part of the world. In March last, the plague, which they had been strangers to for more than sixty years, was brought to this city by a caravan from Ezroom, and raged so violently, that of near five hundred thousand inhabitants, which both sides of the city is said to have contained before the plague commenced, not one hundred thousand remained alive when it ceased, besides the fifty thousand which had fled away to avoid it, and afterwards returned again; of which number was the pasha, and every person belonging to the seraglio,

which was then shut up. The pasha and his suite retired to a country palace, with spacious gardens, about three miles from the city, where, forbidding all intercourse, they avoided the disease. The account seemed so surprising, that when it was observed I doubted the truth of it, I was referred to the register offices, which are two, one being kept on each side. The officers who kept the books were so civil as to shew them; by them it appeared, that upwards of three hundred thousand had been carried out to be buried, who had died of the plague, in the space of little more than four months.

The officer on this side said that they could not be mistaken, as the dead were all ordered, without distinction, to be carried out of one gate only, and the number amounted to two hundred and eleven thousand three hundred and fifty-four; adding, that after the plague had ceased, and the people began to return home again, the gate through which these people had been carried out to be buried was, by order of the pasha and his divan assembled, shut up with a strong brick wall, as it now is, the occasion of which I had not learned before.

Bagdad is the cheapest place for provisions that I had ever heard of or seen. They are all good in their kind, and the price of all sorts of grain, bread, butcher's meat, and fish, is regulated once in every month by the pasha and his divan (council). In the space of five months mutton has been to two or three paras the oka, that is, from three halfpence to twopence farthing for forty-six ounces English averdupoise weight, the Bagdad oka exceeding the Turkish four ounces; lamb at one para the oka more than mutton. Beef is not killed in the warm weather. The reason why the price increased from two to three paras in so short a time, was the great increase of inhabitants, as from the middle of July last year (at which time the plague had entirely ceased) to the middle of May this year, it was computed that the increase of the inhabitants was one hundred thousand; and from the middle of May to the middle of this present month of October, it is computed

that the number of inhabitants has increased in the same proportion; so that according to the computation made at those two periods, there has been as great an increase in the last five, as there was in the ten preceding months.

On inquiry I found that they made their computation by the number of empty houses which were rented by the new comers, and observing of how many the family of such persons consisted. Lodgers are a description of persons unknown among the Turks, as when once a man is married, neither father, mother, brother, nor sister (excepting they happen to be children) live in the same house with him. From all these circumstances I imagine that they cannot be much out in their computation. Bread in the last five months has been from one to one and a half paras per oka, exactly half the price of mutton.

Here are three sorts of fish in the river, the prices of which are from one to three paras per oka, and which have not deviated in five months. For example, the largest sort are from six to twenty pounds weight, their scales and form resemble salmon, excepting their nose, which is flat, and not unlike a swine's snout; their flesh is well tasted, but not firm; these are sold at one para the oka. The next sort, resembling nearly our grey mullet, are exceedingly good, with firm flesh; these are sold at two paras the oka. The third sort are shads, exactly the same as those in England in shape and taste, and were in high season all June, July, and most of the month of August; these were sold at three paras the oka: they sometimes weigh from four to six pounds. Besides, here are many different kinds of small fish, the prices of which are not regulated; but they are as cheap in proportion as the others.

The water of the Tigris is most excellent, so much superior to spring or well water, that the poorest person in the city will not deign to taste of either, although there are wells in the yards of most houses. At gentlemen's houses and in public khans are fountains of water continually playing, which are conducted by earthen pipes into this part of the city, from

springs on a hill about five miles distant. At all these places they have well water, the Turks giving it the preference in making their ablutions, as it is clear, and river water turbid. The river water is carried to every house in skins upon horses and asses. Some families agree at a certain sum annually, others by the load. A horse load sells from two to three paras, according to the distance from the river to the house; an ass's load for half the price. It is asserted that there are above twenty thousand asses employed in this work, and at least half as many horses.

Coffee-houses are so numerous, that it excited my curiosity to enquire if there was any method of knowing the real number. I was told nothing was more easy, as they were all registered, paying an annual sum for their licence. A friend was so kind as to go with me to the office, when I found the number then occupied to be nine hundred and fifty-five, and of those untenanted four hundred and ninety, which the officer hoped to see all opened within a year, as he expected that in that time the number of inhabitants would increase so as to equal the population before the plague; he added, that more than half the present number have been tenanted within six months. Those coffee-houses which are in the skirts of the town, and in all the open situations, place awnings before their houses, to allure customers to a cool retreat in summer, whilst those which are on the banks of the river, and many others, have either large yards or gardens, in which there are arbors and trees for shade. It is not uncommon to see from two to three hundred people at a time at these coffee-houses, some playing at chess, others smoking and drinking coffee, and others engaged in conversation. I am told, that on the Mesopotamian side there are not three hundred coffee-houses, nor did they ever amount to four hundred before the commencement of the plague.

Besides the Meydan, there are several large void spaces, which we should call squares, although all are not really so, in two of which there is an immensely high building of stone, the only structure of that material,

except the great mosque, in the town. The Jew rabbies relate a tradition that they were temples in the time of the Persians, long before this place was conquered by the caliphs: the gates, which are folding, are more than twenty feet high and six inches thick, plated with brass on both sides, which is so very strong as to be still entire; the inside is one immense room without any division, and the largest I ever saw. I went into both of them through a wicket in the gate, and observed that they are now used as depositaries for grain. The roofs are arched, having no other support but the two walls on which they rest. The buildings are forty-eight paces long and seventeen broad, and are the only two structures of any antiquity in the city. This city has not any suburb, nor are there any houses to be seen in the neighbourhood nearer than a mile, and those are small country residences. On the Mesopotamian side there are not any farms, as the hordes of Arabs supply all the provisions, excepting grain, which all grows on this side the river.

The storks come here about the middle of March in great abundance, and return again some time in July with their young, which are hatched here. They make their nests on the tops of the highest buildings, such as the columns of the mosques, notwithstanding they are covered with glazed tiles; yet, as every column has a ball and a crescent on the top, it facilitates their fastening their nests by long twigs and other materials placed on the crescent, and so let down, and secured with some glutinous substance to make them secure.

About the middle of June they begin to teach their young to fly, the parents always attending; and about the end of the month they begin to lengthen their flights, and are seen to go away in the morning early, and not return until evening; this they always perform in three or four squadrons or divisions in a very regular manner. They continue afterwards to fly to places near the city, and are seen to alight and feed daily on the banks of the river.

About the middle of July they all combine, about two hours before sunset, in three or four divisions; they

then soar higher than usual, and make several circuits about the city and adjacent country; this they repeat daily, with such regularity and seeming obedience to their chief (who always is single and foremost) that it delights and surprizes every beholder.

At length the 25th day of July arrived, the day on which they took their final departure for this year. Early in the morning they all collected and formed themselves into four divisions, and flew, or rather sailed, round the city very leisurely and not very high, then continued some time hovering near together, as if in consultation, and about eight in the morning they flew straight away very swiftly to the north-west.

During the time of the plague, many families were entirely destroyed, in consequence of several villains, either separately or in partnership, taking advantage to enter and despoil such houses as were left defenceless, which caused the ruin of many of those surviving relations, whose whole dependance was on the deceased. Hence it was common to see many men and women (who, heretofore, had been in good circumstances) walking the streets, with dejected appearances, seeking alms; they never begged, but would accost those whom they thought capable of affording them relief, with a down-cast look, and an air that pleaded more strongly than words; and at the same time presenting them with an orange, a lemon, or an apple, or something equivalent; which, if accepted, alms were given; if not, it was civilly returned.

Another sort of distressed and pitiful objects were frequently met with, some of which were merry, and others melancholy mad, occasioned by the loss of parents or children, their dearest friends, or their fortune, during the plague. I have many times seen well-disposed people bring one or two into a coffee-house, give them victuals, and afterwards sherbet and coffee. The merry would eat and drink, look round, and laugh at every body the whole time, and go away laughing without speaking a word to any one. On the contrary, the melancholy, although pressed to sit down, would receive every thing

with indifference, and whether they eat or drank or refused, they never spoke, although often intreated; but would, after seeing every thing around with a silent indifference, rise and walk slowly away.

his Lordship's prior and subsequent letters and behaviour to the author, may be convinced, that a court is a very dangerous place for a christian; and that we "ought not to put our trust in princes, nor in any child of man."

Your's, &c.

AN ORIGINAL LETTER from WILLIAM JULIUS MICKLE, giving an Account of his last Interview with the first LORD LYTTELTON.

Dec. 13, 1808.

J. SIM.

SIR,

IN answer to your correspondent Senex, who accuses me of acting contrary to my profession, (p. 99 of your last volume), in the account which I have given of some transactions between the first Lord Lyttelton and Mr. Mickle, in the Life prefixed to the last edition of Mickle's Poems, I can only say, that I have always considered truth as the first object with the historian; that it was incumbent upon me as the writer of that Life to give a faithful account of what occasioned that difference between the Peer and the Poet, which put an end to all personal intercourse, and all farther correspondence; and the more so, as the readers of the former lives of Mickle (and the lives are many), must have considered the freedom with which his Lordship criticised the piece on Liberty, (first published in the last edition) as the only cause of their disagreement. I have, therefore, for the information of your numerous readers, inclosed Mr. Mickle's letter to his brother, giving a very circumstantial account of his last interview with his patron: by comparing this with the extract which I have given in the Life, your readers will perceive that I had omitted some courtly, consequential expressions and glaring egotisms, as unwilling "to exhibit as an unprincipled, unfeeling, shuffling, courtly sycophant, a personage who stood foremost in the defence of revelation, and in the cause of humanity and benevolence."

Whatever blame may attach to me, for publishing unpleasant facts hitherto unknown, the Life, as the "British Critic" observes, may be of great use to those who wish for a patron; and those who compare this letter with

P. S. I shall beg the favour of you to insert, in your future numbers, some letters that passed between the celebrated Mr. Boswell and Mr. Mickle, concerning the transactions of the latter with the monarch of Drury, in endeavouring to bring his Tragedy upon the stage, and other literary subjects, by which your readers will judge how far I am blameable "in publishing a conversation, in which an intimate friend of Mr. Garrick's, after hearing Mr. Mickle's account, is said to have called Mr. Garrick a d—d s—l."

"DEAR CHARLIE,

"After a most tedious and wearisome week, Sunday, that was only long'd for as to give an unhappy certainty, at last arrived; the apprehension of some things I feared gave me spirits, and I never went with less agitation. After waiting a large half hour, and hearing a don all in lace dismissed, I was introduced, and received with his ordinary good nature, and made sit down. Mr. M^r. T. was some time after in the room doing some things, during which his Lp. was silent. He first began with an apology for not sending for me sooner, and mentioned his great hurry. He then told me he was afraid he could do little, but that his reason for not writing was that he might see myself, and understand fully what I would have him to do, which he would as far as possible: (I shall repeat here his sentences as near verbatim as I can.) You want me to recommend you to my brother; I am afraid that would be of no real service to you: he has some offices to dispose of; I suppose that is what you want: but he has so many people of the island always ready and obliged to promise to, that before any place falls, it is perhaps a year or two bespoke. To be sure my recommendation would

have great weight with him; but you see it would be some years before it could be of service to you, and that is not what I would advise you to. My brother has desired me to be sparing how I recommend people to him, as he would be sorry not to oblige those I send: but if it could be useful to you, I should not refuse you a letter to him.

The having such a letter, I replied, would make one well looked upon, and might be of service to me with the merchants.

That's another reason, he returned, why I did not write to you, that we might talk of that. I am no statesman in this, Mr. M. I always laid it down as a rule, which I will never forsake, never to give false hopes. I shall tell you plainly what a letter to my brother would do: he would receive you very politely, and invite you to dine with him; that would put you to expences, in better or good (I forget which, because it damped me a little) clothes to appear at his table, and afterwards he would drop you, so far as not see you oft; and if you could make a bustle after some years, it might be in his power to give you a place. Well, but as to his recommending you to the merchants, I shall do what I can; and if you go there, I shall write him that you are an ingenious young man that I have a great regard to, and desire him to take notice of you; that you have wrote some very fine poems, which you will shew him, and I can promise you he will do what he can; but I tell you honestly what that is. But would it not be better to speak to some of the principal traders here,—there's Beckford and Fuller. I shall speak to Fuller for you; I expect to see him soon.

'Twas very kind, I replied, and would much oblige me. This he repeated, and very cheerfully said again he would: but, added he, let us see what else is to be said. There's your relation Gov. Jo. America is a much wholesomer place,—if you could get a place under him; but these are so ill to get, and I would not advise you to go there to wait; but if you have money, or design to purchase a lot of land, he might be of great service to you in that way.—That was not

my case, I told him: Well, then, says he, there it is: what would you do abroad?—On this I mentioned my cousin, Capt. Jo. the Gov.'s uncle, who had been at Jamaica, and was to give me letters.

Aye, says he, have you a cousin there?—No, my Lord; he has come home, and bought an estate in Scotland, and is to give me letters to his friends in Jam. — Well, these letters are good to have, he added; but you must not expect too much from them.

I forgot my reply to—there it is, what would you do abroad? it was, If I keep my health, by two or three years' diligence, and good behaviour, I have at most a certainty of being bettered, and perhaps in time taken into a share, which I could never expect at home. After this I mentioned the Capt. my cousin. He then talked of the danger of the place; that one half died that got there; that I must lay my account with a violent fever; and even recovering was no certainty of escaping. He then talked of his brother's health; that he had been very bad of late, and had had a dangerous fever in Carolina; but that, as I was thin and sober I had the better chance. On this I mentioned people's getting drunk, and being killed by the night-dews.—Very true, says he, that kills many; but tho' you would escape that, the most temperate are in danger, &c. &c. (I only mention this to shew his good opinion of me). Now there's another point, a clerkship in the public offices at home: you write a good hand, and that is just the thing I could wish for you; that's what is proper for you. But it has not been in my power this long time to do any thing that way. (Here he mumbled the word else). You know I'm in the op. and I cannot seek any thing, as things stand.—Here he talked a good deal, which I need not repeat; but ended with telling me what he had within these few days refused accepting; but if I could have accepted, added he, I could have done as I wish for you. But I think you ought to see what these friends you talk of can do: England, I should think, is the place for you. Here he muttered something about himself I did not hear rightly. After a pause—

or the East Indies, said he; I perhaps could be of service there, if I knew exactly what you like, and what would suit. I wish we could contrive —

These words he repeated with great good nature. I expressed my obligations, and said of hammered out, that I would see, and inform him. By this time we were a-foot; when finding him so good, I ventured to mention the Inscription:—That will only be esteemed a puff, says he, and may do as much harm as good; it is the intrinsic merit must make a piece live.—Very true, my L. but a thing of much more merit than it may remain quite unnoticed without.

Why, replied he, I have been over-persuaded just to please some people to allow of dedications; but it was to no purpose, it could not, you know that, save the pieces from oblivion;

and it has so much of the puff in it, that I really do not like it. But— Here I interrupted him—Your Lordship is best judge, and I entirely submit to it. He went on—You'll let me know when you publish your Odes. I was glad to hear, *two*, twice or thrice repeated.—And I shall let some booksellers that I deal with know that I esteem them as very fine poems, and recommending them in company is the best way to serve you: and be sure to let me know before you publish. I'll leave orders it shall be done. I believe the season is too late now; yes it is: so you are not to stay and enjoy your fame. This was said with a smile; then composing his features, he said something about England being the place.

Thus with acknowledgements on my part, and assurances of regard on his, we parted.—

CRITICISM.

“Nulli negabimus, nulli differemus justitiam.”

POEMS, by the Rev. GEORGE CRABBE, LL. B. *Third Edition.* 1 vol. 8vo. 1808.

[Continued from p. 438.]

THE next poem in this volume is the *Parish Register*, divided into three parts. The idea is novel, and affords ample scope for the description of rural manners. The *Village Register* is considered as containing principally the annals of the poor; and under the distinct heads of *Baptisms*, *Marriages*, and *Burials*, such a view is taken of villatic customs, feelings, and prejudices, as interest the reader in the highest degree. Mr. Crabbe, indeed, is remarkably felicitous in his delineation of character as modified by the ordinary passions of human nature: and the moral maxims which dignify his pages, embellished with the ornament of poetry, confer upon the labours of his muse a higher merit than can be claimed by verse, which is merely descriptive.

Pleased, as we confessedly have been with the contents of this volume, and actuated by a desire to communicate the delight which we have

ourselves felt, our extracts will be more copious than they usually are; and that our readers may receive unmingled satisfaction, we shall not interrupt the career of our commendation by the torpid touch of censure. We have already hinted that there are, scattered throughout Mr. Crabbe's Poems, certain literary offences; we do not indeed mean these delinquencies to escape, but we shall defer judgement till our more pleasing duty is discharged.

The first part of the *Parish Register* is devoted to the consideration of village baptisms, and it is preceded by an introduction which delineates rural manners. Here, as in the *Village*, Mr. Crabbe colours darkly: he again strives to dispel the illusions which, probably, exist with regard to the supposed purity and innocence of rustic habits; and to shew that fields, and groves, and vallies are no longer tenanted by those swains and virgins which pastoral poets represent. He first, indeed, exhibits the picture of cottages inhabited by frugal and industrious families, which is pleasing enough; and then he changes the scene, and depicts the following:—

Fair scenes of peace! ye might detain
us long.
But Vice and Misery now demand the song;
And turn our view from dwellings simply
neat,
To this infected Row, we term our Street.

Here, in cabal, a disputatious crew
Each evening meet; the Sot, the Cheat,
the Shrew;
Riots are nightly heard; the curse, the cries
Of beaten Wife, perverse in her replies:
While shrieking Children hold each threat-
ning hand,
And sometimes life, and sometimes food
demand:
Boys in their first stol'n rags, to swear
begin,
And girls, who heed not dress, are skill'd
in guile.

Snarers and Smugglers here their gains
divide,
Ensnaring females here their victims hide;
And here is one, the Sybil of the Row,
Who knows all secrets, or affects to know.
Seeking their fate, to her the simple run,
To her the guilty, theirs awhile to shun;
Mistress of worthless arts, deprav'd in will,
Her care unblest and unpaid her skill,
Slave to the tribe, to whose command she
stoops,

And poorer than the poorest maid she dupes.

Between the road-way and the walls, of-
fence
Invades all eyes and strikes on every sense;
There lie, obscene, at every open door,
Heaps from the hearth and sweepings from
the floor;
And day by day the mingled masses grow,
As sinks are disembo'g'd and kennels flow.

There hungry dogs from hungry children
steal,
There pigs and chickens quarrel for a meal,
There droop'd infants wail without redress,
And all is want and woe and wretchedness;
Yet should these boys, with bodies bronzed
and bare,
High-swollen and hard, outlive that lack of
care—
For'd on some farm, the unexerted strength,
Though loth to action, is compell'd at
length,
When warn'd by health, as serpents in the
spring,
Aside their blough of indolence they fling.

Yet ere they go, a greater evil comes—
See! crowded beds in those contiguous
rooms;
Beds but ill parted, by a paltry screen,
Of paper'd lath or curtain dropt between;
Daughters and Sons to yon compartments
creep,
And Parents here beside their Children
sleep.

Ye who have power, these thoughtless
people part,
Nor let the Ear be first to taint the Heart.

Come! search within, nor sight nor smell
regard;
The true Physician walks the foulest ward.
See! on the floor, what stow'd patches rest!
What nauseous fragments on yon fractur'd
chest!
What downy-dust beneath yon window-
seat!
And round these posts that serve his bed
for feet;
This bed where all those tatter'd garments
lie,
Worn by each sex, and now perforce thrown
by!

See! as we gaze, an Infant lifts his head,
Left by neglect and burrow'd in that bed;
The Mother-gossip has the love suppress,
An Infant's cry once waken'd in her breast;
And daily prattles, as her round she takes,
(With strong resentment) of the want she
makes.

Whence all these woes?—From want of
virtuous will,
Of honest shame, of time-improving skill;
From want of care to employ the vacant
hour,
And want of ev'ry kind but want of power.

Here are no Wheels for either Wool or
Flax,
But packs of Cards—made up of sundry
packs:
Here is no Clock, nor will they turn the
Glass,
And see how swift th' important moments
pass!
Here are no Books, but ballads on the wall,
Are some abusive, and indecent all;
Pistols are here, unpair'd; with Nets and
Hooks,
Of every kind, for rivers, ponds, and brooks;
An ample flask that nightly rovers fill,
With recent poison from the Dutchman's
still;
A Box of Tools with wires of various size,
Frocks, Wigs, and Hats, for night or day
disguise,
And Bludgeons stout to gain or guard a
prize.

To every House belongs a space of
Ground,
Of equal size, once fence'd with Paling
round;
That Paling now by slothful waste destroy'd,
Dead Gorse and stumps of Elder fill the
void;
Save in the centre-spot, whose walls of
clay,
Hide Sots and Striplings at their drink and
play;

Within, a board, beneath a fil'd retreat,
 Allures the bubble and maintains the cheat;
 Where heavy Ale in spots like varnish
 shows,
 Where chalky tallies yet remain in rows;
 Black Pipes and broken Jugs the seats de-
 file,
 The walls and windows, Rhymes and Reck-
 'nings vile;
 Prints of the meanest kind disgrace the door,
 And cards in curses torn, lie fragments on
 the floor.

Here his poor Bird th' inhuman Cocker
 brings,
 Arms his hard heel and clips his golden
 wigs!
 With spicy food th' impatient spirit feeds,
 And shouts and curses as the battle bleeds;
 Snuck through the brain, depriv'd of both
 his eyes,
 The vanquish'd bird must combat till he
 dies;
 Must faintly peck at his victorious foe,
 And reel and stagger at each feeble blow;
 When fall'n, the savage gasps his dabbled
 plumes,
 His blood-stain'd arms, for other deaths
 assumes;
 And damns the craven-fowl, that lost his
 stake,
 And only bled and perish'd for his sake.

Such are our Peasants, those to whom
 we yield
 Glories unsought, the Fathers of the Field;
 And these who take from our reluctant
 hands,
 What *Burn* advises or the Bench com-
 mands.

Our Farmers round, well pleas'd with
 constant gain,
 Like other farmers, flourish and complain.—
 These are our Groups; our Portraits next
 appear,
 And close our Exhibition for the Year.

After this succeeds the inspection
 of the parish register; and, as the
 various baptisms appear for the pre-
 ceding year, the circumstances attend-
 ing them are narrated. The following
 is perhaps the best:—

To name an Infant met our Village-sires,
 Assembled all, as such event requires;
 Frequent and full, the rural Sages sate,
 And Speakers many urg'd the long debate,—
 Some harden'd Knaves, who rov'd the coun-
 try round,
 Had left a Babe within the Parish-bound —
 First, of the fact they question'd — "Was
 it true?"
 The Child was brought — "What then re-
 main'd to do?"

"Was't dead or living?" This was fairly
 prov'd,
 'Twas pinch'd, it roar'd, and every doubt
 remov'd;
 Then by what Name th' unwelcome guest
 to call,

Was long a question and it pos'd them all:
 For he who lent a Name to Babe unknow'n,
 Censorious men might take it for his own;
 They look'd about, they ask'd the name of
 all,

And not one *Richard* answer'd to the call;
 Next they enquir'd the day, when passing
 by,

Th' unlucky peasant heard the stranger's
 cry;

This know'n; how Food and Raiment they
 might give,

Was next debated — for the rogue would
 live;

At last with all their words and work
 content,

Back to their homes, the prudent Vestry
 went,

And *Richard Monday* to the Workhouse
 sent.

There was he pinch'd and pitied, thump'd
 and fed,

And duly took his beatings and his bread;
 Patient in all controul, in all abuse,

He found contempt and kicking have their
 use:

Sad, silent, supple; bending to the blow;
 A slave of slaves; the lowest of the low;

His pliant soul gave way to all things base,
 He knew no shame, he dreaded no disgrace;

It seem'd, so well his passions he suppress'd,
 No feeling stirr'd his ever-torpid breast;

His might the meanest pauper bruise and
 cheat,

He was a footstool for the beggar's feet;
 His were the legs that ran at all commands;

They us'd on all occasions, *Richard's* hands;
 His very soul was not his own; he sold

As others order'd, and without a dole;
 In all disputes, on either part he lied,

And freely pledg'd his oath on either side;
 In all rebellious *Richard* join'd the host,

In all detections *Richard* first confess'd;
 Yet though disgrac'd, he watch'd his time

so well,
 He rose in favour, when in fame he fell;

Base was his usage, vile his whole employ,
 And all despis'd and fed the pliant boy:

At length, "tis time he should abroad be
 sent,"

Was whisper'd near him, — and abroad he
 went;

One morn they call'd him, *Richard* answer'd
 not,

They doom'd him hanging and in time
 forgot,

Yet miss'd him long, as each, throughout
 the chain,

Found he "had better spar'd a better man."

Now *Richard's* talents for the world were fit,
 He'd no small cunning and had some small wit;
 Had that calm look which seem'd to all assent,
 And that complacent speech which nothing meant;
 He'd but one care and that he strove to hie,
 How best for *Richard Monday* to provide;
 Steel, through opposing plates the Magnet draws,
 And steely atoms culls from dust and straws;
 And thus our Hero, to his interest true,
 Gold through all bars and from each trifle drew,
 But still more surely round the world to go,
 This Fortune's Child, had neither friend nor foe

Long lost to us, at last our man we trace,
Sir Archd & Monday died at *Monday place*;
 His *Lady's* worth, his Daughter's we peruse,
 And find his Grandsons all as rich as Jews;
 He gave reforming Charities a sum,
 And bought the blessings of the Blind and Dumb;

Bequeath'd to Missions money from the Stocks,
 And Bibles issu'd from his private box;
 But to his native place severely just,
 He left a pittance bound in rigid trust;
 Two paltry pounds, on every quarter's day,
 (At church produc'd) for forty loaves should pay;
 A stinted gift, that to the Parish shows,
 He kept in mind their bounty and their blows!

We will make one more extract from this part:—

Last in my List, five untaught Lads appear;
 Their Father dead, Compassion sent them here,
 For still that rustic Infidel denied,
 To have their Names with solemn Rite applied:

His, a lone House, by Dead-man's Dyke-way stood,
 And his, a nightly Haunt, in Lonely-wood;
 Each village Ion has heard the ruffian boast,
 That he believ'd 'in neither God nor Ghost;
 'That when the sod upon the Sinner press'd,
 As he, like the Saint, had everlasting rest;
 'That never Priest believ'd his Doctrines

But would, for profit, own himself a
 Or worship Wood or Stone, as honest
 Heathen do;
 'That souls alone on future Worlds rely,
 And all who die for Faith, deserve to die.

These Maxims, — part th' Attorney's Clerk profess'd,
 His own transcendant genius found the rest,
 Our pious Matrons heard and much amaz'd,
 Gaz'd on the Man and trembled as they gaz'd;
 And now his face explor'd and now his feet,
 Man's dreaded Foe, in this Bad Man, to meet
 But him our Drunkards as their Champion rais'd,
 Their Bishop call'd, and as their Hero, prais'd;
 Though most when sober, and the rest when sick,
 Had little question, whence his Bishoprick.

But he, triumphant Spirit! all things dar'd,
 He poach'd the Wood and on the Warren snar'd;
 'Twas his, at Cards, each Novice to trepan,
 And call the Wants of Rogues the Rights of Man,
 Wild as the Winds, he let his Offspring rove,
 And deem'd the Marriage-Bond the Bane of Love

What Age and Sickness for a Man so bold,
 Had done, we know not; — none beheld him old
 By night, as business urg'd, he sought the Wood,
 The ditch was deep, the rain had caus'd a flood;
 The foot-bridge fail'd, he plung'd beneath the Deep,
 And slept, if truth were his, th' eternal sleep

This is impressive, and the character is delineated with much felicity.

The second part, which contains the *Marriages*, affords, as may be supposed, an ampler scope for illustration, and more to interest the feelings of the reader. We extract with pleasure the following, as well from its intrinsic merit, as from the circumstance of its "being the last composition of the kind that engaged and amused the capacious, the candid, the benevolent mind of C. J. Fox."

Two summers since, I saw at Lammass Fair,
 The sweetest Flower that ever blossom'd there;
 When *Phæbe Dawson* gaily cross'd the Green,
 In haste to see and happy to be seen;
 Her air, her manners, all who saw, admir'd;
 Courteous though coy and gentle though retir'd;

The Joy of Youth and Health her Eyes
display'd,
And Ease of Heart her every Look convey'd;
A native Skill her simple Robes express'd;
As with untutor'd elegance she dress'd;
The Lads around admir'd so fair a sight,
And *Phæbe* felt, and felt she gave, Delight.
Admirers soon of every age she gain'd,
Her Beauty won them and her Worth re-

tain'd;
Envy itself could no Contempt display,
They wish'd her well, whom yet they wish'd
away;

Correct in thought, she judg'd a Servant's
Place

Preserv'd a Rustic Beauty from disgrace;
But yet on Sunday-eve in Freedom's hour,
With secret joy she felt that Beauty's power;
When some proud bliss upon the Heart
would steal,
That, poor or rich, a Beauty still must feel.

At length, the Youth, ordain'd to move
her breast,
Before the swains with bolder spirit press'd;
With looks less timid made his Passion
known,
And pleas'd by manners, most unlike her
own;

Loud though in Love and confident though
young;

Fierce in his air and voluble of tongue;
By trade a Tailor, though, in scorn of trade,
He serv'd the Squire, and brush'd the coat
he made;

Yet now, would *Phæbe* her consent afford,
Herslave alone, again he'd mount the Board;
With her should yeas of growing Love be
spent,

And growing Wealth:—She sigh'd and
look'd consent.

Now, through the lane, up hill, and cross
the Green,

(Seen by but few and blushing to be seen—
Dejected, thoughtful, anxious, and afraid),
Led by the Lover, walk'd the silent Maid:
Slow through the meadows rov'd they, many
a mile,

Tay'd by each bank and trifled at each stile;
Where, as he painted every blissful view,
And highly colour'd what he strongly drew,
The pensive Damsel, prone to tender fears,
Dimm'd the false prospect with prophetic
tears:

Thus pass'd th' allotted Hours, till linger-
ing late,

The Lover loiter'd at the Master's gate;
There he pronounc'd adieu! and yet would
stay,

Till chidden—sooth'd—intreated—forc'd
away;

He would of coldness, though indulg'd,
complain,

And oft retire and oft return again;

When, if his teasing vex'd her gentle mind,
The Grief assum'd, compell'd her to be
kind!

For he would proof of plighted Kindness
crave,

That she resented first and then forgave,
And to his Grief and Penance yielded more,
Than his Presumption had requir'd before:—

Ah! fly temptation, Youth, refrain!
refrain,

Each yielding Maid and each presuming
Swain!

Lo! now with red rent Cloak and Bon-
net black,

And torn green Gown loose hanging at her
back,

One who an Infant in her arm sustains,
And seems in patience, striving with her
pains;

Pinch'd are her looks, as one who pines for
bread,

Whose cares are growing and whose hopes
are fled;

Pale her parch'd lips, her heavy eyes sunk
low,

And tears unnotic'd from their channels
flow:

Serene her manner, till some sudden Pain,
Frets the meek soul and then she's calm
again;—

Her broken pitcher to the pool she takes,
And every step with cautious terror makes;
For not alone that Infant in her arms,
But nearer Cause, her anxious Soul alarms:
With Water burthen'd, then she picks her
way,

Slowly and cautious, in the clinging clay;
Till, in Mid-Green, she trusts a place un-
sound,

And deeply plunges in th' adhesive ground;
Thence, but with pain, her slender foot she
takes,

While Hope the Mind as Strength the
Frame forsakes:

For when so full the Cup of Sorrow grows,
Add but a drop, it instantly o'erflows—
And now her Path, but not her Peace she
gains,

Safe from her Task, but shivering with her
pains;

Her Home she reaches, open leaves the
door,

And placing first her Infant on the floor,
She bares her Bosom to the Wind and sits,
And sobbing struggles with the rising Fits;
In vain, they come, she feels th' inflating
grief,

That shuts the swelling Bosom from relief;
That speaks in feeble cries a Soul distrest,

Or the sad laugh that cannot be repress'd;
The-Neighbour-Matron leaves her Wheel
and flies

With all the aid her Poverty supplies;

Unceasing, the Calls of Nature she obeys,
Not let by profit, not allur'd by praise;
And waiting long, till these Contentions
cease,

She speaks of Comfort and departs in peace,

Friend of Distress! the Mourner feels thy
Aid,

She cannot pay thee, but thou wilt be paid.

But who this Child of Weakness, Want,
and Care?

'Tis *Phæbe Dawson*, Pride of *Lammas Fair*;
Who took her Lover for his sparkling Eyes,
Expressions warm, and love-inspiring Lies:
Compassion first assail'd her gentle Heart;
For all his suffering, all his bosom's smart:
"And then his Prayers! they would a Sa-
vage move,

"And with the coldest of the Sex to Love:"
But ah! too soon his Looks Success de-
clar'd,

Too late her Loss the Marriage-rite repair'd;
The faithless Flatterer then his Vows forgot,
A capitious Tyrant or a noisy Sot:
If present, railing, till he saw her pain'd;
If absent, spending what their labours gain'd;
Till that fair Form in want and sickness
pin'd,

And Hope and Comfort fled that gentle
Mind.

Then fly temptation, Youth; resist,
refrain!

Nor let me preach for ever and in vain!

In the following, our readers will
be pleased with the trio of similes
with which it concludes:—

Now to be wed, a well-match'd Couple
came;

Twice had old *Lodge* been tied, and twice
the Dame:

Tottering they came and toying, (odious
scene!)

And fond and simple, as they'd always
been.

Children, from Wedlock we by Laws re-
strain;

Why not prevent them, when they're such
again?

Why not forbid the doating Souls, to prove,
Th' indecent Fondling of preposterous
Love?

In spite of Prudence, uncontrol'd by Shame,
The amorous Senior woos the toothless
Dame,

Relating idly, at the closing eve,
The youthful Follies he dares to leave;
Till youthful Follies wake a transient Fire,
When arm in arm, they totter and retire.

So a fond Pair of solemn Birds, all day,
Blink in their seat and doze the hours
away;

Then by the Moon awaken'd, forth they
move,
And fright the Songsters, with their cheer-
less Love.

So two sear Trees, dry, stunted, and un-
sound,

Each other catch, when dropping to the
ground;

Entwine their wither'd Arms 'gainst wind
and weather,

And shake their leafless Heads and droy
together.

So two dead Limbs, touch'd by Galvani's
Wire,

Move with new life and feel awaken'd fire;
Quivering awhile, their flaccid Forms re-
main,

Then turn to cold torpidity again.

[To be concluded in our next.]

THE BATTLE OF MAIDA, an Epic
Poem, by Lieut.-Colonel RICHARD
SCOTT, of the Hon. East Company's
Bengal Establishment. 1 vol. 1808.

WHILE the philanthropist de-
plores the effects and the ne-
cessity of war, the patriot owns with-
in his bosom, that the heroism of the
warrior deserves to be recorded. The
influence of example, as a stimulus to
great actions, must be admitted to a
certain degree, though, perhaps, too
much has sometimes been demanded
for that influence, and too little for
the native energies of character.
However, one point will be agreed
upon by all; that virtue deserves to
be celebrated; and therefore we
shall never withhold our sanction
from any effort, whose object it is to
commemorate actions of bravery and
merit.

Public opinion is fixed with regard
to the prowess of the heroes of Maida.
That battle, however, only proved
what ought never to be doubted:
that British valour will always make
a successful resistance to the arms of
France, when opposed to each other
upon any thing like equal terms. An
overwhelming superiority of num-
bers must render the highest human
courage abortive: but in those cases
where France and England have met
upon a moderate equality, (allowing
some superiority in force to the for-
mer) the result has always been ho-
nourable to our own armies: and may
it ever be so!

Colonel Scott has justly considered the *battle of Maida* as a fit subject for the British muse, and he has endeavoured to "marry to immortal verse" the names of those who distinguished themselves on that occasion. The execution of the poem is above mediocrity: but there are some digressions to India affairs that interrupt the unity of the action. We noticed also some trivial errors of expression, which the author will easily detect, and correct in a future edition: one is, his use of the antiquated expression *hath*.

As a specimen we select the following, which is written with considerable vigour:

"Now martial bands the site appointed
trace,
With canvas dwellings verdant meadows
grace;
Though thousands now the plain unknown
possess,
With ready feet accustomed paths they
press;
With joyous hearts of welcome viands
share,
As curious peasants throng with wholesome
fare;
Wondering they gaze to see a city grow,
And frowning threaten Ferdinand's foe:
His camp secure, Bellona's laws obey'd,
A wider scene the morning's dawn survey'd;
As his keen eye sweeps o'er the destined
plain,
The conscious chief instructs his veteran
train.

"Amid those streams the martial plain
behold,
Etherean hills and trees surcharged with
gold;
Here sweet Lamato's banks her streams dis-
close,
There rich Ippolito meandering flows;
A charming landscape doom'd to blush with
blood,
With gore and carnage stain'd each silver
flood;
To thee, De Louthembourg, our praises rise,
As o'er thy scenes we cast admiring eyes.
The raging field the martial lover warms,
With dread and pity swells the virgin's
charms!

"High beats each breast, as on the
aerie height
The foe is view'd arraying for the fight;
With Austerlitzian laurels crown'd each
crest,
With hate of British race inspired each
breast;

Like vultures cowering o'er a recent prize,
They snuff fresh game and glut their greedy
eyes;

Exulting mark new quarries spring below,
Too light a stoop for such a ravenous foe.
So proud Menou his fancied victims view'd,
And Alexandria's plain with Britons
strew'd;
By Abercrombie's sword this dawn obscur'd,
The half won field great Hutchinson ma-
tur'd!

"Lamato's depths, her sister's rapid ford,
Each covert dark, and deep ravine explored,
The fourth auspicious morn's ascending ray
To conquest lighted Britain's firm array;
Brighter than graced Campania's martial
reign,
Since Roman eagles wing'd Calabria's plain.

"The Poles' defeat, when haughty
Reignier learn'd,
With shame and pride his angry bosom
burn'd;
Vengeful he view'd the British line ad-
vance,
And thus inflamed the pride of trophied
France:

"This day, my gallant friends, this
single day
Shall your long labours, high deserts re-
pay;
Before your conquering arms have lately
flown
Jove's towering eagles; and your high
renown
With lustre gilds Alpinea's crystal seats,
All Europe measures in your foes defeat!
Dare rash Britannia's maiden bands ad-
vance,
Thus tempt the vengeance of almighty
France?
Though her's the trident of the boisterous
main,
On martial plains omnipotent we reign.

"On, then, my sons, and at one single
blow,
Strike from yon field th' amphibious
thing below,
Shew Bonaparte with what dextrous ease
Your prowess gains such victories as
these!"

So erst their sires, on Cressi's crowded
field,
In fancy saw Old England's monarch yield,
Where sable Edward won the plumed crest
That fires to glory princely George's breast!
So when, on Poictier's field, proud Gallia's
hosts

Drew from unequal arms unmanly boasts,
Gall'd by their jeers, the lion couch'd, and
sprung,
O'er Gallic crests, with mane high bristling
hung,

Till Monarch, Prince, and vaunting nobles
yield

The gorgeous spoil of Poictier's bloody
field!

Nor less the fame which youthful Edward
won,

That graced in peace the royal father's son.

" Behold, in awful march and firm array,
Britain's determined columns shape their
way!

Death (in approaching terrible) imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the
strife,

Britannia's weal o'ercomes the love of life,
O'erlooks the foe, advantaged by his post,
Lessens his numbers and contracts his
host!"

**TRAVELS through SPAIN and part of
PORTUGAL, with Commercial, Sta-
tistical, and Geographical Details.**
2 vols. 12mo. 1808.

HERE is another work brought forward as a speculation likely to succeed at a moment like the present, when there is a general avidity existing to learn something of a country whose operations excite such a universal interest. These volumes, indeed, come before us in a very questionable shape, and we have more than one doubt that they are the unsophisticated produce of compilation. At least, if they be authentic, they have not many evidences of authenticity about them; and they contain nothing which an expert compiler might not collect from sources already public. The travels are said to have been performed in 1803.

We will, however, set aside doubt, and consider them as they are meant to be considered; and we can safely say, that they may be read with interest and pleasure. They are introduced by an historical sketch of Spain from the earliest times, useful only to a very superficial reader.

Our travellers (for the plural *we* is constantly used) arrive at Barcelona from Genoa on the 22d of May, 1803. From hence they proceed along the eastern coast of Spain to Valencia, then to Madrid, and take Lisbon in their way home. Of course they tell of all they see in this route, and it is at least told without heaviness or insipidity.

From Barcelona, a visit is paid to

Montserrat, and the account differs from that given by Thicknesse.

" At six o'clock in the morning of the 27th of May, we mounted our mules, and set out on our excursion. We found the whole road enlivened by commerce and industry. The gardens which surround Barcelona are particularly striking; nothing can exceed their richness and fertility.— At a considerable village where the manufacture of lace is carried on, we passed the Llobregat by a solid and handsome bridge: the view up and down the vale through which it glides, is rich and beautiful beyond description. Here the road divides itself into two, leading to Zaragoza and Valencia; we took the former, which brought us to the foot of the celebrated mountain; and we found it in tolerable order the whole way. The cultivation and fertility of the country surprised and delighted me. The plain of Capra only surpasses it by its pendant vines, but here the prospects are infinitely more various; hemp, corn almost ready for the sickle, vineyards, olive-groves, mulberries, and hedges of aloes, form the principal objects in the view. The Llobregat shews itself here and there; hills covered either with cultivation, or with woods of dwarf-pines, bound the landscape to the right and left; and Montserrat forms a grand background for the picture. From the clearness of the atmosphere, it seemed but at a little distance, when it was twenty miles from us. The villages are remarkably clean: no heaps of filth as in Italy and Provence, no crowds of beggars; every one was employed; and the only mode of begging which the children practised, is to run out of the gardens and offer you flowers. The present scene, and the prospect of Montserrat, gave us a very delightful day. In a little village which we passed this morning, we bought some excellent bread and tolerable wine for our breakfast.

" The approach to Martorel is highly picturesque; especially when a turn of the road discovers at once the town and river, the bridge, and the arch of Hannibal. The learned have doubts respecting the origin of this remnant of antiquity; some attribute it to Trajan: but the common people, with

their usual decision, have given it the name of the Devil's Bridge. We found that it has been almost entirely renovated: it is very high; and consists of three pointed arches, a great and two smaller ones. The arch of Hannibal, as it is called, stands on the side opposite the town: it is perfectly simple; being merely an arch of large cut stones without cement, and the rest consisting of irregular stones cemented together. At an inn at Martorel we rested our mules and ourselves for an hour and a half; we then pursued our journey through some groves of dwarf-pines, and a less cultivated country, to the foot of Montserrat. Here we found a small village, where we reposed a moment before we ascended. The ascent reminded me strongly of the Cornici coast road of the maritime Alps, between Nice and Genoa; though there was no part so bad as to induce us to get off our mules and walk. The mountain is fine on the side towards the sea; but it is in the style of the Derbyshire, and many other white rocks with green brushwood, which I have seen, though on a much grander scale than any of them. We were at first disappointed at not finding it covered with spiral cones, as Thicnesse had drawn it; but we "wound our way" in silent expectation; here and there observing an ancient stone cross, which proclaims the mountain to be a religious sanctuary. At length on turning a corner we beheld the convent situated in a recess among the rocks, which rise into cones above it. The building is very unworthy of its place and destination; it is too modern, and has more the air of a manufactory than an abbey: taking it, however, in a general view, it is an awful and picturesque retreat. We prepared our letters, and advanced to the gate: all was silent, except the faintly heard Llobregat in the vale below; the perpendicular rocks called our attention, and reminded us of some ancient castle with a hanging turret. The convent itself is a collection of houses, like a town. We entered the gates about five o'clock; and observed a solitary monk, as if returning from his walk: I bowed respectfully to him, and presented my letters; he gave them

back, coldly saying they were not for him. He entered the cloister; and as I observed no one else, I followed him, and begged him to direct me to find the gentleman to whom the letters were addressed: he grumbled a good deal in Catalan, and seemed perfectly out of humour; when fortunately a servant of the convent came up, took the letters, and conducted us to the chamber of father —, to whom one of them was an introduction. He received us civilly, and offered us wine and chocolate: he spoke pretty good French; which he said he had learnt from four bishops, who, at the period of the revolution, escaped from the south of France into this asylum. Almost the first inquiry which the monk made of us was, whether we were at war or not? After some conversation, he desired a servant to shew us an apartment; regretting exceedingly that, on account of the feast of the Holy Ghost, (Whit Sunday) we should be very badly lodged: he promised to call us to-morrow at four, and take us round the mountain. Our beds were what the monk had taught us to expect; but the sheets were clean, and we were so fatigued that we did not complain of any little inconvenience.

"28th. At 4 o'clock we were roused by a knocking at our door: father — was ready to attend us; we therefore hastily dressed ourselves, and followed him up the mountain. He had provided us with long sticks, which we found not only useful but necessary. The scene we beheld on leaving the convent gate was magnificent; we were absolutely on a level with the sun, and the whole vale below us was a vast sea of white clouds. After ascending the hill a little farther, a new and most romantic prospect broke upon us: we beheld at one view thirteen out of the fourteen hermitages, and the convent in its rocky recess beneath. The hermitages immediately above the convent have an effect more picturesque than can be well imagined; while those of St. Jago, St. Juan, and St. Oposse, seem to grow to the cones, and have a most extraordinary appearance: all of them, but particularly these last, seem inaccessible. The mountain

rise perpendicularly, but nature has left room for terraces; it has two crowns of cones, or bolsters; one immediately over the monastery, and the other where the hermitages which I have just mentioned are situated, and to which we now proceeded. The first we gained was St. Jago, the residence of a hermit from Grenada: he prepared us a little chocolate, which we thought to be a very insufficient breakfast, not knowing the hospitable dispositions of the other hermits. This cottage, like all the others, consisted of a little chapel, a passage, a sitting-room, a study, a workshop, and a kitchen: these apartments are of different sizes in different hermitages; but the number of rooms is always the same, except indeed that in some instances the study and the sitting-room are in one. His books were, as might be expected, writings and lives of saints; the *Mística Condad di Dios* I observed in all. The workshop is for making crosses to employ time, and to give to pilgrims.

"We now proceeded to St. Catherine, which is situated below; and then mounted to St. Juan and St. Onosse, which grow together on the side of a cone: in the former is preserved a bone of John the Baptist, which is the only relic to be found among the hermitages. We now ascended still higher, to St. Madeline, where we were refreshed with some wine and bread. Above this is the highest accessible peak of this part of the mountain. We climbed to it; and, after enjoying the extensive prospect, returned to the cell of St. Madeline: then descending a flight of steps between two cones, called Jacob's Ladder, we came into the valley which runs along the summit of the mountain; this is a perfect shrubbery, and the cones are even here in the most grotesque shapes. The southern crown is called the organ, from its resemblance to a number of pipes. The day was particularly warm; and notwithstanding the prodigious height, we were scarcely once refreshed by a breath of air during our whole walk. At the end of the valley, on an eminence, stands the hermitage of St. Jerome, which is the most remote and highest

of them all: it is not at present inhabited, but a young man is in training for that purpose. Near this is the most lofty station of the whole mountain: on it stands a little chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and the care of which devolves to the hermit of St. Jerome; it has lately been blasted by lightning, which did not fail to remind us of the exclamation of Lucretius. After much fatigue we seated ourselves on this lofty pinnacle, and surveyed the country round. We are here almost too high to see the traces of cultivation, so that the whole province has the appearance of a hilly desert: indeed the land is not fertile, except in the vale through which the Llobregat flows; but the vast industry of the inhabitants has done every thing that is possible. A stranger is principally struck by the want of towns, especially in that part towards the Pyrennees. The real character of the country, when viewed from a moderate height, is hilly, and a great part of it cultivated; but patches of barren lands, and woods of olives and pines, are every where visible. The winding of the Llobregat, and the grand outline of the snowy Pyrennees are the distinguishing features of the prospect.

"Barcelona is concealed by the intervention of a mountain. The largest town we see is Manrerar, on the road to Laragona. Thickness is wrong in supposing that any part of Valentia can be discovered from this height; since it is a flat country, and lies behind the hills of Catalonia. Majorca and Minorca are often discerned from the convent at sunset.

"The Pyrennees are neither so lofty nor so irregular as I had expected: they bear a considerable resemblance to the coast of Corsica, which I have lately seen. Just below the eminence on which we stand is the northern extremity of the rock; perfectly inaccessible, and appearing as if sawn asunder in many parts. We descended once more into the mountain valley, and then climbed to the hermitage of St. Antonio, the smallest of them all; we were refreshed here by an omelet, and our guide rested himself while the hermit conducted us to a spot where the echo is heard four

times, the approach is difficult and dangerous; but we arrived, at it, and called to many of our friends, whose names were four times re-echoed among the rugged peaks of the mountain."

The reflections excited by contemplating the lives of the hermits who live, secluded from the world, in the different recesses of this mountain, may be extracted :

" This day's expedition was as romantic as the fancy could wish, and curiosity was entirely satisfied; but still the spectacle with which, at a distance, my imagination has frequently been delighted, excited very different sensations when I was obliged to contemplate the reality. If enthusiasts are to be pitied, how much more so all they who, without being so, are condemned to lead the lives of enthusiasts? The hermits of Montserrat are probably quiet men who, upon the whole, consider this mode of passing their existence preferable to active industry. In my walk round the mountain this morning, I did not surprise one of them at his books, or at his prayers. I saw many of them happy in being able to snatch a short conversation with the labourer who was digging their garden: they all laughed and talked with father —, inquiring eagerly whether it was peace or war; and followed us to the very verge of their prescribed limits, to catch the last words of our conductor. Their garden indeed must be their pleasantest occupation. What delight can ignorant men have in books? and such books! None of them are priests except the mountain-vicar, and one who lives in an hermitage (which we did not see) where the sacred image was discovered. Provisions are carried to them twice a week; but on all great festivals they descend to the convent."

It is imagination, therefore, which lends its brightest tints when we dwell with fondness over the idea of religious retirement; and half long for the placid delights of prayers and solitude. Every thing, indeed, proclaims aloud, that man is a social being; and can it be wondered, that when he disunites himself from that chain of which he is termed to con-

stitute a part, he finds himself exposed to the inroads of all those evils which are but faintly felt when operating upon society, but which deteriorate human happiness when sustained individually? In moments of enthusiasm we are led to fancy bliss beyond the circle of our fellow-creatures; but woe to him who pursues the phantom, and forsakes a world to which he never can return, in the vain hope of communing with stones and trees, repasting his mind with meditation or rectifying his passions by penance.

The following account of the Prince of the Peace, is worth extracting :—

" Don Manuel Godoy was born at Badajos about the year 1766 or 1767, of parents, whose necessities were often relieved by the usual donation of soup, &c. at the convents, and who were occasionally employed in secreting smuggled goods during the night. Many of the respectable inhabitants of that city are still living witnesses of the miserable situation of the Godoy family. Their connection with smugglers,* however, increasing as the family acquired strength, it was doubtless that idea that first induced the two elder brothers Luis and Manuel, to become soldiers in the king's life guards, where smuggling is carried on in the most open manner. Luis set out for Madrid and entered a private soldier in the life guards, where he had not done duty long, before his portly figure caught the attention of the then Princess of Asturias, who enjoyed the honours of Queen, Charles III. being a widower. She began in her usual manner of sending him rich presents, such as a snuff-box of tortoise-shell, with her portrait set in gold, which was generally worth an ounce of Spanish gold, or 3*l.* 12*s.* sterling. Sometimes articles of much greater value, and sometimes a purse full of ounces of gold. At length she ventured to procure him a pair of colours, and Luis appeared a complete officer. During this time

* Badajos has existed many years by smuggling only, there being no legal commerce pursued that can be avoided.

Manuel arrived; and his brother's success enabled him to keep him as a cadet rather than to enter as a private soldier, hoping that he should soon be able to procure him preferment. In the mean time the jealous eye of Charles III. regretting his error of forcing his son to marry, became every day more alert to the gross imprudences of his daughter-in-law, and he beheld her attachment to this new-made officer with the most poignant indignation, and sent him into exile, prohibiting his ever coming within twenty-five leagues of Madrid, giving him, however, the command of a company in the militia of Estremadura, and also of an old fortress in that province. He was also promised the cross of the military order of Alcantara, but Charles's passion was too violent to wait that ceremony, and he was dismissed with the nominal title of the order. This was the period when the family began to think seriously of nobility; and it was then that they found the noble appendage of *de Alvarez*. Whether the Godoys were originally of Alvarez, and had acquired a title to that seignior, which the vulgar pronunciation of the Estremadurians had originally contracted, and in fine omitted, is a question I have not found any Spanish antiquary disposed to resolve. It now rests on the *ipse dixit* of the Prince, and there exists no negative evidence. The exile of Luis was effected; and the Queen (the Princess of Asturias) with all the facility that one forgets a lady of easy virtue, forgot her lover in the pursuit of other gallants. It has been said, but erroneously, that her majesty kept sending him presents in his exile, by the hands of Manuel, who was introduced to her by the Duchess of Alba, under pretext of playing on the guitar, the latter circumstance is too ridiculous to require refutation; but the contrary is the fact; nor does it appear that the Queen ever saw Manuel till after the death of Charles III. Indeed she was too much occupied in meeting with gallants whom she could enjoy, without spending in fruitless efforts the time necessary to her other amusements. During the long banish-

ment* of Luis, Manuel procured an appointment in the guards, and also had married an amiable young woman, by whom he has had four or five children. At length the death of Charles III. gave existence to the era of our hero's glory. On this event Luis, hoping to be recalled from exile, determined on addressing a loving memorial to her majesty, recalling to her memory the numerous tender pledges of his attachment, and his eagerness again to approach her person. The difficulty of presenting this memorial to the hands of the Queen herself, was the only obstacle; and for this Manuel was deemed the most proper person. This he performed *con acierto*†. Her majesty received the memorial most graciously, but was more struck with the young, bold, and brawny figure that presented it, than with the plaintive tale of an innamorato long since enjoyed. The Queen, after appointing a more convenient hour to take the matter into consideration, and to converse with him personally, dismissed Manuel with a present, which at once indicated her private feelings and personal attachment. From this period fortune seems to have borne him on her wings to the temple of honour, as his advancement was as rapid as the smiles of that fickle goddess. Luis's exile was terminated, and he received a colonel's commission in the guards. But a new office was cre-

* The precipitation and rigour of banishment from the court of Madrid, present an example of merciless cruelty and tyranny: the *desterrados* are gone in an hour, no one knows where, no one dares to ask, and no one knows their former friends or connections, lest they should be involved in a similar fate. Nor does any one dare either to write or receive a letter. Thus a character, as popular in Madrid as some speakers in the House of Commons in London, will be precipitated in a day into an oblivion as great as if dead forty years. These are the blessings of absolute monarchy!

† We have no word in English so emphatic as the above to express with effect.

ated for Manuel, adjutant-general of the life-guards, with the rank of major-general in the army. He had not held these situations long, till he succeeded, through the consummate address of the Queen, in ingratiating himself with the King, and was shortly after made a lieutenant-general in the army, and called upon to be one of his Majesty's ministers, in the capacity of first secretary of state. It was at this period that he acquired such a complete ascendancy over the King's mind, by doing every thing as he thought proper, without inquiring for his Majesty's approbation. This was so flattering to the King's natural indolence, which hates political affairs, that he resolved never after to have another minister; and that he should govern and direct the helm of the state as might be agreeable to his particular views. His Majesty felt grateful to the man who had thus relieved him from the burden of government, and he continued pouring honours and wealth upon his head. It was now that Manuel was to be ennobled, and it must be confessed, that he evinced address, in claiming nobility from his ancestors, rather than for his personal merit. Don Manuel Godoy de Alvarez was created a grandee of Spain of the first class, under the title of Duke of Alcadia: the King bestowing on him the royal domain of Alcadia, and also the revenues of four of the most wealthy military orders, which must have been rather above than below 100,000*l.* sterling a year. The now Duke of Alcadia found his power unlimited; his most distant relatives all placed in the most lucrative offices; the most trifling favours of the court not to be obtained without his permission; and the ancient grandees of Spain paying their court to him, and attending his levees with equal assiduity as those of the King's. The Queen's liberality to him, at least in her personal favours, was unremitting; and their amours now became so common, so public, and so much in defiance of all decency or decorum, that I should be sorry to abuse the language in a description of their wanton excesses. The period of the war with France arrived, in which the Duke of Alcadia evinced more power than political sagacity. The grand council

of Castille was summoned, which was then a spirited, liberal, and independent body. This council, with the brave Count de Aranda at its head, decided in favour of *defensive* measures, contrary to those of the duke. Their timidity or prudence greatly incensed the Duke of Alcadia, who, determined on *offensive* measures and on plunder, dissolved the council with great indignation, and banished the worthy Count de Aranda to Saragoza, where he arrived just long enough to witness the disgrace and downfall of his country."

The peasants of Catalonia have a curious mode of drinking. The wine bottles are made somewhat in the form of a tea-pot: by means of a tube they spout the wine into their mouths at a little distance, and are very adroit at this clean custom.—Half a dozen peasants at dinner will thus hand the bottle round, and never once touch it with their lips. This mode of drinking is ancient and classical, as may be seen in the Frescoes of Herculaneum.

The following sentence approaches to an Irish bull, from the impropriety of its construction:—

"We passed a mountain covered with *white goats and sheep: the latter are most of them black.*" Arrah!

The mode of driving practised by the muleteers is remarkable. One of them holds a short whip and the reins which are merely attached to the pair of mules that are next the carriage; the other sits by him with his lap full of stones, which, when he wishes them to trot, he very expertly pelts at the heads of the leaders; and in case they seem inclined to quit the road on account of such violent treatment, he is ready to jump down to prevent an accident.

The language of these volumes is not always correct. For the vulgar expression *shabby*, the author seems to have an unusual predilection: and such faults as "every remains," p. 41, and "half a dozen horsemen, *many* of whom had swords," p. 163, with others of a similar nature, convey no very exalted notion of the author's or authors' grammatical skill.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

ELEGIAC STANZAS.

THE wind whistled sad—on a grave-stone
reclining,
While thickened around me the shadows
of eve;
The gloom of the scene with my sorrows
combining,
I breathe but to sigh, and I think but to
grieve:
The sun of my life is for ever beclouded;
The joys of affection for ever are fled;
In the cold narrow house is MARIA en-
shrouded;
She that once was so lovely now sleeps
with the dead

And lovely thou wert as the Spring's early
flower!

As sweet, mild, and simple—and ah! yet
as frail!

For the blight of disease with its pestilent
power

Has withered the bloom of the Pride of
the Vale.

No more shall those eyes that were wont to
be glowing

With love, joy, and tenderness, beam
upon me;

Those eyes, with the dew-drop of pity o'er-
flowing.

When the tale of distress was unfolded
to thee.

MARIA! how oft when mid eve was ad-
vancing,

Have we wandered to listen the black-
bird's wild song:

With the sweet sounds of Nature our hearts
have been dancing,

And the raptures of Love would the
pleasure prolong!

But now if I love in the light of the morn-
ing,

When carol the songsters from each bush
and tier,

Love and gladness the face of the land-
scape adorning,

Yet, alas! there's no love, nor no glad-
ness for me!

Manchester, Dec 1803

W. P.

QUATORZAIN.

THE APPROACH OF WINTER

LO! where stern Winter wrapp'd in
cloudy guise,

With all his hideous and unfeeling train,
Advances boldly from the northern skies,

To claim a portion of the year with pain!

He thrust down the southern precipice amain,
Start at his traits, the pensive Autumn

Alas!
Where shock'd, she views huge, tow'ring
hills of slain,

And Gallia's eagles stoop'd in crimson
dies.

The gorgeous dress which Nature lately
wore,

Lies rent 'o tatters on the noxious ground;
Thy song, sweet Philomela! is no more;

But still my harp yields its accustomed
sound!

Now, now ye Wealthy! stretch your hands
and save,

The suffering Poor from Hunger and the
Grave!

Grafton-street, Dec. 1808. J. G.

SONNET—TO VENUS

Written at Helching in the World of Sunset;
and inserted to my Fellow-ramblers—Miss

BESLOE, and Miss BOWMAN
By CLIO RICKMAN.

'TIS not alone, because thy beams so
bright,

Scatter a radiance 'cross the etherial plain.
'Tis not alone, because thy splendid light,

O'er the blue concave holds her solemn
reign—

That I adore THEE! loveliest orb of Heaven;
But 'tis the memory of departed days,

When to my evening walks was kindly
given,

Associates dear, cheer'd by thy brilliant
rays.

It is because, a favourite groupe as now,
While FRIENDSHIP, FEELING, TRUTH,

attend our walk;

Raise to thee VENUS! every tender vow,
Enrich our souls, and elevate our talk;

It is because thou bring'st each thought
along,

Sacred to TRUTH, AFFECTION, LOVE, and
Song!

QUATORZAIN

'T'WAS a sweet sound most grateful to
mine ear,

Borne on the wayward solitary gale;
M. think it issued from some mystic sphere,

For long I heard it in the etherial sail.
Sublime it was and magically deep,

Or, like the numbers of Menander's shell;
It rises now where yonder willows weep,

And 'gins with mournful cadences to
swell!

Such was the sound it ever's inspiring tide,
I often heard when she, who now is gon',

Roun'd through the woodland's wild, in
Beauty's pride,

Or, on yon hillock, 'neath the moon
beams, shone!

And 'twas the summons of the Seraph's
Love,

For her those realms to seek, where reigns
th' immortal Sue!

Grafton Street, Dec 18. 8. J. G.

To the Editor of the Universal Mag.

SIR, — I beg gratefully to express my thanks for the insertion, in your Publication of last month, of the Verses "*To Anna*," from whom I have lately received the enclosed Copy of Lines written in her FIFTEENTH year. You may perhaps not think *them* unworthy of a place in the Magazine of the following month. The few Stanzas I take the liberty to subjoin *were sent in return*; and I hope I do not encroach too much upon your goodness by presuming that you may possibly give them admission. I am, Sir,

With much respect,

Your obliged and most
obedient Servant,

3d Dec. 1808. *A constant Reader.*

ON SLEEPING A LITTLE ROSE BUD CONCEALED AMONGST ITS LEAVES.

Written at FIFTEEN Years of Age.

HAIL! modest, beauteous, charming
Rose,

The pride of Flora's bower;
The queen of every flower that blows—
All own thy blushing power.

No longer hide thy lowly head,
We wish thy form to see.
Be not afraid, we'll guard thy bed;
Fear not! thou shalt be free.

No blustering wind shall nip thy stem,
The zephyrs blow for thee;
All love thee well, thou fairest gem,
Fear not! thou shalt be free.

The Winter's past, the rains are o'er,
The Spring is drest for thee:
Come then, thou modest, lowly flower,
Fear not! thou shalt be free.

A. L.

To * *

WHEN * * saw the budding rose
Just peep between its leaves,
She hails the loveliest flow'r that blows,
And courage sweetly gives:—

"No longer hide thy lowly head,
"I wish thy form to see;
"Be not afraid! I'll guard thy bed;
"FEAR NOT! thou shalt be FREE."

The beauty of the opening bud
Her gentle eyes survey;
And, as the Maid admiring stood,
I pensively did say—

"O listen to the tale I tell,
"You bade me "not to fear:"
"This little Rose-bud is MY cell;
"TWAS FANCY plac'd me there."

She heard me not the tale disclose;
But, sweetly as before,
Thus * *, gazing on the Rose,
Address'd the sov'reign Flow'r:—
"No blust'ring wind shall nip thy stem;
"The zephyrs blow for thee;
"All love thee well, thou purest Gem!
"Fear not, THOU SHALT BE FREE."

Between the leaves I saw her face,
Which cheer'd me, as the sun;
Her form beheld, and ev'ry grace
That through her nature run,
My cell so small, cou'd scarce contain
My palpitating heart—
And * * left me to my pain,
Unconscious of the smart!

But as she bent her wand'ring way
From Flora's rosy bow'r,
Methought I heard the Angel say
Thas, fondly of the Flow'r:—

"The Winter's past, the rains are o'er;
"The Spring is drest for thee:
"COME THEN, thou modest lowly Flow'r,
"Fear not! THOU SHALT BE FREE."

Oh! sweetly from her lips it came,
And spread around my heart,—
Soon bur'ning into gentle flame,
It warm'd the vital part.

What, lovely * *, prompted thee
To leave yon Rose behind?
You gave the hope "it should be free,"
Yet, left the Bud confin'd.

Oh! to your bosom take the Rose,
And yield a softer bed,—
I'll change my Cell, and there repose
My heart, and lay my head.

H. S. L. S.

ELLGY ON THE DEATH OF TWO LIRDS.

PHŒBUS, the Golden God of Day,
Had left th' etherial plain,
With setting glories marked his way,
And sought the western main.

The Moon display'd a silver scene,
And rose her place to fill;
The starry Heav'ns were all serene,
And hush'd Creation still.

Morpheus had seal'd each vestal's eyes,
And in celestial dreams
They pass the separating skies,
And reach the blissful scenes.

Charlotte, whose bosom knew no care,
Had joined them in repose;
In kind compa-sion to the stars,
She bade their rivals close.

Two feathered Warblers long had been
The partners of her love;
Their pleasing chains with joy sustain'd,
Unmindful of the grove.

Long in a cage this little pair
Together had been kept,
And thither Charlotte did repair
Each night before she slept.

And now to hear their even' song
As usual she had been,
But the sly cat, who'd watch'd them long,
Had slip'd in too unseen.

How shall the sympathising Muse
The cruel sequel tell?
Or how relate what sorrows roge
When Morn appear'd again?

No mean suspicion fill'd her breast,
Nor taught her how to fear;
Guiltless herself, she went to rest,
Nor thought of danger near.

The Cat now hastes to seize her prey,
As Destiny decreed;
Doomed never more to hail the day
The hapless victims bleed.

Their dying eyes they cast around
To find their guardian fair—
Where could their guardian fair be found—
She was no longer there.

No longer able to defend,
The sufferers met their death;
And, destitute of every friend,
Heave their expiring breath.

Why didst thou shine in that sad night
Unpitying Luna, why?
Thou shouldst have fled the bloody sight,
And left the gloomy sky.

But now her borrowed beams withdrawn,
She yielded up the sway;
Aurora lent a livelier dawn,
And led the blushing day.

The Bird whose sorrows know no rest
Its mournful notes had sung,
The early Lark had left its nest,
The Matin Peal had rung.

Bright Phœbus left his watry bed,
His toil renew'd again—
His joy-diffusing influence spread,
And seiz'd the golden rein.

Awakened by his rising ray,
To seek her Birds she went;
To where her favourite mingled lay
Her trusty steps she sent.

But when she to the door drew near
She heard no fluttering wing—
No usual signs of joy were there—
No more she heard them sing.

No more they need their Charlotte's care;
They hear her voice no more:
Entering the room the lifeless pair
Extended on the floor.

She view'd the scene with sad surprise;
But grief must flow in vain:
Alas! they hear not now her sighs,
They know not of her pain.

Then cease those useless tears to shed,
E'en you must weep in vain:
Not all your sighs can wake the dead,
Nor bring your Birds again.

Cease to lament that common fate
That never knew to spare:
You also, at some future date,
That common fate must share.

Those eyes must once forget to shine;
Those lips will smile no more;
That face must all its bloom resign,
Which charmed each heart before.

But since the stroke you cannot shun,
Oh! may you feel it late:
And first may many a Summer's Sun
Survey your smiling fate.

May no dull care nor passions rude
Your happiness molest,
Nor any future grief intrude
T' invade your peaceful breast.

Mile End.

M. M

SONNET.

*Written on visiting a Spot after long Absence,
where many new and elegant Improvements
were made, and an old favourite Summer-
House destroyed, and its Site left to run
to decay.*

By CLIO RICKMAN.

HERE stood a seat devoted once to love,
By FRIENDSHIP, FLEETING, SENI-
LITY held dear;

This seat is gone! ah wherefore did ye
move,

A temple rais'd in hours we most revere?

The gentle OUSE flowed at its foot, and
round,

A soothing, dark-soine, shade, embower-
ing grew;

It was a seat of silence as profound
As TALENT, TASTE, and FANCY ever
knew.

Why stands it not?—in LATER days, oh!
say,

Is aught so sweet as dwelling on the PAST?
When all was innocent, was warm, and gay,
Hours most rever'd, tho' hours not doom'd
to last.

The least we can, is sure those haunts to
save,
Which having charm'd us ONCE, are dear
for WHAT THEY GAVE.

THE NEW PATENTS.

Mr. JOHN CURR's of Sheffield, for a method of applying Flat Ropes, Flat bands, or belts, may be worked sepa-

Ports, Harbours, Rivers, Seas, or Creeks; and also for a Method of applying flat or round Ropes, Lines, Bands, or Belts, for the purpose of catching and detaining Whales.

THE method of applying flat ropes, bands, or belts, of any kind, to ships or vessels, to tow or convey in or out of harbours, rivers, seas, or creeks, is as follows.—The flat rope, band, or belt, is attached to the capstan, so that it can easily be taken off when required, or by having a splice may be disunited within a few yards of the end, which will be more convenient, and may be wound and lapped upon itself; or, if it is more convenient, may be wound upon the capstan, in two or more tiers, in the same manner as a flat cable is wound upon a windlass, as described in a patent of Mr. Curr's, of July, 1806; in which case it is not necessary to apply multiplying wheels to work it; but if the flat rope, band, or belt, be wound in one tier only, in order to give sufficient power to the sailors to heave the ship forward, when the flat rope, band, or belt, has increased in diameter, to the greatest extent possible, which may be worked by a small nut wheel, or nut wheels, of convenient dimensions; and two flat ropes, bands, or belts, or more, may be applied on the same capstan, as will be hereinafter described. One or more flat ropes, bands, or belts may be applied on the same capstan. A commodious method of working two flat ropes, bands, or belts, on one capstan, is displayed in the plate, which shews a platform and an elevation of the capstan. A large tooth wheel is represented fixed on the capstan axletree, and a moveable wheel, which, having a circular centre, will turn round without moving the capstan, axletree, or capstan drum; a nut wheel which turns the tooth wheel, and which, by raising the gudgeon, and fixing a proper block under the collar, may be applied to turn the cog-wheel; by which

flat rope on another; and if it be required to work a round rope upon the drum-head, it may be done by raising the gudgeon, and the part connected with it, so that the nut wheel may be clear of both tooth wheels, and placing a block under the collar of the axletree or gudgeon of a proper thickness. Each flat rope, band, or belt, will require a leading roller or rollers, to guide it both from the stem and stern of the ship; in a fair direction to the capstan; and may then be conveyed by another roller or rollers, in any direction required; and palls, or other stops, must be applied to the tooth wheels, to hold them in any situation required. The nut wheel should be fixed about the centre of the vessel, which will allow room for a sufficient length of capstan bars, and give room to the sailors to apply their powers to the greatest advantage. For the convenience of sending out a guess-line, or for other purposes, it may be proper to have the flat rope, band, or belt, divided into two or more parts, and so connected together by splices that it may easily be disunited. The tooth wheel above described, is fixed horizontally, but may be fixed to work in any other position more suitable and convenient. If the flat rope, band, or belt, is applied to a windlass, it must lap upon itself, and be used as above directed, for the capstan.

The advantages of Mr. Curr's invention of towing ships and vessels, consist in saving the labour of the men, in expedition, and preventing the ship's decks being so much encumbered with ropes. The method of applying flat or round ropes, lines, bands, or belts, for the purpose of catching and detaining whales is as follows.—When a whale has nearly run out with the line of one boat, and it is necessary to join it to the line of another, having previously made a knot within a few yards of

the end of the line, so large that it cannot pass through the stop, or having fixed a hoop or bulk of any kind on the line which will answer the same purpose as a knot, which being in contact with the stop, the end of the line may then be taken and attached to the line of another boat: this being done, the collar may then be drawn out, and the stop raised up. The rope or line is then entirely disengaged from the first boat, and the management of the whale is put in care of the second boat. The same means may be used to attach the line to a third boat, or more, if required; or, instead of having a stop, the same purpose may be effected by having an upright, or uprights, of wood, or other fit material, fixed near the stem for the line to pass through, with a collar to keep the line in its proper place; or by making the uprights sufficiently high, a cotter may not be necessary, and a screw, lever, or wedge, or other mechanical power, may be applied to press upon the rope, to hold it fast without a knot; or it may be held fast by the men in the boat, until it is connected with the line of another boat.

A method is shewn by which the same purpose may be effected while the whale continues to run the line out of the boat, which is to double the whale line for about 20 or 25 yards, more or less, and to connect the end of it slightly by a piece of packthread. This being done, the line must then be wound upon the reel, beginning to lap on the part first which is fixed upon a small pin, attached to the axletree of the reel, so that when the single part of the line is all run off, the end of it may then be disjoined, and will wind off the reel, and may be taken to, and connected with the line of another boat, while the whale continues to run out with the line. When there are two or more reels in the boat the same method may be used to attach the lines of one reel to those of another. As the lines, in running out, occasionally cut a pitch, or hole, in the ice, and in the usual way of knotting, or fixing the ends together, a bulk is made, which sometimes fastens in the nitch, or hole, and

either breaks the line, or draws out the harpoon from the whale. A hollow conical fixture, made of iron, or other fit material, (which will accommodate a knot within to fasten the rope) is recommended, which, from its construction, together with its own gravity, will be inclined to throw itself out of the nitch or hole above mentioned.

Mr. WILLIAM BELL's of Birmingham, for an Improvement in making Pipes, or Pumps, for conducting Water, and other Liquids.

IT has been found, by long experience, that pumps, or pipes, for conducting water from water works, which have been made of wood, iron, lead, or any other metallic substances, have been justly objected to for the various following reasons:—

First, pumps, or pipes, which are made of wood, are liable to constant decay, and, in a short time, to become rotten: and it is invariably the case that in their rotten or decayed parts they generate insects, and vast numbers of noxious animalculæ, which may always be discovered in water that passes through wood pipes, or pumps, which have been some time in use; and Dr. Buchan observes, that “waters become putrid by the corruption of animal and vegetable bodies with which they abound.” Water, which is conducted through pumps or pipes made of iron, lead, copper, or most other metallic bodies, becomes impregnated with the corrosive qualities of the metals which renders it unwholesome and poisonous, and of course unfit for cooking, or washing linen, and many other domestic uses. The nature of this improvement is, therefore, to remove the above objections, which is completely performed by making tubes of porcelain pottery, and various compositions, which are vitrifiable, and not liable to corrosion or decay. These tubes are formed in such a way at the ends, as to fit one within the other, which are connected or united together by cement, so as to make them water, or airtight. And by the addition of any number of these tubes, connected as

aforesaid, one complete tube, or pipe, is formed, to any extent which may be required. The method of inclosing them in cast iron pipes or cases is preferred; which pipes or cases serve as defenders of these porcelain or pottery tubes, to prevent breaking or bursting. Cases, or pipes, may be made of wood, and various other substances for enclosing these pottery tubes; but for the sake of compactness, strength, and durability, cast iron cases, boxes, or pipes, are recommended. There

are compound metals, which are less corrosive than the real metals, as aforesaid, of which tubes may be made; and, if enclosed, in the manner above mentioned, would be useful in conducting water and various liquids, either hot or cold, for particular purposes; as also thin tubes, made of wood, which may be prepared for durability by boiling, burning, or charring, which has the effect of preventing its breeding or harbouring insects, &c.

TRANSACTIONS OF LEARNED & ECONOMICAL SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

IN the sitting of November 10, 1808, Sir Joseph Banks in the chair, the secretary read a summary of M. de Luc's paper on the action of electricity and galvanism, or the electroscopical agency of electric and galvanic matter. In this paper M. de Luc proved, that neither of them have any chemical action, unless when combined with other bodies; that the galvanic and electric fluids are essentially the same; as zinc has the greatest affinity for electricity, and silver next to it; so that when these two metals are separated by moistened paper, the reciprocal electric attraction is called into action in the same manner as by the friction of the electric machine; and that it is the action and re-action of this attraction which have given birth to the appellation of positive and negative electricity. The simple electric or galvanic fluid, he also stated, passes through bodies without producing any chemical changes, unless the bodies were previously prepared and the electricity highly concentrated.

Dr. Young has since read the Croonian lecture on the muscles of the heart, and the motion of the blood. This lecture was a continuation of his former paper on the motion of fluids in elastic or flexible tubes, which appears in the first part of the Transactions of the present year. Dr. Y. took a view of the nature of fever, and its effects on the blood, as well as of blood-letting, which he thought was generally inadequate to produce the effect in-

teded. He also gave a theory of mortification, which the Germans call "*cold burning*."

Mr. Childers read a paper on the means of constructing very powerful galvanic batteries. From a number of experiments performed before Mr. Davy and others, Mr. Childers concluded that, if it be desired to act on substances which are non-conductors of galvanism, very broad plates of copper and zinc are preferable; but if on substances which are good conductors, then narrow plates in greater numbers will be found most convenient: the former continue to emit fluid for forty-eight hours, the latter for a much shorter time; but they emit it much quicker, and are better adapted to general experiments.—Mr. C. also recommends having the plates moveable instead of being soldered together, as the trough can be much easier cleared out after using it. He recommended Wedgewood's ware to make the troughs of, or glass, both of which he preferred to the materials now in use.

Water Spouts at Sea.

Nearly the whole of the following paper was transmitted to Sir Joseph Banks, on the return of William Ricketts, Esq. commander in the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas, in 1800 and 1801, and is deposited in the archives of the Royal Society.

"From the sensation of alarm generally prevailing in ships on the approach of water spouts, and the serious consequences that may result from the endeavours of mariners to avoid them, I have been induced to

believe that any communication tending to throw light on the subject, cannot fail to prove very desirable to the Royal Society.

"Previously to the month of July, 1800, my opinion of water spouts was formed on the basis of those popularly inculcated among sailors. By them I was led to imagine that all water spouts were solid columns of water, pumped up, as it were, by the action of the clouds from the sea, the vicinity to which was attended with imminent danger, as well from a vortex created by the ascending fluid, as from the occasional fall of a tremendous deluge from above; and it was under considerable apprehensions arising from such impressions, that at the latter end of July, 1800, (while sailing among the Lipari Islands), I was suddenly awakened by a hurried exclamation from the officer on watch, that a water-spout was near, and would soon be aboard us. On my reaching the deck (which was done without the delay of dressing), I immediately perceived from the larboard quarter, that a phenomenon of that nature was actually approaching us. The night at this time was dark and calm, though the water was slowly undulated. The clouds, were generally low, black, and stationary, while the object of alarm, but a few yards from the quarter, appeared as part of a cloud itself, descending in a tapering and circular form to the sea. Hardly had we time to make these observations, before the spout (accompanied by a broken sound of sharp and heavy rain), moving at the rate of two knots, proceeded gloomily towards us, almost touching our stern; and in less than two minutes more, the whole phenomenon, without any visible alteration of form, had suddenly and totally disappeared. It was particularly remarked, that the moment the spout had proceeded beyond the larboard quarter, a light air of wind came in from that point, as though we had been becalmed by its approach; and, on examination, the after part of our main-sail was found to be wetter than the rest.

"As, from the latter circumstances, and the dampness sensibly felt by all those who stood only in

their livened up deck, no doubt could possibly be entertained that, had the popular notion of a created vortex, &c. been correct, inevitable destruction must have followed: it afterwards became with me a matter of doubt, how far experience would prove the received opinions to be just. Respecting the propriety of these doubts, a very fine opportunity of judging not long afterwards occurred. It was in the month of November, 1801, whilst cruising along the Istrian shore, that, soon after noon, our attention was excited by the appearance, in the south, of a lofty black inverted column, resting as it were on the sea, and reaching to the clouds. Round the lower extremity of this column, there arose a thick and voluminous vapour (resembling steam), which, on its attaining a moderate height, flew out in scroll or volute-like forms to the east and the west. Whilst we were occupied by the above phenomenon, our attention was hastily diverted by what at first appeared only a small agitation of the water; afterwards, by observing it rise into a vapour; and ultimately, by seeing that vapour ascend in the form of a cloudy pillar from the sea. In the mean time (that is, from the moment the vapour began to appear), a dark cloud immediately over, was observed to be dilating itself (downward) into the shape of an udder, from whence there instantly descended a pillar, similar in figure and colour to the former.

"It was then directly remarked, that, although the velocity of both these pillars, or parts of a pillar, was increasing as they drew near, yet, that the speed of the upper one was considerably greater than that of the lower; this disproportion continuing till they had nearly united, when a junction, on both sides, was rapidly formed. During the period of making the latter remarks, the column first noticed was suddenly divided more than two thirds down; the superior part flying upwards like the curling of a shaving, whilst the other sunk away with the vapour, which previously began to subside. In several other parts of the same dark cloud, great downward swellings, or udders, appeared, under which, but

not always in a vertical direction, the water was seen to foam, and vapours of different elevations arose, producing an effect extremely curious, and altogether difficult to describe. In all, seven water spouts were completely organised, out of which number two were made as curves, retaining that shape throughout; one enlarged its original curve, till it became a perpendicular; two others, leaning obliquely, never altered their position till broken; and the remainder, being at first vertical, were always the same, and beautifully formed. However curious, on perusal, may seem the preceding remarks, there remains one, still more extraordinary, to be stated. It is, that straight up the centre of several spouts, (like quicksilver in a glass tube) we could distinctly mark the ascension of a fluid, light in its colour, and subject to great variations in its pace; but it was constantly observed, that the nearer the spouts approached to perpendicular, the more actively the fluid was moved. The durations of the above phenomena were from three to five minutes; and it is proper to observe, that *not the smallest symptoms of falling water was at any time seen*, though one of the spouts was scarcely constructed before it was destroyed. It is necessary to add, that our estimated distance from them was from six to eight miles, and that the wind was considered as light, though it had blown fresh for several days before from the south-east, accompanied with almost continued rain."

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

ON Thursday, Dec. 1, the students of the British Institution had their annual dinner at the Thatched House; Mr. M. W. Sharp in the chair; Mr. R. Sass was the vice-chairman. The President of the Royal Academy honoured the meeting with his presence. A number of loyal toasts, the health of the most distinguished patrons of the Institution, and various sentiments expressive of the good wishes of the company for the success of the Fine Arts in Great Britain, were drank with enthusiasm; several excellent songs

were sung by Messrs. Sharp, Sass, Drummond, Davis, Stewardson, &c. and the festivities of the evening were prolonged until a late hour.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

THE following arrangement is made for the Lectures of the present season, which commenced on Saturday, Dec. 17, with an Introductory Lecture by Mr. Davy:

Experimental Chemistry and Electro-Chemical Science, by Humphrey Davy, Esq. Sec. R. S.;—Botany, by James Edward Smith, M.D. F.R.S. P.L.S.;—Astronomy, by John Pond, Esq. F.R.S.;—Grecian History and Historians, by the Rev. William Crowe, Public Orator at the University of Oxford;—Perspective, by Mr. John George Wood;—Music, by Mr. Samuel Wesley.

THE ALFRED SOCIETY.

THIS new Institution, which consists of several of the most eminent persons of classic taste and legal knowledge in this country, met for the first time on the 19th of October, at the Clarendon Hotel, the house taken for them in Albemarle-street, not being in readiness for their reception. The Archbishop of Canterbury is the president, but in his absence, Earl Spencer filled the chair. The house in Albemarle-street is, however, to be under the management of the master of the Clarendon Hotel. Two hundred and fifty members have already entered their names.

BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

THE late anniversary meeting held at Hetling House, Bath, was most numerous, attended by nobility, members of parliament, and the principal gentlemen of the society, from various parts of the west of England, and of the nation at large. His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester being present, and condescending to be appointed an *honorary member*, gave peculiar felicity to this meeting. The exhibitions of live stock were more valuable than numerous, and deemed better than

for several years past. The samples of manufacture in broad cloth, kerseymeré, corderoys, shawls, stockings, &c. were numerous and most excellent, evincing the growing importance of the Anglo Merino wool, from which they were made, and which, so far from degenerating, evidently increases in firmness of pile, to the great satisfaction of the society, and with every prospect of permanent advantage to the community. Carcases, also, of this mixture of sheep were exhibited in a slaughtered state, the mutton of which was beautiful. Several useful implements in mechanics were produced for the society's approbation.

A most interesting memoir on the subject of *Manure* was communicated to a select party on the eve of the meeting. It was delivered with so much pathos, and in such plain and perspicuous terms, that the merest tyro in agriculture could not but acknowledge his perfect comprehension of the subject. The substance was extracted from a MS. lately discovered at an inn in Lyndhurst, and is said to have been in the handwriting of an ingenious domestic belonging to the ancient baronial family of the Delaberes. A hope is entertained that the public may be indulged with so valuable a record, in a printed form.

WERNERIAN NATURAL HISTORY
SOCIETY.

AT a recent meeting, Dr. James Ogilby of Duhlin, read a very interesting account of the mineralogy of East Lothian, drawn from a series of observations, apparently made with great skill; and which were illustrated by a suite of 350 specimens laid upon the table. The Doctor, after describing the variegated physiognomy of the country, gave a particular account of the different formations of which it is composed, as follows:—Transition, independent Coal, newest Floetztrap, and Alluvial. His description of the rocks of the newest Floetztrap formation was particularly interesting. He also announced his intention of reading, at the next meeting of the society, a description of the different veins

that occur in East Lothian, and of giving a short statement of the geognostical and economical inferences to be deduced from the appearances which he had investigated with so much care. It is indeed only by such researches as those of Dr. Ogilby, that we obtain any certainty respecting the mineral treasures of a country; and such alone can afford substantial data for a legitimate theory of the formation of the globe.

Colonel Montagu read a paper, describing a new species of fasciola of a red colour, and about an inch long, which sometimes lodges in the windpipe of chickens, and which the colonel supposed to be the occasion of the distemper called the *Gapes*, so fatal to these tenants of the poultry yard. The knowledge of the true cause of this malady will, it is hoped, soon be followed by the discovery of a specific cure. In Devonshire, the meat of the chicks is mixed up with urine, instead of water; but we think some salt more agreeable, and equally efficacious might be substituted.

At this meeting, Mr. Peter Neill read the following account of the enormous Sea Serpent, which was driven ashore on one of the Orkney Islands a few weeks ago—"The *Serpens Marinus Magnus* of Pontopidan, has hitherto been considered as a fabulous monster, and denied "a local habitation and a name" by all scientific and systematic naturalists, who have affected to pity the credulity of the good Bishop of Bergen. One of these monsters however, (indignant, may I not say, at the scepticism of the disciples of the Linnæan School,) has, effectually to prove its existence, been heroic enough to wreck himself on the Orkney Islands. He came ashore at Rothesholm or Rougom Bay, in Stronsa, near to Shearers. It was fifty-five feet long; but the tail seemed to have been broken by dashing among the rocks; so it is calculated to have been sixty feet in the whole. Where thickest, it might equal the girth of an Orkney horse, which, you know, is—a starved English pony. The head was not larger than a seal's, and had two spiracles or blow-holes. From the back hung down numerous

filaments, eighteen inches long, (the *mane* described by Pontoppidan): these filaments bear the most perfect resemblance to the silk-worm gut, or India sea-grass used in trouting. The monster had three pair of fins, or rather paws; the first pair five and a half feet long, with a joint at the distance of four feet from the body.

Alas! a tempest beat the carcase to pieces before men and ropes could be collected; and only a fragment (about five feet) of the back-bone, and a whole paw, are preserved. M. Laing, Esq. M.P. has got these, and is to send them to our University Museum."

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL;

With Notices respecting Men of Letters, Artists, and Works in Hand, &c. &c.

MEMOIRS of the celebrated Archdeacon Paley, from the pen of a gentleman, who was one of his parishioners at Bishopswearmouth, will appear in a few weeks.

Mr. Polwhele, the friend and neighbour of the late Rev. E. Whitaker, has undertaken to collect the correspondence and papers of that gentleman, whose memoirs are expected to appear in one quarto volume.

The Rev. John Robinson, of Ravenstonedale, is engaged upon a Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Dictionary. It will contain a list of all the names of places mentioned in the Old and New Testaments and the Apocrypha, in their original characters and true orthography, in European letters, with descriptions, meanings, &c. printed in the same manner, and accompanied by chronological and biographical notices; an account of every religious term, including the doctrines, &c. of the sacred books: an account of the arts in the ancient world, to which there is any reference or allusion in the scriptures; principal events in ecclesiastical history, with the different sects in the primitive and succeeding ages of the church; religious customs, ceremonies, ordinances, institutions, and critical illustrations of obscure passages in the sacred writings, comprising the whole antiquity of the Hebrews, and to form a body of scripture history, geography, chronology, divinity, and ecclesiastical opinions.

Among other works in the press at Oxford are Scattergood's *Sermons*, 2 vols. 8vo.; Sophocles, by Brunck, 2 vols. 8mo.; Euripides, 8mo.;

Eschylus, by Schutz, 2 vols. 8vo.; Novum Testamentum, Græc. 8mo.; Scholia in Pindari Carmina, ex edit. Chr. Gott. Heyne, 8vo.; Thucydides, Gr. ex edit. Duker, 2 vols. 8vo., &c.

Mr. Percival Stockdale intends to publish *Memoirs of his own Life and Writings*. They will abound with anecdotes of several distinguished persons, together with social, moral, political, and religious observations, made at Marseilles, Gibraltar, Algiers, &c.

A new edition of *Local Attachment*, with respect to Home, a Poem, by Mr. Polwhele, is reprinting; as is also the seventh portion of the *History of Cornwall*. His *History of Devonshire*, in three volumes folio, is completed.

The learned will hear with pleasure, that the Dean of Westminster is preparing to publish the Greek text of *Arrian's Indica*, and the *Periplus*, with a translation, to accompany his own learned and curious comments on the texts.

The Rev. R. Nares will shortly put to press a *Dictionary of the Middle Language*, or the Age of Shakspeare, on the plan of Johnson's Dictionary.

Mr. G. Burnett shortly intends to publish the *Beauties of Milton's Prose*, with preliminary remarks and criticisms, in two vols. duodecimo.

Mr. James Archer, engraver, has perfected an invention of singular importance to the commercial world, viz. a mode of engraving Bank Note plates, proof against any kind of forgery. The instrument which produces them is extremely intricate, and constructed upon a plan out of the common routine of mechanics.

The note may be comprehended at one glance, consisting merely of straight and waved lines, curiously combined, and forming a variegated tint, simple in appearance, but inimitable in execution. The mathematical accuracy of this plan is very highly spoken of.

A volume of Letters, from Bishop Warburton to the late Bishop of Worcester, between the years 1749 and 1776, are in the press. They were left for publication by the late Bishop Hurd, with the title of Letters from a late Eminent Prelate to one of his Friends.

The Rev. Dr. Rees, the learned editor of the New Encyclopædia, has consented to put to press two volumes of Sermons, on practical and interesting subjects. They will appear early in the spring.

Mr. Nichols's "Literary Anecdotes of the Eighteenth Century" are advancing in the press.

ARTS, SCIENCES, &c.

The pictures which are to be submitted to the governors of the British Institution, for the premiums assigned to the best works in the departments of Historical or Poetical, Landscape, Subjects in familiar Life, and Sculpture, were last week placed in the Gallery, in Pall-Mall, for the inspection of the Patrons, who are to decide on their respective merits, and award the premiums accordingly. The productions of the several students, whose names are to be concealed till the award shall be made, manifest a considerable improvement in the arts since the last exhibition at this place, and strongly demonstrate the utility of this Institution.

The *Carpenter's Shop* is a work of prominent merit, and shews how much genius, in this province, has been stimulated by the exertions of Wilkie. Indeed this picture, in mechanical dexterity, would do credit to the hand of that excellent artist.

A *Devonshire Cottage*, in the same style, is also an admirable specimen of ability in this line.

The *Music-master*, in imitation of the Flemish School, is a fine specimen of high finishing, and is altoget-

her a pleasing and expressive composition.

A picture from a scene in the play of *Cymbeline* is entitled to great praise. The scene represents the supposed death of *Imogen*, and the artist has entered with great spirit and feeling into the conception of the author. The old Man and the young Mountaineers are well conceived, and display characteristic spirit.

There is also a very fine representation of a passage, in *The Lay of the last Minstrel*, where Deloraine crosses the river by moon-light. This picture is conceived with true poetic spirit, and with a boldness of imagination rarely found in modern productions. The scene is striking, romantic, and dignified, and the whole makes a strong impression on the mind.

Cymon, from Dryden's fables, is entitled to a very favourable notice. It is painted in the style of that excellent artist, Smirke.

Susannah and the Elders should not be passed without a notice, nor the scene from *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, where the venerable bard is performing before the Duchess of Buccleugh.

A landscape with cattle, in the style of Cuyp, is among the best productions in the Gallery, and another of *Wood-cutters*, in the manner of Ruysdael, has very great merit. It may, indeed, rank with similar works, of very high name.

There is also an admirable model in plaister, of *Samson breaking his bonds*, that would do honour to a veteran artist.

The monument voted by Parliament to the memory of Sir Ralph Abercrombie, has been erected under the large window in the South-West transept of St. Paul's Cathedral. The figures are as large as life. The general is represented falling from his horse, in consequence of loss of blood, and his fall arrested by a Highland soldier.

An admirable and useful discovery has been made by Mr. Wm. Skrimshire, jun. respecting the fecula of potatoes. This fecula, generally known to laundresses and others, by the name of potatoe starch, may be

pressed into small cakes, and dried in the open air, or by a gentle heat, and will keep a very considerable length of time. The *fecula*, or pulp, being mixed together, half an ounce of it, Mr. Skrimshire says, will gelatinize, or convert into paste, as large a quantity of boiling water as to afford a sufficient meal for any labouring person in health. It may be eaten with sugar or molasses; or, being boiled with an onion, or pot-herbs, and seasoned with pepper, or salt, will make a palatable, wholesome, and nutritious soup. If boiled with milk, sweetened with sugar, and flavoured with a little wine, or spice, it forms the most nourishing and restorative food that can be administered to the sick and convalescent. From the case with which it is digested, it is peculiarly adapted to the impaired organs of the debauchee, and the feeble powers of infancy. The pure *fecula*, the author asserts, will be found superior in every respect to salep, sago, arrow-root, or any of the preparations so pompously advertised. Mr. Skrimshire has sliced potatoes, then roasted them to a coffee colour, and ground them in a mill; then mixed them with a sixteenth weight of the best Turkey coffee, which forms an excellent drink. He has also found that the root of the red berried briony, commonly called mandrake, horse-chesnuts, acorns, &c. produce a *fecula* or meal, good for man or beast.

The statue of the late Mr. Pitt, which had been imprudently offered by the University of Cambridge to a celebrated foreign artist, who declined it, and next proposed to Flaxman, who, indignant at the preference thus given to a foreigner, waved the commission, has been at length consigned to that able and veteran sculptor, Nollekens. It is to be placed in the Senate House of Cambridge.

The precise situation of the new bridge over the Thames, between Westminster and Blackfriars, is at length said to be fixed upon, and is to be opposite that part of the Strand, where the Lyceum stands, on which place it is proposed to open a wide street. Various other improvements in the contiguous streets are expected to be the result of this undertaking.

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. X.

A plant, which grows in abundance in every field, the dog's tongue, the *cynoglossum officinale* of Linnaeus, has been found by M. Boreaux to possess a very valuable quality. If gathered at the period when the sap is in its full vigour, bruised with a hammer, and laid in a house, barn, granary, or any place frequented by rats and mice, those destructive animals immediately shift their quarters. The success of this method, M. Boreaux says, is equally speedy and infallible.

It has lately been discovered, that nearly half of the raw hemp and flax, carried to the mills for beating and dressing, and which is left to rot under the name of refuse, may, on being cleared of the strawy particles, become as soft and as useful for making paper, as the most valuable part of the plant. It can, besides, by a chemical process well known to bleachers, be made as white as cambric. The bine or straw of hops, which the planters generally throw away, contains an excellent hemp for making cloth, canvas, ropes, &c. and also the best materials for making paper.

Several broken parts belonging to the celebrated statue of Theseus, in the Elgin collection, have lately been discovered among the numerous fragments in his Lordship's gallery; and that invaluable relic of ancient sculpture will be thus brought nearer to the state in which it commanded admiration in the days of Phidias.

A watchmaker at Vienna, named Degen, has constructed wings, by means of which he can raise and suspend himself in the air. He can move forward, but not with celerity; he is, however, of opinion, that he can so far improve his mechanism, as to be able to fly at the rate of eight miles an hour.

A weaver in Dundee has in his possession a watch, made by a person of the name of Ramsay, about twenty years ago, entirely of steel, except a few of the bushes, and the cases, which are silver. The artist was also a weaver.

A Poem on Astronomy, by an Antient Professor at Paris and in London.—The author deprecating the custom of giving his pupils detached pieces of tragedies, comedies, &c. to declaim, undertook to make in different styles

a manual of pieces of eloquence, in which he blended what is most sublime, enlightening, and edifying; in history, sciences, and religion; wishing, after the advice of Cicero, to give his students not even a copy without conveying some necessary or improving precept. The themes of these pieces being mostly derived from Astronomy, he has added a complete system of it, with tables and maps, so delineated as to lead the scholar of the meanest capacity, step by step, through an easy and agreeable path, to the last recess of that abstruse but sublime science. In measuring the zodiac is given a description of the months, said to be not inferior to the best authors on the subject. The maps of the Constellations of the North and South being numbered, the author gives the day and night obeying their Creator's decrees, in a way to leave on the reader a lasting impression, fit to raise the mind from earthly considerations to some of a far superior nature and everlasting.

A new edition of a very old book has just been published at Paris: it is entitled, *Everlasting Prophecies, from the year 1541, to the end of the World*. The author is Joseph Justo, of Naples. The Academy of Sciences, at Paris, is said to have transmitted this littlework of 54 pages, to the Minister Louvois; and, what is still more, to have found it invariably correct for the last one hundred and forty years. The most important prophecy relates to the year 1811:—"It will be difficult to preserve the cattle through the severity of winter; from that year, a peace of a whole century will be enjoyed by Christendom; bread, wine, and clothing, will then be cheap."

Professor Rush, of Pennsylvania, who has adopted the opinion of Dr. Physick, that death from hydrophobia is the effect of a sudden and spasmodic constriction of the glottis, inducing suffocation, has lately made several dissections, to shew the probability of its being cured by an artificial aperture being made in the windpipe. This, he observes, bids fair to arrest its tendency to death, by removing the symptoms which generally induce it, and thereby give time for other remedies, which have

hitherto been unsuccessful, to produce their usual salutary effects in similar diseases.

An experienced propagator of trees, shrubs, and plants, has discovered a cheap and efficacious method of propagating by cutting all kind of fruit trees without the aid of artificial heat. Thus we are not only enabled to propagate with certainty any particular species, but to preserve, with the strictest purity, the more valuable fruits, without these being liable to adulteration or degeneracy, the too frequent consequence of budding or grafting upon ungenial and improper stocks; and thus also, the common inconvenience of receiving erroneous sorts from public nurseries, is avoided.

France.

M. Maelzl, a German mechanist, is now exhibiting at Paris an automaton of a most singular construction. It represents a trumpeter, in the uniform of the band of the French Imperial guards, which at the word of command raises a trumpet to its mouth, and plays some excellent pieces of martial music. The whole of the mechanism is contained in the chest of the automaton; its feet rest upon a board, to which castors are affixed, and the proprietor moves it from place to place in the exhibition room, to shew that there is no communication with any other apartment. In this respect it is superior to the celebrated automaton flute player of M. Vaucenson, which once made so much noise in Europe. The latter figure reclined against a wall, behind which some complicated machinery was supposed to be placed. The most astonishing part of the German artist's automaton, is the effect produced by the lips of the figure upon the trumpet, which are made to exhibit all the delicacy of touch, peculiar to the lips of the human body. At the conclusion of the exhibition, M. Maelzl sits down to a piano forte, and his trumpeter performs an accompaniment to several pieces of music, with the precision of a first-rate performer. This is not the only musical instrument in which this ingenious artist has distinguished himself.

The grand bas-relief adorning the

pediment of the colonnade of the Louvre, has lately been exposed to view. It is said to be the most magnificent piece of sculpture ever seen. It is seventy-four feet long, by fourteen broad, without including the cornices. It represents the Muses celebrating the glory of the hero Napoleon, as protector of the Arts, and to whom France is indebted for finishing the Louvre, so vainly wished for by the nation, and by ten sovereigns, for nearly three centuries. The colossal bust of the Emperor occupies the upper part of the pediment. It rests upon a pedestal, at the foot of which is seated the figure of Victory, holding palm-branches and crowns of laurel. On each hand are the Muses, divided into two groups. Minerva invites them to celebrate this new claim to glory, in favour of the Emperor. They are nine feet and a half high.

Canova, the famous sculptor at Rome, has finished, and transmitted to Paris, a statue of the Empress Josephine, which has excited the admiration of the connoisseurs.

Dreadful Catastrophe.—We translate the following instance of the fatal consequences of eating supposed champignons, from the *Journal De L'Empire*, of the 7th instant.

A poor woman, of the Commune of Boynes, in the Canton of Pithiviers having lately been in a forest with two of her daughters, gathering wood, they were so taken with the fine appearance of these supposed champignons, that the girls, one ten, the other twelve years of age, gathered a sufficient quantity to make a hearty supper, of which the mother partook. The father preferring meat, only tasted of them from complaisance. About two in the morning the youngest girl was taken with

convulsions, and a violent cholick, and died in the course of six hours. The other girl died in the course of the next day, with the same symptoms. The curate of the place being sent for, and finding the father and mother unable to rise, on learning what had happened, sent for a surgeon, who prescribed for them immediately, but in vain. These unfortunate people died on the following day. It was also remarked, that an infant at the breast, which had been suckled in the night, was likewise a victim to the poison.

Germany.

The new government of Westphalia has projected a junction between the rivers Elbe and Weser, to favour the exportation of the produce of the interior to foreign countries. Direct communications are to be opened between the frontiers of Westphalia and the Baltic. The low grounds and marshes are to be drained, and a grand communication opened by water from Bremen to the Vistula. An inland navigation is also to be made to Holland, and the banks of the Rhine, while commercial relations are to be encouraged with the South of Russia and the North of Germany.

The workmen employed upon the improvements of the fortifications of Cassel, last August discovered five Roman altars, consecrated to Jupiter and Juno. One of the same description, in high preservation, had been found but a short time before. One of these altars was dedicated in the year 215, and the other in 212.

The first of a magnificent suite of engravings, entitled "Scenes from the Theatrical Works of Schiller," has lately appeared at Leipsic. This work is intended in Germany to rival the "Shakspeare Gallery" of England.

STATE OF PUBLIC AFFAIRS.

OUR readers will have observed that, in the various reports given of the state of public affairs in this work, no opportunity has been lost of impressing on their minds the great importance of the liberty of the press. Its enemies are numerous, and their attacks upon it insidious. At one time the

abuses which will arise in a numerous society, under the shape of libels, are made an occasion for restrictions, at another, the supposed sacredness of courts of justice. In short, all those men, whose deeds are evil, who love darkness rather than light, dread the liberty of the press, and every thing that tends to

improve the human mind, and meliorate the state of society. The advocates, on the contrary, of the liberty of the press, have, from the beginning, been men of the most enlightened minds, of the greatest talents; men who have loved their fellow creatures, and laboured for their good. It is with the greatest pleasure that we see such men in high situations, and in the gloomy state of public affairs, the eye is relieved by having one object on which it can fix itself with pleasure.

A motion was lately made in the Chancery Court of Dublin, against an individual for publishing the reports of that court, on a previous trial. The Chancellor refused the rule, and in the most manly and honourable manner, declared that he wished all his decrees to be published, and publicly sifted; that such publication was an advantage, not a detriment to the state; that thereby the public mind was gradually enlightened, that they saw the grounds of public decisions, and had more confidence in their rectitude. Above all, that if shackles were to be thus imposed on the liberty of the press, there was no telling where it might end, and to what injuries the state might not be exposed.

We congratulate the public on this noble declaration. It does honour to the seat of justice, and we could wish it to be read annually in all our courts of law, and particularly in all courts martial, or boards of enquiry. We noticed the idle attempt of one of the gentlemen of the company who met at Chelsea, on the subject of the Convention at Cintra, to stifle all account of the proceedings; and we remember in different trials, similar attempts, which have been but too successful. The newspapers properly resisted the Chelsea attempt, and the language of the Chancellor of Ireland may suppress if not the desire in certain persons to attack, yet assuredly a tame spirit of acquiescence in those who love the freedom of our constitution. The more publicity we give to the proceedings of courts of law and parliament, in short of all public bodies, the more difficult it is for corruption to exert its sway; and

all the energies of noble minds cannot be too much exerted to counteract, in times like these, its all-devouring influence.

The proceedings at Chelsea gradually sunk in the estimation of the public. Previously to the meeting, Sir Hew Dalrymple was the object of universal censure. The blame of the whole seemed, in great measure, to devolve upon him, and the success of Sir Arthur Wellesley, in the battles, throw a shade over his delinquency. Sir Harry Burrard seemed to have little or no share in the business. As the question was discussed at the meeting, Sir Hew grew higher every day in the public esteem. He met the question manfully. He stated plainly his reasons for thinking the Convention good at the time that he took the command, and in consequence of the previous circumstances. Sir Arthur Wellesley as naturally sunk; for it was evident, that whatever blame might be attached to the Convention, his share of it was very considerable; and that in the main points he was a principal instrument in it. The absence of Sir Harry Burrard occasioned an adjournment for some time, and when he appeared, the grand question of the delay in pursuing the advantages of the two first battles was set in its true light. Here it was evident, that if there was blame, the whole blame rested on Sir Harry Burrard, and the account he gave of himself was far from being satisfactory. As far as this unhappy business was conducted in Portugal, of the three delinquents, Sir H. Burrard now appeared evidently to be the most guilty; but the public naturally, and with very good reason, enquired how it came to pass that the British arms should have been so disgraced at Buenos Ayres, by the appointment of a Whitelocke; in Portugal, by the appointment of Sir Harry Burrard and Sir Hew Dalrymple. Would such men, it was asked, have been selected by a Bonaparte? The decision of the meeting at Chelsea can, in this respect, make no alteration upon the public mind.

Of enquiries we have heard much. The reports of the enquirers ap-

pointed in the house of commons, fill immense volumes; the results of them are yet in general to be expected. One gentleman has however been effectually brought to the bar of justice, and shewn the difference between the trial in a court of law, and one before the house of Lords. Mr. Davidson, agent to government, had been detected in the commission of various acts by which his fortune was increased at the public expense, by unfair means; a trial has been instituted in the Court of King's Bench, and he has been found guilty. One among so many peculators has been tried, how many more remain behind? This instance alone will hardly satisfy the drawers up of the reports: and if the Augean stable was to be cleansed in earnest, we should hear of many more processes. In the city an attempt at enquiry has been made, and this in a very important institution. Several complaints have been brought forward against the appointment of the children of the rich to the benefits of education in Christ's Hospital. A flagrant instance was, it is said, brought forward; the common council took up the cause, but they were out-voted when it came to be tried before the governors. Mr. Waithman was very active upon this occasion, and has written a full account of the proceedings. The question deserves discussion, but we shall hope that the governors will in future act with such prudence, that the attention of the public may not be again excited.

But our domestic enquiries cannot longer detain us from the affairs of the continent. We would willingly shut our eyes to what has been passing within this last month. The cause of Spain is not lost, but it is so desperate, that we entertain very slender hopes of its recovery. The French, cooped up in a narrow space for all the summer, not attacked when they were few in number, and now triumphantly spreading themselves over the whole country! What a contrast to their state six months ago! What a disgrace to England! Let any one take up a map, and mark out the situation of the French in Spain, three months

ago. Let him reflect on the number of our ships, the number of our soldiers; let him then ask this plain question:—If Bonaparte had had the same number of ships and men in England, and the people of Spain in a state of insurrection, how long would he have permitted the French to remain in repose? Would he not have directed his first attack against Vittoria? Would he not have landed, if necessary, the whole army of England between Bilbao and St. Sebastian, and marching from the shores of Biscay to the Mediterranean, have cleared the country of the French, and secured the passes of the Pyrenees against their return. Common sense would have pointed out this conduct, but the resources of Spain and Britain have been frittered away, while Bonaparte, acting with judgment, firmness, and resolution, has carried his point.

Surely a judgment from heaven has smitten the adversaries of this extraordinary man. Every thing in his hands succeeds. Every thing contrived against him is unprosperous. The path of our armies traced upon a map would present a strange scheme of motions. The regiments perpetually in motion, at one time in Sicily, another in Sweden, then in Spain. But what is the result of this marching and counter-marching? The motions of Bonaparte's troops have a determined object, and they do not return till it is accomplished. When the French Emperor has fulfilled his promise of placing his brother on the throne at Madrid, and seen his banner unfurled on the castles at Lisbon, whither will he direct his steps? The sea is between us and him, and our navy is still the honour and defence of the country. If the past year has not taught the nation prudence, what can we expect of that which is coming on?

The plan of the French is now fully developed, and the want of one in the Spanish and English sufficiently glaring. When every thing had been duly prepared, Bonaparte set his troops in Spain in motion, and a succession of armies was marching in the mean time in France, to fill up their losses. Ge-

General Blake was on his right in Biscay, and Castanos on his left on the Ebro. Moore was marching towards his front from Portugal, and as to General Baird with his forces they may be said to have been *hors du combat*. So contrived was it on the part of our government that it should be impossible for them to be of any service. An army was detached against Blake, which in reiterated actions completely broke his strength. Another army was sent against Castanos, and by a skilful manœuvre his army was beaten. Bonaparte with his main strength marched directly to Madrid, having no apprehensions on either side, and Moore's army was not strong enough to create any alarm. This is supposed to have retreated into Portugal. The Junta made spirited resolutions, and the inhabitants of Madrid were to make a stand at certain passes, and then defend the town to the last extremity. But we hear that Madrid capitulated without any great opposition, and remain in suspense on the next motions of the great warrior.

Andalusia remains unhurt; and a considerable population in the south of Spain affords materials which, in the hands of Bonaparte, would soon make excellent armies. He probably will march to Seville and Cadiz; and it is not unlikely that he will regain possession of his own fleet. The two fleets in the harbour of Cadiz afford facilities for an immense emigration to America, and doubtless numbers will wish to avail themselves of them, but in the confusion coming on the arrangements will not easily be made. We know with what difficulty the King of Portugal effected his retreat with his ships: how much greater will it be at Cadiz, where authority is so unstable? As to Portugal, that is to be defended by the English troops, and the Tagus will afford them an easy mean of returning to England.

The whole appears like a dream. When the Gallo-Spanish king from Madrid, and the whole kingdom of Spain was in a state of insurrection, when it was backed by a most powerful nation, capable of supplying it with arms, men, and money to any extent, Bonaparte went on his pleasure into Germany, and soon after told the world that he would before

Christmas crown his brother in Madrid. The boast was not vain. He knew on what he could rely. He knew the strength and activity of his own troops, the slowness of the British councils, and the real state of Spain. Above all, his army is conducted on principles exactly the reverse of ours. He is commander in chief, and has been familiar with victory: in England the commander in chief has been accustomed to defeat. In his army, generals obtain a high command in consequence of skill and victories: in England, generals obtain a high command, whose names are scarcely known to the troops under them. Bonaparte plans his own designs, and sees himself to the execution of them. Who is the planner in England we do not know: the public is, but too well acquainted with the mode in which they are executed. Bonaparte is at the head of his commissariat, and every district corps has its officer looking up to him. In short, with Bonaparte merit is every thing, and connections nothing; and if we wish to have as good an army in England, we must follow his example.

It is easy to point out the error after a business has met with ill success. The appointment of a Central Junta in Spain was looked upon as a matter of urgent necessity; it appears now that the measure has not been salutary. It has paralysed the exertions of Spain. Before this appointment the provinces were full of energy, the provincial Juntas were fired with emulation by the exertions of each other. The times were uncommon, and they required individual energies. For this the provincial Juntas were admirably constituted. Acting by themselves, they could bring their separate armies into the field. The place of the enemy was known. A commander in chief only was wanted, and mutual action could easily have been concerted. We have witnessed one consequence of the Central Junta in the detaining of our troops so long on board till a message could be received from it. Had the provincial Juntas been in activity, the troops would have been on shore the day after their arrival off the port; and in the same manner as our army has been delayed, has every operation in

Spain been counteracted by the Central Junta. Difficult times require uncommon exertions. The cold head of Florida Blanca and the stated routine of business did not suit the ardour required. A kingdom is not to be saved in such a manner.

The consequences of the success of Bonaparte cannot easily be foreseen. Army after army is pouring into Spain, and he will be completely master of the country. If, as in the case of our William the Conqueror, he should portion out a vast quantity of its lands among his brave soldiers, and thus settle a very great body of Frenchmen in the country, there cannot be a doubt that it will in a very few years be much improved, and begin to assume a respectable situation among the states of Europe. The prejudices that have ruined that country will be destroyed; and perhaps the conquest will be better for the country, than if its independence had been secured, and its inquisition and moneries established by the patriots and the English. As far as England is concerned, the possession by the French will not be worse for us than when that country was the ally of France. Bonaparte will invade Ireland from that quarter on the first opportunity, and so he would have done had the Bourbon government remained. In any case, however, the safety of this country is concerned, and much political wisdom is required to ward off the danger.

Bonaparte has been creating in France a vast number of titles. Of his generals he confers the titles of dukes and princes, on lower ranks the titles of counts and barons. This has excited great derision in England among the periodical writers, who do not know that all the titles in Europe arise from a similar source. Our William the Conqueror made nobles of various descriptions of his soldiers, and Bonaparte has done the same thing: but in point of military skill and knowledge of civil government, assuredly the Emperor of France is far superior to William. Europe has been destined to return to military government; and France, which laughed at one time at these titles, naturally receives them as the necessary appendages of military exploits.

The difference in general between Bonaparte's titles and those of many other sovereigns is, that ~~his~~ they are conferred on men who have gained them by services and merit; court favour, intrigue, and caprice lead the way to many other titles, or they come by hereditary descent to those who have no pretensions but their birth to assume them. If we had no other ground of complaint against Bonaparte, he would be the greatest monarch that this world has seen.

The fate of Finland seems now to be completely settled. The last advices announce an armistice, and the retreat of the Swedish troops, who are very few in number in comparison with the Russians. The winter may probably put a stop to farther action, and Russia will organise its new conquests in such a manner that the King of Sweden cannot entertain any sanguine hopes of regaining his provinces. When peace comes, he will be reduced to Sweden Proper; and happy may he think himself if Russia does not turn the northern point of Bothnia, and attack him in his capital.

The new King of Naples is beginning to be active. He has taken the island of Capri, and is making preparations for the invasion of Sicily. The conquest will not be difficult, if he can land a number of troops equal to his wishes. In Turkey the government continues to be exercised with great rigour; we are endeavouring to negotiate, but our attempts do not seem to promise very great results.

In Persia there are now said to be very few French, in comparison of their number by former assertions. To counteract their effects, an embassy has been sent from India to the court of Persia, which will at least discover the real state of the French, and prepare our Indian possessions against attack. It cannot be doubted that the aim of the French emperor is to attack us in these possessions; and if he can stir up the Persians, we shall, considering the Vellore business, find it a very difficult matter to resist the attack. The great point is, whether the Persians will consent to adopt European tactics, and if they do, we shall find in them a very different enemy from the Mahrattas and Hindoos.

Thus every thing portends the continuance of war; and America partakes of the troubles, which the folly of the old world has brought upon both continents. The Congress is met, and we have in consequence received the important message of the President, and an account of the negotiation which has taken place between this country and the United States on the subject of the embargo. The message of the President laments the state of European politics, and the difficulties that it has occasioned to American commerce, the misfortune that has arisen to a third, in consequence of the hostilities between two rival powers, and his endeavours to offer clear of all those horrors which are the necessary consequences of war. It gives in every other respect a flattering picture of the state of the republic, agriculture flourishing, manufactures commencing, new institutions forming, an abundant income, and a diminution of the national debt. With the surplus of revenue great improvements may be made, and these are suggested by the worthy President, who, in a very affectionate manner, recommends to the deliberative body the welfare of the country, over which he hints to them that, as President, he addresses them for the last time.

The first subject taken into consideration, by this body is the embargo, on which very warm and animated debates were expected. The papers relative to it were laid upon the table, and by them it appears that Great Britain refuses to relax its orders, though America had promised to open its ports to us if we would do so in her favour. The answer of Great Britain is signed by Mr. Canning, and in it he speaks of this country as fighting the battles of mankind, and the necessity of its orders, and of the wishes of England for the prosperity of America, in which its own is materially concerned; at the same time it speaks plainly, that the proceedings of America will have taught her, that Great Britain does not depend upon her, and that it will be for mutual happiness to approach together on a footing of mutual esteem, which this little

cessation of intercourse may tend to encrease.

As Mr. Canning uses argument in his memoir, his principle will necessarily be sifted. It is grounded upon the conduct of the enemy, against which retaliation is said to be justifiable. It is the unquestionable right, he says, of his Majesty, to retort upon the enemy the evils of his own injustice: and if third parties incidentally suffer by these retaliatory measures, they were to seek their redress from the power by whose original aggression that retaliation was occasioned. This is high language, and may suit a great speaking to an inferior power. But is it founded on justice? We think not: and will put these two cases to Mr. Canning:—1st, Suppose that war should be carried on between France and Spain in a future time, when both these powers should be superior to England, and England should suffer by similar orders from the courts of France and Spain, totally destructive of its commerce; in what manner would it feel a similar reply?—France would say, Go to Spain, that country has done the injustice, to that country you must look for redress; and Spain would make a similar reply. England would feel the poignancy of the replies if both courts should add to them, You have no reason to complain, such was your language to America upon a similar occasion.

But, instead of Great Britain being inferior, let us suppose it to be superior on the seas to both countries then at war, who have made a similar decree; should we tamely submit to let our ships be carried into the neutral ports, and there be condemned?—Should we be content to be told, that this or that party had committed the first act of injustice? Would not our fleets carry vengeance on either party that did the wrong, and we should not trouble ourselves with the propriety of the orders, as a measure of policy adopted to suit their own purposes of hostility? If this be really the case, if England would submit with reluctance to such orders, if it were inferior to the contending powers, if it would set them at naught, if

it were superior to these parties, it is in vain to attempt to justify them on any principle of justice. In fact, they set at naught all the rights of neutral nations. No nation would submit to them, if it had power enough to contend with the oppressor; and they can be maintained only by power. Whether it is prudent in America to make war upon us or France, or to continue its embargo, is a very important question. They will be agitated in Congress according to the interests of the different states and individuals in them. The commercial body will be

for throwing off the embargo at all events: we do not know enough of the country to ascertain the extent of its interests; but if the agricultural party is strong enough to preserve the embargo, and thus to preserve the country from the horrors of war, the example will be new in the annals of mankind; and, however they may suffer for the first two or three years, their future prosperity will amply compensate for such a loss, and posterity will learn a better policy than the beastly appeal to the sword.

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VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Caledonian Sketches; or, a Tour through Scotland. By Sir John Carr. 4to. 2l. 2s.

THEATRICAL RECORDER.

MAYMARKET THEATRE.

Monday, Dec. 5.—This evening the Covent Garden Company commenced their operations at the Maymarket Theatre, which has been very liberally tendered for their accommodation; and, although the audience was not so numerous as might have been expected, yet the assemblage was highly respectable.

In the play of the "*Mountaineers*," Kemble evidently laboured under a severe hoarseness; yet some fastidious critics seemed to think, that his powers were paralysed as much by affectation as by indisposition, and accordingly seasoned his torpidity with the pungent relish of a little theatrical *Gout de Spée*! The *Florante* of Mrs. H. Johnston was uncommonly interesting, from the elegance of her figure, the admirable management of her features, and the plaintive melody of her voice, and the *Zoraida* of Miss Norton was peculiarly distinguished for a successful exertion of genius.

After the play, a new farce was produced, intitled, "*The School for Authors*," written by the deceased Mr. Tobin, the author also of "*The Honey Moon*." The following were the *dramatis personæ*.

Diaper, Mr. Munden.

Cleveland, . . . Mr. Brunton,

Wormwood . . Mr. Farley.

Jeffery Mr. Dayenport.

Frank Mr. Jones.

Susan Mrs. Gibbs.

Jane Miss Norton.

The fable is simple and interesting, and literally taken from the *Tales of Marmontel*. *Diaper* has written a tragedy, called "*Gunpowder Treason*," which he gets fathered by *Cleveland*, who has written a comedy. Both pieces are brought out on the same night: the tragedy is damned! the comedy succeeds; and the result is, that *Cleveland* marries *Diaper's* niece; and the malice of *Wormwood*, a professed critic, is detected and punished.

"*The School for Authors*" very happily combines a knowledge of stage effect, with a sufficient portion of farcical humour and literary *jeu d'esprit*, to render it both amusing

and instructive. A laboured criticism upon a farce would in itself be *far-rical*; we shall therefore leave the author to speak for himself, in the following quotation; which we think will be found tolerably correct:—

Diaper. I'm a dabbler in Poetry—I have written a Tragedy called *Gunpowder Treason*, and if it should be damned, all my laurels will be changed to weeping willows!

Cleveland. Why, Sir, I could name a dozen authors who are regularly damned every season.

Diaper. And are they alive?

Cleveland. So far from killing them, damnation cannot even cure them.

Wormwood. A modern Tragedy is full of *vis comica*

Cleveland. Critics by profession sentence an author before trial, and dissect him before execution.

Diaper. Hear my Poetry:—

"Not be that kill'd the Cow, immortal Guy,
Shall live in story more renown'd than I."

Diaper. A Garretteer receives inspiration through a skylight.

"I have struck out a number of good ideas."

Wormwood. I don't know how many you have struck out, but there are none left in.

Diaper [addressing *Wormwood*]. Modern Authors are as good as Modern Critics; and don't despair of seeing so bad a play till you write yourself.

Diaper. Men judge from their heads, and are generally mistaken; women from their hearts, and always right.

Frank. I shall never enter the service of the Muses: for, without exception, they give the shortest commons, the worst wages, and the shabbiest liveries of any Ladies about town.

The piece went off with much *eclat*, and Munden having the principal part, displayed his unrivalled talents to great advantage; in fact, we never remember him more successfully humorous.—Brunton, Farley, Jones, Mrs. Gibbs, and Miss Norton, exerted themselves very laudably.

The characters, if we except the foppish one of Frank, which is a little caricatured, are all of them as natural as they are amusing; and the dialogue is not only abundant in wit, but pure

in diction. Mr. Jones, in Frank, a smart footman, with pretensions to be a critic, supported the part admirably.

DEBURY-LANE.

Wednesday, Dec. 7.—This evening was performed the new melo drama called *Venoni*, written by Monk Lewis, Esq. — After the second act, Mr. Wroughton addressed the audience, and said that the Proprietors, always studying the public gratification, had observed, and considered the disapprobation with which the third act of *Venoni* was constantly received; that the author had accordingly constructed a new third act, which would be ready for representation on Monday evening, and which, it was confidently hoped, would merit the approbation of the audience. Mr. Wroughton concluded his address by intreating that the spectators would, in the mean time, accept the repetition of the original catastrophe; and retired amidst universal applauses. The measure of alteration, though its novelty may excite astonishment, is one for which, the managers and the author deserve much commendation.

Accordingly, on Monday, Dec. 12, the new third act was substituted for that which had been performed before. The Convent of the Ursulines, the amorous nuns, and the Lady Abbess, respecting whom so much had been said, but who never were seen, are now introduced to the audience. The following is the plot.—

It appears that for twenty years a friar, called *Lodovico*, has been confined in a subterraneous dungeon, in consequence of his having threatened to betray the friars' secrets; in the adjoining cell *Venoni* is confined, but *Lodovico* has worked an opening through the party wall, and has also

discovered in *Venoni's* dungeon a private door, but his age prevents *Lodovico* from breaking through it. *Venoni*, however, succeeds in forcing, and escapes. In the mean while the prior orders the abbess to draw *Josepha* from the prison where she has been confined, while she was reported to be dead: a last attempt is made to induce her to yield to the prior's wishes; but *Josepha* resists all temptations, is on the point of being restored to her prison, when in effecting his escape through the garden of the Ursulines, *Venoni* hears the cries of his mistress, and rushes to her assistance; he is, however, pursued by the prior with his accomplices, and the lovers are on the brink of destruction, when *Father Michael's* timely arrival assures their safety, and the ruin of their persecutors.

This act is certainly an improvement on the piece. There is a considerable stage effect in it, particularly where *Josepha* is removed from her dungeon, as she supposes, to another, but by a sudden change of scene is introduced into an illuminated chamber, where a splendid banquet is prepared for her by the Abbess. The latter character was performed by Mrs. Mudie, who supported it with much propriety and effect. The act was received throughout with satisfaction, and the re-announcement of the piece was marked by general plaudits.

Those who saw this drama in its original state will be much pleased with the alterations that have been made in it. The third act, indeed, may now be considered as equal, if not superior to either of the other two. The language is chaste and impressive, and the piece, on the whole, may now become a general favourite of the public.

ERRATUM.

In the *Sonnet to Morning*, p. 438, for "Pensive the poet soars," read "Pensive the poet *soars*."

APOLLONIAN CRITIC.

"SEMPER FIDELIS."

"*The Siege of St. Quintin, or Spanish Heroism.*" A drama, in three acts, as performed at the Theatre Royal Drury-Lane. (The Glee and March composed by Mr. Bishop.) The Overture and the rest of the music composed by Mr. Hook. 8s.

IN the production of the music in this opera, Mr. Hook seems to have almost totally disregarded the long and justly merited reputation which he has acquired as a Composer; for, with the exception of "the introductory music to the banquet" and Miss Feigon's song, "*The downy cheek so soft so fair,*" we have no hesitation in pronouncing it one of the most feeble attempts at composition we have witnessed for a long time. The first movement of the overture is destitute of melody, counterpoint, or modulation; in short, it is but a succession of common-place passages: and to say the most of them, they are merely connected with each other to form "*a noisy and unmeaning rattle in the keys of C. and G.*" The second movement consists of an old "*Spanish Fandango,*" which has been worn threadbare at Sadler's Wells, during the performance of the celebrated "*La Belle Espagnole,*" of tight-rope dancing notoriety. The last movement is an outree attempt at something, but, to our mortification, turns out to be nothing more than "*a wou'd be Spanish rondo,*" and that of the meanest description of composition.

In the chorus for an alto, two tenores, and a bass, Mr. H. seems to have considered that he was writing for three sopranos and a bass, as the tenore in the 27th and four following bars is frequently four notes below his bass: this is a gross error, and bespeaks a great want of attention on the part of the Composer. We do not see any particular necessity for announcing Mr. Bishop's name as the composer of "*the march and the glee:*" the former is written in the key of E with three flats 'tis true, which is certainly a good key for horns and clarinets; and he has also discovered that the key and the 6th of it are the two best notes in the scale for them, but it is complete-

ly destitute both of originality in subject and refinement in modulation. The glee is unworthy of its title, it is not a glee, but a mere harmonized march with words. We certainly expected something better from the pen of Mr. Bishop, having had the pleasure of noticing many of his former productions, which we consider as possessing an uncommon degree of merit. The introductory music to the banquet is a sweet little effusion of fancy, and does great credit to the taste of Mr. Hook: Miss Feigon's song is also pleasing, the passages are well imagined, and the accompaniment is at once both chaste and skilfully arranged. We cannot dismiss this opera without remarking the strain in the key of F, page 52, beginning, "*Then gentle peace.*" Mr. Hook has, in the course of 19 bars, modulated from the key of F with one flat to the key of G with one sharp, in the most careless and unmeaning manner imaginable; he has absolutely forced himself unnaturally out of one key into another, merely to introduce an insipid subject, which at best is evidently a plagiarism. Mr. Hook, Mr. Hook! had it not been for "*Rule Britannia,*" the opera of "*The Siege of St. Quintin*" would have been without its present "*finale:*" such is the effect which sublime compositions have upon retentive memories.

R.

"*Charming Jenny.*" A favourite ballad: the words by D. Lawler. Composed with an accompaniment for the Piano-forte, and inscribed to his friend, W. Russel, Mus. Bac. By John Banner. 1s. 6d.

THE piano-forte accompaniment to this song is infinitely superior to its melody, if the word "*melody*" may be so prostituted. We are sorry to find that Art and Nature are so completely at variance with each other. The former appears to be clothed in all the refinement of musical science, while the latter is naked, deformed, and almost lifeless.

R.

"*Anthems and Set Pieces*," for two, three, four, and five voices; with an Instrumental Bass, figured for the Piano-forte, &c. interspersed with Specimens of Short Sentences, intended to be sung at the conclusion of appropriate tunes, &c.; calculated for the use and improvement of Choirs and Singing Societies. The whole composed by Thomas Walker. 6s.

CHANCE having thrown this publication in our way, we were induced to examine its contents, sincerely wishing that we might find them worthy of the patronage of the public at this season of the year. But, to our great disappointment, we not only found them beneath criticism, but the attempt to offer such trash for sale is neither more nor less than an imposition.

The author is evidently ignorant of the first rudiments of theory: he does not know even so much as how to ascend and descend the scale in either the major or minor keys; and the figures under the bass notes describe one chord, while the voice parts actually form another!! many of which are not to be found in any accurate theoretical scale: in short, they have no other existence but in the incoherent imagination of THOMAS WALKER.

It is impossible not to notice the ignorant effrontery which appears in the title-page of this performance, wherein it is recommended as "calculated for the improvement of choirs and singing societies." If so much ignorance prevail in any musical society as to require the assistance of such a book as that now before us, for their improvement; they may indeed, with unusual propriety, sing, "Lord have mercy upon us miserable singers."

R.

"*Agnes, or the Pipes*." A favourite song, intended as a companion to *Toby's Brown Jug*. Composed by H. Denman. 1s.

WE profess ourselves to be in general by no means friendly towards "Answers," "Sequels," "Companions," &c. to popular publications, having so frequently had occasion to remark that they were nothing but wretched catchpennies. The little song before

us, however, is of a much better description than the generality of such compositions are. Mr. Denman's melody is bold, flowing, and appropriate. The idea of the words is original and ingenious. Upon the whole, we recommend it as an excellent convivial song. J.

"*With a Whoop ho! ho! away*," The celebrated Amazonian hunting song, sung in the Aquatic romance, called the *White Witch*. Written by Mr. C. Dibdin, jun. Composed by Mr. Reeve. 1s. 6d.

MESSRS. Hook and Reeve have lately been so much in the practice of robbing themselves, that when we meet with instances of it, they no longer surprize us. When therefore we paid our eighteenpence for "*Whoop ho! ho!*" though we were not surprized, we were certainly not pleased to find that we had purchased nearly another copy of the "*Almanack Maker*." When an author extorts eighteenpence for a song, he ought at least in return to present us with something new, if not good. In the present instance, however, Mr. Reeve has presented us with neither one, nor the other. J.

WE have the utmost satisfaction in announcing that, Proposals were on the 26th inst. issued UNDER THE IMMEDIATE PATRONAGE OF HIS MAJESTY, for publishing by subscription, the *Vocal Works of Handel*, with a separate accompaniment arranged for the organ or piano-forte: By Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge.

Plan.—It is intended that the work shall proceed in the following order:

1. *Acis and Galatea.*
2. *Alexander's Feast.*
3. *Saul.*
4. *Dettingen Te Deum and Jubilate.*
5. *Messiah.*
6. *Judas Maccabæus.*
7. *Jephtha.*
8. *L'Allegro ed Il Pensieroso.*
9. *Samson.*
10. A Volume of a Selection from his Coronation and Funeral Anthems.

The vocal parts of the chorusses will be in full score, immediately under which will be added a separate part for the organ or piano-forte,

carefully compressed from the whole score, which will include the leading features of the instrumental accompaniments. By Dr. John Clarke, of Cambridge.

The alto and tenor recitatives and airs, will be printed in the treble cleff; and, for the accommodation of the ladies, the soprano, alto, and tenor parts in the chorusses, will likewise be transposed into the treble cleff, it being the determination of the proprietors, that the C cleff shall nowhere be introduced in the work) and the whole will be so arranged as to enable four or five performers to produce the general effect, both of the vocal and instrumental parts. A judicious selection from the sacred parts of this work (particularly from the Messiah, Dettingen Te Deum, Coronation and Funereal Anthems,) will be admirably adapted for the use of cathedrals, collegiate chapels, and choirs in general, as they will be free either from innovation or sacrilegious pruning: and the organ parts may be performed as voluntaries.

Conditions.—1. This work will be printed in a very superior style of elegance, in number, each containing thirty pages. Price five shillings.

2. A number to be published, as nearly as possible, once a fortnight.

3. When three hundred copies are subscribed for, the work will be immediately commenced.

4. To prevent the great and unnecessary trouble always attendant on the collecting of small sums, no number will on any account be delivered, unless it be paid for at the time of its delivery.—The proprietors, therefore, most respectfully solicit, that those ladies and gentlemen who shall honour them with their names, will, at the same time, specify at what place in London their numbers are to be delivered, and their subscriptions paid. This mode of proceeding will prevent both delay and mutual disappointment.

5. Subscribers' names will be printed.

6. When the subscription is closed, the price of the work will be considerably advanced.

Subscribers' names will be received by the proprietors, Messrs. Button and Whitaker, No. 75, St. Paul's Church-yard, London; the Editor, Dr. John Clarke, Emmanuel Close, Cambridge; and by all the principal music-sellers, in the United Kingdom.

HISTORICAL CHRONICLE.

His Majesty's DECLARATION on declining the late Overtures made by France and Russia.

THE Overtures made to his Majesty by the governments of Russia and France have not led to negotiation: and the intercourse to which those overtures gave rise being terminated, his Majesty thinks it right thus promptly and publicly to make known its termination.

The continued appearance of a negotiation, when peace has been found to be utterly unattainable, could be advantageous only to the enemy.

It might enable France to sow distrust and jealousy in the councils of those who are so combined to resist her oppression: and if, among the nations which groan under the tyranny of French alliance, or among those which maintain against France a doubtful and precarious independence, there should be any which even now are balancing between the

certain ruin of a prolonged inactivity, and the contingent dangers of an effort to save themselves from that ruin; to nations so situated, the delusive prospect of a peace between Great Britain and France could not fail to be peculiarly injurious. Their preparations might be relaxed by the vain hope of returning tranquillity, or their purpose shaken by the apprehension of being left to contend alone.

That such was, in fact, the main object of France in the proposals transmitted to his Majesty from Erfurt, his Majesty entertained a strong persuasion.

But at a moment when results so awful from their importance, and so tremendous from their uncertainty, might be depending upon the decision of peace or war, the King felt it due to himself to ascertain, beyond the possibility of doubt, the views and intentions of his enemies.

It was difficult for his Majesty to

believe, that the Emperor of Russia had devoted himself so blindly and fatally to the violence and ambition of the power with which his Imperial Majesty had unfortunately become allied, as to be prepared openly to abet the usurpation of the Spanish monarchy; and to acknowledge and maintain the right, assumed by France, to depose and imprison friendly sovereigns, and forcibly to transfer to herself the allegiance of independent nations.

When, therefore, it was proposed to his Majesty to enter into negotiation for a general peace, in concert with his Majesty's allies, and to treat either on the basis of the *Uti-possidetis*, (heretofore the subject of so much controversy) or on any other basis, consistent with justice, honour, and equality, his Majesty determined to meet this seeming fairness and moderation, with fairness and moderation, on his Majesty's part, real and sincere.

The King professed his readiness to enter into such negotiation, in concurrence with his allies; and undertook forthwith to communicate to them the proposals which his Majesty had received. But as his Majesty was not connected with Spain by a formal treaty of alliance, his Majesty thought it necessary to declare, that the engagements which he had contracted, in the face of the world, with that nation, were considered by his Majesty as no less sacred, and no less binding upon his Majesty, than the most solemn treaties; and to express his Majesty's just confidence that the government of Spain, acting in the name of his Catholic Majesty Ferdinand the Seventh, was understood to be a party to the negotiation.

The reply returned by France to this proposition of his Majesty, casts off at once the thin disguise which has been assumed for a momentary purpose, and displays, with less than ordinary reserve, the arrogance and injustice of that government. The universal Spanish nation is described by the degrading appellation of "the Spanish Insurgents;" and the demand for the admission of the government of Spain as a party to any negotiation, is rejected as inadmissible and insulting.

UNIVERSAL MAG. VOL. X.

With astonishment, as well as with grief, his Majesty has received from the Emperor of Russia a reply similar in effect, although less indecorous in tone and manner. The Emperor of Russia also stigmatizes as "Insurrection," the glorious efforts of the Spanish people in behalf of their legitimate sovereign, and in defence of the independence of their country; thus giving the sanction of his Imperial Majesty's authority to an usurpation which has no parallel in the history of the world.

The King would readily have embraced an opportunity of negotiation which might have afforded any hopes or prospect of a Peace compatible with justice and with honour. His Majesty deeply laments an issue, by which the sufferings of Europe are aggravated and prolonged. But neither the honour of his Majesty, nor the generosity of the British nation, would admit of his Majesty's consenting to commence a negotiation, by the abandonment of a brave and loyal people, who are contending for the preservation of all that is dear to man; and whose exertions in a cause so unquestionably just, his Majesty has solemnly pledged himself to sustain.

Westminster, Dec. 15, 1808.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

London.

SMITHFIELD CLUB, OR CHRISTMAS CATTLE SHEW.

On Thursday, December 15, Mr. Sadler's Yard in Goswell-street, was opened for publicly exhibiting the cattle, sheep, and pigs, sent in by the candidates for the handsome prizes offered by this patriotic body, for such animals as shall appear, by the certificates sent in with them, to have improved the most in flesh and fitness for the quantities and kind of food consumed by each respectively.

Mr. William Walker, of Woolsthorpe, Lincolnshire; Mr. William Watkins, of Brimsop, Herefordshire; and Mr. John Roper, of Potters-ferry, Bucks, three eminent graziers, were appointed Judges for examining the certificates and the animals shewn, and awarding the prizes; a task so

arduous, owing to the number, and nearly balanced excellencies of the animals in several of the classes, that it occupied these gentlemen the whole of Thursday, and all the forenoon of Friday, before they were able to complete their award, and that labels announcing their decisions could be stuck up at the head of the several animals, which were as follows, viz.

A premium of twenty guineas in Class I. for the Herefordshire breed of oxen, to Mr. Samuel Chandler, of Morton, Bucks, for his six years old pied ox, bred by Mr. William Walker, of Burton, Worcestershire; and an additional premium of ten guineas to the same gentleman, on account of his ox being adjudged to be the best shewn in the first six classes.

A premium of twenty guineas in Class IV. for the Sussex or Kent breed of oxen, to Mr. Edward Auger, of Eastbourne, Sussex, for his five years old red ox, bred by himself.

A premium of twenty guineas in Class V. for the Devonshire breed of oxen, to Mr. Martin Webber, of Ilchester, Somersetshire, for his six years old ox, bred by Mr. Francis Quartley, of Molland, Devonshire.

A premium (the first) of twenty guineas in Class VII. for large oxen not worked, to Mr. Martin Webber, of Ilchester, Somersetshire, for his three years old red Devon ox, bred by Mr. John Burgess, of South Moulton, Devonshire.

A premium (the second) of ten guineas in Class VII. for large oxen not worked, to Mr. Samuel Chandler, of Morton, Bucks, for his six years old red Herefordshire ox, bred by Mr. William Walker, of Burton, Worcestershire.

A premium of ten guineas in Class VIII. for small oxen of any breed, to Mr. Samuel Brooks, of Wolvers Hill, Warwickshire, for his five years old black Highland Scotch ox.

A premium of ten guineas in Class IX. for fat cows having borne three calves, to Mr. John Westcar, of Creslow, Bucks, for his six years old red Herefordshire cow, bred by Mr. William Watkins, of Binsop, Herefordshire.

A premium of ten guineas in Class X. for one-year old long woolled wether sheep, to the Rev. Thomas Plaskett, of Harlaxton Lodge, Lincolnshire, for his three new Leicester wethers, bred by himself.

A premium of ten guineas in Class XI. for two years old long woolled wether sheep, to Mr. Thomas Moore, of Tadiberg, Warwickshire, for his three new Leicester wethers, bred by himself, from a ram of

Mr. Thomas Chapman, of Fenny Drayton, Leicestershire.

A premium of ten guineas in Class XII. for one year old short woolled wether sheep, to his Grace the Duke of Bedford, for his three South Down wethers, bred on his Maulden Farm, in Bedfordshire.

A premium of ten guineas in Class XIII. for two years old short woolled wether sheep, to Mr. Henry King, jun. of Plaistow, Essex, for his three South Down wethers, bred by Mr. John Ellman, of Glynd, Sussex.

A premium of ten guineas in Class XIV. for pigs under two years old, to Mr. John Roads, of Aston Abbots, Bucks, for his black and white Berkshire sow pig, fifty-four weeks old, bred by Mr. John Westbrook, of Pinkney's Green, Herts.

A premium of ten guineas in Class XV. for pigs under one year old, to Mr. John Hassard, of Brocket, Herts, for his white halt bred China and Suffolk pig, forty-eight weeks old, bred by Lord Melbourne, of Brocket Hall, Herts.

In Class II. for the long-horned breed of oxen, and in Class VI. for mixed breed of oxen, we are sorry to observe that no candidates appeared; and that the one who offered for the premium in Class III. failed in proving the requisite quantity of labour to have been done by his ox, in the last two years.

The judges, by a special note annexed to their award, called the attention of the club and the company to the excellent qualities of Mr. Thomas Crook's three years old Scotch ox, in Class VIII.; as also to the high perfection of Earl Macclesfield's, Mr. John Edmond's, and Mr. William Boulton's pens of two-shear new Leicester wether sheep, in Class XI.: also to the pen of one year old new Leicesters, belonging to Mr. Thomas Oldacres, in Class X.

The judges regretted that two very large and fine Hereford oxen; belonging to Mr. John Westcar, were sent in without any certificates to entitle them to competition for the Prizes in Class I.

The great number of animals shewn this year precludes our going particularly into the other animals exhibited; some ploughs and other implements were shown, and several notices interesting to agriculturists, merchants, &c. were given, among others of Mr. John Hawkins's Mechanical Museum.

A great concourse of noblemen and gentlemen attended this day, and seemed highly delighted with the animals exhibited at this very commodious and convenient place, the whole area of which is covered with spacious sky-lights.

At three o'clock, such gentlemen as are members of the club adjourned to Freemasons' Tavern, where a meeting was held, Lord Somerville in the chair, at which twenty-three members of the club were present; when the following six gentlemen were elected members of the Club, viz.

Mr. John Lomas, of Kensington; Mr. John Chapman, of Drayton; Mr. Thomas Moore, of Tardibeg; Mr. John Tomlin, of Knightthorpe; Mr. Thomas Cobb, of Banbury; and Mr. John Roper, of Potter's Bury.

Sir Joseph Banks attended, and read to the company a memorial, intended to be presented to the Board of Trade, soliciting the support of Government, in removing the dreadful damage and mischiefs which arise to individuals, and to the public from the confined and crowded state of Smithfield Market, and its total inadequacy, intersected as it is by various great thoroughfares for carriages, to accommodate the increasing number of cattle, sheep, and pigs sold there, amounting to the enormous sum, as is stated, of five millions sterling annually. The necessity of this mode of proceeding is stated to arise from the City of London having spent seven years in ineffectual attempts and schemes for enlarging this important market, whose extent remains the same now as it was in the reign of William the Conqueror.

At the conclusion of reading this memorial, it was handed round the room, and received the signatures of the gentlemen present; and was afterwards left at Mr. Sadler's in Goswell-street, for the signatures of such land-owners, breeders, graziers, salesmen, butchers, &c. as attend the cattle-show.

At five o'clock near thirty gentlemen sat down to a most sumptuous dinner, Lord Somerville in the chair; and, after the cloth was withdrawn, the following toasts were drank:—

The King.—The Duke of Bedford.—Success to the Smithfield Club.—The Plough.—Mr. Coke of Norfolk.—The Fleece.—Breeding in all its branches.—Good Grazing.—Lord Somerville.—The Stewards of the Show, Robert Byng, Esq. and Mr. Henry King, jun.—The judges of the Show, and thanks to them for the great pains which they have taken.

Mr. Garrard's large picture of the Woburn Shearing, containing portraits of near two hundred of the principal agriculturists and breeders in the kingdom, including great part of those present at the dinner, was exhibited in the room, and examined minutely by the company, nearly all of whom became Subscribers to the engraving about to be published from this magnificent and interesting picture.

On Friday and Saturday a very large concourse of distinguished agriculturists, farmers, breeders, graziers, salesmen, butchers, and others, who feel an interest in the economic supply of Smithfield Market with fat cattle, assembled at Mr. Sadler's Repository yard, and examined the very fine animals exhibited.

Besides those who gained the prizes before mentioned, were the following, viz.

In Class III. Mr. William Flower's eight years old short horned ox.

Class V. Mr. Samuel Chandler's two five years old Devon oxen; Mr. Edmund T. Waters's five years old Devon ox, fed on molasses.

Class VII. Mr. William Flower's six years old Hereford ox; Mr. William Iven's five years old long horned ox; Mr. Henry King, jun.'s five years old Devon ox; Mr. Joseph Kirkby's five years old Fifehire ox; Earl Macclesfield's five years old Devon ox; Mr. Robert Master's five years old Scotch ox; and Mr. Joshua Trimmer's five years old Sussex ox.

Class VIII. Mr. Joseph Joyner's two Aberdeenshire oxen; Mr. Joseph Kirkby's two five years old Fifehire oxen; Earl Macclesfield's four years old Devon ox; Mr. Robert's Master's four years old Scotch ox; Mr. Samuel Stone's three years old half bred Scotch ox.

Class IX. Mr. Thomas Crook's fat Scotch cow, after her fourth calf; Mr. William Flower's eleven years old fat long horned cow, five calves; Mr. Samuel Store's five years old fat long horned Dishley cow, four calves; Mr. John Westcar's seven years old fat Hereford cow, four calves.

Class X. Mr. John Wastcar's three one year old new Leicester wether sheep.

Class XI. Mr. Thomas Bowe's three two years old ditto; Mr. William Payne's three two years old ditto; Mr. Edward Platt's three two years old ditto; Mr. John Wastcar's three two years old ditto.

Class XIII. Duke of Bedford's three two years old South Down wethers

Class XIV. Mr. John Clayton's seventeen and a half months old half-bred Suffolk pig; Mr. Hughes's fourteen months old pig.

Class XV. Mr. George Dodd's eleven three quarters months old Essex and Sussex pig.

As extra stock, or those sent without certificates, or not otherwise entitled to a place in any of the above classes, we noticed—

Mr. Thomas Pickford's five years old black and white polled bull, and his one year old black and white polled bull, a son of the above out of a sister of the steer which he exhibited last year.

Sir William Curtis's three buffalos, of which we have before spoken, had very copious labels stuck up over them, explaining their ages, pedigrees, weights, &c.

Mr. Daniel Sharp also shewed five Indian cattle.

Edmund Thomas Waters shewed six small pigs of his breed.

Mr. Snow, a pig; and Mr. John Roads, a pig

Mr. Thomas Pickford, of Market-street, Herts, shewed some of the large Swedish turnips, in which he so much excels; and Mr. Goshawk, of Shore, Surrey, shewed some fine transplanted samples of his white round turnips, globular with small fibres and crowns, and thin skins.

Mr. Garrard exhibited his large folio work, descriptive of the different varieties of Oxen common in the British Isles, both plain and coloured, after nature

Mr. John Lawrence issued proposals for the History of the Horse.

Mr. Edward Jennings shewed a model of an ingenious land roller, in three parts, for more equally pressing the land, and turning about, with a seat for the driver.

Mr. James Braby shewed an ingenious turn-ree plough, with iron tacks, on the Norfolk principle.

Lord Somerville's proposals for his spring cattle-shew were stuck up, and those of the Kent Association's prizes, given by the Earl of Thanet, Sir Edward Knatchbull, William Honeywood, Esq. and G. Finch Hatton, Esq. for cattle to be exhibited at the Ashford Wool Fair, on the 5th of July.

On Monday, Dec. 19, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Somerville, Earl Thanet, and a great number of noble and distinguished patrons of Agriculture, assembled at Mr. Sadler's Yard, and examined the very excellent stock exhibited; many of which, from the great attention which they gained, seemed to improve under repeated examinations of their different points of excellence.

Sir William Curtis's bailiff, Mr. Whybrow, shewed some very fine specimens of drum-head cabbages, of white kol raby, and of Swedish turnips; all of them from seed of his own raising, on Southgate Farm.

Mr. Thomas Weaver shewed proofs of a magnificent print, engraved by W. Ward, representing Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, surrounded by a group of his favourite South Down sheep, and their attendants.

At half past two o'clock a meeting of the club took place at Freemason's Tavern, his Grace the Duke of Bedford in the chair, at which twenty-nine members were present. Several matters of business relating to the club, and to the conditions of the next show, were transacted, and the following were elected members of the club, viz.

Lord Dundas, Daniel Giles, Cornelius Kortwright, Joseph Sabine, Robert Cooper, John Nichol, James Wickens, W. R. H. Brown, William Boulthée, John Simms, James Ford, Edward Moneton, Thomas Lewin, and Christopher Wight.

About five o'clock the meeting was adjourned till eleven o'clock this morning; and near 220 persons sat down to a most excellent dinner in Freemason's Hall, his Grace the Duke of Bedford in the chair.

After the cloth was withdrawn, his Grace gave—

The King—Prosperity to the Smithfield Club.—Success to good Grazing.—Mr. Coke—Breeding in all its branches.

His Grace then rose, and after a short introductory speech, read the award of the judges; on coming to that part which assigns to himself a premium of ten guineas, in Class XII. for shearing South Down sheep, his Grace most handsomely stated, that competition being in his mind one of the principal objects of the club

to excite, and as no other candidate but himself appeared in this class, he begged to let this premium revert to the funds of the club.—His Grace proceeded to notice the very great degree of improvement and excellence which is this year evident in the cattle exhibited; in the course of which he entered into a detailed statement of the number of beasts and sheep sold in Smithfield, on the average of every five years since the American war; noticing particularly the astonishing increase which has taken place, and which his Lordship argued never could have been supplied but by the gradual banishment, within that period, of numerous coarse and unprofitable breeds of cattle from our pastures, and supplying their place with breeds disposed to early and perfect maturity; and principally through which the price of meat, at least between the grazier and butcher, has not increased in any degree proportionate to the other necessities of life. His grace then proceeded to notice the state of the funds, which, are scarcely commensurate to the noble objects which the club has in view. His Grace, in noticing the alterations intended to be introduced in the conditions of next year's show, stated, that one principal object of the club being to encourage competition among breeders and graziers, it has been resolved—

That in future no person who has obtained a prize in either of the first six classes, be intitled to shew a beast in the same class in the succeeding year.

As early maturity is a very principal qualification in oxen which have not worked, it has been resolved—

That no beast above five years old, (at the ensuing period of calving) be allowed to be shewn for a prize in Class VII. or VIII.

And, for more effectually guarding against deceptions in the filling up of the certificates, it has been resolved—

That if misstatements shall be discovered in any certificate, the prize shall be withheld from such candidate, and who shall be deemed disqualified ever afterwards.

As soon as his Grace sat down, Lord Somerville rose and stated, that, in compliance with the wishes

of many breeders of cattle, a sale of stock of superior quality will take place on the Wednesday succeeding his next Spring Show of Cattle (the 8th of March), and to be continued in future, on the same day. Notice to be given to his Lordship ten days before, by those who intend to offer stock for sale; he concluded by proposing—

The Duke of Bedford, with three times three.

After some interval, his Grace rose, and proposed the health of Lord Somerville, who in a neat speech returned thanks, and observed, they might always continue to command his service in the good cause in which the club was engaged.

The toasts proceeded with—

Agriculture, Manufactures and Commerce.—Earl Winchilsea.—The Judges of the Show, and thanks to them for the great pains which they have taken.—The Stewards, Mr. Byng and Mr. King.—The Farming Society of Ireland.

Sir John Seabright rose and said, that Mr. Garrard's large picture, now hanging behind the president, so strongly reminded him of a scene which had so often given pleasure to most present, that he could not refrain from giving—

The next Woburn Sheep-shearing, with three times three.

After which the Duke rose and gave a general invitation to the present company to his agricultural *fete* in June, and gave—

The Memory of Mr. Bakewell.

His Grace, before he left the chair, proposed—

Prosperity to the Agricultural Societies throughout the kingdom.

Sir John Seabright being called to the chair, gave—

Long Leases to good Tenants, which was much applauded.—A strong Plough and clean Furrow.

The excellent wine with which the company were supplied, kept them together till a late hour.

On Tuesday the 20th, this respectable body held a meeting at Free mason's Tavern, at eleven o'clock, for winding up the business of the late shew, which was numerously at-

tended, his Grace the Duke of Bedford in the chair, when the following new members were elected, viz.

~~Messrs~~ George Children, Thos. Fisher, Rawlins, David Sadler, Timothy Hutton, James Ellis, Samuel Selmes, Jacob Harvey, Robert Brattle, and Benjamin Welshead.

It was resolved, That in future the judges be particularly instructed not to allow any beast, sheep, or pigs, to be exhibited for the premiums, unless the regulations of the club, respecting the certificates, be strictly complied with by the candidates

Several gentlemen were nominated as fit persons out of whom to choose three judges, at the next meeting, on the 7th of March.

The officers of the club were chosen for the ensuing year, as follows, viz.—

PRESIDENT—His Grace the Duke of Bedford.

STEWARDS—Sir John Sebright, of Beechwood Park; Mr. Julian Warrington, of Plarstow.

TREASURER—Mr. Paul Gibley, of Bond-street.

SECRETARY—Mr John Farey, of Westminster.

His Grace the president having left the chair, Robert Byng, esq. was called to it, when it was unanimously resolved—

That the thanks of this meeting be presented to his Grace the Duke of Bedford,

A View of the Mutability of Sovereign Power, within the last 20 Years.

<i>Sovereigns reigning in 1788.</i>	<i>Countries.</i>	<i>Fate.</i>	<i>Present Possessors of the Throne.</i>
George III.	Great Britain	Deposed and publicly executed	Napoleon.
Louis XVI.	France		
Charles IV.	Spain	Deposed	Napoleon.
Maria.	Portugal	Expatriated	Napoleon.
Joseph II.	Germany	Died—supposed by poison	Francis II. Fred. William.
Frederick III.	Prussia	Dead	
Catharine.	Russia	Died suddenly, her son and successor assass.	Alexander. Gustavus IV.
Gustavus III.	Sweden	Assassinated	
Ferdinand IV.	Naples	Deprived of his dominions	Jos. Bonaparte. Vict. Emanuel.
Emanuel IV.	Sardinia	Abdicated the throne	
Pope Pius VI.	The Ecclesiastical States	Dead—after being deprived of all his temporalities	Pius VII. Mustapha.
Selim II.	The Ottoman ditto	Deposed and poisoned	
Christian VII.	Denmark	Dead	Frederic VI. Ls. Bonaparte.
William V.	Holland	Deposed	

for his able and impartial conduct in the Chair.

Adjourned to this place, on the second day of Lord Somervilles Spring Shew of cattle, March 7, at three o'clock.

FATE OF EUROPE, since 1788.—The recent deposition of the King of Spain has suggested the idea of drawing up the following document, which affords a very awful and affecting proof of the instability of human greatness. In the year 1788, previous to the commencement of that tremendous revolution, which still continues to convulse the world, the undermentioned sovereigns were reigning in apparent security; of this number there is only a single survivor who retains the royal dignity; only one has descended to the grave in the ordinary course of nature, with all his honours about him; of the remainder the melancholy account stands thus; one was deposed and put to death by his subjects; three perished by the hand of assassins; four have been deposed; one died by poison, received by accident; one died suddenly, supposed by apoplexy; one died in a confirmed state of lunacy; and one voluntarily abdicated his throne.

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES.—The Lord Chief Baron, in the Court of Exchequer, has at length decided on the long depending cause—the *King v. Brown, Parry, and Co.*—and pronounced the judgment of the Court. (See July, p. 78.) The defendants are Proprietors of the Golden Lane Brewery; and the question to be determined was, whether the defendants were to be considered common brewers, and entitled to the allowance of duty which common brewers have under the act of parliament, or merely retailers, (because some of the firm did sell, in their individual capacity, by retail) and therefore were not entitled to such allowance in consequence of such individual retailing? When the Lord Chief Baron stated the opinion of the Court to be in favour of the defendants. They are therefore to be considered from henceforth as common brewers, and, of course, entitled to the allowance which they claimed; their Lordships not thinking that the retailing of individuals of the firm involved the general body in their aggregate capacity.

MARRIAGES AND DEATHS IN AND NEAR LONDON.

Married.] At St. James's church, the Rev. Mr. Goodenough, to Miss Markham, daughter of the late Archbishop of York.

At St. Andrew's church, Mr. Bealby, of Drury-lane, to Mrs. Randall, of Holborn. At Ewell, in Surrey, H. Bridges, Esq. to Miss Dalrymple, only daughter of Colonel Dalrymple, Aide-de-Camp to the Duke of Clarence.

Captain Richard Hill, of the battle-axe guards, to Miss Colclough, daughter of Henry Colclough, Esq. of Mount Sign, county Carlow.

At St. Botolph's Bishopsgate, R. Graham, Esq. of Dulwich, to Louisa, daughter of Dr. Dennison, of Broadstreet Buildings.

DR. HAWES.

Died.] At his house in Spital-square, Dr. William Hawes, M. D. This gentleman owed his celebrity to what has been called, "the God-like art of resuscitation." Dr. Hawes was born at Islington, about 1736: after

being educated at St. Paul's school, he was apprenticed to Mr. Carsan, a surgeon, near Vauxhall; he afterwards settled in the Strand, where, by his application and attention to his patients, he acquired considerable reputation and esteem.

Dr. Goldsmith dying about 1774, in consequence of an improper administration of Dr. James's powders, without the knowledge of his medical attendants, Dr. Turton and Dr. Hawes. The publication of his case by the latter, brought the subject of this article into considerable notice. After the Doctor's death, Sir Joshua Reynolds and Mr. Burke appointed Mr. Hawes to manage the affairs of Dr. Goldsmith, until the arrival of his brother. In 1777, Dr. Hawes published an Address on Immature Death, and Premature Interment. Ten thousand copies of this work were distributed gratis, to apprise the public of the danger of laying persons out too soon, or of hurrying them to the grave before actual signs of dissolution appear, whereby the vital spark is often extinguished, which, by a different treatment, might have been saved into life.

This seasonable Address was productive of much good to mankind. How deceptive and fallacious the signs of death are, almost every day's experience has proved since its publication. In 1780, Dr. Hawes published a third edition of an Examination of the Rev. J. Wesley's Primitive Physic, 8vo. So rational a confutation did Dr. Hawes great credit, while it exposed the ignorance of Mr. Wesley, and the absurdity of his remedies, founded neither on theory or experience. In 1781 the Doctor published an Address to the Legislature on the Importance of the Humane Society, on the score of humanity, philanthropy, and sound policy, and justly stated therein, a variety of consequences rationally to be expected from the general establishment of receiving houses, all of which have been since realised by experience. To this Address was added, Observations on the General Bills of Mortality, by W. Hawes, M. D.

About the same period, the Doctor commenced an interesting plan of a

medical education,' viz. Lectures on suspended Animation, which excited the attention of the faculty and the public, in a considerable degree.

A series of acts of humanity justly recommended the Doctor to the honour, as well as the advantages of his profession. In 1781, the degree of M. D. was conferred upon him, and on offering himself as physician to the Surry Dispensary, it is scarcely necessary to add, that he was chosen by a very large majority. His Majesty accepted the gold medal of the Humane Society in 1778, and becoming its immediate Patron in 1784, granted a plot of ground near the Serpentine River, in Hyde Park, upon which the society have erected a neat building, furnished with such an apparatus as cannot be rivalled in Europe, for the restoration of persons apparently drowned.

In 1796, the Doctor published the Transactions of the Society, from 1774, to 1784, a period of ten years, in one volume, 8vo. dedicated and presented, by permission, to the king, with three plates; viz. 1st. A portrait of his Majesty. 2. Apparent dissolution. 3. Returning animation. The annual reports of this Society shew that several thousands of persons have been rescued from death by their exertions. It was not, however, to this society alone, that the Doctor's time and talents were devoted; he was the active friend of many public Institutions, and Vice President of the London Electrical Society; and besides being Senior Physician to the Surry and London Dispensaries, he was honorary member of the Royal P. S. Edin. Massachusetts. H. S. Manchester &c. P. S. Bath A. &c. &c. In private life Dr. Haves was extremely regular, an early riser, very pleasant and instructive in conversation; his good humour entertained, while his knowledge edified.

On Tuesday, December the 13th, the remains of the deceased were removed from his late residence in Spital-square, for interment at Islington. The body was conveyed in a hearse and six, accompanied by three mourning coaches and four, in which were the relatives, and a few of the more immediate friends

of the deceased. As a mark of the cordial esteem they entertained for their late excellent Treasurer, and of their sincere regret at his loss, unexpected to the family, thirty of the Directors and Managers of the Royal Humane Society joined the solemn procession, in seven mourning coaches. Among the gentlemen present, were the Rev. Dr. Fly, the Rev. Mr. Pridden, Rev. Mr. Postan, Dr. Lettson, Mr. Deputy Goodbehere, Mr. Nichols, Mr. Gurney, &c. &c.

Mr. Andrew Oswald.—He was well known and much esteemed in a very respectable circle of private friends and acquaintance; he was zealously attached to the genuine principles of freedom, and warmly and judiciously defended them in numerous letters and essays in the periodical journals, and in pamphlets, under the signature of *Crito*, and various others. Perhaps some of the severest castigations that public plunderers and speculators ever got were from his pen. The last of his productions was a series of letters addressed to the Duke of York, in the Sunday Review, under the signature of *Ignolus*, written under great debility of body; the last was finished on his death-bed, and was a posthumous publication. He possessed a strong tincture of humour, and a fund of anecdote, and was conversant with most of the living characters of eminence in letters. His company was courted by some of the first people of Edinburgh. He had travelled a good deal through Scotland, and was acquainted with the history of more families in that country, than perhaps any other man, for what he once read or heard related, his memory retained. Mr. A. Oswald was the fifth son of the late Andrew Oswald, of Glenhead, in Stirlingshire; he was bred to the honourable and lucrative profession of a writer to the Signet in Edinburgh, and his talents were such that he might in a few years have been eminent, had not his attention been taken up with the politics of the day, which ran very high a few years ago in Scotland; and as he, from principle, espoused the cause of the oppressed and persecuted, had a more general and correct knowledge of public affairs than many of his co-

temporaries, and was more capable of expressing himself clearly and distinctly on public men and measures, which often confounded, and frequently, against their will, convinced his opponents of their error; his superior abilities often created him enemies, for those who have an interest in supporting a corrupt system, very seldom like to acknowledge that they are defeated in argument. When the Whig ministers came into power, Lord Lauderdale was nominated as governor to India. Mr. Oswald had then a communication with his Lordship, respecting an appointment under him to India; but another arrangement took place in the ministry, and Lord Lauderdale was sent ambassador to France, which completely frustrated Mr. Oswald's expectations. Soon after that disappointment, he returned to Stirling, where he followed the profession of writer; but his mind being rather unbinged, from his hopes of going to India being defeated, he soon left it, and went to Glasgow, where he staid but a short time, then returned to Edinburgh. In this unsettled situation, and being fond of society, and frequently of convivial company, perhaps, as a consequence of some irregularities, by which he contracted a consumptive habit, it rapidly increased; and by the advice of his friends in Edinburgh, he took a journey by sea to London, in the hope that the change of air and climate might restore him to health and to his friends again; but the disorder had taken too deep root to be removed, it baffled the skill of men eminent in the healing art. For four months, (the time he had been in London) he was gradually declining, until he was reduced at last to a mere skeleton. He kept his bed only about nine days, and died on Wednesday, the 20th of November, aged thirty-three years.

A few evenings since, a party of about twelve persons being at the house of Mrs. Pearkes, in Charlotte street, after the supper cloth had been withdrawn, one of the gentlemen present, Mr. Clowes, who resided in Portland-road, fell down and expired, whilst taking a glass of wine.

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The deceased was a young gentleman in the 24th year of his age, of independent fortune, and was a suitor to the youngest of seven of Mrs. P's daughters, who was present at the awful visitation.

Lately, in the 80th year of his age, at his house in Hertford-street, the Earl of Liverpool, of a disorder in the bowels, which in a few days completely exhausted him. His Lordship is succeeded in his title by his eldest son, Lord Hawkesbury. By his death the offices of Clerk of the Pells in Ireland, and Collector of the Customs, Inward of the Port of London, become vacant. The former, we believe, was given in reversion, by Lord Sidmouth, to his son, the Hon. Mr. Addington. The Earl of Liverpool was for many years supposed to be high in the confidence of his Majesty, and his thorough knowledge of the commercial interests of the country rendered him in a great degree distinguished as a politician. He was for many years President of the Board of Trade. In the year 1782, he succeeded to the title family of a Baronet; in 1786, he was created Lord Hawkesbury, and in 1796, Earl of Liverpool. He was twice married, and has left issue, besides the present Lord Liverpool, the Hon. Charles Jenkinson.

BULLETINS OF THE FRENCH ARMY IN SPAIN.

The *First* of them is dated from Vittoria, on the 9th of November, and, after describing the positions of the French army on the 25th of the preceding month, gives the particulars of the action at Lerin; which is magnified into an important victory. It concludes with an account of the various engagements with Blake's army, up to the 7th, in which the loss of the latter is estimated at between three and four thousand killed and wounded.

The *Second* is dated Burgos, the 12th, and contains an account of the attack on that part of the army of Estremadura which occupied Burgos. In this affair, which took place on the 10th ult. the enemy boast of having defeated the Spaniards, with the

loss of 3000 killed and wounded, and as many prisoners. The most important part of this bulletin relates to the position of the French army on the 12th; at which time Bonaparte was supposed to be at his head quarters, at Burgos, giving orders to the divisions of his army to proceed against the remains, as they are called, of Blake's army.

The *Third* is dated from Burgos, the 12th of November. It commences by noticing the flight of the 'army of Galicia from Bilbao, followed by Marshal the Duke of Belluna, in the direction of Espinosa; and by Marshal the Duke of Dantzic, in that of Villarcayo. Marshal the Duke of Dalmatia, was to proceed to *Reynosa*, to cut off their retreat; "so that," says the bulletin, "*very important events* might be expected." It then proceeds to ridicule the students of Salamanca, and the fanatical peasantry, who, in the fervency of their imagination, are said to have dreamed of conquering France and plundering Bayonne and Bourdeaux, conceiving that they were "every where conducted by *saints*, who appeared to their cheating monks!" It then states that "the whole plain of the Castilles is covered with our cavalry, and our piquets are on the Duero." It afterwards mentions, indignantly, the conduct of the priests, monks, and inhabitants, who had fled from Burgos upon, the first tidings of the conflict; and after much bitter invective against them, it dooms to confiscation their whole property, together with all the English goods and colonial produce landed in Spain since the insurrection. After noticing the doctrines of the gospel, it stigmatises a worthy prelate thus:—

"An ambitious, rancorous, and wicked prelate, who preaches nothing but insurrection, disobedience, and disorder, is a monster that God has sent in his wrath to nations, to mislead them, by polluting the very fountain of morality."

And concludes with this emphatical sentence:—

"In the prison of Burgos are a great number of monks, who were stoned by the peasantry—"wretches!" said they to them, "it is you that

have plunged us into this gulph of misery; perhaps we shall never again behold our unhappy wives and our poor children. Wretches! a righteous God will punish you in Hell for all the calamities you have brought on our families and our country!"

The *Fourth* bulletin is dated from Burgos, November 15. It commences merely with Bonaparte's reviewing the division of Marchand, and states, that, "nothing can succeed in war that is not the result of a well digested plan." In the midst of grave discussion on important subjects, the bulletin contains the following ludicrous sentence:—

"Among the prisoners were some who had on their buttons an eagle reversed with two arrows, and the motto. 'To the Conqueror of France.' By this ridiculous brava-do, we may easily recognise the countrymen of Don Quixotte!"

"It would be impossible to find worse troops either in the mountains or the plains. Clownish ignorance, silly conceits, cruelty towards the weak, and baseness and cowardice towards the strong—such is the scene we have before us. The monks and the Inquisition have plunged this nation into barbarism.

"Ten thousand light infantry and dragoons, with 24 field-pieces, marched off, on the 11th, to attack the rear of the English division that was said to be at Valladolid. These brave fellows went over 34 miles of ground in two days, but our hopes were disappointed. We entered Palencia and Valladolid, and advanced even six miles further, and found no Englishmen, but abundance of promises and assurances.

"In the mean time, it appears certain, that a division of their troops had disembarked at Coruna, and that another division, at the beginning of this month entered Badajos. The day we fall in with them will be a day of festivity to the French army. May they moisten with their blood that continent which they have desolated by their intrigues, their monopoly, and their horrible selfishness! May they, instead of 20,000, be 80 or 100,000 strong; that the English mothers

may learn what the calamities of the war are, and that the English government may not always continue to sport with the lives and blood of the people of the continent.

"The greatest falsehoods, the basest means have been employed by English Machiavelism to mislead the Spanish nation; but the bulk of it is still good. Biscay, Navarre, Old Castile, and the greater part of Arragon itself, are well disposed. The nation, in general, beholds, with the most profound sorrow, the abyss into which it is plunged, and will speedily curse the authors of so many calamities.

"Florida Blanca, who is at the head of the insurgents, is the person who was minister under Charles III. He was always the sworn enemy of France, and the zealous partisan of England. It is to be hoped that he will, in the evening of his days, discover the errors of his political life. He is an old man, who, to the blindest attachment to the English, adds the most credulous superstition. His confidants and friends are the most fanatical and stupid of the monks."

The *Fifth*, dated Burgos, November 16, displays, in pompous language, the defeat of the Estremaduran army in the plains of Burgos, at Espinosa. For ten days the heroic Blake seems to have sustained, with his comparatively small force, the whole efforts of the French army; and, at length, on the 10th of November, suffered a total defeat, with a loss of 20,000 killed, or prisoners, 60 pieces of cannon, and the whole of their baggage, colours, and magazines. It however acknowledges that Blake saved himself in the Asturian mountains; and that Romana, with his corps, was yet integral and undispersed.

The *Sixth*, dated Burgos, the 18th, speaks of the army of Galicia, (which it seems to confound with that of Estremadura,) as being totally destroyed, and estimates its numbers at 40,000.

The *Seventh*, dated Burgos, the 20th, details the advances of the French into St. Andero, and other advances of the army in that quarter.

The *Eighth*, still at Burgos, of the 22d, is more important. It announces the successful progress of the French in the Asturias—the capture of two large convoys of English supplies for the Spaniards in the ports of Cennilla and Santillana, amounting in the whole to 25 ships, richly laden—and of the investiture of Rosas.

The head-quarters of the French army were changed at night, on the 24th; the *Ninth* bulletin being dated at Aranda, and has little more in detail than the positions of the different French corps.

The *Tenth*, dated Aranda, the 26th of November, is also expletive, and merely dwells upon the certainty of the destruction of the Spanish central armies, the force of which it exaggerates considerably.

The *Eleventh* is dated at Aranda, the 27th of November, and contains the disastrous particulars of the defeat of Castanos, which appears to have been as decisive as it was represented in Sir John Moore's hasty communication to Sir David Baird. The action took place on the 23d.

The *Twelfth* gives details of the successful pursuit of the beaten Spanish armies of the centre, by the division of Mathieu, which had already sent in near 5,000 prisoners to the French head-quarters.

Speaking of the Spaniards, this bulletin adds:—

"Disorder and delirium have seized upon their leaders. Their first proceeding was a violent manifesto, in which they declared war against France. They imputed to her all the disorders of their court, the degeneracy of the race which reigned, and the baseness of the great, who for many years have prostrated themselves, in the most abject manner, at the feet of the idol which they had with all their rage, now he is fallen. They have very false ideas in Germany, Italy, and France, of Spanish monks, if they compare them to those which exist in these countries. We find among the Benedictines, the Bernardines, &c. in France and Italy, a crowd of men remarkable in sciences and literature; they distinguish themselves by their equ-

cation, and by the honourable and useful class to which they belong. The Spanish monks, on the contrary, are drawn from the dregs of the people; they are ignorant and drunken, and can only be compared to people employed in slaughter-houses. They are illiterate, and have the very manner and appearance of it; it is only over the lowest classes that they have any influence. A citizen would think himself dishonoured in admitting a monk to his table. As to the unfortunate Spanish peasants, we can only compare them to the Fellahs of Egypt; they have no property—every thing belongs to the monks, or to some powerful house. The liberty to keep an inn is a feudal right; yet in a country so favoured

by nature, we find neither posts nor inns. The taxes even are alienated, and belong to the Lords. The great have degenerated to such a degree, that they are without energy, without merit, and even without influence. We every day find, at Valladolid, and beyond it, considerable magazines of arms. The English faithfully executed that part of their engagement; they provided muskets, pinnaces, and libels; these they have sent in profusion their inventive spirit has been signalised, and they have carried to a great length the art of spreading libels, as of late they have distinguished themselves by their fire-rockets. All the evils, all the scourges that can afflict mankind, come from London."

PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

DIED.] At his house, Newmarket, T. Panton, Esq. brother to the late Duchess of Ancaster, and uncle to the Countess of Cholmondeley and Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby. His death will be a great loss to the town of Newmarket.—An estate of 3000*l.* per annum, and 40,000*l.* in money, descends in equal proportions, to his two nieces, Lady Gwydir (Baroness Willoughby D'Eresby) and the Countess Cholmondeley.—Mr. Panton has been a celebrated frequenter of the turf, and was in his 77th year.

CORNWALL.

Died.] At Redruth, in the 71st year of his age, after an illness of three weeks, Captain Paul Penrose, who was considered one of the best miners. He held an agency under the 1st Cornish Freeman Copper Company for near forty years, and was toller to Lord Arundel for near thirty years; inspecting captain at Polgooth for twenty years; with many other agencies. He was also Steward to Edward Collins, Esq. He had also been employed to explore Wales and Ireland for minerals; and his judgment and integrity had made him a sort of oracle in mining concerns. His death is therefore much regretted.

Died.] At his seat at Chifford

Cottage, near Winchester, aged 74, Sir Thomas Pasley, Bart. Vice-Admiral of the White.—Admiral Pasley's gallant conduct shone conspicuously on the glorious 1st of June, 1794, in which the fleet under Lord Howe, gained so complete a victory over that of the French. He then was a Rear-Admiral, and had his flag on board the Bellerophon, 74, Captain Hope. In this action he lost a leg.

KENT.

A singular case of success in applying the magnet, to extract a fragment of iron out of the human eye, has been recently transmitted to the Philosophical Magazine. It seems in the course of last summer, Charles Milsted, a blacksmith of Tenterden, received a particle of iron about the size of a small pin's head in the ball of his left eye, while he was striking the head of one hammer against another. Some weeks after this accident, a gentleman applied a magnet to the part injured, but could only draw out a mixture of powdered rust with the tears. This gave no relief, as the fragment of iron was yet in the eye. A surgeon endeavoured to take it out with the point of a lancet, but finding it firmly fixed very near the pupil, he concluded it was impossible to touch it with any instrument without extreme danger. The former gentleman then sent again for the young

man, and examining the eye with a very powerful magnifying glass, he could see a very small particle of black iron; but covered over with the thin coating of the eye. Being satisfied with the exact situation of the piece of iron, and the impediments to be surmounted, the eye-lids were held open, and he applied the north pole of a combined staple-magnet, possessing great power, at the distance of about the sixteenth of an inch from the eye; then he used a magnet of less power, but of more convenient construction, and continued to apply them both by turns, till he could at length perceive that the fragment had projected above the surface of the iris of the eye. Still there was a coating to cut its way through, before the magnet could draw it out. In fact it seemed as firmly fixed as a thorn in the flesh, and was very different from what it might have been, had it been only loosely floating on the outer surface of the eye. During this operation, the young man frequently thought he felt the fragment rush out of his eye, before it really had done so; however, after using magnets of different degrees of power for ten or fifteen minutes, the particle of iron cut its way through the thin teguments of the eye by the power of attraction, and was taken out by the magnet. By the assistance of glasses, it appeared of an imperfect octagon shape, armed with rough jagged edges. The eye was, notwithstanding, free from pain, the moment it was out, though for some months before the patient had suffered night and day without intermission: a small scar still remained on the eye but it occasioned no pain. Knowing that the magnetic fluid will make its passage even through plates of glass, when any particle of iron is within its influence, the writer is surprised, to find so familiar and natural as the present is not more frequently resorted to in such cases.

LANCASHIRE.

Prevention of Hydrophobia.—Dr. Bardsley, an intelligent physician at Manchester, has published some very interesting observations on Hydrophobia, in which he investigates the origin of that horrible disease, and

proposes a plan for extirpating canine madness from this island. His plan is as simple as it would prove efficacious, if rigidly enforced. It consists merely in establishing an universal quarantine for dogs within the kingdom, and a total prohibition of the importation of these animals during the existence of such quarantine. The efficiency of this preventive scheme rests upon the validity of the following propositions:

1st. That the disease always originates in the canine species.

2d. That it never arises even in them spontaneously.

3d. That the contagion, when received by them, never remains latent more than a few months. If these propositions be established, (and they appear to have been satisfactorily proved by Dr. Bardsley's enquiries) then it clearly follows, that by destroying every dog in which the disease should break out during strict quarantine, the propagation of the malady would not only be prevented, but the absolute source of the poison entirely cut off. So many powerful and obvious motives, interesting to humanity in general, and to this kingdom in particular, may be urged in favour of any rational attempt to eradicate such a terrible foe to human life and happiness as canine madness, that it might be deemed almost superfluous to hint at this part of the subject, if magistrates had not been sometimes laughed at, for their interference in preventing persons being bitten by dogs in the streets, which is obviously a matter deserving the attention of a well regulated police.

Marræd. At Rufford Church, by the Rev. Edward Master, the Rev. Thomas Clark, Curate of that place, to Miss Mary Alty, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Richard Alty. The bridegroom, an eccentric genius, published his own banes three several Sundays. Being asked what was his motive for so doing, he replied, with great sang froid, that it was to prove the patience and humility of his wife, and to set his parishioners an example in person, in what manner the holy estate of matrimony should be entered upon, by such as enter upon it deliberately.

NORFOLK.

Mr. Robert Paul, of Starston-hall, in this county has invented a machine to take the *apides*, or plant-lice crop, off the pea and bean (an insect which nearly destroyed their produce in the year 1807;) with which machine last summer, when the insect did by no means abound, he took, in 4 hours, off 5 acres of peas, 9 stone weight of them, imagining them to be very prolific, he took 2 of each sex and confined them in a bowl, covered with gauze, and fed them with the tops of pea plants, carefully cleansed from insects and dirt, and found that in 8 days time they were increased to the number of 60.

Died.] Large Nicholls, gent. of East Dereham, (an eccentric character, and formerly a linen-weaver); he was lighting the fire, and fell down on the hearth, and expired. He was 70 years of age, but kept no servant in the house, nor any other person except his sister (nearly of the same age as himself), who was in bed at the time, and on coming down stairs found him a lifeless corpse.

SHROPSHIRE.

Died.] At his seat at Hawkstone, Sir Richard Hill, Bart. aged 76; and the chief part of whose life had been employed in acts of benevolence. He was for many years one of the representatives of the county, and formerly used often to speak in parliament, never rising but to suggest or to promote some object of public utility. Every thing that he uttered was marked by good sense, observation, knowledge of the world, and sincere patriotism. There was, however, something peculiar in his manner, and his mind having a strong bias towards religion; He frequently mingled passages from scripture in his discourses, which subjected him to the ridicule of those whose dispositions were less serious. But the known rectitude and benignity of Sir Richard's character always secured for him the attention and respect of parliament. His second brother, Sir John Hill, succeeds to his title and estate. Sir Richard was born July 6, 1750. He was educated at Westminster school, afterwards admitted gentleman commoner of Magdalen College, Oxford. There he

resided till he got the honorary degree of A.M. He made the tour of Europe with the father of the present Lord Elgin: he was about 24 years of age when he adopted the principles of the Methodists. He was elected Knight of the Shire for Salop in 1780. He wrote the *Blessings of Polygamy displayed*, in reply to Mr. Madan. Sir R. Hill and family almost always attended family worship at the neat church or chapel of Weston, near his park; which he rebuilt almost solely at his own expense in 1791: he constantly dined about three in the afternoon. His youngest brother, the Rev. Brian Hill, regularly read prayers and preached at the domestic chapel of Hawkstone House. This chapel was erected by the late Sir Rowland Hill, Sir Richard's predecessor, who had divine service constantly performed in it by his domestic chaplain. Lately, in the absence of the Rev. Brian Hill, Sir Richard used to perform family worship, morning and evening. Sir Richard was author of *Pectus Oxoniensis*, a satirical pamphlet against the Heads of Houses, at Oxford. In the latter part of his life he also published "An Apology for Brotherly Love, and for the Doctrines of the Church of England, in Letters to the Rev. Charles Daubenny; with a Vindication of such parts of Mr. Wilberforce's Practical View, as have been objected to by Mr. Daubenny in his Guide to the Church, 8vo. 1798." In this work he evinced greater moderation than he had done in his former pieces. Sir R. once preached abroad in a suit of green and gold. He has left nearly the whole of his estate to his brother Sir John Hill, Bart. besides handsomely providing for his other numerous relations.

YORKSHIRE.

It is, we understand, in contemplation to establish a Seminary in this county, on a liberal and rather extensive scale, under the denomination of "The County Grammar School," for the education of the children of Protestant Dissenters; the course of education to comprehend the English, French, Latin, and Greek Languages; Arithmetic, Geography, Mathematics, History, and Belles Lettres.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES.

Nov. 28, to Dec. 24, 1808, inclusive.

[Extracted from the London Gazette.]—The Solicitors' Names are between Parentheses

ABBEY J. and H. Leicester, hosiers, (Brookes, Hind-court). Alexander L. Halifax, money-scrivener, (Batty, Chancery-lane). Asser A. Great Russell-street, china seller, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Apthorp C. W. Bridge-street, merchant, (Smith, Hatton-garden).

Bates S. Brereton, grocer, (Willis, Warrford-court). Bishop R. and W. Cambridge, woollen-drappers, (Davies, Lothbury). Bewick G. Portsmouth, tavern-keeper, (Naylor, Great Newport-street). Boddy W. Scarborough, brewer, (Williams, Red Lion-square). Brown G. Shoreditch, mercer, (Walton, Girdler's-hall, Basinghall-street). Bound J. Salford, dealer and chapman, (Edge, Inner Temple). Burnes J. Liverpool, tailor, (Windle, John-street). Burgess D. and Lord M. Rochdale, cotton-spinners, (Kay and Co. Manchester). Black A. and Prescott P. Liverpool, brewer, (Kearsey, Bishopgate-within). Breed G. jun. Lime-street, fishmonger, (Lang, America-square). Bell J. Liverpool, master-mariner, (Windle, John-street). Bruce J. master-mariner, (Kearsey, Bishopgate-st.). Bilbee J. W. Greenwich, shopkeeper.

Cross W. jun. Ainsworth, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer, (Windle, John-str.). Capper J. and Bathgate J. Smedley-hall, Cheetham, victuallers, (Hurd, King's-Bench-Walk). Crawford J. Charles-sq. Hoxton, money-scrivener, (Bassett, Bennet-str.). Crouch T. Cuckfield, grocer, (Allen, Clifford's-Inn). Chambers W. Lincoln, currier, (Leigh and Co. New Bridge-str.). Compere T. St. Alban's, grocer, (Benbow and Co. Stone-buildings). Careless W. Brewood, stock-lock-maker, (Chrees, Wolverhampton).

Deck A. Cambridge, chemist, (Paine and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Davenport M. Sheffield, cutler, (Sykes and Co. New-Inn). Danford S. Abchurch-lane, broker, (Walker, Old Jewry). Dawson B. jun. Wolverhampton, jannepier, (Williams, Staple-Inn). Dards J. Vauxhall, lighterman, (Towse, Fishmongers'-hall). Dean W. Kenton street, shopkeeper, (Henson, Dorset-street). Davis G. Bernard Castle, Durham, cotton-manufacturer, (Wharton and Co. Temple). Dias J. Stockport, money-scrivener, (Huxley, Temple). Davies P. Little St. Andrew-street, machine-vender, (Stott, Furnival's-Inn).

Ekins J. Oxford-street, cheesemonger, (Bugg, Adde-street). Eldershaw J. Shilhall, horse-dealer, (Chilton, Exchange-Office). Edson J. Liverpool, nationer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-churr).

French M. George-street, wine-merchant, (Hackett, Chancery-lane).

Greaves W. Leeds, currier, (Stott, Furnival's-Inn). Ginder C. Blackburn, linen-draper, (Blacklock and Co. Elm-court). Gibbons T. Deritend, Aston, Warwick, grocer, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn). Gibbs J. Hailsham, innkeeper, (Ellis, Hatton garden). Green J. Hackney, builder, (Chapman, St. Mildred's-court).

Hodgson J. Liverpool, auctioneer, (Devon and Co. Gray's-Inn-square). Hayes W. Kilburn, brick maker, (Humphries, Clement's-Inn). Hodgman R. Folkstone, engine-maker, (Nethersole and Co. Essex-street). Howden H. Dove-place, Hackney-road, builder, (Turner and Co. Bloomsbury-square). Hurry T. Nag's head-court, merchant, (Swaine and Co. Old Jewry). Howard J. J. Lower Eaton-street, surgeon, (Rich, Ratcliffe-cross). Hargreaves J. Manchester, brick-maker, (Ellis, Gursitor-street). Hill T. Brighthelmstone, baker, (Heathcote, Bouverie-street).

Isaac D. Liverpool, slopseller, (Windle, John-street).

Jones T. High Holborn, looking-glass manufacturer, (Allingham, St. John's-square). Jackson F. Rood-lane, merchant, (Bland, Vauxhall-walk). Jones G. Liverpool, bookseller, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court).

Knight W. J. H. Church-row, insurance-broker, (Hall, Coleman-street). Kenworthy C. and E. Stainland, Halifax, cotton-spinners, (Edge, Inner Temple).

Laing G. London, merchant, (Caton and Co. Aldersgate-street). Leeming J. Dutton, Lancaster, cotton-manufacturer, (Milne and Co. Temple). Lansdown T. Wivelscombe, clothier, (Shepherd and Co. Bedford-row). Lenox W. Boulton, Lancaster, brewer, (Meddowcroft, Gray's-Inn).

Mark W. Plymouth-dock, linen-draper, (Syddah, Aldersgate-street). Malhattrat J. Wansford, Northampton, inholder, (Impey and Co. Inner Temple). Mangham R. Brentford, draper, (Adams, Old Jewry). Mansell J. Buckingham G. and Fielding J. Sheffield, saw-manufacturers, (Wilson, Geville-street). Naitland M. Thorley Cottage, near Ripley, chemist, (Kearsey, Bishopgate-within). Malone W. Birmingham, tailor, (Egerton, Gray's-Inn-square). Mayor T. Liverpool, stationer, (Blackstock, St. Mildred's-court). Myers T. Wood-street, factor, (Fullen, Fore-st.). Matthews H. Kent-street, baker, (Noy, Mining-lane).

Nield J. Manchester, grocer, (Ellis, Cur-sitor-street).

Pearson S. D. Beverley, flux-dresser, (Willis, Warrford-court). Parkes J. Horsleydown, wine-merchant, (Atcheson and Co. Winchester-street). Pass J. Manchester, butcher, (Blakelock and Co. Elm-court). Parry H. Llangollen, Denbigh, grocer, (Horne, Serle-street). Phillips D. Cambridge-street, broker, (Stokes, Golden-square).

Reeve W. Clapham, coach-master, (Wiltshire and Co. Old Broad-street). Robinson T. jun. Birmingham, druggist, (Rosser and Co. Bartlett's-buildings). Robins W. L. T. Bartlett's-buildings, scrivener, (Noy, Mincing-lane). Rigby R. Liverpool, joiner, (Windle, John-street). Robinson W. Debenham, shoemaker, (Maddock and Co. Lincoln's-Inn). Rothery J. Leeds, woolstapler, (Battye, Chancery-lane). Rouse R. Minster, Isle of Sheppy, carpenter, (Silvester, Field-court, Gray's-Inn). Riddell G. Berwick upon Tweed, grocer, (Bromley and Co. Gray's-Inn). Richardson W. and R. and Bell C. S. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchants, (Meggison and Co. Hatton-garden). Remington G. and A. Oxford-street, cabinet-makers, (Rosser, Red Lion-square). Russell R. Shoreham, shopkeeper, (Ware, Blackman-street).

Silverwood T. Settle, York, innkeeper, (Heelis, Staple-Inn). Stockwell G. Sheerness, boat-builder, (Silvester, Field-court). Sanders G. Ayr-street, victualler, (Payne, Hasinghall-street). Sackett H. Ramsgate, innkeeper, (Berridge, Hatton-garden).

Swire S. Halifax, merchant, (Cardle and Co. Gray's-Inn). Stone H. Wilton, Hereford, corn-factor, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Stanley W. Manchester, innkeeper, (Lyon and Co. Gray's Inn). Smith J. Newport, Monmouth, coal-merchant, (Whitecombe and Co. Serjeant's-Inn).

Thomas J. Liverpool, victualler, (Cooper and Co. Southampton-buildings). Tiley W. and Greenwood W. Leeds, mercers, (Barber and Co. Fetter-lane). Turley T. Merthyr-Tydfil, Glamorgan, brewer, (Jenkins and Co. New-Inn). Topp S. Chadderton, Lancaster, (Ellis, Curator-street).

Winch N. J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, merchant, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane). White T. Stroud, Rochester, coal-merchant, (Bousfield, Bouverie-street). Ware W. Caldicott, Monmouth, shopkeeper, (Tarrant, Chancery-lane). Willats F. Brewer-street, cheese-monger, (Gatty and Co. Angel-court). Wheatley G. South Shields, draper, (Atkinson, Chancery-lane). Whitaker W. Manchester, manufacturer, (Hurd Temple). Wells W. Linney-place, Queen-street, (Edwards and Co. Great Russell-street). Winch W. Long-lane, Southwark, carpenter, (Marson, Church-row, Newington Butts). Wilson W. Shakspeare-walk, merchant, (Carter, Staple Inn). Wilkes W. Birmingham, malster, (Chilton, Exchange-offer). Willis T. Bath, carpenter, (Shepherd and Co. Bedford row). Wood T. Rochdale, stationer, (Clippindall, King's Bench Walks).

Young W. Ardwick, Lancaster, dealer, (Hurd, King's Bench Walks).

PRICES OF CANAL, DOCK, FIRE-OFFICE, and WATER WORKS, SHARES, &c. &c.

December 21, 1808.

London Dock Stock, 121 $\frac{1}{2}$ per Cent.
West-India ditto, 167 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.
East-India ditto, 125 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.
Commercial ditto, 140 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto. [share
Grand Junction Canal Shares, 125 $\frac{1}{2}$ per
Grand Surrey ditto, 60 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.
Thames and Midway ditto: old shares 50
guineas, for new 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ premium.
Somerset and Avon ditto, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share prem-
ium. [per share.
Globe Fire and Life Assurance Shares, 114 $\frac{1}{2}$.
Aldion ditto, 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. prem.

Hope ditto, 21 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share prem.
Eagle ditto, par.
Atlas ditto, ditto. [prem.
Imperial Fire Assurance, 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.
Kent ditto, 43 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share, [prem.
Rock Life Assurance, 4s. to 5s. per share
Commercial Road Stock, 116 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent.
London Institution, 84 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share
Surrey ditto, 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ per share prem.
South London Water works, 40 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.
East London ditto, 46 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.
West Middlesex ditto, 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ ditto.

L. WOLFE and Co. Canal, Dock, & Stock Brokers.

AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The early wheats that in many places lately covered the surface of the land, and had a fine healthy appearance, have since suffered in colour in consequence of the drought as yet have not sustained any material prejudice. The same may be said of a great measure, of the crops of rye, barley, &c. As to turnips, should the severity of the weather continue, they will be as short a crop as has been known for years. The taking up of the potatoe crops has now been every where completed; and these, upon the whole, were never more full and abundant, particularly in the southern districts of the kingdom.

As considerable numbers of sheep may have been lost in the late snows, particularly in the north, we would again call the attention of the sheep farmers to the New Farmer's Calendar, and particularly the General Treatise on Cattle. In consequence of the unfavourable state of affairs in Spain, the wool trade has lost much of its vigour. Owing to the probable shortness of keep, fat cattle is likely to advance.

Prices of Meat in Smithfield market.—Beef, 4s 6d. to 6s 6d, mutton. 4s 8d to 6s 4d, veal, 4s 8d to 6s 8d; pork, 5s to 6s.

Middlesex, December 25

AVERAGE PRICES OF CORN,

By the Winchester Quarter of 8 Bushels, and of OATMEAL per Boll of 140lbs. Averdupois, from the Returns received in the Week ended Dec. 17, 1808.

INLAND COUNTIES.					MARITIME COUNTIES.				
Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats		Wheat	Rye	Barley	Oats	
s d	s d	s d	s d		s d	s d	s d	s d	
Middlesex	92 11	60 8	43 8	40 9	Essex	88 8	54 0	42 6	38 0
Surrey	97 8	74 6	45 8	42 10	Kent	90 9	59 0	44 6	38 0
Hertford	85 11	49 0	44 2	35 0	Sussex	86 4		48 0	39 0
Bedford	86 5	49 6	41 8	37 8	Suffolk	83 9	51 4	40 6	34 7
Hunting	86 7		42 2	31 11	Cambridge	81 7	53 4	39 1	27 9
North	82 8	48 6	41 6	36 6	Norfolk	83 5	57 0	38 8	33 7
Rutland	92 9		47 0	34 6	Lincoln	86 4	64 6	44 5	31 8
Leicester	90 11	48 0	44 1	35 11	York	91 6	73 7	43 10	32 11
Nottingham	96 6	61 0	49 2	34 6	Durham	99 1		55 6	32 9
Derby	91 8		50 6	36 8	Northumberland	86 3	69 4	45 8	31 1
Stafford	91 6		50 4	40 3	Cumberland	95 1	66 8	45 3	0 10
Salop	88 6	61 4	47 0	33 1	Westmorland	101 1	70 0	42 0	32 1
Hireford	91 7	48 0	45 1	37 7	Lancaster	90 8		43 1	32 6
Worcester	93 7		46 1	41 11	Chester	83 3		48 10	30 7
Warwick	92 10		50 2	38 7	Gloucester			42 8	27 4
Wilts	82 6		45 1	32 4	Derbyshire	97 5		48 4	33 2
Berks	91 4		45 10	30 2	Anglesa			46 0	26 0
Oxford	90 1		41 11	36 0	Carmarthen	89 0		43 0	25 8
Gloucester	88 6		42 2	38 7	Merioneth	98 0		45 6	25 6
Hereford	87 0	70 1	46 0	38 8	Cardigan	83 3		40 0	22 6
Monmouth	97 0		43 2	33 0	Pembroke	75 1		42 2	24 0
Radnor	91 1		40 2	30 0	Carmarthen	81 0		45 6	25 8
					Glamorgan	90 1		50 4	26 0
					Gloucester	98 6		48 5	27 2
					Somerset	90 6		45 10	31 7
					Monmouth	94 8		51 9	
					Devon	96 6		59 5	31 2
					Cornwall	84 6		39 7	26 4
					Dorset	86		45 9	40 5
					Hants	86 1		49 0	36 2

Average of England and Wales

Wheat 90s 2d, Rye 54s 6d, Barley 43s 8d, Oats 35s 6d, Beans 65s 10d, Pease 67s 6d, Outmeal 51s 9d

BILL of MORTALITY, from NOV. 22, to DEC. 27, 1808.

CHRISTENED		BURIED.		Between		
Males	Females	Males	Females			
950	905	903	897	5 and 5	258	60 and 70
1858	1858	1800	1800	5 and 10	88	70 and 80
				10 and 20	71	80 and 90
				20 and 30	100	90 and 100
				30 and 40	150	
				40 and 50	185	
				50 and 60	156	

Total Christenings and Burials from Dec 15, 1807, to Dec. 15, 1808.

Christened	Males 10189	In all 19906	Buried	Males 10228	In all 19954
	Females 9717			Females 9726	

Whereof have died,

Under 2 years of age	5075	20 and 30	1200	60 and 70	1499	90 and 100
Between 2 and 5	2466	30 and 40	1792	70 and 80	1200	100
5 and 10	847	40 and 50	1971	80 and 90	504	100
10 and 20	641	50 and 60	1690			

Increased in the Burials this year 1808

